

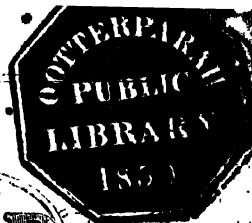
The Leisure Hour

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THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF
INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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DOWN STREET, ABERDEEN.—NEW YEAR'S EVE before the CHAPEL WAS ERECTED.



ALBION STREET, ABERDEEN.—NEW YEAR'S EVE after the CHAPEL WAS ERECTED.

THE ABERDEEN RAGGED KIRK.

"We hear a great deal in these days about Ragged schools; when are we to hear something about Ragged kirks?" Thus wrote "a clergyman of the Church of England" in one of our daily jour-
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na's, and soon after there appeared a brief account of the Aberdeen Ragged Kirk; but beyond the fact that the Queen has twice contributed liberally to its funds when residing at Balmoral, the public know little or nothing of the history of that valuable institution. Our purpose, therefore, is to give
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a full account of its rise and progress, and to inquire how far its organization is applicable to other large towns. Our paper went out into the hands of many who have been accustomed to look very distrustfully at operations of this character. We invite such, and more especially our intelligent working men, to consider the facts we shall adduce, and then calmly to answer the question—Is not Christianity a better mitigator of the social evils of life than all the “new moral worlds” which have emerged from the brains of socialist philosophers, like St. Simon and Robert Owen?

The city of Aberdeen contains a population of 70,000 inhabitants. It has two universities, fifty-three schools, and forty-one churches. There is accommodation in these churches for thirty thousand people, and, as appears from the recent census returns, four thousand children are being taught in the schools. Yet in this city, with all this spiritual and educational machinery, there were, in 1847, above ten thousand adults who attended no place of worship, many of whom were sunk to the lowest point of social degradation. Industrial schools had done much to reclaim the outcast young, but very unsuccessful had been the efforts to reclaim the outcast old.

In these circumstances it was thought that a new system of aggressive effort might be tried. The idea was this:—*an organization of means which would blend the temporal with the spiritual, and do full justice to the law of self-improvement.* The project was that of *concentrated or localized effort*, beginning, in the first instance, with the simple preaching of the gospel to a few destitute people congregated in a small room in a wretched house, in one of the most destitute and depraved localities in the city, and afterwards *extending its operations, step by step, as the people themselves, trained in the progress of moral and social regeneration.* The room in which the first meeting was held was one of very humble pretensions. It measured 12 feet by 8, and the roof was only 5 feet 6 inches from the ground. It was seated with fir slabs, and lighted by a penny candle, which stood on the preacher's table. Yet here about twenty of the most depraved and neglected men and women that the city contained listened with respectful attention to the gospel message, and some of them very soon gave evidence that it had produced a deep and lasting impression on their hearts.

While this effort was in progress, typhus fever appeared among the families which occupied the other parts of the meeting-house. It was no longer safe to continue to meet there, and for a time the mission was suspended; but, to provide against any such contingency in future, it was resolved to erect a mission chapel in the same locality, which, on being completed, became known throughout the city as “the Albion-street Ragged Kirk”—a name then less felicitous than characteristic. The site of this wooden erection had long been occupied as a penny theatre. A police officer, who had ample opportunity of ascertaining the character of the theatre, thus describes it in the first year's report of the mission:—“Well do I recollect the scenes of dissipation that I had to witness, when visiting officially one of the low travelling caravans that was stationed in Albion-street. To

this den of iniquity resorted a great number of the young and the profligate. For several years, this was the Bowl-road rendezvous. But, worse still, if worse could be, when this abomination gave way, it was succeeded by one of those degrading and vice-nursing resorts, called a cheap theatre, which surely was, in the extreme meaning of the word, a low one. It was known by the name of the *Bowl-road Theatre*, or the *Penny Rattler*, a penny being the charge for admission. About one hour was allowed for each performance, so as to accommodate some three or four companies during the evening; the performers and the audience generally being about a par in character. A more degraded locality was not in Aberdeen—no, not in Scotland.”

Thirty persons attended the first evening this new place of worship was opened. They were literally of the poor, the halt, the maimed, and the blind. One lame man led in his blind sister; a cripple was able to walk into the chapel on his staves; and a vagrant sailor, without legs, was carried to a seat from a low lodging-house near by, where his companions were eating, drinking, dancing, and fighting, while he attended with earnestness to the preaching of the truth. The meeting was addressed in faithful and affectionate terms; the congregation listened with attention; and when told, at the close of the service, that the chapel was built expressly for such as attended no place of worship; that there would be a Sunday school for their children, and week-day meetings for temperance and other benevolent purposes, they were evidently filled with surprise. Next Sunday there were sixty persons present, and soon after the chapel, which held a hundred people, was crowded to excess. As the people improved, the chapel was improved. The deal seats were removed, and pews constructed; the pulpit was plainly dressed; the interior of the building was tastefully painted, thoroughly ventilated, and well lighted with gas.

Thus instituted, the second step in the progress of the scheme was taken, namely, the formation of a self-supporting Tract and Bible Society. The Tract Society was formed on the principle of accumulating a monthly fund by subscriptions of a halfpenny a week from each member for tracts; and a penny a week for Bibles, New Testaments, and psalm books. Each subscriber obtained a proportional share of tracts on the first Sunday of every month, and Bibles as the subscriptions amounted to the lowest cost price of whatever edition might be chosen, in value of from twopenny to a shilling. During the first year, the members of this society subscribed 6 shillings in silver, 60 sixpences, 1920 pennies, and 4568 halfpennies; total 19l. 6s. 4d.; and with this money they had purchased for them, and distributed, 1000 unceded tracts, 1200 penny magazines, 4000 tracts of from 4 to 12 pages, 30 psalm books, 95 New Testaments, and 160 Bibles. During the second year the funds were equally prosperous, and since the commencement they have subscribed and purchased 18,000 tracts, 3500 magazines, 50 psalm books, 60 New Testaments, and 360 Bibles; the total amount of money being above 60l.

A Sunday school was next formed, which soon became a prosperous branch of the mission; a prayer meeting was opened on Monday evenings.

specially to solicit the Divine blessing on the labours of the Sunday; and a visiting committee was appointed to minister to the wants of the sick, and invite the non-churchgoing population in the district to attend the meetings. On the Friday evening, a class for instruction in sacred music was formed, and with all the other departments of the institution was well attended, both by old and young; the young profiting by gaining a knowledge of the science of music, and the old by hearing anecdotal illustrations of most of the tunes. A library was also opened, supplied by the Religious Tract Society of London, on payment of a contribution received from Sir Culling Eardley Eardley.

Intemperance being the great cause of the moral and social degradation which abounded in the locality, a Temperance Society was formed. The first rule was the bond of union, and simply provided that the members would abstain from the use of all intoxicating drink, except for medicinal purposes and in religious ordinances; and the other rules referred to matters of detail for the effectual regulation of the society's business. To support the temperance cause, it was provided that lectures on moral philosophy and physical science should be delivered by eminent men; and in the course of the first two seasons, the following among other lecturers cheerfully gave their assistance in working out this practical idea:—The Rev. Mr. Tompkins lectured on "geology illustrated," Sheriff Watson on "domestic economy;" Professor Martin, of Marischal College and University, on "astronomy;" Professor Brown on "the training of the faculties;" Professor Blackie on "physical culture;" Professor Gray on "the steam engine and the solar microscope;" Professor Smith on "chlorine gas from common salt;" Rev. Mr. Ogilvie on "the composition of water;" James Silk Buckingham, esq., on "his own life;" Professor Thomson, of King's College, Old Aberdeen, on "electromagnetism;" Rev. Alfred Ederheim on "the religions of the continent;" besides practical religious addresses from George Thompson, esq., M.P., London; Rev. David Wallace; Rev. Mr. Brown of Glasgow; Rev. Dr. Begg, Edinburgh, etc., etc.

The next step in working out this organization was the establishment of a "Penny Bank." The object of this bank is stated to be "to afford an opportunity of treasuring up small savings, so as to promote such habits of prudence, economy, and forethought as may lay the foundation of comfort and respectability in after life." The business is managed by a treasurer and committee, and the funds are lodged in the National Savings Bank, in the names of two highly respectable trustees. Twice a year the deposits are returned to the depositors, who get their pass books checked by one officer, and their deposits paid according to the ledger by another. The progress of this bank has been as follows:—

First half-year	- 153 depositors	- £30
Second "	- 240 "	- 61
Third "	- 320 "	- 85
Fourth "	- 450 "	- 120
Total	-	- £296

It will readily be believed that these extended operations could not well be carried on in the first chapel, nor were they; for it soon became too strait for the ordinary services of the Sunday; but Mr. Wilson, with whom the mission originated, succeeded in getting a most commodious new chapel erected where the old one stood, and fitted up in a very chaste and comfortable style. It holds nearly 300 people, and all the sittings are free. The Queen gave a donation of 20*l.* towards the building fund, the Earl of Aberdeen gave 10*l.*, and several other members of the aristocracy subscribed handsomely; so that the chapel is now but lightly burdened with debt.

The last and not the least important step in the organization of this mission was the erection of a school for the children of the reclaimed. Near to the chapel, an old building, long occupied by the vicious and the profane, was leased. It was pulled down, and rebuilt after the most approved model of our modern schools. Here there are now 130 poor children daily taught the elements of a common education at a fee of a penny a week; and at night, 50 girls, who are employed at factory work during the day, are taught to read and write, to knit and sew—the fee being also a penny a week. Towards the support of this school the Queen gave a donation of 25*l.* In this school the business of the bank is conducted every Thursday evening, and the Sunday school is also taught in it.

Such is a brief, but authentic, account of the rise and progress of the "Aberdeen Ragged Kirk." And truly gratifying have been the results. In a spiritual sense, it has been a recruiting station for the service of God. Some of the reclaimed have died, witnessing a good confession; some are members of Frederick-street congregational church; some have been restored to other churches from which they had fallen; while not a few cling to the stated services of the chapel as the home of their first afflictions.

In a social point of view the fruits have been no less cheering. The local authorities have certified that the moral condition of the locality is altogether changed. Sheriff Watson, at a meeting of the Aberdeen Prisons' Board, held lately, said:—"It was an interesting fact that, in Albion-street, where there had been a theatre of the lowest description, and which did great evil, a neat chapel had been built on the very site where the theatre once stood. Sabbath-day services and week-day meetings were conducted in the chapel, and great good had been done." But, more particularly, in the "London Quarterly Record," the Sheriff writes:—"One most gratifying result has followed this missionary enterprise—many of the children attending the industrial schools came from the district where it is situated; and, as it was formerly deemed unsafe for them to hold intercourse with the inhabitants, there is now no feeling of danger from the fellowship, as the aged, to all appearance, have been morally changed, and receive gladly the pure milk of the word of God."

Mr. Barclay, superintendent of police, says:—"I am happy in being able to state, that, since the chapel was erected in that most depraved and destitute locality, the moral character of the district has been very much improved. Numerous instances are known at this office, in which persons who

were habitually given to intemperance, debauchery, and crime, have been reformed. [Here Mr. Barclay gives the particulars of several remarkable cases.] Taking the whole matter into consideration, and especially the fearful scenes that occurred in the low theatre that occupied the site where the chapel now stands, I cannot but conclude that the institution has been of the greatest public benefit, and reflects the highest honour on its promoters; and well would it be for the community, if twenty such chapels were established in Aberdeen. To the originators of this unpretending, but most important, scheme of moral and religious improvement, the poor people in this district express themselves as being under the most lasting obligations; and I have only to add my own high sense of the value of such a cause, the benefits of which we have so signally felt, and to express my hope that it may long be blessed to do yet greater things for the vicious and destitute of this city." The police officer, formerly referred to, observes:—"After taking a view of the past, and looking to the present state of things in Albion-street, how cheering is the contrast! On that very spot, referring to the theatre, now stands a neat little chapel, where God is worshipped, where prayer is offered, and praise sung by the lips of one of the most orderly, quiet, and attentive set of people that ever assembled within the walls of any church; yea, in not a few instances, by lips, too, that had formerly, on the same ground, blasphemed the name of God. How gratifying is this to the mind of every Christian and lover of humanity!"

Professor Martin, of Marischal College and University, at a public breakfast of the Evangelical Alliance, held on the 19th May, 1850, said:—"The first and best remedy for infidelity is the simple and plain position of positive Christian truth. Let Christian churches and Christian laymen fix themselves down in the most destitute parts of our large towns, as we have seen done in Albion-street, and the most wonderful results will follow." The Rev. Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh, after visiting the spot, said:—"I had heard of this movement, and I rejoiced in it; but now that I have seen it, I must say that the half had not been told me." Mr. Buchanan, in a letter to Sheriff Watson, published in the Aberdeen newspapers, writes, December 1, 1849:—"Having given one of my spare evenings to visit this interesting congregation, and deliver to them a congratulatory and admonitory discourse, I can truly say, that, during the two hours in which I was so occupied, their upturned faces and glistening eyes made my heart swell with greater pleasure than I ever felt in addressing the most aristocratic assembly in London, or the largest and most elegant audience in Scotland."

These facts are cheering. They demonstrate the practicability of reclaiming the outcast, for what has been done in the city of Aberdeen may be done in every city and town in the Kingdom. All may engage in this great work. City Missions may pursue their labours, and Ragged Kirks may be multiplied in connexion with every denomination of Christians in the land. There is room for all, and need of all; and all must work, and continue to work, if we would have the outcast reclaimed.

A great lesson is supplied also by these facts, as to the superiority of Christianity, as a means of

elevating the condition of our working classes, over any modern systems which pretend to be its substitutes. In walking once through a village of wretched huts, more like the wigwams of an Indian village than the erections of the nineteenth century, constructed by a socialist speculator, we were struck with the squalid misery of the spot, and the proof which this gave of the powerlessness of Owenism, when reduced to action, to confer any solid benefit on the community. The principles which have been in operation on the spot mentioned in this article have been tested in every quarter of the globe, and found powerful to alleviate human woe in its most complex forms; and the reason is obvious. Man thinks the gospel his enemy; but it is his best friend. It is a storehouse of happiness—a remedy for all his wants. It finds him with a conscience burdened with guilt; but, by faith in the atonement of One who loved him unto death, it points out to him how he may obtain solid peace, comfort, and joy. It finds him with his passions, affections, and internal feelings deranged and out of harmony. It tells him of the influences of the gracious Spirit, as being able to bring order out of this moral chaos. It finds him selfish and unhappy; but, by revealing to him the love of a divine Benefactor, it introduces to his heart a new principle of affection as a motive of action. This sweetens every duty, and transforms the soul, when under its full operation, into the likeness of Him who is love itself—perfect and infinite.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

HAPPILY the days of national lotteries are, in this country, gone by, never more, we trust, to return. Government no longer seeks to raise a revenue by fostering a spirit of gambling and speculation in the breasts of its subjects. Most prejudicial to habits of application and industry were these lotteries. Multitudes who embarked in them had for months their hopes feverishly excited, only to be finally disappointed; while, in the case of the successful, the money gained realized the truth of an old proverb, "Lightly come, lightly go." Miss Milford's father, she informs us in her "Notes of a Literary Life," actually won the 20,000*l.* prize. This was a marvellously rare occurrence; but the result showed that it did the winner no good. He speedily lost it all again. Persons who once gratify a speculative passion, raise up within themselves a spirit which they cannot easily lay again, and which, in nine cases out of ten, involves them in greater difficulties than those from which it promised to extricate them.

In the intervals of my father's professional pursuits, (says Miss M.,) he walked about London with me in his hand, and one day, towards the end of the last century (it was my birthday, and I was ten years old), he took me into a not very tempting-looking place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery-office. An Irish lottery was upon the point of being drawn, and he desired me to choose one out of

several bits of printed paper (I did not then know their significance) that lay upon the counter.

"Choose which number you like best," said the dear papa, "and that shall be your birthday present."

I immediately selected one, and put it into his hand: No. 2224.

"Ah!" said my father, examining it, "you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket; and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet."

"No, dear papa; I like this one best."

"Here is the next number," interposed the lottery-office keeper; "No. 2223."

"Ay," said my father, "that will do just as well. Will it not, Mary? We'll take that."

"No!" returned I, obstinately; "that won't do. This is my birthday you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up *my* number, and you'll find that makes ten. The other is only nine."

My father, superstitious, like all speculators, struck with my pertinacity, and with the reason I gave, which he liked none the less because the ground of preference was tolerably unreasonable, resisted the attempt of the office-keeper to tempt me by different tickets, and we had nearly left the shop without a purchase, when the clerk, who had been examining different desks and drawers, said to his principal:—

"I think, sir, the matter might be managed if the gentleman does not mind paying a few shillings more. That ticket, 2224, only came yesterday, and we have still all the shares; one-half, one-quarter, one-eighth, and two-sixteenths. It will be just the same if the young lady is set upon it."

The young lady was set upon it, and the shares were purchased.

The whole affair was a secret between us, and my father, whenever he got me by himself, talked over our future twenty thousand pounds—just like Alnaschar over his basket of eggs.

Meanwhile, time passed on, and one Sunday morning we were all preparing to go to church, when a fact that I had forgotten, but my father had not, made its appearance. It was the clerk of the lottery-office. An express had just arrived from Dublin, announcing that No. 2224 had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds. And he had hastened to communicate the good news.

Ah, me! In less than twenty years, what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except a Wedgwood dinner-service that my father had had made to commemorate the event, with the Irish *leap* within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money.

THE BIRDS ARE COMING!

WHEN we saw the birds gathering for their autumnal flight, a feeling arose in the bosom which has been beautifully and touchingly expressed by the Scottish bard:—

"Ilk happy bird, wee, helpless thing,
Which, in the merry months of spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?

Where wilt thou cow' thy chattering wing,
And close thy e'e?"

But as soon as the primrose, the daisy, the violet, and other early flowers, begin to appear in all their simple beauty, we become the subjects of very different emotions; our thoughts carry us in search of the spring and summer visitants who have found a genial and cheerful home in southern climes, and, in anticipation of their speedy return, we say one to another; "the birds are coming!"

At different times, even, in the month of February; some of the feathered tribes give signs of the approach of others. Often does the woodlark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, begin his note at the first opening of the month. The thrush, so generally admired for its melody, now commences his song, which, in plaintiveness, compass, and execution, is much superior to that of the blackbird. A favourite, indeed, is that "herald of the spring," often calling forth the wish:—

"Still may thy nest, with helen lin'd,
Be hidden from th' invading jay;
Nor truant boy its covert find,
To hear thy callow young away.
So thou, precursor still of good,
Oh, herald of approaching Spring!
Shalt to the pensive wanderer sing
Thy song of Hope and Fortitude!"

Nor are other intimations wanting of the coming season. Tomtits suspend themselves on the eaves of barns and thatched houses, especially if the weather be snowy and severe. Rooks revisit their breeding-trees, and arrange the stations of their future nests. Towards the end of the month, the harsh, loud voice of the mistle thrush is heard; and, if the weather be mild, the hedge-sparrow renews its chirping note. In the field, partridges begin to pair; in the farm-yard, turkey-cocks strut forth in all their pride; and in the dove-cote, the pigeons are tenderly brooding over their young.

In due time March arrives, bringing, with him, perhaps, a dry, chill air, with streaks of sunshine stealing here and there over the verdant landscape, while the clouds above fly about more briskly, and the wet and miry path of the day preceding becomes so dry and solid, that the foot leaves on it no impress. And now, as if to announce the immediate coming of our visitants, tufts of snow-drops and rows of bright yellow crocuses everywhere abound; the blackbird and thrush shout and reply to each other from the tops of the highest trees, and the lark is gaily carolling in the blue fields of air. The first of the delightful tribe is the bunting, winging onwards its way to find a domicile in the grassy fields; then follows to the reedy streams, the reed-sparrow; the red-legged seamew to the ocean-beach; the stone curlew to the sheep-walks of the upland fields; while the least, the willow-wren and the chaffinch, proceed to the woods. And now we may look for the wheat-eat on the wall-tops and sandy downs, the whinchat among the thickets of furze, and the ring ouzel in the hilly districts.

But March has sped its course, and the indications of spring are increasingly numerous. Vegetation, proceeding at a rapid pace, starts suddenly into more freshness, verdure, and beauty. Flower after flower springs forth to invite us onwards in our path. Before, we might have noticed little delicate groups of violets, but now they spread in myriads along the hedge-rows, breathing forth

fragrance. The lesser celandine is truly beautiful, scattering along the banks; and at the feet of sheltered thickets, its splendidly gilt and starry flowers. Others too, of a different kind, gladden the sight; for while the black-thorn and wild plum wreath their sprays with pure, clustering, and, amidst the sunshine, radiant flowers, the gardens and orchards display a snowy profusion of plum-bloom; and, towards the close of the month, there are, as an additional ornament, the sweet and blushing blossoms of the apple-tree.

What an influx is there now of feathered visitants! The different species of swallows enliven the air, seen at first one by one, or a few together in sheltered places, but soon swarming over the meadows and the groves. The swift, as it wheels its rapid flight over the eaves and towers, sends forth a shrill scream. Then, as we approach the wood or the hill-side, there is a voice which says:—

"Hark! the cuckoo's sprightly note
That tells the coming of the vernal prime,
And cheers the heart of youth and aged man.
Say, sweet stranger, whence hast thou ta'en thy flight,
From Asia's spicy groves or Africa's clime?
And who directs thy wandering journey far?"

"The note of the cuckoo," says Bishop Horne, "though uniform, always gives pleasure, because it reminds us that summer is coming; but this pleasure is mixed with melancholy, because we reflect that it will soon be going again."

In the quiet evening the singular crake of the land-rail issues from among the long grass of the dank meadows. Far different sounds, too, may be heard, reminding us of the words of Hurdis:—

"And now I steal along a woody lane,
To hear thy song so various, gentle bird,
Sweet queen of night, transporting Phylome!
I name thee not to give my feeble line
A grace she wanted, for I love thy song,
And often, yes, I stood to hear thee sing
When the clear moon, with Cytherean smile,
Emerging from an eastern cloud, has shot
A look of pure benevolence and joy
Into the bosom of night. Yes, I have stood
And marked thy varied note, and frequent pause,
Thy brisk and melancholy mood, with soul
Sincerely pleased. And oh, methought, no note
Can equal thine, sweet bird, of all that sing,
How easily the chief!"

Isaac Walton listened to the nightingale at a later hour, and thus expressed the feelings that were excited:—"He that at midnight, when the very labourers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, Lord! what music hast thou provided for thy people in heaven, when thou affordest but men such music on earth."

With the nightingale arrive numerous warblers, as the red-start, the black-cap, the willow-wren, the white-throat, the babillard, the whin-chat, and the pettichaps. And then, the quail repairs to the grassy fields, the grasshopper-lark to the brakes and bushes, the sand-martin to its favourite cliffs near the water, the yellow wagtail to the green corn, the pied fly-catcher to the woods, the water-rail to the sedgy streams, the lapwing to the barren heath and fields, the wry-neck to the orchards and hollow trees, the black tern to the seas, lakes, and rivers; and a host, as the common tern, the

lesser tern, the Sandwich tern, the roseate tern, and the puffin, to the various ocean-shores of the three kingdoms.

Nor is the aviary of our island yet complete; but as May comes, and its days pass over us, it becomes so. Now the grassy fields receive the field tit-lark, the heaths and mountains the dottrel, the low-placed hedges the sedge-warbler, the meadows the land-rail, the wall-trees about houses the spotted fly-catcher, the oak-woods the fern-owl, the water-sides the reed-warbler, the fields in southern counties the red-backed shrike, and the rocky isles the razor-bill. Every species arrives with surprising punctuality, proceeds directly to its proper locality, and remains during its precisely appointed time.

Meanwhile the wondrous process of nest-building has been going on during successive months. Of all who ever described those little dwellings, no one ever equalled John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant-poet. What a picture, for example, is the following:—

"Just by the wooden bridge a bird flew up,
Seen by the cow-boy as he scrambled down
To reach the misty dewberry. Let us stop
And seek its nest. The brook we need not dread;
'Tis scarcely deep enough a bee to drown,
As it sings harmless o'er its pibbly bed.
Ay, here it is! Stuck close beside the bank,
Beneath the bunch of grass that spindles rank
Its hawk-seeds tall and high: 'tis rudely planned
Of bleached stubbles and the withered fern
That last year's harvest left upon the land,
Lined thinly with the horse's stable hair.
Five eggs, pen-scribbled o'er with ink their shell,
Resembling writing scraps, which Fancy reads
As Nature's poetry and pastoral spells.
They are the yellow-hammer's; and she dwells
Most poet-like, 'mid brooks and flowery weeds."

What reader will not ask for another? Here it is—the nest of the pettichaps:—

"Well! in my many walks I've rarely found
A place less likely for a bird to form
Its nest: close by the rattle-wagon-road,
And on the almost bare, foot-trodden ground.
With scarce a clump of grass to keep it warm.
Where not a thistle spreads its spurs abroad,
Or minkie bush to shield it from harm's way;
And yet so snugly made, that none may spy
It out, save peradventure. You and I
Had surely passed it in our walk to-day,
Had chance not led us by it! Nay, even now,
Had not the old bird heard us trampling by,
And fluttered out, we had not seen it lie
Brown as the road-way side. Small bit of hay
Plucked from old old Whet hay-stack's plucky brow,
And withered leaves, make up its outward wall,
Which from the quarled oak-dotted yearly fall,
And in the old hedge-bottom rot away,
Built like an oven, through a little hole,
Scarcely admitting e'en two fingers in,
Hard to discern, the birds' snug entrance was.
'Tis lined with feathers, warm as silken stole,
Softer than seats of down for punyless ease,
And full of eggs scarce bigger e'en than peas.
Here's one most delicate, with spots as small
As dust, and of a faint and pinky red."

Other pictures might be added equally exquisite; but we pause, recollecting our limited space. Poor Clare! He has been for years in a state of insanity; perfectly gentle and harmless, however, and allowed to write whatever he pleases. That he retains his minutely and charmingly descriptive power, with all his poetic feelings, the following

product of recent times will afford sufficient evidence:—

"I've often tried, when tending sheep or cow,
With bits of grass and peels of rotten straw,
To whistle like the birds. The thrush would start
To hear her song of praise, and fly away;
The blackbird never cared, but sang again;
The nightingale's pure song I could not try,
And when the thrush would mock her song, she paused,
And sang another song no bird could do.
She sang when all were done, and beat them all."

Reluctant we were to leave our theme. Another and another distant goal has opened before us as we have advanced. Much we intended to say on migration itself; but it must be deferred: it shall remain, therefore, in case we live to write, "The birds are going!"

NIEBUHR AND HIS "MILLY."

THE memoirs of Niebuhr, the German historian, have recently been published by the Chevalier Bunsen. It is the life of an amiable man of letters, passing through the world without any events of a very stirring character agitating his career. We have been much struck, however, by the evidence which the volumes in question give us of Niebuhr's warm attachment to his first wife, Amelia, or "Milly"—the term into which he used fondly to contract her name. Literary men have sometimes, and not altogether unjustly, been accused of making bad husbands, from being too much absorbed in their interesting pursuits; but Niebuhr is an exception to this rule, and the fondness with which he mourned over the loss of his Amelia reminds me of the affection with which Johnson grieved over his "Tetty" and Scott over his "Charlotte."

The opening volume of Niebuhr's memoirs contains some of his letters to Amelia before their union. In one of these dated in 1800, he thus paints the blissful prospect which, when married, would lie before them. "We both," says he, "like a simple way of life, and do not seek or require amusements. Shelter, food, fire, clothing, and joyful love, will make our all. We shall enjoy a fine day in the fields as much as in a country house; Sophocles and Homer will be our substitute for the theatre; and the absence of visitors will not bring, but prevent, weariness and ennui."

These blissful prospects were to a considerable extent realized. Niebuhr rose to literary eminence, and to a lucrative diplomatic appointment. He was tutor, also, to the Crown Prince of Prussia. Milly was the faithful partner of his joys for fifty years; but, alas, these joys were transitory. Niebuhr, with all his amiable qualities, was a sceptic. Often and often, in his biography, does he lament the fact, and wish that he could emerge from the chaos of doubt in which he was sunk. We mention the fact merely because it strikingly illustrates the causes of the utter desolation that befell him when death invaded his quiet life, and carried off her who was to him dear as life. In the spring of 1815, says the Chevalier Bunsen, Madame Niebuhr's health altered for the worse. On the 21st of June of that year she died in the arms of her husband. He had never spoken to

her of her approaching death, much as he longed to receive her parting wishes, because the physician forbade all excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was no pleasure that he could give her—nothing that he could do for her sake; she replied, with a look of unutterable love, "You shall finish your history, whether I live or die."

The death of Milly fell with crushing force on poor Niebuhr. Their early marriage, their perfect harmony of sentiment and taste, even their childlessness, had bound them so closely together, that they had scarcely a wish or a thought apart from each other. A few weeks after the event, we find him thus writing:—"Shall I ever cease to feel the void, the desolation in my home, which now crushes and deadens my heart? However, I must do as well as I can. On the journey, my eyes often filled with tears. It is needless to paint to you the feelings of loneliness with which I sit within these dreary walls. My inward consciousness refuses to believe that I am alone. When I wake from sleep I cannot believe in my solitude. I feel as if Milly must be near."

Poor Niebuhr, amiable as he was, widely too as he was removed from the ordinary run of sceptics, still, as we have mentioned, he was a sceptic. All that his creed could do for him was summed up in the words of the poet:—

"To hear he has departed,
To know that he has gone,
To be impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on."

He seems to have felt the dreariness of this void. He falsely looked upon his trials as an atonement for the errors of his life. Yet he felt it an unsatisfactory one. "If there be another and a real atonement," he exclaims—"for what destroys the energies and makes life useless cannot be the right one—oh, how thankful I should be to any one who would announce it to me!"

Although Amelia had died in the previous June, yet, we presume, either from some local custom or from the vault not being prepared, she was not finally interred until the October following. On the 9th of that month he thus writes:—"At last I have reached the goal, and laid the corpse of our beloved one in its resting-place. It was yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock; the very hour at which we entered Berlin nine years ago; it was growing dark then as we entered into our lodging, as it is now when I returned alone to my desolate room. In the morning I attended service in St. Mary's church, where a very good man preached, and prepared myself with a still heart for the bitter way. Nicolovius and Göschen, who knew of it, came in the afternoon to accompany me. May God reward them for it, as well as for all the love and sympathy they show me. We found everything ready, and the coffin was lowered. When it had been let down I sat on the planks, and was able to weep bitterly from the bottom of my heart. God knows that I would gladly have rested in the grave, and that I looked with sorrowful longing on the empty space—which, I feel assured, will never receive my own corpse."

Niebuhr pursued his studies. In January, he copied out for a friend some verses translated from

the modern Greek. As he did so, it was evident he thought of his Milly. "Perhaps," he wrote to his correspondent, "they will draw tears from you as they did from me." A child is supposed to speak thus from its grave, to its mother who is lamenting her loss:—

"Beyond the rocky mountain peak that rises high and frowning,
Its summit wrapped in floating clouds, its steep gleams dim and misty,
There grows the herb forgo (fabius) beside the still cold fountain;
The mother ewe eats of the herb, and then forgets her yearling;
My mother, pluck that soothing herb and then forget thy darling."
The Mother.—"A thousand times I'll pluck the herb; but I'll forget thee never."

So ends the brief episode of Nicholas and his "Milly"—a touching instance of conjugal affection; but a melancholy proof, also, of the inability of genius and literature to supply a balm for a bleeding heart.

BERTHA'S LEGACY.

PART II.

SUMMER, with its warm breath: and the country, with its quiet repose! Bertha had "gone down" to the country. It was the last hope—*her* last hope, we had nearly written; but that would have been very wrong, for *he* had a hope over which death had no power; and other hope or wish for herself she had none: she knew, she said, she had gone there to die; and she had no wish that it should be otherwise. "Think, dear mother, dear father," he said; "to be in heaven—only think—how much better!"

Mr. Constantine had but little thought for business then. There, in the sheltered retreat he had sought out for his darling Bertha, and surrounded by the comforts, alleviations, and luxuries of wealth, no one would have set him down as the busy, calculating London tradesman. Day after day, when the post brought in his letters, he hastily and carelessly glanced over their contents, answered them hurriedly, if he answered them at all, and turned again to the couch of his Bertha. His younger children were there; but they were vigorous and healthy. He did not neglect them; but on Bertha were concentrated his parental agonies.

He feared that she was dying; but he would not believe it. Hour after hour he watched, and his heart throbbed with hope—hoping against hope—if the slightest gleam of any symptom of amendment momentarily appeared. The first question at morning, and the last at night, to the partner of his sorrow, and the tone in which it was conveyed, "How is she now?" would have touched the heart of Mr. Constantine's direct foe. For Mr. Constantine had foes political and commercial. He was one of those "righteous" men, for whom a man would scarcely die, rather than one of the "good" men for whom, "peradventure, one would even dare to die."

His hope was now dwindled away to the cobweb filament again; but it did not quite give way. And the progress of Bertha's disease was, from day to day, hardly perceptible: he could not see

to-day that she was worse than yesterday, or this week than last: he dared not go farther back than that however. At length came another discouraging symptom, and a consultation of physicians, ending in the recommendation of a warmer climate—"the south of France, say."

With every rapidity and appliance that money could command, the Channel was crossed, and the youthful invalid—passively resigned, but holding fast to *one* hope only—was inhaling, with labouring breath, the air of Montpellier.

In vain. The parents at length bowed to the stroke, and tried to sob, "Father, not our will, but thine be done." The stroke! Yes, it was descending.

"Father! mother, dear mother! You think I am dying, don't you?"

It was evening; the sun had set, and the twilight was gathering round the couch of the gentle girl. For several days she had not left her chamber. "You think I am dying, father, mother dear?" Bertha repeated softly.

Heavy sobs were the only reply.

"I know I am," said Bertha, after a short interval; "and it does not alarm or distress me. Oh no, no." Her thin, nerveless hand lay powerless on the coverlet. "Mr. Constantine took it in his, and pressed it to his lips. "Thanks be to God," Bertha murmured, "who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yes, thanks, thanks," she repeated slowly, whisperingly—"thanks—through our Lord Jesus Christ. Father, dear father; may I speak to you one little while to-night? I may not be able to-morrow, and I have wished so long to do so. Do not leave me, dear mother."

The father once more kissed the hand of his dying child. He could not speak. The mother wiped the gathering damp from Bertha's brow—silently.

"And you will not be angry with me, dear father?"

Angry! angry with her! Ah no.

"And will you do what I wish?" Bertha whispered, imploringly.

Anything—anything. Who, at such a time, could utter a denial but a doubt.

"That wet, wet evening last winter, father; do you remember it?"

Mr. Constantine pondered a moment, and shook his head; so much had happened since then, its memory was obliterated. There had been many wet evenings in the last winter.

"I have not forgotten it, dear father; I have thought of it so many, many times since. I have wanted to speak to you about it, but was afraid. That poor woman, father dear—do you not recollect? Her name was Carr."

The father's face suddenly flushed. Speak on, speak on, speak boldly, dear Bertha. He promises, he promises.

"Dear father, I did not see the woman, you know, nor hear her speak; it was only what you said afterwards; and I have thought —"

Bertha hesitated. "Yes, dearest, what have you thought?" Mr. Constantine asked, in a tone low and faint as hers.

"I have thought, dear father, of what the Saviour says: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they

shall obtain mercy.' Dear father, these are solemn words—are they not?"

Mr. Constantine sighed; he did not speak. Had he been reminded of these words at another time, and under other circumstances, he might have combated the idea of their being applicable to him, at least in connexion with the woman Carr and her husband; but he could not argue with his dying child. Indeed, the words, from her lips, seemed to be fraught with weighty import.

"And, father," continued Bertha, gathering courage as she went on, "you know where it is said, 'Whoso loveth this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?'"

"Dear father," she added, "I am sure you did what you thought right; and I dare say you had good reason for—for—you know what I mean, father; but perhaps if you had thought more about it— Perhaps, after all," said Bertha, breaking off her former sentence—"perhaps it has been very weak and silly in me to be so troubled about it as I have been; but my illness, dear father, has made me weak, you know; and little things have sometimes seemed large ones; but it will soon be over, won't it?"

"Ah, Bertha, dearest Bertha," said the weeping mother, "it is at such times as these that we see the things of the world as they ought to be seen; and if your father was hasty and unkind—"

"Dear Bertha," said the father, with a more composed voice, "it shall be done. I was harsh and unfeeling; I did wrong. God forgive me, if I have let prosperity harden my heart. It is smitten enough now," he added.

"Father dear, God can wound, and he can heal. When I am gone, he will comfort you all. But that was not it?" Bertha added, as though she had detected herself in wandering from the subject uppermost in her mind—"that was not it. Mother, when I am gone, in my desk you will find my purse. There is money in it. You know you would make me have it, and my uncle on my birthday sent me that bank note. I have not used it, I had no need, and it is all together. Dear father, I would like you, when you get back to London, and when you have time, to inquire about the Carrs: you remember the woman told you her husband was—like me, father—consumptive. Perhaps he is dying now, as I am. And the poor woman and her children may be in want. So, if you should find that the woman spoke the truth in all this, and that she is in sorrow and trouble, will you let her have the money? You do not want it yourself, do you, father? And you need not tell her, you know, that it is my legacy—your own Bertha's legacy."

One morning in early autumn, a gentleman, dressed in deep mourning, took his way from the city, and did not slacken his pace till he reached Whitechapel-road. Grief was strongly marked on his countenance, the stronger, perhaps, that between natural sorrow and Christian fortitude, an unceasing struggle was maintained within. The fortitude was hidden and secret; the grief was outward and visible.

At length the pedestrian halted, looked in-

quiringly around him, consulted a memorandum book which he took from his pocket, and, after some hesitation, entered a small mean shop a few steps further on.

"Can you tell me," he asked of a woman whom he found within; "where I can find a bookseller named Carr?" "I fancied this was the house, but I must be mistaken," he added, looking round; and it certainly was not a bookseller's shop.

"I don't know, sir; I am sure," replied the woman. "We have not lived here a great while. Carr!" she repeated—"that is, the name of the person who lived here before us, I think; and he was a sort of bookseller, I believe."

"Do you know where he lives now?" inquired the stranger, with some agitation of manner.

No, the woman knew nothing about him. People like them, she added, rather sulkily—for she perceived that she was not talking to a customer—people like them had not time to know their neighbours, nor did they want to do so either; much less could they answer questions about who had left the place before they entered it. She had heard, however, that the bookseller had not been able to make a living in the shop, and that was likely enough, judging by herself, the woman said. But whether it were so, or not, did not signify to her.

"I have reason for asking, my good woman," replied the gentleman, mildly; "and am sorry to have troubled you. My name is Constantine, and—"

But the name of Constantine, whatever it might stand for in the city, had no charm in this dirty little shop in the Whitechapel-road; and the bearer of it stepped out upon the pavement, more embarrassed than when he entered the house.

But Mr. Constantine was intent upon his subject, and sought information in the neighbouring houses; but still unsuccessfully. Some of the people—most of them—had known the shop as a bookseller's; and some had a slight acquaintance with the Carrs; but they could give no information concerning them, except that, early in the year, they had disappeared, and that the house, for a little while, stood empty.

The landlord of the house, to whom Mr. Constantine next applied, knew nothing of his late tenant, except that he had paid his rent punctually to the very last; and a collector of rates and taxes, whom Mr. Constantine hunted out, knew only that the Carrs were decent people, but poor, he supposed. However, they had cheated neither the parish nor the government; but where they could now he found he could not tell; not in Whitechapel, he thought, or he should have come across them in his rounds. But perhaps the greengrocer at the corner yonder could tell; the greengrocer and Mr. Carr were a sort of friends, he believed.

"Yes," replied the greengrocer, to whom Mr. Constantine again put the question on reaching his shop; "yes, sir, I knew Mr. Carr well, very well. He was a good man, sir, and so was his wife; that is," he added, correcting his blunder, "she was a good woman. I wish there were more such."

"You say *was*, sir," said Mr. Constantine; "I trust they still are what you say they were. Can you tell me where they are now to be found?"

"No, sir, I wish I could; but I do not myself know where to find them. They left this neighbourhood in distress, sir; and I never knew of it till they were gone, though I heard of it then; but where they are now I cannot tell, nor whether poor Carr is alive at this time."

"Was he in ill-health, then?"

"You may say that, sir; he was always ailing, but more especially at last. And as to that, his wife was not over-strong; and there was a young family."

"Can you tell me," asked the inquirer, with increasing concern in his tone, "what was the nature of the distress which induced or compelled the Carrs to leave this neighbourhood?"

"I do not know a great deal about it, sir," returned the man; "Mr. Carr was shy, and never talked a great deal; and, as I said just now, I heard nothing of it from him. But it was something of this sort, I believe——"

And then the sympathetic greengrocer told Mr. Constantine what he (Mr. Constantine) already knew, or too well surmised; and Mr. Constantine heard how that the poor bookseller had been security for a relative, for a debt to a hard-hearted creditor; how that the relative was eventually ruined by the treachery of a friend; how that, then, the creditor "set the law to work" against poor Carr, and would not even give him time to turn round; how that, to meet the demand of this creditor, the bookseller had sacrificed his stock in trade, sold his furniture; even to "the bed that was under him," and departed, no one knew whither. "And," said the man, in concluding his history, "I would not, for all the money that you could lay down, sir—no, I would not stand in that creditor's place, whoever he may be; to have the ruin of that family, and perhaps their very lives—who can tell?—laid to my account."

Mr. Constantine was conscience-stricken. "Thou art the man!" seemed to resound in his ears. And yet he had heard no more than he might have expected to hear. There was nothing new in much that the man said. Had not the poor woman said it, and had she not predicted the consequences of a strict and ungenerous enforcement of the claim, "Pay me what thou owest me?" Nay, had she not fearfully and pathetically implored his forbearance—his *Christian* forbearance, almost in the words of the parable, "Have patience, and we will pay thee all?"

But Mr. Constantine had never seen the affair in this light until lately; and never so forcibly as now that he stood face to face with the humble friend of his former debtor. And the rich man stood before the poor man, abashed and self-convicted; more than this, humbled and penitent. He did not tell the greengrocer the history of his dear Bertha's illness, and legacy and death; he could not trust himself so far as to talk of her to a stranger; but he earnestly besought the man to assist him in seeking the ruined family, offering a handsome reward in case of success.

"I do not want any reward for it, sir," said the man; "but if you really mean what you say, and I think you do——"

"I assure you, most solemnly, that I do."

"Well then, sir, I'll do what I can to find my poor friends, and that at once."

Disappointed and dejected, Mr. Constantine that evening returned to his luxurious home in ——— Square. Alas, Bertha was not there to cheer him with her smiles.

Many weeks passed away, and the Carrs had not been found, though never had Mr. Constantine more energetically exerted himself than in this apparently vain search. One evening, business had called him from the city, northward; and he returned home by the nearest route. This led him through Clerkenwell. It was long past dusk, and a cold drizzling rain had set in, reminding Mr. Constantine of that wet evening in last winter, which was now, indeed, seldom far from his thoughts. The streets through which he was passing were mean and ill-lighted. Here and there was a shop, however, and from one of them—a baker's—issued a feeble light just as he approached it. The broad, flaring light from the gas-burner of the shop revealed to him the form and countenance of the woman Carr. For a moment or two Mr. Constantine stood paralyzed, and the woman, hurriedly passing on, had almost escaped from his sight, when he summoned resolution to follow her. It required resolution, for sadly haggard and thin was she, and he feared to hear the story she might have to tell. She was not in widow's weeds, though; there was something encouraging in that. The woman, unconscious of being tracked, passed into a darker and a meaner street, entered a passage, ascended a flight of ruinous stairs, and passed on from the first landing to an upper chamber.

"He will not trust me," she said, sadly; "and I cannot finish this work to-night in time to receive the money. What *shall* we do? Charles dear, what can be done? and these poor children crying for food."

A feeble rushlight burned on the table, and on the table, too, was unfinished work—slop waistcoats. Beyond the table, so feeble was the light, nothing was visible, except an anxious, sorrowful little face or two, looking up to the mother supplicatingly.

"Would it be wrong, very wrong," whispered that mother, "to raise a shilling on one of these, just for one night?" and she laid her trembling hand on the little head of work.

"Dearest, dearest, do not think of it." The voice was hollow and weak, but earnest; it came from a dark part of the room. "Do not think of it," the voice repeated. "Wait a little longer, dear, and God will help, or he will help us to bear. He is good—good when he gives, dear wife; and good, too, when he denies. He knows what is best for us. Let us trust in him, and we shall not be utterly forsaken. He has promised to be a very present help in every time of trouble."

The listener—for Mr. Constantine, following closely, had waited a moment to listen, not intentionally, but almost unconsciously; but he listened no longer. Hastening back into the street, he collected his thoughts. He remembered having passed a cook's shop near to the baker's. In two minutes he was there.

The poor woman had risen from her knees comforted; the sobbing of her children was hushed; the invalid was yet speaking consolation and hope; when a knocking at their door startled them.

"This cannot be for us!" exclaimed the woman, to a boy who had entered with a large basket of provisions, ready cooked. "It must be a mistake."

"Isn't your name Carr?" asked the lad.

Yes, yes, but she had ordered no provisions; she couldn't pay for it.

"Bless you, 'tis paid for, or I shouldn't have brought it, of course; and it is for you sure enough. I am to come for the plates to-morrow. And I was to tell you," he added, "to be sure not to go out to-morrow before ten o'clock; for he is going to give you a call."

"He! Who?" asked Mrs. Carr. Her heart was too full: she had no words to spare.

"He? why the gentleman that ordered it, to be sure;—good night."

Ah! what a night was that!

Need we write any more? Must we say, in so many words, that Bertha's legacy at length reached its destination; and not that only? Is it necessary to tell how the penitent rich man showed his penitence: how peace and prosperity from that day dawned upon the poor, who had been tried, but not forsaken?—and how the medical skill which was invoked in vain for dear Bertha, was engaged with happier effect here?

Or shall we tell how, thenceforth, a better, milder, kinder spirit extended its sway over the rich tradesman?—how he no longer held to the opinion, that sympathy in business is out of place? and how, in after years, to his faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, and godliness, he gave more diligence to add patience, brotherly kindness, and charity.

And Bertha, dear Bertha—she had not lived, nor had she died, in vain.

BOYHOOD AND BARBARISM*

YES, we are all born savages. It is only because certain persons have trained our faculties to certain shapes that you and I are not this day free barbarians, wearing eagles' quills, and hailing each other as Cross-Wolf and Curling-Cloud. The Land which guides this philosophic pen should of right whisk a tomahawk. Yonder mild lady, pacing the garden walks and murmuring sad words of the poets among the dying flowers, or watching the wild pigeons as they cleave with unmatched swiftness the still air of autumn, to vanish in the mist:—that veil the

wooded hill-sides, and mourning when presently the guns of the fowlers ring through the groves where the timid birds have folded their wings—she, the soft-hearted, who whispers to the dying flowers and mourns for the dove, is sister to the quiver-bearing Amazons, to the jingling belles of Nootka, to the yelling damels of Mozambique. That judge, sitting with fixed frowns while barristers smite with clenched fists the leathern covers of Blackstone, but for certain influences which have been accumulating for forty centuries, we might now see sitting upon the council-log of Hurons, discussing questions of state with the dusky senators of the woods: while those barristers and sheriffs should gratify their instincts by forms of action unknown to Mansfield, and by seizures of horses and poultry concerning which Sir Thomas More might ask, with tears in his eyes, for information and not for a joke, "*utrum possent replegiari.*"

Why is it that these possibilities have failed? Why is it that the hand which nature framed to whisk the terrible tomahawk, guides instead the philosophic pen, and instead of knocking the sense out of the skull of the gentle reader, is now beating the sense into it? Why is it that the mild lady, instead of walking sadly among the dying flowers and mourning the wounded pigeons, is not dashing on a hunting horse into a group of leopards, while attendant Amazons yell, and pierce the spotted monsters with arrows and quivering spears; is not dancing to the hideous discord of conchs and kettle-drums like her jingling sisters of Nootka; is not sporting with sharks in the ocean-surf, or floating over the lagoons of some rude archipelago upheaved from the bottom of the Pacific, and lounging in her grotesque canoe, a Cleopatra of the islands?

How widely do we, the brothers of the human family, diverge in our lifetime from the general starting point; like brooks springing from the same mountain, and flowing, some to the St. Lawrence Gulf, some to the Chesapeake, and some to the Gulf of Mexico. I show you three infants. One, on a savage island, swings in his bark hammock from the limbs of a tree, and sleeps while the winds that wander over the Pacific wave him to and fro: the second rocks in his red-cherry cradle in a New-England farm-house, and a thoughtful, motherly woman, knitting beside him, sings plaintive hymns: the third reposes in a gorgeous little couch, curiously carved, and a spangled canopy covers his royal head; grey-headed field marshals and swayed princes stand around; rigid battalions ranked before the palace are ready to defend the right of infant royalty, and huge cannon on the bastions of the city, which proclaimed to the Baltic the birth of its baby admiral, will hurl bullets and bursting globes upon the robbers who shall dare to grasp at the crown, whether they come in war-ships from the fast-anchored isle, or march in regiments from Gaul and the cities of the German empire. What difference in thought or desire do you surmise may exist in these three little mortals? A craniologist might talk about Mongolian and Circassian contours, and so forth; but in the essential elements which compose a live baby, wherein differs the islander from the American, the American from the prince? Place them

* This communication, which we transfer, in an abridged and somewhat modified form, from the pages of an American journal, we have introduced into our columns, as it exhibits a degree of freshness and originality of thought and style which may favourably contrast with much of our own periodical literature. Under the garb of a light and humorous narrative, however, the author propounds truths of grave importance. It is true, as he has stated, that man naturally has within him the elements of barbarism. Wrapped up under the disguise of education and civilization, these qualities may not be apparent, but still there they exist. Would we see man's natural disposition aright, we must look at it as it is exhibited in the haunts of savage life, in despotic countries where there is no moral principle to restrain the working of the darker passions, or in great social disturbances like the first French Revolution, where the conventionalities of education are thrown aside, and man stands out in his true character as a being, the slave of cruel and tyrannical affections. All these considerations, we need hardly say, lend emphasis to the great truth of Scripture—that our nature stands in need of a vital renewing change, greater than any which were education or civilisation can supply.

together on the floor: will they not whine, and crawl over each other? When a few moons have passed, and strength is given to their limbs, and the first faint ideas dawn in their minds, will they not lay hold of each other's hair, and with they not love, hate, and fear the same objects? Is there anything in their several gestures or glances that indicates the strangely different loves, hates, and fears which will possess them hereafter? The little savage does not manifest an inclination to roast his comrades; the American, in his conversations with the prince, is not understood by the nurses to call his playfellow a puppet or a despot; and the latter seems in nowise anxious to tie strings around the neck of the young democrat. Yet, in forty years, where will you find the three allies? One is a tall red cannibal, horribly painted, paddling his canoe in the coves of New Zealand; another is a rampant republican, working the batteries of a red-hot political journal, and invoking the demon of revolution to rise from caverns where

"The smoldering earthquake lies pillowed on fire;"

the third towers above his nobles, a czar, and gathers together Cossacks from the Ukraine, Tartars from the Ural, Siberians from the steppes, and Finns from the icebergs, and then, like one of the old idols of the north, holding in his hand deluge, terrors, and storms, hovers over the frontiers of Europe, and launches his thunders at intervals against the citadels of the Danube and the Rhine. Observe what a deadly antipathy against the others has arisen in each of the former playfellows. If the cannibal catches the czar, he will roast him; if the czar catches the republican, he may hang him; if the republican gets the others in his power, he will shut the prince in a penitentiary, and probably will kill the savage with ruin.

Philosophy, in view of these things, has much to offer. But philosophy may go about its business. We propose, however, to point out a few traits in the character of the North American juvenile which indicate how strongly his savage instincts struggle with the tremendous agencies, the accumulations of forty centuries, which are brought to crush them; how reluctantly the savage spirit yields to the soft but persevering and mighty genius of civilization.

The civilizing of a wild man's boy is as discouraging an undertaking as the training of a fox's whelp to an understanding of our conventional notions about geese and turkeys; but the barbarizing of a tame man's boy is as easy a thing as making wild boars and jackals of the offspring of domestic swine and mastiffs, by turning them loose in the wilderness when they are pigs and puppies. White boys, who are captured by Indians, in five cases out of ten become chiefs; but how many red boys, who are taken by benevolent persons and put into academies, become jurists or mathematicians? The white boy takes to savage life as naturally as the duck to water. The culture of universities may have been exhausted on his ancestors for ten generations back; but put him in the hands of a Cannancho manfon when he is a year old, and the culture which has been expended on the parent stock will not be indicated, on the little graft which is severed from it, by a single blossom. He is visited by no vague ideas of the rule of three as

he gnaws elk-ribs in his foster-mother's lodge; he is impelled by no unaccountable impulse to expostulate with his playmates at the occasional imperfections of their syntax. On the contrary, he hunts prairie-dogs, learns the war-dance, flings hatchets like the cub of a very Powhattan; and, when grown to the stature of a man, will spear mail-riders and emigrants, and sway government mules, as readily as any born barbarian. The rule will not work both ways. Introduce a young Cannancho into an infant-school, and it appears that we might as well direct our educational apparatus at a young bear. Culture affects hereditarily the faculties, but not the instincts; at all events, not nearly so sensibly the latter as the former.

Yes, mothers of America, your nurseries are wigwams of Cherokees, Blackfeet, Apaches; your cradles are nests of Bedouins. That indifference to the rights of crockery, that apathy at the destruction of pitchers and glass-ware, that gothic exultation over the ruins of a dinner-plate, which the unbreeched urchin displays, are manifestations of that same barbarian appetite for *smashing* which ruined the marbles of Greece and shattered the priceless vases of Italy. The original, genuine instinct is suppressed at first by force, and afterwards eradicated by artfully implanting an artificial taste for entire dinner-plates and for uncracked pitchers.

The chief labour in education is the eradication of instincts. School-life is for a long time but an artful war between the pedagogic and the savage propensities of his pupils. Observe what bloody books are many boys' favourites. Their earliest reading is of pirates and Arabs. The attack of Indians on the cabin of the settler, with its attendant horrors of burning roofs and ringing rifles, have a fascination for them—even for the mildest. Books of desperate or vagrant and lawless action please them. In history, they open an intimacy with Hannibal and Leonidas; in adventure, with Captain Kyd and the Argonauts. These propensities are cunningly made to work their own destruction. The savage instinct is gratified by reading about vagabonds and headlong heroes, but the shrewd teacher will remark how this arouses faculties which will in time master instinct.* His appetite for other delights arises, and a taste for books of a somewhat different tone is provoked. The young reader gets an ear for the graces of style, and remarks the difference between those abrupt sentences which pitch him along like the chopping waves of a gulf stream, and the majestic periods; the long Ciceronian swells on which we are borne through successive chapters, till, as we approach the close, like sailors in a boat, we hear a fine roaring of surges, and ride to the beach through the surf of a peroration. Thus is a taste for literature born, and in a few years, when the little reader has attained man's estate, his earliest acquaintances, the forest outlaws and the buccaneers, are received at his mental levee on entirely a different footing. The satisfaction he once would have felt, in boarding an argosy on the Spanish main, has become a sin-

* It is by no means necessary, we would remark, to stimulate a taste for reading in young minds by the perusal of books of this character. Well-chosen books on useful subjects will produce the same effect.

gular delight in waylaying the portly octavo in which some learned man has stowed his philosophic ingots, and is ploughing his stately course in fancied security.

Few boys, it has been remarked, I believe, reach manhood without at some time having resolved to become either sailors or hunters. What days are spent in grievous indecision whether it is better to go to the Rocky mountains and shoot buffaloes, or to the Japan seas and harpoon whales! What nights have been made wakeful by dreams of killing seals by torch-light in caves where the Antaeic Tritons blow their "wreathed horns" in alarm at the robbery of their folds! What plots for reviving the ancient fraternity of Sea Kings have been concocted on winter evenings, by flaxen-headed conspirators, as they crack nuts before the kitchen fire—tawzeking the solid nutshells with their hammers as if they were smiting the mailed heads of Celts and Saxons, while some young hero, who has lately posted himself up in Scandinavian literature, dol's out tales of the Red Erics, the Rollos, and the Harold Slambangers who roamed the seas with their gigantic boatswains, before the law of nations was heard of in the North Sea and the Bay of Biscay! In forty years, Red Eric is president of a marine insurance company, and Rollo's bills are honoured in Copenhagen. The young lions have been cheated of their teeth. The lust for barbarism has been quenched by stimulating the remote appetite for refinement. The boy, who at the age of twelve is fully resolved, as soon as he is released from home tyranny, to pitch his camp on the north fork of the Arkansas, and spend the rest of his life in the society of wolves and wild horses, finds that each year a band is tied to him which he will not be able to sunder; and at twenty-one he is firmly bound to civilization—a slave to clocks, and stoves, and tables—a bondman to hotels and newspapers.

RESERVOIRS AND WATERFLOODS.

"Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters." The truth of this popular adage has been painfully verified in two great disasters, one at sea, the other on land, since the commencement of the present year. We allude to the burning of the Amazon, and the flooding of the Holme valley through the bursting of the Bilberry reservoir. The loss of lives was, in each case, pretty much the same in amount; and it is sad to know that, in both instances, none need have perished had proper precautions been used. Let us hope that these two calamities will be the last of their kind; and that proper means of escape from such perils will be found forthwith, after a strict examination of their causes, and a determination to enforce a provision against the recurrence of such catastrophes. We have no hold upon the past, but a care for the future is our bounden duty.*

It would seem to be in the nature of man, for him to be either too confident or over-distrustful of his safety, when placed in positions of danger. At one

time we are supine, at another we are seized with a panic. As an example of the former condition of mind, we need but adduce the common indifference to near sources of destruction in those who live in the vicinity of some active volcano, such as the people residing about Etna or Vesuvius; but a nearer instance still, was that of the calamity menaced by the apprehended disruption of the Bilberry water-dyke; to see which, said the Yorkshire newspaper reporters, at least fifty persons were assembled, most of whom took up such near positions that they might have been swept away in the waters it was no longer able to retain. All the while, the people in the valley below, young and old, were hushed in midnight repose, heedless of that danger which had been the common talk of the country for several days. That the glen was certain to be utterly desolated, should an irruption of water take place therein, they might have been sure of, the following being its character. "From Holmfirth runs the valley of the Holme for a distance of several miles, winding amongst almost Alpine scenery, and forming deep ravines, with scarcely an outlet for three or four miles, when they terminate on vast tracts of moorland. Along the bed of these ravines runs a strong mountain stream, enlarged, as it rushes on from the moors, by the streamlets which fall down the mountain sides, until it reaches Holme Bridge, where it meets and empties itself in the river Holme, which passes through Holmfirth."

The ravages committed, and the drownings caused, by the Holme waters, have been too recently described for us to dwell upon them. But we would observe, that they are not—with some sense of shame we say it—without a parallel in our island; for not unlike the recent deluge were the destruction of property and loss of life resulting from the disruption of the embankment of the "Whinhill dam," on the southern slope of the hills above Greenock; which event took place about midnight, on Saturday, November 21st, 1835. This reservoir, which contained nearly three million cubic feet of water, drained from the table lands above, formed a portion of the works of the "Shaws Water Company," incorporated for supplying motive water-power to a series of factories, mills, etc., and after being thus employed, to supply the domestic uses of the town. The bursting of the Whinhill dam caused the loss of about 50 lives, the victims being mostly drowned in their beds; and several houses in the eastern part of the town, called Carlsdyke, were washed away, and others depopulated.

Among the remarkable incidents reported of the Holmfirth deluge, we find some striking examples of the potent *carrying force of gravitating water*. For instance, we are told that "the suddenly released waters, sweeping down the ravine of the Holme with terrific force, carried along with them not only trees, torn up by the roots, but steam-engines, heavy machines for carding, etc., tossing them along like so many feathers. A four-story mill, which met their first rush, was instantly thrown down, and seemed to disappear in a moment, as a thing of nought." And, in like manner, among the particulars recorded of the Whinhill-dam outburst, it is recorded that solid masses of iron were lifted out of a foundry-yard by the de-

* A correspondent of "The Builder" intimates that there are other reservoirs in the country which are in as insecure a state as that of Holmfirth.

ascending waters, and borne along for some hundred yards, till the flood, weakened by the dispersion of its parts, was lost in the (happily near) frith of Clyde.

But these are insignificant examples of the strength of descending water, in overcoming the passive resistance of inert matter, compared with what was effected by the aqueous avalanche of the Dranse, in Switzerland, in June, 1818, when "fragments of granite rocks, of enormous magnitudes, and which, from their size, might be compared without exaggeration to houses, were torn out and borne down for a quarter of a mile. One of these fragments was measured by Captain Basil Hall, and found to be sixty paces in circumference."*

In the late Sir Thomas D. Lauder's "Account of the Morayshire Floods," which took place August 3rd and 4th, 1829, whereby a fertile district of North Britain became a frightful scene of desolation, we read that "a fragment of sandstone, 14 feet long, three wide, and one thick, was borne down the river Nairn, and deposited 200 yards from the spot whence it had been wrenched by the swollen waters." These floods extended, also, to Aberdeenshire; and the Rev. James Farquharson, in his account of them, given in the "Quarterly Journal of Science," attested that "the river Don, upon my own (Mr. F.'s) premises, forced a mass of 400 or 500 tons of stones, many of them 300 lbs. weight, up an inclined plane, rising six feet in eight or ten yards, and left them in a rectangular heap, about three feet deep."

The Morayshire floods, to which allusion has thus been made, were caused by swellings of the Spey, Don, Findhorn, etc., August 3rd and 4th, 1829. They were preceded by a storm, more like a tropical hurricane than any tempest ever known in our country; which extended, almost simultaneously, over a triangular range of country, from Loch Rannoch to Inverness on one line, and thence down to Stonehaven on the other. The united line of the different rivers which were flooded could not be less than 600 miles in length; and the whole of their courses were marked by the destruction of bridges, roads, buildings, and crops. Sir T. D. Lauder has recorded the destruction of 38 bridges, and the entire obliteration of a great number of hamlets. Some new ravines were formed on the sides of mountains where no streams had previously flowed; and ancient river channels, which had never been filled from time immemorial, gave passage to a copious flood. The bridge over the Dee at Bullator, built of granite, with piers resting on rolled pieces of granite and gneiss, a massive structure with a waterway of 250 feet, after standing unharmed for 20 years, had the whole of its upper parts swept away in succession by the flood; and, at length, the entire pile of lower masonry disappeared altogether in the bed of the river!

Reverting to the desolation of the valley of Holmfrith, a calamity which has powerfully affected the public mind, we hope that a few particulars which we have gathered, regarding the chief constructions of that kind existing in Britain and elsewhere, will not be unacceptable to our readers. And first, we would observe, it is so far satisfactory

that, as our river-courses are more poorly supplied with constant runs of water, in these days of "thorough drainage," than in former times, the ready agency of steam renders us comparatively independent of what the Americans call "water privileges." The chief use of reservoirs, now-a-days, is for storing up drainage or rain water, to furnish supplies to cities and towns, upon the principle of *gravitation*. Such is the character of the works (and they are the greatest of the kind in Britain) now forming by the communities of Manchester and Liverpool. The former are situated at Woodhead, in the valley of the Etherow, about 15 miles above the city. There are several reservoirs, the two chief being, that called Woodhead, and the Tor-side basin; the latter is below the former, and is of immense capacity. It so happened that two of the smaller reservoirs (those at Edenfield) burst about the same time as the Bilberry dam, though without doing much harm; and fears were then excited that the Tor-side embankment would give way, as, not being finished, it was thought hardly strong enough to retain the swollen mass behind it; providentially, however, it held firm; though so distrustful was the engineer of its solidity, that he warned all people within reach of its apprehended fall instantly to provide for their safety.

Compared with the Tor-side reservoir, the luckless Bilberry basin was but a small one. Its origin and uses our readers will remember from the recently published accounts. It was formed by the waters of the river Holme and the Diglee brook being impounded in a deep gorge between the lofty hills in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This was done by means of an embankment about 150 or 200 yards wide, with a depth of 85 or 90 feet of water behind it. It lies not with us to guess at, much less to determine, who were the parties to blame for not attending to the condition of this miserable construction—so perilous in its position, so disastrous by its annihilation; and probably the proper authorities, after inquiry made, will have "put the saddle on the right horse" before this article shall meet our readers' eyes.

In Scotland, there are three considerable water-works, comprising several large reservoirs. These are: 1. The "Shaws Water Company's Works" at Greenock, which once included the Whinhill dam already referred to; 2. "The Edinburgh Water-works;" 3. The "Gorbals Gravitation Company's Works," for supplying the southern districts of Glasgow, etc., with water. The first is a flourishing concern: it is very profitable both to the proprietors and the people of Greenock; the prosperity and comfort of which place is greatly promoted by the abundant supplies of pure water drawn from the contiguous hilly district, which, as we have seen, is first turned to account in moving machinery* before it is used by the inhabitants. We may truly say that, so largely is the "Shaws Water" used as a motive power, that there is not a more hard-worked stream in the empire.

A few notices are now due of the Edinburgh water-works. That city was long miserably off for supplies of the needful element. Much of the

* There is a cotton-spinning factory near Greenock, in which is a water-wheel of 70 to 80 feet diameter; probably the largest in Britain.

evil fame of Edinburgh's uncleanness was both deserved and undeserved: the truth really being that its people could not keep their town clean for want of sufficient water. Not quite a century ago, this evil was seen, and thus deplored by the chief public expositor (then a very humble one) of the wants of Scotland and its capital:—"For many years past, there has been usually a scarcity of water in Edinburgh, especially about the end of harvest and beginning of winter; but, this season, the scarcity has been very great: inasmuch that severals [sic] sent their servants to the Abbey, [of Holyrood], and, all round the skirts of the city, for water; and some people brought casks of water on carts from the country, and retailed it at one halfpenny for four or five Scot's pints.* The city wells were so crowded, that the maid-servants who went early to the well, to wait the coming on of the water [from Comiston], would have stood for several hours, in very cold weather; and some of them were obliged, after all, to go away without it, being forced out of the place by such as were stronger, till the whole water was taken off," i. e. till none remained for them. A sad state of things, reader, was it not? "At last, centinels were placed at the wells, and the stoups [pails] so ranged, that those first come were first served. On a stoop's being taken away, when full, all the rest were regularly moved one step nearer to the well. Sometimes there were upwards of 100 stoups in a rank. . . . At Comiston, where the city water has been collected, only 68 Scot's pints a minute issue, from a 4-inch leaden pipe, into the town reservoir [on the Castle-hill]. An expedient is now at work to raise additional water from Braids burn [brook], near 40 feet, by a pump and a fire [steam] engine.†

Nothing effectual, however, seems to have been done to ameliorate this wretched state of things in our northern capital (where people thus struggled for water as for dear life) till the year 1787, when a cast-iron pipe, of five inches bore, was adjoined to the leaden one; the latter having been laid by a Dutch planter in 1681. In 1790, a third pipe, of nine inches bore, was laid, not to Comiston, (a course which would give no more *mile*), but to Swanston, three miles further south. The city increasing in size—the habits of its augmented population becoming more cleanly; too—even these conjoined supplies were found to be quite inadequate; and at length (A.D. 1818-26) a private water company constructed large and expensive works to bring in the water of the "Crawley Springs," and a part of that of the "Glen Corse-burn."‡ To effect this, the Corse was impounded in its own glen—a gorge in the Rutland-hills—and its waters retained by a massive embankment. The company had also to erect a "compensation reservoir" for the millers upon the Corse, whose supplies of water were thus kept up; then the surplus was filtered, and sent on with the Crawley spring water to Edinburgh, through a tunnel a mile long, and a cast-iron pipe of 15-20 inches bore. The total average supply thus furnished was

under 300 cubic feet (viz., 1857 imp. gallons) per minute; but late in 1842, after a dry summer, much less than this being obtained, Edinburgh was once more in distress for water. Since then, other means of supply were added; so that, in December, 1850, the amount secured was 554 cubic feet per minute.

The "Gorbals Gravitation Company," Glasgow, concerning the works of which we have next to give a few particulars, is a useful and flourishing association. Their main source of supply is the Brock-burn, a pellucid mountain brook, which is arrested in a gully of the southern slopes of what may be called the "Surrey hills" of Glasgow. The Brock bed receives the drainage of 2750 acres of upland, partly arable, partly moor. The upper reservoir, a spacious basin, is nearly 300 feet above the level of the Glasgow harbour. After passing thence, the waters undergo a careful double filtration. At present they supply the wants of about 250,000 people; furnishing regularly 330 cubic feet per minute; but the company have offered to treble that quantity, carry their pipes across the Clyde, and supply Glasgow itself, which is now getting into straits for water, through the constant increase of its population.

Perhaps the greatest water-work of modern times is the Croton aqueduct, a culvert thirty-eight miles long, for supplying the city of New York, to which it brings the waters of the Croton river, a tributary of the Hudson. The dam at the head creates a pond five miles long, covering four hundred acres, and contains five hundred million gallons of water. The chief reservoir at the city end has thirty-five acres area, and contains one hundred and fifty million gallons. The aqueduct is built of stone, brick, and cement, arched over and under, 6½ feet wide at bottom, 7½ feet above, and 8½ feet high, having a descent of 13½ inches per mile, and can discharge sixty million gallons in twenty-four hours.

In Scotland, the average amount of water once contained in the beds of its rivers and burns, and even that in wells, has been gradually diminishing, in exact proportion as subsoil and other drainage has been extended. As a consequence, while "water privileges" have been, in many places, brought to nothing, periodical *spates*, such as the "Lammas floods," autumnal freshets, etc., have become more copious, and attended with added peril to life and property, both in country and town. Hence precautions have to be, or ought to be, taken against their devastating powers in all localities. We read the other day, for instance, that after the late early February rains, in Lanarkshire, more flood water ran along the bed of the Clyde past Glasgow, in a few hours, than would have supplied the domestic wants of London's 2½ millions for a whole year. In former times, much of England, and till a far later date, most of the surface of Scotland, was moor or bog land. The former absorbed rain greedily, the latter sucked it up like a sponge; both returned it slowly and steadily: hence the average amount of fluid in natural water-courses was always more regular than it can be at present, when any superfluous, accruing from pluvial or other sources, is run off almost at once, through the drains with which the country is now getting veined from end to end.

* The old Scotch pint was fully three imperial pints.

† "Scot's Magazine" for the year 1760; vol. xxi. pp. 661-2.

‡ This brook is well known in Scotch song as the "Lagan-water." A secondary river is sometimes called a "water" in Scotland.

The Poetry of Night.

INVOCATION TO NIGHT.

Come, solemn Night, and spread thy pall
Wide o'er the slumbering shore and sea,
And hang along thy vaulted hall,
The star-lights of eternity;
Thy beacons, beautiful and bright—
Isles in the ocean of the blest—
That guide the parted spirit's flight
Unto the land of rest.

Come—for the evening glories fade,
Quenched in the ocean's depths profound;
Come with thy solitude and shade,
Thy silence and thy sound;
Awake the deep and lonely lay
From wood and stream, of saddening tone;
The harmonies unheard by day,
The music all thine own!

And with thy starry eyes that weep
Their silent dew on flower and tree,
My heart shall solemn vigils keep—
My thoughts converse with thee;
Upon whose glowing page expand
The revelations of the sky;
Which knowledge teach to every land,
Of man's high destiny.

For while the mighty orbs of fire
(So "wildly bright" they seem to live)
Feel not the beauty they inspire,
Nor see the light they give;
Even I, an atom of the earth,
Beside an atom 'midst the frame
Of nature—can inquire their birth,
And ask them whence they came.

MALCOLM.

ITS SUBLIMITY.

O Night! how beautiful thy golden dress,
On which so many stars like gems are strewed
So mild and modest in thy loveliness,
So bright, so glorious in thy solitude!
The soul soars upwards on its lofty wings,
Through the vast ocean-paths of light sublime,
Visits a thousand yet unravelled things;
And, if its memories look to earthly time
And earthly interests, 'tis as in a dream—
For earth and earthly things but shadows seem;
While heaven is substance, and eternity.

That is thy temple, Lord! 'tis worthy thee,
And in it thou hast many a lamp suspended,
That dazzles not, but lights resplendently;
And there thy court is—there thy court, attended
By myriad, myriad messengers—the song
Of countless and melodious harps is heard,
Sweeter than rill, or stream, or vernal bird,
The dark and melancholy woods among.
And golden worlds in that wide temple glow,
And roll in brightness, in their orbits vast,
And there the future mingles with the past,
An unbeginning, an unending NOW.

BOWRING.

ITS SILENCE AND TRANQUILLITY.

Silence hath set her finger with soft touch
Upon Creation's lip, like a young mother, the Moon
Lifts up Night's curtains, and with a countenance mild
Smiles on the beautiful Earth—her sleeping child.
The lowly wild-flowers droop: rich incense, such
As steals from herbs 'midst pleasant meads in June,
Fleets the night air. Each light tree's flowing dress
Is edged with silver. Flocks lie motionless.
How sweet are hours spent in a scene like this,
When Peace looks down from heaven in plaintive mood,
And Earth in deep tranquillity of bliss
Becomes a sutor to fair Solitude.

What noble actions spring to flowery prime:
Spring from the seed Thought, sowed in such a time.

F.

ITS REPOSE.

Another day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous Moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure mead of heaven. And, oh! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness Creation looks;
Far-gleaming hills, and light-inweaving streams,
And fragrant boughs with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-hair'd valleys, all in glory dress'd,
Make up the pageantries of Night. One glance
Upon old Ocean, where the woven beams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hush'd!
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard winds shall yell,
And tear them into strife.

A lone owl's hoat—
The waterfall's faint drip—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves—or infant wind
Rifling the pearly lips of sleeping flowers—
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.
Spirit of All! as up yon star-lung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,
Man's immortality within him speaks
That Thou art all around! thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens:
Thy glory garmenteth the slumbering world.

B. MONTGOMERY.

ITS BEAUTY.

How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths,
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is Night!

SOUTHEY.

ITS DISCLOSURES.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yea, beneath a curtain of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sea! or who could find
Whilst thy and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

WHITT.

ITS POMP AND SPLENDOR ECLIPSED.

O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to survey the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.

Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze!
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.

YOUNG.

THE LEISURE HOUR

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A STAR AT THE STUART COURT.

THE Blagges—an ancient Suffolk family—had attained to high consideration as early as the reign of Henry VIII. One who bore the name, with the title of Sir George, was, before his knighthood, which was not conferred till the reign of Edward VI, well known at court, and enjoyed the friendship of the unfortunate Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. Suspected as “a favourer of the gospel”—a title given to such as were on the side of the Reformation in those times of conflict—he

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was arrested by the leaders of the popish party and narrowly escaped the stake through the interposition of the capricious monarch. Henry was in the habit of addressing those he liked by some humorous designation, often intensely vulgar. Saluting George Blagge, after he had just missed being burnt, with the odd soubriquet, “Ah, my pig”—the courtier replied, “If your majesty had not been better to me than your bishops were, your pig had been roasted ere this time.”

One of the descendants of Sir George was Colonel Thomas Blagge, of Horningsheath, in Suffolk,

groom of the bedchamber to Charles I, and governor of Wallingford. He married Mary North, daughter of Sir Robert North, of Mildenhall, in the same county. Report speaks of the husband as of "extraordinary wit and signal loyalty," and of the wife, as "so eminent in all the virtues and perfections of her sex, that it were hard to say whether were superior, her beauty, wit, or poetry." Stormy were the times, and sadly interrupted must have been the domestic joys of this worthy couple; especially after the death of their royal master and the establishment of the Commonwealth, when to them, as royalists, their path must have been thorny indeed, and the sky of the future all dark.

Three years after the execution of Charles, Mary Blagge, on the 2nd of August, folded in her arms a lovely babe—the fruit of her sorrow, the flower of her hope. She and the colonel gave the girl the name of Margaret, and brought her up with care. "Her extraordinary discernment soon advanced to a great and early sense of religion," which proved her safeguard against the dangers to which she was early exposed; for while yet a child, before her seventh year, she was taken, by the old Duchess of Richmond, into France, and consigned to the care of the Countess of Guildford, a bigoted papist, who tried to persuade the child to go to mass; but she, then so intelligent and religiously disposed, refused to comply, though rudely treated and menaced by the countess, as Margaret in after life used to relate to her friends, with many "pretty circumstances." But she did not stay long in France. On her return to England she lived with her much-loved mother. In 1665 came the raging pestilence, like death on the pale horse, striking terror into the hearts of the Londoners, when Mrs. Blagge, in common with thousands more, hastened from the infected city to the fresh air and the sequestered scenes of the country.

The depression of the royalists had at this time come to an end, Charles had been restored, and Whitehall was once again a scene of cavalier pomp and courtly revelries. As a mark of favour to a family who had suffered in the civil wars, the Duchess of York offered to Mrs. Blagge to take Margaret, now only twelve years old, to place her at court, and make her one of her maids of honour. The proposal, so flattering in a worldly point of view, was accepted, and the young lady soon found herself in a "surprising change of air and a perilous climate."

"A perilous climate," indeed, for the atmosphere was loaded with the pestilence of vice. It would pollute our pages to enter into the details of profligacy and intrigue which filled, to overflowing, the court of the second Charles. Taste, elegance, and wit might throw a veil of fascination over the habits indulged, and screen from general observation a portion of their deformity; but the intrinsic evil of licentiousness will and must remain, however it may wear a fashionable disguise. "The manners of Chesterfield" may be united with "the morals of Rochefoucault;" but whatever some may have smartly said to the contrary, vice can lose nothing of its guilt, though it should part with all its grossness. Margaret, after the pure example and moral instructions of her mother, was shocked at what she saw and heard at court; and the marvel

is how a mother, such as hers, could have trusted one she so much loved in such a furnace of temptation. But there was that in the young girl's heart which kept her amidst the fires. Not long had Margaret Blagge been a maid of honour, when she lost both her mother and her mistress. Among her papers she thus records the bereaving stroke, exhibiting, in instructive contrast, the different manner in which it fell on the sufferers. "My mother dead; at first surprised and very unwilling; she was afterwards resigned; prayed much, had holy things read to her, delighted in heavenly discourse, desired to be dissolved and be with Christ, ended her life cheerfully and without pain, left her family in order, and was much lamented."—"The D— dead; a princess honoured in power, had much wit, much money, much esteem;—none remembered her after one week, none sorry for her, she was tost and flung about, and every one did what they would with that stately carcase. What is this world, what is greatness, what to be esteemed or thought a wit? We shall all be stripped without sense or remembrance. But God, if we serve him in our health, will give us patience in our sickness." Perhaps this twofold stroke of death tended to increase that habitual seriousness which so remarkably distinguished Margaret Blagge, for, as she often said, she loved to be in the house of mourning.

"She had not been above two years at court, before her virtue, beauty, and wit made her to be looked upon as a little miracle; and, indeed, there were some addresses made to her of the greatest persons—not from the attractions of affected charms, for she was ever, at that sprightly and free age, severely careful how she might give the least liberty, which the gallants there do usually assume, of talking with less reserve; nor did this eclipse her pretty humour, which was cheerful and easy amongst those she thought worthy her conversation." Having been promoted to the station of a maid of honour to the queen, the moral pains of her position became still more imminent, but her watchfulness was proportionably great. "Be sure never to talk to the king," she says in her diary; "when they speak filthily, though I be laughed at, look grave, remembering that of Micah, there will come a time when the Lord will bind up his jewels. Before I speak, Lord, assist me; when I pray, Lord, hear me; when I am praised, God humble me; may everything I see instruct me. Lord, cleanse my hands, let my feet tread thy paths."

Providence had in reserve for Margaret two friends, with whom the rest of her history is much bound up; and the attachment she felt for them was, no doubt, among the subsidiary means employed by the divine Keeper of that young soul for the strengthening of her virtue, the growth of her piety, and the establishment of her peace.

The first of these friends—one who became to her a kind of moral and spiritual Mentor—was the well-known John Evelyn, of Wotton, to whose pleasant and easy pen we are indebted for what we know of her history and character. Minding his books and his garden—a circle, he used to say, "big enough for him"—he never sought acquaintanceships at court; and when he heard some distinguished persons speaking of Margaret Blagge,

he "fancied her some airy thing that had more wit than discretion." But making a visit to Whitehall with Mrs. Evelyn, he fell in with the youthful maid of honour, and one day dined in her apartments, when he "admired her temperance, and took especial notice that however wide or indifferent the subject of their discourse was amongst the rest, she would always divert it to some religious conclusion, and so temper and season her replies, as showed a gracious heart, and that she had a mind wholly taken up with heavenly thoughts." A sincere friendship arose between the Whitehall lady and the Wotton sage, which was ratified by a quaint solemnity illustrative of the character of the parties far more than the fashion of the times. After a formal solicitation that he would look upon her thenceforth as his child, she took a sheet of paper, upon which Evelyn had been carelessly sketching something in the shape of an altar, and wrote these words:—"Be this a symbol of inviolable friendship: Margaret Blagge, 16th October, 1672;" and underneath, "for my brother E——." There was something of a tinge of romance in the daughter-like attachment which this girl of twenty formed for the amiable Evelyn, but it was indulged for the guidance of her affairs, the increase of her wisdom, and the ripening of her piety. "The most consummate friendships," said he, his heart glowing while he wrote, "are the products of religion and the love of God;" and such, beyond doubt, was the origin of the mutual affection between him and the young lady in queen Catherine's court.

But the quick-sighted Evelyn soon discovered that there was another who held a different place in her heart from that which he had been chosen to occupy; so, after he had rallied her on the subject, Margaret one day sat down in her chamber at Whitehall, and wrote a confidential epistle, in which she communicated to him the attachment which she had formed for him to whom she was subsequently united. The name of this individual the reader will gather as he proceeds with our paper. That his tastes were in unison with her own may be gathered from what she thus writes:—"At first we thought of living always together, and that we should be happy. But at last, he was sent abroad by his majesty and fell sick, which gave me great trouble. I allowed more time for prayer than before I had ever done, and, I thank God, found infinite pleasure in it, and I thought less of foolish things that used to take up my time. Being thus changed myself, and liking it so well, I earnestly begged of God that he would impart the same satisfaction to him I loved. 'Tis done, my friend, 'tis done; and from my soul I am thankful; and though I believe he loves me passionately, yet *I am not where I was*; my place is filled up with Him who is all in all." She then goes on to say that they were determined not to precipitate their marriage; indeed she indicates some inclination to a perpetual single life, from a mistaken notion that thereby she could more effectually serve her God than in a married state.

Never at home amidst the gaieties of Whitehall, to say nothing of the immorality which there prevailed, Margaret felt, after seven years' continuance in the place, that she could no longer endure to remain amidst its scenes, and therefore earnestly sought, and at length with difficulty obtained, per-

mission from their majesties to retire from court. It was on a Sunday night, Evelyn tells us, after most of the company were departed, that he waited on her down to her chamber, where she was no sooner entered, but, falling on her knees, she blessed God as for a signal deliverance; "she was come," she said, "out of Egypt, and was now in the way to the land of promise." Tears trickled down her cheeks, "like the dew of flowers, making a lovely grief," as she parted with one of the court ladies who had a spirit kindred to her own; but the feelings which predominated in her bosom were more like those of one in earnest fleeing from the city of destruction.

Her new place of abode was Berkeley House, a mansion which stood on the site of the present town residence of the Duke of Devonshire in Piccadilly. There she found a home with the Lady Berkeley, and a pleasant chamber with a library, and quietude and retirement, and, what she specially sought, time for meditation and prayer. She was, however, exposed to occasional interruptions from the visits of distinguished personages, and this, owing to her increased love of seclusion, induced her to contemplate a removal into the country. The desire of celibacy at this time returned with increased force; and it is plain, from her whole story, that there was a strong infusion of asceticism in her piety, an element alien from the genuine religion of Christ, which, while it enjoins self-denial, cherishes the social instincts and domestic charities of our nature, purifying and crowning them with divine benedictions. Evelyn had, in this respect, more sober and scriptural notions of Christianity; and he availed himself of his influence over his young friend, to persuade her to renounce those erroneous views of a spiritual life into which (doubtless from want of contact with evangelical teaching, in which the pulpits of that day were so often greatly deficient,) she had been betrayed. And he succeeded. She indeed withdrew herself from the amusements of the world of fashion; she burst through the entanglements which continued to surround her even after she ceased to be a maid of honour; she was prepared to give up all for Christ; but she was brought to see that union with one whose religious sentiments and feelings were in harmony with her own, would tend rather to promote than to retard the progress of piety in her soul. Accordingly, she was married privately in the Temple church, on the 16th of May; but in a letter written shortly after, she showed what was still the main bent and purpose of her mind. "I have this day," she says to Evelyn, "thought your thoughts, wished I dare say your wishes, which were that I might every day sit looser and looser to the things of this world; discerning, as every day I do, the folly and vanity of it; how short all its pleasures, how trifling all its recreations, how false most of its friendships, how transitory everything in it; and, on the contrary, how sweet the service of God, how delightful the meditating on his word, how pleasant the conversation of the faithful, and, above all, how charming prayer, how glorious our hopes, how gracious our God is to all his children, how gentle his corrections, and how frequently, by the invitations of his Spirit, he calls us from our low designs to those great and noble of serving him and attaining eternal happiness."

The person to whom she was married, and to whom she had been attached before she became acquainted with Evelyn, was Sidney Godolphin, before his death created Earl of Godolphin.

Berkeley House was the first scene of her wedded life. Sweetly "she lived in retirement all the winter," till the return of Lord Berkeley from Paris obliged her to remove, when she repaired to "a pretty habitation which had been built and accommodated for her in Scotland-yard." A burst of grateful joy went up to her heavenly Father when she found herself settled in her new abode. "When I this day consider my happiness, in having so perfect health of body, cheerfulness of mind, no disturbance from without nor grief within, my time my own, my house quiet, sweet, and pretty, all manner of conveniences for serving God in public and private; how happy in my friends, husband, relations, servants, credit, and none to wait or attend on, but my dear and beloved God, from whom I receive all this; what a melting joy ran through me at the thoughts of all these mercies, and how did I think myself obliged to go to the foot of my Redeemer, and acknowledge my own unworthiness of his favour."

Margaret Godolphin was exemplary as a wife, even as Margaret Blagge had been exemplary in her unmarried estate. Where the religion of Christ dwells in the heart, its developments are beautifully adapted to the circumstances of individual life and the calls of relative duty; like some luxuriant plant which winds, curls, and throws out its tendrils and leaves in directions indicated by the position in which it is placed. With ease she instructed her servants, sedulously maintaining the forms of domestic religion, and breathing, in her whole intercourse with them, its kind, considerate and benignant spirit; while, with the Christian dignity and condescension of the mistress, were blended, in all her conduct towards him she most loved on earth, the devotion, tenderness, and sympathy of the wife. She had learnt the beautiful lesson, that pure and undefiled religion (*i. e.*, religion in its outward service, its external form), "before God the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." In addition to the practical expression of religion in indifference to the world, she cultivated its practical expression in activities for the good of others; passing from the kingly palace, or the mansions of the noble, to the cottages of the humble and the hovels of the most indigent; and visiting and releasing prisoners, of whom Evelyn says he could produce "a list of above thirty, restrained for debts in several prisons, which she paid and compounded for at once." Nor did she omit alms-deeds, while abounding in alms-gifts. She was like Dorcas, who was full of good works; like Priscilla, who instructed many more perfectly in the ways of God; like Mary, who bestowed much labour. She was a servant of the church, a succourer of the saints, a helper in Christ Jesus, and ready to lay down her life for the gospel.

One joy was wanting to crown her wedded bliss, and anxiously she longed for it; not with the impatience, but almost with the intensity of Rachel. "She took home to her a poor orphan girl, whom she tended, instructed, and cherished with the tenderness of a natural mother." Providence at

length crowned her hopes. She anticipated the event with confidence in the Divine power and mercy, but withal with a dash of melancholy, and a foreboding that "she should not outlive the happiness she had so long wished for." A son was born on Tuesday, the 3rd of September, 1678. All went on well for a few days. On the following Saturday, Evelyn received from Mr. Godolphin an alarming note. Dangerous symptoms appeared. All that medical skill could accomplish in those days, and under her circumstances, was done; but in vain. She lingered till Monday, September 9th, when she departed, in the 25th year of her age. She lies buried in Breage church, Cornwall, where her tomb reminds one of the pillar of Rachel's grave.

Such is the simple story of Margaret Godolphin, as told by John Evelyn. It is a quaint but beautiful account of practical piety, with some traits indicative of a want of fuller light and richer knowledge. We must never forget that genuine piety ever springs from a simple reliance upon the Son of God for acceptance with the Father, and the indwelling of the Spirit of grace in the heart, the fountain of all truth, holiness, and love. While noticing, therefore, in the object of our sketch, imperfections arising from the want of advantages now more generally diffused, brightly does the mild star of Margaret Godolphin gleam amid the darkness that envelops the court of one of England's most degraded monarchs.

CURIOUS FACTS RESPECTING THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

SWALLOWS fly in the form of a wedge. The leading of the group is confided to a chief, who takes his station at the apex. He yields to another when tired, and goes to the end of one of the lines. It is observed that old and young birds fly in separate companies; and that the old ones return to the place whence they set out, while the young do not. Males and females fly in separate lines, though in the same company. Birds which differ in voice also keep separate lines during their migratory flights. In a flight of bullfinches, for instance, all those having a deep-toned voice fly on one side, while those with high tones fly on the other: bird-catchers are acquainted with this fact. It becomes a question whether these birds are of the same species. It is possible that those with deep voices may have a flat skull, and the others a high one; if so, though the plumage may be the same, they are of different species; and, if put together, would probably not match. Birds generally migrate for the sake of food and climate. Some speculators have said it was from the relation between the magnetism of their bones and that of the earth!

As to the mode of progression, some birds run; others fly; others swim; others walk. Most of them fly; but the cassowary, ostrich, and penguin do not. There is also a rare European bird, called "the great hawk," which does not. Some seabirds become bewildered on land, and seem to lose the power of flight; so that they may be kept without cutting their wings, if distant from the sea. Poultry fly with difficulty; magpies and jays flutter, and fly slowly; pigeons flap their

wings over their head; starlings swim in the air; the kingfisher goes like an arrow; small birds fly in jerks; sky-larks rise and fall perpendicularly; the wood-lark remains poised in the air; geese and cranes adopt figured flights: the cormorant glides over the sea.

The flight of some birds is very rapid. Birds of prey sometimes fly at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In 1828, an experiment was made, in London, with 56 carrier pigeons brought from Liege, and thrown up. One of them (Napoleon) flew the 300 miles in less than six hours; and most of them reached Liege within two hours afterwards. A hawk went 700 miles at 45 miles an hour. A hawk from Fontainebleau was found at Malta next day; and, as it never flies at night, its actual rate of progression, when on the wing, was probably more than 75 miles an hour. At New York, there have been killed birds having in their crops rice which they had obtained in Carolina; so that they had travelled three or four hundred miles in six hours. Their flight is sometimes much assisted by the wind; which, when blowing a hurricane moves at the rate of from 80 to 100 miles an hour. Mr. Sadler declared that he once travelled in a balloon at the rate of 90 miles an hour, which shows how migratory birds may be carried along.

THE OVERFLOW OF THE DRANSE.

WE have already, in a former number, adverted incidentally to this remarkable inundation; and, as the circumstances attending it were of an unusual kind, we are tempted to relate a few of them, thinking they may prove interesting to many, perhaps to most, of our readers. Such of them as have visited Martigny,* as we have done, must have had their curiosity excited, as ours was, by perceiving inscriptions on the wall of several of its houses, noting the height to which THE FLOOD rose in the year 1818. We, therefore, offer the following short account of that watery invasion, in an abridged form, taken from the copious details given of it by Sir Charles Lyell, M. Simond, and the late Captain Basil Hall.

The Val (valley) de Bagnes is one of the largest of the lateral embranchments of the Rhone valley, above the lake of Geneva. Through the valley of Bagnes flows the Dranse, a stream descending from the lofty ice-bound region of Mount St. Bernard. Its bed is, in years when avalanches are very frequent, liable to be encumbered with huge blocks of ice, borne or slid down from the heights above, through the solution of the winter snow by spring or summer heats. Such blocks, when arrested in their gradual descent through renewed congelation, or other causes, cling together suddenly, and form a fixed barrier, serving as an embankment to retain the waters which soon gather behind, the latter made up of the melted snow and ice continually flowing, as the summer season progresses, from the alpine region, below the line of perpetual cold. When the above-mentioned obstruction occurs, the lowermost bed of the

Dranse is, of course, nearly or entirely dry. By-and-by, the mass gives way, either by degrees, which it usually does, or all at once, and, in the latter case, danger becomes extreme to all living things that stand in the way of the deluge which it lets loose. Thus, in the year 1546, a watery avalanche of the Dranse descended, and committed awful ravages, besides drowning or crushing to death 140 persons. Again, in 1597, similar desolation ensued, and 80 people perished. In the next two centuries, a few similar sudden descents of water occurred, but they were attended with little loss of life or property.

"In the spring of 1818," narrates M. Simond, "the previous winter having been very severe, a mass of obstructive ice, of the character already described, and of formidable extent, was collected in the narrowest mountain gorge of the Val de Bagnes; the perilous nature of which struck dismay into the souls of all who beheld it." The Swiss federal government, sharing the alarm of the people of the canton, sent M. Venetz, their chief engineer, to examine the nature and extent of the pile, and report what was best to be done. After examination and due consideration, he advised that an artificial passage (*galerie*) should be cut through the mass, upon a plane somewhat higher than the existing level of the waters behind the giant embankment, so as to give time to let the tunnel be formed, without danger to the work-people; and the waters, meantime, rapidly rising behind, as soon as they reached the orifice of the proposed ice-tunnel would, he observed, necessarily descend, rapidly, but not overwhelmingly. The upper stratum of water thus disposed of, other means were suggested by him to get rid of the lower. The plan was adopted, and M. Escher, a clever young engineer, was employed to put it in execution.

We do not know, from the account given of the operations by M. Simond, what were the exact dimensions of the embankment, or the amount of water behind it, at the time when M. Escher began his labours; but when they were finished, the latter gave the following report of the extent of both. We need hardly premise, that the ice ran across the gorge, from one mountain to the other, each end being firmly *soldered*, as it were, to the opposed shoulder:—

Length along the top, or ridge	Feet. 680
Breadth, at the base (up and down the pass)	3000
Height, on the lower side	410

The lake behind, when at its greatest height, was nearly 8000 feet long, about 650 broad, and 250 deep, on the average. The greatest quantity of water retained at the time of *topping* was estimated at 850 millions of cubic feet! all struggling to force a way to a low locality where it could spend itself, and none such being nearer than Lake Lemane (tull two score miles off); on the way to which it would, if its mass could not be greatly reduced, carry desolation and destruction of life. As the danger was thus imminent to the people, so were their exertions, in forming the gallery, unintermitting. Ruin, even death, stared them in the face; the work, therefore, went on wonderfully, for it stopped neither night nor day. By June 13, the gallery (it was about 700 feet long)

* A small town in the valley of the Upper Rhone, Switzerland, at the confluence of the Dranse and Rhone; which travellers to Italy by the Simplon, or Mount St. Bernard, have to pass through.

was completed, and the water began to flow through it. By this time, the situation of things was alarming in the extreme; several parts of the slippery structure had given way, with a disrupting crash like rending thunder. Each time such things happened, the work-people, employed left the work in terror, and ascended the heights for safety. Every house in the Val de Bagnes, and even the dwellings much lower down, upon the line of the dreaded inundation, were now deserted; both people and cattle encamped, for the time, upon the heights.

As we have said, the imprisoned waters were at length allowed to release themselves; the outflow began at 10 p.m. on June 13. About the same hour next night, the level of the lake was found to be lowered one foot; next morning, it had sunk ten feet more; in 24 hours, it was 30 feet lower still. Hopes were now rife, that the whole mass of waters would be harmlessly drawn off; these hopes were scarcely excited, however, before it became plain that, partly from the increase of summer heat, now rapidly dissolving the icy pile, and partly from the warm friction of the descending water, it could not keep together many hours, much less days. Early on the 16th, therefore, the engineer gave notice to the people along the valley, some of whom had descended to their houses to secure valuables, etc., and others of whom were foolishly loitering about their beloved homesteads, to put themselves out of the reach of danger, as a fearful avalanche was momentarily to be expected. Accordingly, the same day (June 16), about half-past four in the afternoon, the dreaded descent took place. Those who saw, those who heard it, never could find fit words to give an adequate idea of the impression it made upon every sense of body and mind. "The torrent let loose, with a roar that stunned the ears of the listeners to a degree which seemed to deprive them of hearing, was fully a hundred feet deep; and, though its earlier course was much obstructed by projections in the mountain gorges (parts of it, also, deviating into lateral gullies, soon to be thrown back again), it yet traversed the first 18 miles in forty minutes; carrying along with it a prodigious mass of stones and earth—almost the whole vegetable soil of the land—forming, together with other objects, a *moving mountain*, which the torrent pushed before it with a terrible noise, paralyzing with terror all who heard and saw it in its wild career." Among the latter were two foot-travellers, one an Englishman, who, viewing it from the mountain above, discerned a thick, black vapour rising above all, similar to that attending a great conflagration.

As the passage towards the plains of Martigny widened, so did the avalanche slacken in the rapidity of its descent. The distance between the village of Bagnes and the above-named town is 12 miles; this length it ran in 50 minutes. Never had so unwelcome a visitor entered the place within the memory of man. In an instant it swept away 80 houses, and damaged many more. It had previously caused the death of 9 persons; here, or in the country around, 25 more now perished; making in all 34 who lost their lives: and we should certainly wonder the victims were so few, did we not know that nearly every family, with its live stock,

etc., had had time to get upon the heights. Besides the partial destruction of Martigny—all the remaining buildings of which were filled with mud and wreck—there were washed away, in the country immediately above, 35 dwellings, 8 mills, and 95 barns. These were destroyed within sight of their owners, who could do nothing but look on helplessly and deplore their loss. "Worst of all was it to see plantations, fences, growing crops, yea, the very loam carried away, and the ground struck in an instant with all but cureless sterility."

Reaching the valley of the Rhone, the flood deluged it for many miles, both up and down; viz., on the right, towards Sion; on the left, towards Villeneuve, at the top of the lake of Geneva; visiting Bex, Salines, etc., in its destructive course of 45 miles, which occupied six hours and a half in all. Some bodies of men, who had been drowned above Martigny, were afterwards found, at the distance of about 30 miles, floating on the further side of the lake of Geneva, near Vevey.

"For several months after this debacle," says Sir C. Lyell, "the Drange, having no settled channel, shifted its position continually from one side to the other of the valley, carrying away newly-erected bridges, undermining houses, and continuing to be charged with as large a quantity of earthy matter as the fluid could hold in suspension. I visited this valley four months after the flood, and was witness to the sweeping away of a bridge, and the undermining of part of a house. The greater part of the ice-barrier was then standing, presenting vertical cliffs 150 feet high, like ravines in the lava-currents of Etna or Auvergne, where they are intersected by rivers." In the latest literary production of Captain Basil Hall, bearing the unpromising title of "Patchwork," will be found many interesting notices of the effects produced by the memorable flood of the Dranse in 1818, to which we must refer all inquiring readers.

ROGER PAYNE, THE BOOKBINDER.

THE working man of whatever profession, and the employer of working-men in any species of industry or handicraft, are too well acquainted with a sort of human paradox who is to be met with every day, and among the members of every working trade. He is an anomalous kind of mystery, for the existence of which it is difficult to account, and he is often found to be an indispensable nuisance whom it is equally impossible to manage or get rid of. We allude to the drunken workman, who, possessing unrivalled skill in his craft, can command employment at almost any price, and who torments his employers while he debases himself by refusing to labour till urged by the pressure of want, or goaded to the task by the pangs of his insatiable thirst for intoxicating liquors. If crafts exclusively ornamental, it will sometimes happen that a certain difficult feat has to be accomplished within a given time, which but one solitary individual has the necessary skill to perform, and he has to be sought for in the haunts of the drunkard; where, perhaps, he will be found stupidly insensible; and has to be taken home, and mechanically sobered through the influence of

drugs, ere he can be set to work. Then, with just one dram of raw spirits to steady his hand, he will work for a few hours in the creation of some exquisite form of wondrous grace and beauty; and with the money thus rapidly earned, will return again, like the dog to his vomit, to the gratification of his hateful propensities. Really the whole history of human wretchedness and perversion does not afford a more melancholy spectacle than this. It is a sacrifice of the noblest gifts of God upon the beastly altar of Belial; an exchange of the golden fruits of paradise for the apples of Sodom; the voluntary abandonment of an honourable pre-eminence, for the sake of a degradation as disgustingly hateful as it is pernicious and destructive.

Sixty years ago the peripatetic observer of life in London streets might have come upon Roger Payne, on some sunshiny day, rearing his grizzled locks and unshaven chin up to the level of the pavement from the cellar in which he wrought in St. Martin's-lane. Roger was one of the class we have described above. He had been reared in poverty, and surrounded by examples of intemperance from early life. He had been apprenticed when a boy to a bookbinder, and followed that business, when he followed any, all his life long. But Providence had endowed him with extraordinary talents; he possessed a pure taste, a rare faculty of invention, and unrivalled ingenuity, and he soon made the discovery that it was in his power to stand alone in his profession, and to control the market by the superiority of his performances. Without money, but strong in the consciousness of his peculiar talent, he withdrew from the workshop and from all intimacy with the comrades of the craft, and established himself in a cellar. Here he wrought in secret, never on any pretence allowing either friend or stranger to witness his operations, or even to get a sight of the implements he used. In order that no one should even guess at the means by which he produced results altogether new in the art which he pursued, he contrived and manufactured his own tools; and he astonished the bookselling world, and rapidly raised a reputation for himself, by the truly marvellous productions of his inexplicable skill. The prices paid to Roger for binding even a single volume were such as had never been dreamed of before, and have hardly been equalled since. There is a copy of "Æschylus," bound by him, in the library of Earl Spencer, for binding which the old earl paid him fifteen guineas. He grew so proud of his popularity that he would rarely work for a bookseller; and never for one who, being also a bookbinder, sought a profit by employing him. He might now have risen to independence had he exercised but a grain of prudence and average industry; but, with his reputation, his laziness and drunkenness increased, and that to such a pitch, that at length it became a sheer impossibility to induce him to work while he had a penny remaining in his pocket. If he bound a volume for ten pounds, a very common price with him, he would first purchase the materials for completing another, and then sally forth to drink up the balance; and vain were any attempts to wile him back to his employment until he had relieved himself of the last shilling.

One consequence of such a mode of doing business was, that this unfortunate man hardly left a tithe of the work behind him, which he would have done had he laboured on soberly in providing a competence for his old age. The books which he bound were mostly scarce and valuable works, and they are to be found, not many of them in public libraries or in the collections of the bibliophile, but in the cabinets of the titled and the wealthy, where they are garnered as rarities and curiosities. They are remarkable for their chaste and elegant style of adornment, and for such substantial workmanship as seems to bid defiance to time.

A worse consequence of his ill habits to poor Roger himself was, that he lived a life of self-entailed degradation and wretchedness, and died miserably poor. He could earn, with his nondescript tools in his dingy cellar, ten guineas in a few days; but in twenty years of his besotted career he could not lay by as many shillings to purchase a coffin for his haggard remains. With the means of accumulating wealth at his command, he died a pauper; and with talents which, had they been worthily cultivated, would have elevated him to the respect of his fellow-men, he died ignorant of all that it most concerns man to know. He lies in an eleemosynary grave, being charitably buried at the expense of a bookseller of the same name, but who was no relation, for whom he had occasionally wrought. His history is but a type of that of hundreds, nay thousands of others; almost every working man in London could point to a parallel case as coming within his own personal knowledge. Few are they, indeed, who, like the celebrated bookbinder of the last century, achieve a wide reputation, and leave a name in the records of biography; but the number is lamentably great of those who, like him, make their great talents the ministers of their sensual pleasures, and convert the gifts of God, conferred upon them for the advantage of their fellows, to their own destruction.

In reference to such characters as poor Roger Payne, there is one remark which it is incumbent upon us to make, and that is, that the estimate which, under some circumstances, such characters are wont to form of their own conduct, and in which the world is too ready to afford them countenance, is radically and altogether false and wrong. If the drunken genius has no wife or family dependent upon him, he will boast of his right to do what he will with his own, and, alleging that he hurts nobody but himself, will disclaim and resent the interference of another. "Poor fellow," says the world, "he hurts nobody but himself; we have no right to intermeddle." This is the very cant of the pit. The companions of such a man have really and truly no right to cease from intermeddling, in any and every practicable way, to prevent the consummation of a ruin so deplorable as the final and everlasting wreck of a man's life on the rocks of drunkenness. And let no clever drunkard lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he hurts nobody but himself; for he teaches—he cannot avoid it—by example, and his example is the very worst, without, perhaps, a single exception, that a man can hold out for the imitation of his erring brother.

THE DISAGREEABLES!

"I don't like spiders," said a young female; "I never did: they are such hideous, disgusting-looking creatures, the very idea of them makes me shudder;" and she seemed ready to faint, as a "hunter" ran across the floor. Certainly, the spider is not a creature

which one would desire to have as a near neighbour: it has such a plotting, creeping way, and such a sort of vicious expression about it. We like what is frank and open. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet of the two, the latter is certainly the most troublesome insect to man. But the fly is frank and free in all its doings; it seeks its food and pursues its pasture openly; suspicious of others, or covert designs against them, are quite unknown to it, and there is something almost confiding in the way in which it sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy it. The spider, on the contrary, lives by



snakes and plots, and is, at the same time, very designing and suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; it always moves stealthily, as though among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger. Its whole appearance corresponds with its character, and it is not surprising, therefore, that while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the former with more favour than the latter.

Nevertheless, perhaps it would be well if all who "creep about this world of ours,"

Tho' uglier than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.

The spider has provided the astronomer with his measuring-line. Its web has determined the distances of the heavenly bodies, and by it the movements of what were till lately considered fixed stars have been ascertained. By its agency the comet has been tracked in its wanderings, and it is not too much to assert that it has contributed to the preservation of human life, and that by its slender cord vessels have been turned aside from dangerous rocks. It may be asked, How could the spider's web produce such results? We reply, inasmuch as it has led to an accuracy of observation which might never have been attained without it. The astronomer must have delicate instruments, the essential feature of which is some means of determining the precise instant when a heavenly body crosses the central line, or axis as it is called, of the telescope. For this purpose, a line of some kind, or, more correctly, a system of lines, must be stretched across the

tube, in or near the focus of the eye-glass, marking precisely the axis of the instrument. A fine thread of silk or linen, or even the finest human hair, or the most delicate wire, is too coarse and uneven for the purpose where great exactness is required. A spider's thread is found to answer perfectly, being exceedingly fine and regular. On a minute examination, a spider will be found to have four protuberances or spinners, furnished with a large number of tubes, from each of which a very slender thread proceeds, which immediately after unites with all the other threads in one. Thus, the proper thread is formed of these four, and these again of a number of smaller threads: and it is calculated that one spider's thread consists of no fewer than 4000 lesser threads! And yet so delicate is it, that the eye cannot detect any coarseness or roughness in it, and it is fitted for the nicest calculations! Hence, it is used in nearly all the better class of astronomical instruments; and daily, in various parts of the world, astronomers are watching the passage of the sun, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, behind the fine spider lines that stretch across the tubes



MAGNIFIED CLAW.

of their telescopes. What must be the touch of the claws which guide and arrange these threads as they proceed from the spinners!

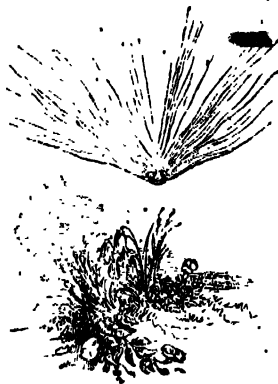
Professor Mitchell, by an invention of his own, has been able to divide a second into a thousand appreciable parts. To do this he converts time into space, seconds into inches, by causing the beats of the clock to be recorded (by means of a little magnetic telegraph) on a revolving disk, so that the distance between the marks thus made represents a second. The instant a star crosses one of the spider lines in the telescope, the observer touches the telescope key with his finger, and thus causes a mark to be made on the same revolving disk. The position of this mark among those made by the beat of the clock, gives the time of the observation, and as its distance from the preceding second's mark can be very accurately measured, the time is obtained with corresponding exactness. The great difficulty in this arrangement was to break and connect the galvanic circuit, at every stroke of the pendulum, by an apparatus so delicate as not to interfere with the regularity of the clock's motions. A very delicate wire lever was constructed, which, by being made to vibrate, alternately broke and completed the circuit. How to connect this with the clock without interfering with its rate of motion, was the next question. A very fine human hair was tried; but it was "too rough, too coarse, too cable-like," to answer the purpose. A fibre of silk was next tried with no better success. At length a spider's thread was selected, and it worked, to entire satisfaction. For twenty months that slender line has been moving to and fro in the Cincinnati Observatory, measuring off second after second on the revolving disk, and in this way exhibiting accurately the time of a multitude of astronomical observations, thus connecting, as it were, the heavens and the earth.

Reader, when next thou brushest the cobweb from the wall, or thine eyes light upon the circular webs glittering with pearly dew-drops on the hedge-row and the grass by the way-side, remember what the spider's thread has accomplished.



"But, whatever you may say about the spider's web, there certainly can be nothing interesting in the spider itself." In reply, we shall give a few illustrations of the achievements and in-

genious qualities of this remarkable insect. Mr. Jesse, in his "Country Life," gives an account of a spider which he observed crawling at night over the ceiling of the room in search of flies, which it devoured as it caught them, and appeared, unlike most spiders, to have no place of retreat. During the day, it remained motionless at some spot on the ceiling in the middle of three fine threads which it had thrown out, one end of each of which had its termination at the place where the spider was resting. If any of the threads were ever so slightly touched, the spider instantly disappeared. "I at first thought," says Mr. J., "that it had suddenly let itself fall to the ground, but after a short time, I saw it in its original position." On disturbing it a second time, I was enabled to ascertain that by means of its two fore feet, which alone suspended it from one of the threads, the insect spun itself round with so much rapidity as to become perfectly invisible. This lasted for about half a minute, when I again saw the spider hanging on the thread by its two feet. There can, he adds, be no doubt that this power of producing instantaneous concealment must be the means of preserving the spider from becoming a prey to its many enemies, especially as it has no place to which it can retreat as many spiders have." It seems fully aware that its safety depends upon the threads it throws out, which it leaves with reluctance.



THE GOSSAMER SPIDER.

These creatures mount to such great altitudes that Dr. Lister, when he ascended York Minster, still saw them floating far above him.

The manoeuvres of the spider to escape from an object surrounded by water are very interesting. Kirby placed a large field spider on a stick in the middle of a vessel of water. The creature, after fastening a thread to the top of the stick, crept down the side till its fore feet touched the water. It then swung itself off the stick which was slightly bent, and ran up the rope it had made; this it repeated several times. At length, it let itself drop from the top of the stick by two threads, each distant from the other about one-twelfth of an inch, guided as usual by one of its hind feet, one of the threads being apparently smaller than the other. Having nearly reached the water, it stopped short, and broke off close to the spinners the smallest thread, which still adhering by the end to the top of the stick floated in the air. Soon after, Kirby discovered one of these threads extending from the top of the stick to a cabinet about eight inches distant—and lo, the spider was gone, having used it as a bridge, over which to escape the watery element.

Few facts have more excited our astonishment than the possibility of a man being able to live and move at the bottom of the ocean; his triumph of the diving bell over the unfriendly element was anticipated by

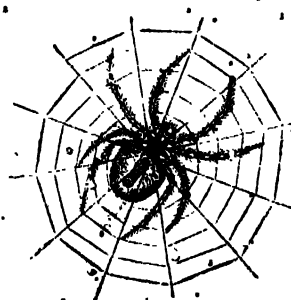
the water-spider. Having first spun some loose threads, and attached them to aquatic plants, it varnishes them over with a glutinous secretion resembling glass. This is its house. It then covers its body with the same substance, and beneath this coating introduces a bubble of air. Thus clothed, like a shining ball of quicksilver, it darts to the bottom, and introduces the air from under its pellicle into its habitation, repeating the operation, till the lighter element excludes the heavier, and an aerial habitation is formed beneath the water. Thence the spider goes in quest of prey, and having obtained it, carries it to its sub-aquatic mansion, where it is devoured at leisure.



"One species of the spider," says Swainson, "closes the entrance of its retreat with a door formed of particles of earth, and closely resembling the surrounding ground. This door, or rather valve, is united by a silken hinge to the entrance, at its upper side, and is so balanced that when pushed up it shuts again by its own weight. In the forests of Brazil we once met with a most interesting little spider, which sheltered itself in the same manner. Its case was suspended in the middle of the web. Upon being disturbed, the little creature ran to it with swiftness. No sooner had it gained its retreat than the door closed, as if by a spring, and left us in silent admiration, too great to allow us to capture the ingenious little creature for our collection."

The house-spider chooses a recess in a corner of a room or a piece of furniture: it then fixes a thread to one side, and carries it, according to the dimensions intended, to the opposite side or point, and fastens it. It then pulls it, and renders it tight; and so goes backwards and forwards several times, in order to make the margin strong, which will have to bear considerable stress. From this margin threads are spun in various directions, and the interstices are filled up as the spider runs along, until the whole assumes the gauze-like texture which we so often admire. The grim spider then takes up his abode in a chamber constructed in the remote corner, which he connects with the net by "elephantine," which vibrates when booty is within his grasp, and serves as bridges across which he glides to attack his victim.

But the garden, or geometric, spider is more ingenious than the house-spider. Having first finished the



GARDEN OR GEOMETRIC SPIDER.

outline of its web, the spider fills it up by lines like the spokes of a wheel. It proceeds to the centre and pulls each thread with its feet, in order to insure a proper tension and strength. The concentric circles are next formed. Having completed its work, it runs to the centre and bites off the point at which all the spokes were united, so as to make their security depend on the circular threads, and probably to render the web more elastic. In the circular opening thus made, it takes its station and watches for its prey. But it has always a chamber of retreat where it may lurk unobserved, till the vibration of the threads connected with it indicates that prey has been taken.

THE OLD TOWN-HALL OF COLOGNE.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"THE town-hall is a curious old building," says one of those books of more than European renown—"Murray's Hand-books for Travellers." From this laconic description, we may infer that it remains unseen by many a sight-seeing English traveller, who, after visiting the incomparable cathedral and a few of the most remarkable objects, is doubtless anxious to escape from the odours which come forth in torrents from the black, muddy pools in the gutters. Stirred up by the besoms of maid-servants, these stagnant abominations emit a stench that the hogsheds of Eau de Cologne yearly manufactured in the town would scarcely be able to counteract. The building, too, from its situation, escapes the observation of all but the inquisitive traveller. The upper octagon portion of its tower—the lower part being square—may be seen at a distance, lording it over the crowded masses of brick and slate; but, on a nearer approach, it vanishes from the sight, and some skill is required in threading the labyrinth of narrow lanes and alleys that lead to it.

Let us descend into the streets, and see this "curious old building." Few towns of its size present so animated an appearance as Cologne on a summer's evening. The principal thoroughfares are a complete *multum in parvo* of animal life. Being only just wide enough to admit of one vehicle passing another, the foot-passengers are ever on the *qui vive* to avoid an unpleasant proximity to horses' legs and carriage-wheels, and have acquired a habit of springing aside with an agility which gives an air of great liveliness to the crowded streets. Even where there are few vehicles, the inhabitants are not without practice in jumping, the gutters and crossings in some parts of the town being seldom without the above-mentioned pools. The whole dirt of the town has no other channels by which it can reach its destined reservoir.

Englishmen, of course, are not wanting; and greatly do they add to the variety of the scene. We are now in the vicinity of the Jülich's Platz. See, there is an Englishman standing in the street with a book in his hand. It is "Murray's Hand-book." He is looking round at the four or five "*Plus anciens distillateurs de la véritable Eau de Cologne*," that are within view, in search of the real Simon Puro. He seems a little puzzled, for they are all either *in, by, near or close to*, the Jülich's Platz. He has found it at last, and enters to make his purchases at No. 23, *opposite* the Jülich's Platz. He has been to the cathedral, of course, and to St. Peter's Church, in order to see the celebrated Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Rubens, because Sir Joshua Reynolds went from Dusseldorf to Cologne on purpose to see it; nor has he forgotten the bones of the eleven thousand virgins at St. Ursula's; but he does not go to the Rathhaus, for he only visits what Murray states as especially worth seeing. He would almost rather sleep in the streets than go to an inn not recommended by this infallible guide.

But we must turn down this street to the left; it is called Unter Goldschmid. See, there is another Englishman, with his wife and daughter. The young lady is inquiring her way to the cathe-

dral, and the stout old gentleman seems not a little annoyed that she can neither understand, nor make herself understood, which he thinks very strange, considering the sums he has paid Herr Hermann Löwenmuth for private German lessons for her. He is evidently one of those who have always "no time to lose," and he would not be able to see the Rathhaus even, if he knew of it and wished to see it. Cologne to-day, Bonn to-morrow, Coblenz the next day, and so on till he arrives again at that celebrated starting-place for continental travellers—Cornhill.

One more turn to the right, down this narrow alley, and we arrive at a large open court, called the Rathhaus Platz, where the eye at once falls upon the beautiful marble portal, which every connoisseur must recognise as a master-piece of architecture. It consists of a double arcade, one above the other, the upper one being in the Roman style, the under one in the Corinthian. On the space between the arcades are three tablets with bas-reliefs. To the left is Samson in the act of tearing asunder the jaws of the lion; to the right, Daniel in the lion's den; and in the middle, the redoubtable knight, Hermann Gryn, burgo-master of Cologne, in the act of plunging his sword into the breast of a lion, his left arm, protected by his cloak, being thrust into the animal's mouth. Some inquirers into the authenticity of legends have dared to doubt that the incident here, recorded in stone ever took place, but apparently without sufficient grounds; for it is neither impossible nor improbable, and it is recorded by the old chronicles of the city. Be this as it may, the inhabitants of Cologne have ever shown themselves too faithful believers in more extraordinary events than this, not to put implicit faith in every word related by the chronicler.

The interior of the Rathhaus presents but little to interest the stranger. In the ante-room of the council chamber are allegorical pictures, representing different epochs in the history of Cologne, the figures being clad in the costume of the painter's time. In the simple council chamber are to be seen the words, "Hear the other side also;" which seem to have had little influence on the judges who distributed there but too often a one-sided justice.

The incident which we have more particularly undertaken to record happened about the middle of the thirteenth century, in the palmiest days of Cologne, then, perhaps, the first city of Germany, not excepting even Vienna. It contained 150,000 inhabitants, and, upon an emergency, could send 30,000 fighting men into the field. It was the great mart of commerce for the centre and north of Europe, and not the least important town of the great Hanseatic league, which it joined in 1201. In London, it possessed Whitehall, which was the depot of its wares and manufactures. An idea of the extent of the latter may be gained from the fact that, at about the time we speak of, 80,000 looms were in activity, and it is recorded of the authorities that, in order to punish the weavers for their participation in a rebellion, 17,000 looms were destroyed at one time, a devastation which laid the foundation of the manufacturing greatness of Elberfeld and several of the adjacent towns. "Commerce was the watchword of our forefathers," says a Cologne writer.

But not less celebrated at that time was Cologne as the principal residence of the Christian Metropolitans, whose diocese extended over the whole domain of the Rhine between the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Weser. Its religious establishments quailed in number the days of the year, and obtained for it the appellation of the Rome of the North. At that time, too, the appearance of the town itself may have justified the old saying,

Coellen ein kroin,
Boven allen steden schoin.

Cologne a crown,
Fair above every town.

But the modern traveller who should agree with this adage, must possess an original, at least, if not a very eccentric, taste.

Cologne was also the cradle of learning and the fine arts, the seat of the oldest university in Germany, and now—"oh what a falling off is there!" To what a degraded state did hatred of innovation, intolerance, misunderstood freedom, prejudice, and priestly domination, reduce it in the course of a few centuries. Its manufactures transferred to Elberfeld, Solingen, Crefeld, and other towns; its fine arts to Düsseldorf; groaning under the burden of an idle priesthood, Cologne at one period of the last century contained scarcely as many inhabitants as it had once sent soldiers to the battle-field.

"In 1215," says the chronicle, "Conrad von Hochstetten, rich beyond measure in gold, silver, and precious stones, so that he thought his treasures inexhaustible, began the great, costly cathedral, which is still building in this the year of our Lord 1499." He was followed on the episcopal throne, in 1261, by his nephew, Engelbert von Falkenburg, in whose reign flourished the renowned burgomaster of Cologne, Hermann Gryn. Conrad von Hochstetten was at constant war with the citizens of Cologne. This war had arisen respecting the coinage of money; but under him and the two following bishops it became for the burghers a war of liberty, and bravely, indeed, did the warlike inhabitants defend themselves against their powerful and despotic spiritual rulers.

A few years after his accession to the throne, Engelbert besieged Cologne with a large army; but the Bishop of Liege, and his brother, Count Otto of Guelders, endeavoured to make peace. After some parley, it was agreed that the town should pay the bishop six thousand marks, and that the latter should take oath to preserve the freedom and immunities of the city as prescribed by the laws of the empire, and confirmed by the emperor's seal.

"Though it is difficult for me," said the Bishop of Liege, "I will nevertheless faithfully keep my word;" and he did keep it until he found a favourable opportunity of breaking it. It was during this temporary reconciliation that the crafty bishop bethought him of a plan to get rid of his most inveterate and formidable enemy, the burgomaster, Hermann Gryn.

Gryn was not, like modern municipal rulers, influential only at the council-board; he was a knight, and as valiant in the field as a lion. None had ever stood up so boldly to defend the rights of the citizens against the wiles and treachery of an

aspiring priesthood. Hence Gryn was beloved by his fellow citizens; and, when the halberdiers of the bishop would, with a look of contempt, rudely push aside the peaceful citizens, and call to them to make way, many a tongue whispered with suppressed anger, "Take care, ye haughty despisers of the people! The tables may turn! We still have a Gryn to defend our rights!"

Wild beasts were sometimes transmitted, as presents, in the middle ages. The bishop had lately received a lion, which he gave in charge to two of the prelates of his cathedral to keep and feed for him. He instructed them to let the beast fast for several days, that hunger might make him furious, and appointed a day on which they were to invite Gryn to a banquet, as a token that the recent reconciliation between the superiors of the church and the citizens was sincere. The two worthy servants of such a master faithfully executed his instructions, which they did the more readily as they bore personal hatred to Gryn, who was always opposing difficulties in their way when they had to execute the orders of their superior.

Gryn was an honest man as well as a brave one; he, therefore, suspected no treachery, and readily accepted the invitation. When the appointed hour arrived, he donned his large heavy bonnet, with its long plume, girded his short sword on his side, drew on his stout leather gloves, threw his long purple mantle over his shoulders, and descended into the street. His tall, noble figure was soon recognised by the honest burghers. Their good wives, too, as they caught a glimpse of him through the shop windows, ran to the door to have a longer look at his receding form; and happy did he deem himself who was able to meet him, and, in answer to the doffed cap, obtain a smile from that noble and honest countenance. Some of them followed him even to the house of the prelates, and left him only when, in answer to his loud knock at the portal, the door was opened by a monk, and the worthy burgomaster disappeared from their view.

He was ushered into the presence of the prelates, who received him with gracious smiles.

"Welcome, worshipful Herr Burgomaster," said the one. "Thanks for this joyful meeting, which is a guarantee for the long duration of peace and concord in our holy city."

"Amen," responded the burgomaster, sturdily; "these brawls and fightings do indeed destroy our commerce and ruin the prosperity of our citizens."

"As long as the worthy knight and burgomaster Hermann Gryn holds temporal sway over the faithful burghers of our city, we need be in no fear that they will revolt against their spiritual ruler, and refuse the fulfilment of the promises they have sworn to perform."

"That they never will, reverend father," answered the burgomaster, "so long as you, on your part, overstep not the bounds which you also have sworn to preserve."

The prelate bit his lip; and had the unsuspecting knight seen the expression of hate which lighted up the eye of his host, he might have felt that treason was lurking beneath it.

"Your worship has doubtless heard of the noble lion which we have here," said the priest; "a noble

animal it is, from Africa; a present to our noble master, the archbishop. Ere we conduct you to the festive board, do us the honour to accompany us, and see the noble beast."

"Willingly; lead on, reverend sirs," said the knight.

The prelates led the way across the hall to an inner apartment.

"One more room—there, that is the door," said one of his conductors. Then motioning the knight to enter, he added—"The animal is chained; enter without fear."

As the knight opened the door, one of these holy fathers of the infallible church gave him a violent push that sent him headlong into the room. The door closed, the key turned in the lock, and the loud laugh of the prelates revealed to the knight the treason that had been practised on him. With a terrific roar, that would have cowed a less stout heart than Gryn's, the lion sprang up. The knight had scarcely time to raise himself. Holding his huge bonnet in his left hand, with the rapidity of lightning he loosed his mantle from his shoulders, and, with a sudden whirl, wound it round his left arm, drawing at the same time with his right hand his short stout broadsword. He had scarcely time to prepare before the savage beast was upon him. Thrusting his left arm, thus protected with his bonnet and cloak, into the lion's mouth, he plunged his sword into the animal's breast, and laid him dead at his feet.

"Ye knavish priests," he murmured between his teeth, as he gazed at the dead animal at his feet, "ye shall reap your reward for this."

The lock of the door soon gave way before his nervous arm; and, before the inmates of the house had time to discover the ill success of their machinations, the bold burgomaster was in the street.

History soon records a quicker act of retribution than now followed. In less than half an hour after his escape, the two prelates were hanging by the necks from the beams of the cathedral cloister door, which from that hour was called the Pfaffenpoarte, or gate of the priest.

"There fit them hang," said Gryn, "as a warning to all those whomay meditate acts of treachery against the brave citizens of Cologne."

But, alas! priestly treachery and ambition still remained the order of the day.

Bishop Engelbert broke his vows, made new ones, violated them again, and never ceased oppressing the citizens till death put an end to his career.

In memory of the above recorded event, a representation of Gryn, in the act of stabbing the lion, was placed over the entrance gate of the Rathhaus, but it has since been renewed, for the present tablet is of comparatively modern date.

ROYAL NAVY OF ENGLAND.

Nor till the time of Henry the Seventh was there a standing army maintained in England; and even during that reign (a great epoch in our history), it was very small. The rise of a permanent navy dates from the same time. In the year 1483, the Great Harry was built and equipped, at a cost

of 14,000*l.*—a large sum, differences of past and present money values considered. This father of our navy was burnt by accident in 1554. Henry the Eighth caused to be built, as soon as he ascended the throne, in 1509, a royal armed ship of 1000 tons. In 1512, when he invaded France in person, with a great army, making his queen Catherine regent of the kingdom in his absence, he named the new ship the *Regent*, in honour of her. The vessel was as luckless as its godmother, for it was burnt in a naval combat in August of that year. Henry allowed but 5*s.* a month to his seamen; Elizabeth raised the pay of all able mariners in the royal service to 1*l.* a month.

With the exception of the above-named two great ships, and a few smaller royal vessels, when a fleet was equipped to protect native, or assail foreign coasts, the vessels were hired from merchants, and temporarily armed, either at government or private cost. But in 1512, a navy board was constituted by Henry the Eighth, with orders to equip and maintain a number of "stout ships of war." By the year 1521, the royal navy consisted of 16 ships of 7260 united tonnage. Laws were now made for planting and preserving timber in the national demesnes. Dock-yards were laid out at Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth; and the Trinity House was founded. At the death of Henry the Eighth, in 1547, the royal navy numbered 24 ships of 12,445 united tonnage. Till after the close of the sixteenth century, the progress of increase was slow, as the following data prove:—In the time of

	Year.	Vessels.	Tons.	Guns.	Men.
Edward VI.	1548	53	11,268
Mary ..	1553	24	7,110
Elizabeth .	1565	20	10,506	...	6,570
	1588	34	12,500	...	6,270
	1599	42
	1602	42	17,055	...	8,313

• During the latter reign the average cost of the navy was about £30,000 a year.

James I. : 1607 . 36 14,710 ... 8,174

Annual expense, £50,000, exclusive of timber from the royal forests, £36,000 per annum.

Charles I. . . 1623 50 23,695 1,434 9,470

• Commonwealth { 1652 102 ... 4,390 21,910
1658 167 ... about

Charles II. . 1660 154 57,403 5,000 30,000

Expenses per annum, £500,000.

James II. . 1688 173 101,802 6,030 42,003

Anno . . 1702 272 150,020 about 50,000

Navy estimates of this year, £1,050,015.

George I. . 1724 235 170,862 ...

George II. . 1753 291 234,024 ...

George III. 1760 412 321,804 ...

This year, the first of this king, 70,000 men were voted; estimates £3,227,143.

The rate of increase after this time was enormous. In 1814 (the last of the general war, saving the short fit of "the hundred days" in 1815), the estimates had risen to 18,786,509*l.*, and there were afloat 901 ships, etc., of which number 177 were of the line. Between the years 1802 and 1814 inclusive, our navy had taken or destroyed 569 of our enemies' vessels, great and small; 83 of them being line-of-battle ships.

HINTS ABOUT TIMETHRIFT.

It is a common remark that time flies, and ought to be improved. We fear, however, that few who make the observation are really aware how much it involves, and how far they themselves come short of it. Most persons do not rightly estimate the worth of the smaller fragments of their time. They have large ideas of what may be accomplished in years and months, but of the value of minutes, or even hours, they seem unconscious. Yet it is only by diligently seizing and employing these, that we can secure from waste the longer periods. Why is this truth so often, and so strangely overlooked? That it is so, is obvious, whatever be the cause. Many people act as though it had never occurred to them that life is made up of days, and days of moments. They are, perhaps, not chargeable with gross indolence, or habitual neglect of duty. But in the intervals of needful occupation they loiter, dream, or trifle; and, at the close of the year, wondering they have done so little, and failed to accomplish so many of their plans, they complain of the shortness of time, the multiplicity of their engagements, or the peculiar hindrances they have sustained; in short, throw the blame on anything or anybody rather than themselves. Might not this be prevented? We think it might, and will try to show wherein, as we suppose, the fault consists. Take one or two familiar cases.

A weary merchant, who at seven o'clock has returned from his desk and counting-house in the city, to a comfortable villa at Brixton or Ilighgate, exclaims, as he throws himself upon his sofa:—"Well, I wish I had done with the drudgery of accounts; I have no time for self-improvement, or doing good to others; all my energies seem absorbed in money-getting."

"Surely, my dear," replies his wife, "you are not so badly off in this respect after all; you have several hours in the evening."

"Yes, but what are they worth when one is tired and harassed with a day's lag at office? Those who can command all their time may accomplish almost what they will; but what can a man do who has only an hour or two at night, and part of that time taken up with meals and chit-chat?"

While this worthy man is thus complaining, he might be reading to his wife a chapter in some interesting book; writing a letter to a friend; performing, if he have a talent that way, some little piece of handicraft skill; or giving his children some pleasant and familiar lesson, which would increase their stock of knowledge, and draw out more strongly their affections towards himself.

Take another illustration. A young wife and mother, amiable and kind, but not particularly thoughtful, is really sorry that when her husband returns home in the evening, he should so often have to complain of the disorder of the house; of the perverseness of the two children, who seem to set parental authority at defiance; and of her own inability, from family cares, to comply with his wishes for a little reading or music. Her sister, however, with three times as many children, and who, perhaps, if in that station of life, often lends a hand in the shop besides, manages to get through her day's work in half the time. This excites Lucy's astonishment, and prompts the query,

"What can be the reason, Jane, that with all you have upon your hands, you never seem in confusion, and manage reading, and many other things for which I never have the time. I wish you would teach me your secret."

"Really, Lucy," is the smiling answer, "I am no such prodigy. My secret is soon told. You can try it, if you please, and with as much success. When I rise in the morning, knowing I have certain duties before me which *must* be done, I try to put these in the best order, and keep for the intervals of leisure which are sure to occur, those other matters which I should like to accomplish; such as reading, writing, a call of charity, or a visit to a friend. By this means, and by taking that first which is most pressing, or best fits in with the space at command, I contrive to keep my children and household in order, and when the day's work is over, to enjoy a quiet evening with my husband."

The case of these sisters is, we apprehend, a common one.

It is a proverb in respect of money matters, that if we take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves; and a similar maxim will hold good in regard to our economy of time. The best mode of ensuring this economy is to do our daily work on system. Those men of business accomplish most who have a plan for the regular performance of their various duties, and who never deviate from it, except on occasions of emergency. So important is this habit, that it is hard to say in what sphere or occupation its value is most deeply felt. By adopting and adhering to it we fill up our working time, so as almost entirely to preclude those brief intervals of cessation which most people find so difficult to improve. Nobody is kept waiting for us, or keeps us waiting; and another consequence of this is, that our work is sooner done, and our leisure, when it comes, is continuous. The pleasure experienced by persons who thus fulfil their appointed daily tasks can hardly be conceived by those who have no method in their business, or who go about it lazily and with half a heart. These people are always behind-hand, and always in confusion, their work is never done, and the intervals they have in it run to absolute and total waste. It may be noted too, that those who are methodical and diligent in their work, properly so called, will be equally so in the improvement of their leisure. The man who, in his counting-house, is prompt and active, will accomplish more in his library or study, than another who in his office engagements is remiss and negligent of rule and system. A shopkeeper, who sticks closely to his business in the day, will, of an evening, find opportunity not only for air and exercise, but for some degree of mental cultivation and enjoyment. The prudent housewife will get through a course of pleasant and instructive reading, and the careful servant find time for correspondence with her friends; whilst all these classes will be enabled to perform occasional works of benevolence, and do kindly offices for such as need them. There are, however, some occupations which leave a man no fixed portion of the day at his own disposal. Physicians, lawyers, ministers, men filling high public stations, and many others, are liable, at all hours, to the calls of professional or official duty. If such

persons know not how to improve the "intervals" before mentioned, or to profit by their odds and ends of leisure, they will have no time at all for themselves; and this habit to them, therefore, becomes of augmented and incalculable value. Without it, they must remain, to a great extent, ignorant of every thing unconnected with their personal callings, or should their minds have been previously stored with general knowledge, it will grow rusty from want of use.

These remarks are general, and, therefore, of universal application. They have, however, a special significance and force in regard to those whom a laudable ambition prompts to rise in society, or in some special and important capacity to serve their day and generation. Such aspirants should remember that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," and that all really great men—all who have made large discoveries in science, acquired a high reputation as profound thinkers and writers, cut a figure in the political world, or achieved great things in the cause of philanthropy—have been rigid economists of time. Conscious of the brevity of life, they have felt the worth of every hour, and endeavoured to produce from each, as it passed, some practical and lasting fruit. They have contrived, and methodized, and planned, so as to make the most of every day. Apart from such habits of mind and conduct, they could scarcely have risen above men of mere ordinary mental powers. Without diligence and application—the sedulous improvement of their gifts—those gifts would have done little, either for them or for ourselves. The world would never have been enriched by the sublime discoveries of Newton, profited from the vigorous reasoning of Locke, or blessed by the glorious results of the labours of Wilberforce and Clarkson. Certainly, if energetic and persevering industry be requisite for success in private stations, it is doubly so for those who seek in any way to benefit society at large. It behooves all such to recollect that however they may concentrate their energies on some single point, they have yet much to do, and but little time in which to do it; that they must, therefore, employ almost the whole of that time, and arrange it as to make the most of every part. Two examples of eminent men who acted on this conviction, and thus attained to usefulness and fame, will conclude our article.

Sir William Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, having been brought up as a musician, was, when a young man, organist of the Octagon chapel, Bath. Most persons would suppose that with the duties of his office, besides engagements at public and private concerts, and the daily instruction of a number of pupils, his time must have been fully occupied, or, at least, that all the spare moments he might secure would barely suffice for recreation. He, however, contrived whilst thus engaged to make himself master of the Italian and Latin languages, and to acquire some knowledge of the Greek. He then turned his attention to mathematics, optics, and astronomy. After a fatiguing day's work of fourteen or sixteen hours with his pupils, he would, on returning home, apply, for relaxation, to what would generally be supposed these severer exercises. As his interest in these studies increased, he resolved to explore the heavens for himself, and for that purpose to procure a

Gregorian telescope. The price, however, being more than he could afford, he determined to make one, and, after innumerable difficulties, succeeded. From this period, all his leisure was devoted to those pursuits and discoveries by which he gained his reputation. He became a first-rate constructor of telescopes, and in fashioning the mirrors for these instruments, his industry and perseverance were extraordinary. It is stated by Mr. Craik, that for his seven feet reflector, he actually finished and made trial of no fewer than 200 mirrors before he found one that gave him satisfaction; and that when he sat down to prepare a mirror, his practice was to work at it for twelve or fourteen hours without quitting his occupation for a moment. He would not even take his hand from what he was about to help himself to food; and the little that he ate on such occasions was put into his mouth by his sister. It was only by continuance in such indefatigable habits, that he achieved his well-earned fame.

Benjamin Franklin, the well-known philosopher and statesman, is another remarkable instance of the results of untiring energy, industry, and activity of mind, in raising a man from the lowest poverty and obscurity to affluence and distinction; and this in so striking a manner, that there is no instance of any one, the close of whose career presents so great a contrast to its beginning. When apprenticed to a printer at Boston, he adopted, for cheapness' sake, a vegetable diet. This enabled him to purchase books for self-improvement, and while his fellow-workmen left the shop for meals, he remained, and having despatched his light repast, had the rest of the time, till their return, for study; "in which," says he, "I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head, and quicker apprehension, which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking." His business procured him the acquaintance of some booksellers' apprentices, of whom he would often borrow a volume in the evening, and sit up the greater part of the night to read it, that it might be returned before it was missed the following day. It would have been better, however, had he taken the time in the morning instead. Similar habits of application and economy both of money and of time, attended him throughout his life, and to them his success must, in great measure, be ascribed.

A SWIMMING EXPLOIT.

A SWIMMING feat was performed, a few years ago, by a native Sandwich woman in peril, which surpasses all other achievements of the kind on record. When about midway between the outmost points of Hawaii and Kahoolawe, or thirty miles from land on either side, a small island vessel, poorly managed, and leaky (as they generally are), suddenly shifted cargo in a strong wind, plunged bows under, and went down, there being on board between thirty and forty persons, and a part of them in the cabin. This was just after dinner on Sunday. The natives that happened to be on deck were at once all together in the waves, with no means of escape but their skill in swimming. A Christian man, by the name of Mauae, who had conducted morning worship and a sabbath service

with the people in the forenoon, now called them round him in the water, and implored help from God for all. Then, as a strong current was setting to the north, making it impossible for them to get to Hawaii, whither they were bound, they all made in different ways for Maui and Kahoolawe.

The captain of the schooner, a foreigner, being unable to swim, was put by his Hawaiian wife on an oar, and the two struck out together for the distant shore; but on Monday morning, having survived the first night, the captain died; and in the afternoon of the same day, his wife landed on Kahoolawe. A floating hatchway from the wreck gave a chance for life to a strong young man and his brother; but the latter perished before the daylight of Monday, while the elder reached the island in safety by eight or nine o'clock. A feeble boy, without any support, swam the same distance of nearly thirty miles, and arrived safe at land before any of the others. Mauae and his wife had each secured a covered bucket for a buoy, and three young men kept them company till evening; but all disappeared, one after another, during the night, either by exhaustion, or getting bewildered, and turning another way, or by becoming the prey of sharks.

Monday morning the faithful pair were found alone; and the wife's bucket coming to pieces, she swam without anything till afternoon, when Mauae became too weak to go on. The wife stopped and lornionied him (a kind of sham-poing common here), so that he was able to swim again until Kahoolawe was in full view. Soon, however, Mauae grew so weary that he could not even hold to the bucket, and his faithful wife, taking it from him, bade him cling to the long hair of her head, while she still hopefully held on, gradually nearing the shore! Her husband's hands, however, soon slipped from her hair, too weak to keep their hold, and she tried in vain to rouse him to further effort. She endeavoured, according to the native expression, to *koolaha kona manao*, to *make his hope swim*, to inspire him with confidence by pointing to the land, and telling him to pray to Jesus; but he could only utter a few broken petitions. Putting his arms, therefore, around her own neck, she held them fast on her bosom with one hand, and still swam vigorously with the other until near nightfall, when herself and her now lifeless burden were within a quarter of a mile from the shore. She had now to contend with the raging surf; and finding the body of her husband, which she had borne so long, stone-dead, she reluctantly cast it off, and shortly after reached the land.

But there she was hardly better off than at sea; for long exposure to the brine had so blinded her eyes that it was some time before she could see; her strength was too much spent to travel, and the spot on which she landed was barren lava on the side of the island opposite to any settlement. Food and water she must find, or die. Providentially she obtained the latter in a rain that had recently fallen, and that was standing for her in the cups of the rocks. Monday night, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, came without relief, while she crept on gradually as she could toward the inhabited parts of the island. At last, on Friday morning, when her *manolana*, her swim-

ming hope, that had held its head so long above the waves, was fast sinking with her failing strength, by a gracious Providence, she discovered a water-melon vine in fruit. Eating one, "her eyes were enlightened," like Jonathan's by the honey; soon after she was found by a party of fishermen, by them cared for, and conducted to their village, and the next day transported by canoe to Lahaina, whence the foundered schooner had sailed just one week before.—*Henry T. Cheever.*

MUSSELS.

EXCELLENT and estimable as many shell-fish are, a few partake of a reputation by no means creditable. There are among them creatures exceedingly obnoxious—poisoners and sickeners. Mussels, above all, have a bad name, yet the quantities of them brought to the London market, and purchased as treats for the poor, are very great. In Edinburgh and Leith about 400 bushels of mussels, that is, about 400,000 individual animals, are used as food in the course of the year. A statement has lately gone the round of the newspapers, to the effect that, during the two months ending November last, no fewer than 330 tons of mussels have been sent by rail from Conway to Manchester, in consequence of the opening of the Chester and Holyhead railway. These were brought in bags; of which sixteen went to a ton, and each bag was sold at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. Yet on many parts of our coasts the mussels remain ungathered, for the people believe them noxious; and every now and then the doctors register authentic cases of poisoning by these shell-fish. Yet the number of persons killed or wounded by this virulent though savoury mollusk is but small, compared with the number of mussel-eaters. One man "musselled," however, makes more noise in the world than a million unharmed; just as the fate of a single victim of a railway accident overpowers all our recollections of the myriads who travel safely every day. Like railways, too, mussels sometimes upset people in batches. In 1827, the town of Leith was thrown into commotion and fearfully frightened, in consequence of the hostile proceedings of a number of these fish-in-armour, who, after having for many years conducted themselves quietly and digestibly in the stomachs of their devourers, suddenly waxed rebellious, and were declared to have insidiously poisoned many hundreds of human beings; though, as with great battles, the number of the fallen was wickedly exaggerated, very few really having been killed, and no more than two score wounded. The victims of these attacks are thrown into convulsions; often partially paralyzed; their skins, in many instances, become covered with nettle-rash. Why such symptoms should supervene has sadly puzzled physicians. No rule seems as yet to have been made out. The chances of safety are a million to one in favour of the eater. A restless night and hideous dreams are likely to be the worst results of his indiscretion.

ACQUAINTANCES.—If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

Simple Questions scientifically answered.

FROM DR. BREWER'S "GUIDE TO SCIENCE."

Why is rain water soft?—Because it is not impregnated with earths and minerals.

Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard?—Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it, instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Why do wood ashes make hard water soft?—1st, Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; and, 2dly, Wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment; by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell, when it is collected in a rain-water tub or tank?—Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters, washed from roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Why does water melt salt?—Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.

How does blowing hot foods make them cool?—It causes the air which has been heated by the food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather?—That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their face by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air?—No; it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat out of our face; but it cools ^{our} face, by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught through the keyhole of a door?—Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore, the air from the hall rushes through the keyhole into the room, and causes a draught.

Why is there always a strong draught under the door, and through the crevices on each side?—Because cold air rushes from the hall, to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.

Why is there always a draught through the window crevices?—Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.

If you open the lower sash of a window, there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this.—If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room, and cause a great draught inwards; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room will rush out; and, of course, there will be less draught inwards.

By which means is a room better ventilated—by opening the upper or the lower sash?—A room is better ventilated by opening the upper sash; because the hot vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled—by opening the upper or the lower sash?—A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash; because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does wind dry damp linen?—Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapour from the surface of the linen, as fast as they are formed.

Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel?—The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building?—Because the heated air of the building ascends; and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows, keeps to the floor, till it has become heated.

Why do plants often grow out of walls and towers?—Either because the wind blew the seed there with the dust; or else because some bird, flying over, dropped seed there, which it had formerly eaten.

What is a barometer?—A weather glass, or instrument to measure the variations in the weight of the air; by means of which variations we may judge what weather may be expected.

How can a barometer, which measures the weight of air, be of service as a weather glass?—When air is moist or filled with vapour, it is lighter than usual; and the column of mercury stands low. When air is dry and free from vapour, it is heavier than usual; and the mercury stands high. Thus the barometer, by showing the variations in the weight of the air, indicates the changes of the weather also.

Why can you tell, by looking at a barometer, what kind of weather it will be?—Because the mercury in the tube rises and falls, as the air becomes heavier or lighter; and we can generally tell, by the weight of the air, what kind of weather to expect.

Does the weight of the air vary much?—Yes, the atmosphere in England varies as much as one-tenth part more or less.

Why is the barometer highest of all during a long frost?—Because a long frost condenses the air very greatly; and the more condensed air is, the greater is its pressure on the mercury of a barometer.

Why does the barometer generally rise with north-east winds?—Because north-east winds make the air both cold and dry; and being both condensed and without vapour, it is much heavier.

Why does the barometer fall lowest of all, at the breaking up of a long frost?—1st, Because the air, which had been much dried by the frost, absorbs the moisture of the fresh warm current of wind from the south or south-west; and 2dly, The air, which had been much condensed by the frost, is suddenly expanded by the warm wind which is introduced.

Why does the barometer fall very low with south and west winds?—Because south and west winds come heavily laden with vapour; and vaporized air is lighter than dry air.

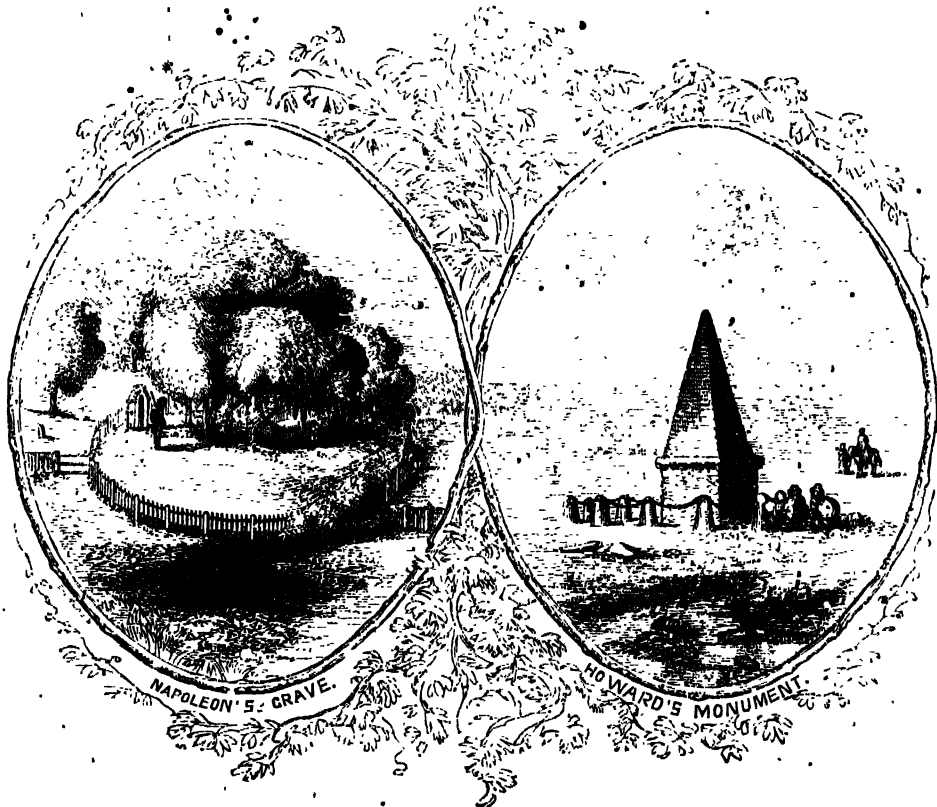
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DEATH IN EXILE.

WHEN death and exile are united, they form one of the saddest ills that can befall man. The spirit of the eastern benediction, "May you die among your kindred," lies deep in every human heart. There are, also, "strong mysterious links" that bind us to the land of our birth and our cradle songs: there would each of us wish to die—

"And rest our pining gaze
On the loved familiar faces
Of our young and happy days."

In all time, however, men have gone forth into
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foreign lands—some perforce, others from duty, few indeed from inclination—there to die. From the records of the past, we choose two instances of "Death in Exile."

It is an evening in the month of May, but there is no gentle breeze, no spring-like balm. The storm raves wildly over an island in the southern Atlantic, snatching the tree from the soil, and the roof from the dwelling, whilst the waves besiege the impenetrable walls of basalt,* and the mingled winds and

* The rocks of St. Helena, which are chiefly of basalt, form an immense perpendicular wall from 600 to 1200 feet in height.

waters boom like the cannons of a foe. A stormy night for the passing away of a stormy spirit. There, on a lowly death-bed, lies an exile. The eagle eyes are dim, though even now the bystanders dread their gleam.* The brow that was once bound with the iron crown of Charlemagne is damp and furrowed. The hand that waved his marshals to victory is cold and nerveless. It is Napoleon—the world's conqueror—the wonder of his time; but neither gauntlet nor glaive can quell a mightier conqueror than he. Little recked the hero in his prime, of pain, or sorrow, or death, they came at his bidding, for he had the gift of power, but now they have come upon him unbidden. Rich gifts were his, a lofty intellect, a matchless valour, a kingly brow and glance, a power of gathering all hearts unto himself. What will they do in this hour of even-tide? Are they friends or foes?

We are not left without glimpses into the inner man—voices from the failing heart. Hark! "Everything I love, everything that belongs to me, is stricken; Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." Oh, poor Napoleon! Hark again: "In those days I was Napoleon; now I am nothing; my strength, my faculties forsake me; I no longer live, I only exist." Hark again: "I believe in God, and am of the religion of my fathers. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that church, and receive the assistance which she administers." Alas! Napoleon, a religion of birth and of church will hardly smooth the dying bed, and make it like "downy pillows." But even these voices become stifled and inarticulate: the mind is overthrown, and as the last hour draws near, and the tempest rages louder and louder, visions of the past are wrapt around his soul. Dreams he of his Corsican home, and the stately lady† who nursed his infancy? and the little grotto and the love of his boyhood?‡ or of his adopted land, and the wifely love there lavished upon him, only to be cast aside? or of the consort, and the child of his later years, torn from him, as if in retribution? Stands he again in the royal sarcophagi of Egypt, while the air quivers forth the indelible§ words, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet?"|| Or is he again speeding over the snowy steppes of Russia, his way crimsoned with wasted blood? Or are his visions of slain Mamelukes, and massacred Turks of Jaffa, or brave men strangled in the dungeon and shot at the dead of night? Or does he once more lead forth his eagled legions at Lodi

and Arcola? Ay! he is dreaming of battles; hear his last words, "*Tête d'armée*,"* and the spirit goes forth to the reckoning—the exile to his solemn and eternal home!

It is a January day in Russian Tartary. The Dnieper rolls sullenly along, and the snowy morasses around frown sickness and despondency upon the fever-stricken inhabitants of Cherson. All nature is cold and dark and dreary. Here, however, is a homely chamber, and within it there is a death-bed, surrounded by light and warmth—the light and warmth of grace! One lies there who also may be called an emperor, a conqueror!

"Thine was an empire o'er distress,
Thy triumph—of the mind.
To burst the bonds of wretchedness,
The friend of human kind."

He, also, is an exile; at least his pleasant home is far away. England, with its green pastures and lovely lands, he will never see again; nor the friends who love him so tenderly, nor the resting-place of his dead; but he does not heed—and why? "Russia," he says, "is as near heaven as England." It is John Howard, the friend of the friendless. He is in Russia, not to plant an ensign on the Kremlin, but to lift up the banner of the Lord; not to waste life, but to save it; not to send souls into eternity, but to tend those for whom no man has cared—neither judge nor prince, king nor kaiser. John Howard had been a prisoner himself, and therefore, like his great Exemplar, he knew the sufferings, and understood the fears of the oppressed, who had no comforter, for "he had felt the same."

There was another sense in which Howard was a conqueror. He conquered self. Delicately reared, sensitively refined, delighting in retirement, the contest in which he overcame his natural dispositions, and thus forced himself into the loathsome dungeon, the noisy cell, the deprived company, was a nobler field than the "sunny Austerlitz."

How calmly and joyfully death approaches the exile! He is longing for his quiet and eternal home, but not because of the many who will arise and call him blessed; not because he will so soon hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." No. "My hope is in Christ. My desire is to be washed, cleansed, and justified in the blood of Christ." Oh God, my heart is fixed, trusting in thee: *My God!—oh glorious words!* Bright sunbeams indeed for the land of the dark shadow; precious words to leave behind, as

"Footprints that perchance another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

On the 18th of January, 1790, the brave hero of the cross was permitted to wear the crown; an arrow from the string which he had so often retarded was commissioned to speed him home.† "Death has no terrors for me." "Place a sundial on my grave, and let me be forgotten. The sun-dial, however, was not reared; but a plain

* "Even had he been speechless," said his attendants, "we could not have brooked his eye."—*Life of Napoleon, in the Family Library.*

† "No crown'd one she, tho' in the pale and venerable grace
Of her worn cheek, and lofty brow, might observation trace."

"And in her dark eyes' flash, a fire and energy to give
Life unto sons, whose sceptre-words should conquer all that live."

Madame Letitia Bonaparte, by B. SIMMONS.
‡ A summer-house amidst the sea-side rocks, about a mile from Ajaccio, was Napoleon's favourite retreat as a boy, and is still called "Napoleon's Grotto." A pretty little girl named Giacommette was his youthful love.

§ "The air is one vast library; in whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said, or woman whispered."—BARNES.

|| "Napoleon himself visited the interior of the Great Pyramid, and on entering the secret chamber, in which 3000 years before some Pharaoh had been inurned, repeated once more his confession of faith, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.'"—*Life*, vol. i. p. 124.

* "Head of the army."—See *Life*, vol. ii. p. 374.

† The cause of his decease was a fever caught in the discharge of his humane duties.

monumental obelisk was erected to commemorate the event.

"Howard, thy task is done! thy Master calls,
And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls.
Come, well approved! my faithful servant, come!
No more a wanderer, seek thy destined home.

My minister of good, I've sped thy way,
And shot through dungeon glooms a lightsome ray,
To cheer, by thee, with kind unhop'd relief,
My creatures lost and whelmed in guilt and grief.
I've led thee, ardent, on thyr' wondering climes
To combat human woes and human crimes;
But 'tis enough! thy great commission's o'er,
I prove thy faith, thy love, thy zeal no more.
Nor droop, tho' far from country, kindred, friends,
Thy life to duty long devoted, clings;
What boots it where the high reward is given,
Or whence the soul triumphant springs to heaven."

A CHAPTER ON COMETS.

COMETS have been, in all ages, regarded with intense interest, both by the peasant and the philosopher. Their sudden and singular appearance, their great magnitude and velocity, and the usual appendage of a stream, or, as it has been commonly called, a tail, projected from the side furthest from the sun, have rendered them objects of the highest curiosity. The term *tail*, however, is by no means happy, as, in receding from the sun, the tail goes before and not behind the body of the comet. This appendage presents somewhat the appearance of hair; hence the name comet, derived from the Latin word *coma*—"a lock of hair." These bodies in their motion are not confined to the zone in which the planets move, but come from remote regions of space. The curves or orbits which they describe are also very eccentric; that is, greatly deviating from a circle. In this respect they are distinguished from planets. The orbit of Mercury, for instance, has a considerable eccentricity, his least distance, compared with his greatest, being as about 2 to 3; whereas these elements in the orbits of some comets are more than a 1000 to 1.

The sun is found to be at the focus of their orbits, and his gravitation is the centripetal force concerned in the description of their tracks. From him they derive their light, which is reflected to us from their whole volume; but their texture seems not sufficiently compact to present the varying phases, as in the moon and several of the planets. It is not improbable, however, that the material of a comet, in a very near approach to the sun, may for the time become self-luminous; for it is evident, from the extraordinary and rapid changes which then take place, that some extremely powerful excitation is produced by the proximity of that luminary, not unlikely of an electrical nature, and sufficient to induce a phosphorescent property in the highly attenuated substance of the nebulous appendage of the comet. Several of these bodies are entirely devoid of streams or tails, presenting merely a round or oval figure, resembling a mass of vapour or mist. After the most careful examination with the best telescopes, it seems doubtful whether even the nucleus, or the body of the comet itself, ever consists of

matter in a solid state. Some are quite transparent, so that the smallest stars can be seen through the most dense part of them. Hence, from their great thinness, these curious bodies seldom shine with anything like the brightness of the planets; though, in this respect, there is the greatest diversity among them, which we must attribute to differences in their densities, or, perhaps, in the original constitution of their physical elements, as adapted for the absorption or reflection of light. Their light usually resembles loose, faintly-illuminated vapour, but several have exhibited tints of faint red, some of blue, and others of a bright gold colour. It is only during their passage in the lower parts of their orbits that they become visible to us; at about five or six times our distance from the sun, they are lost through the feebleness of their light. Hence only large and bright comets remain visible for any considerable time.

There is a vast difference, we may observe, in the velocity of different comets. The great comet of 1680, and that of 1843, are remarkable instances of this; the velocity of the latter at the perihelion (the point of the orbit nearest to the sun) was 366 miles in one second of time. Both these comets approached nearer to the sun than any others that have been computed. That of 1680 passed round the sun at a distance from his surface of one-third of his radius, or about 117,000 miles, while that of 1843 was at one time only one-seventh of his radius, or about 63,000 miles distant from the luminous surface of that glorious and wonderful body. To what an enormous heat must these comets have been exposed—a heat that would have melted, and perhaps rendered gaseous, all our earths, rocks, and metals. From their amazing velocity, their distance from the sun would very rapidly increase, but still the heating influence of the latter would be prodigious. It has been computed that the intensity of heat upon the comet of 1843 must have been 47,000 times greater than what we experience at above 3000 times the distance of that body from the sun. If we regard this as wholly free thermometric heat, it is to us inconceivable that the comet was not utterly destroyed by the actual dissipation of its substance in space.

The dilatation which comets undergo from the influence of the sun, and the rapidity with which it takes place, is astonishing. The comet of 1680 threw off a streamer or tail, on the side turned from the sun, of 60 millions of miles in length, and this in the space of 18 hours. Its direction would suggest that some powerful repellent force must have been exerted upon it by the sun. It subsequently attained to a length of 123 millions of miles. One that appeared in 1769 had a stream of 48 millions of miles; and the beautiful comet of 1811, visible for several months, was accompanied by one, divided into two branches, that extended over 108 millions of miles. In this comet, as is generally observed, the streamer was separated by an invisible atmosphere from the head, which was about 540,000 miles in diameter.

It is difficult to imagine that the matter of the tails, projected to so great a distance, could ever be all again collected by the attraction of the nucleus, or main body of the comet. This may partly

account for the observed decrease of this appendage at the successive visits of the same comet. The material thus left in the neighbourhood of the sun, may also, by the agency of his powerful attraction, have contributed to the formation of that nebulous medium or atmosphere surrounding him, called the zodiacal light, which very much resembles the matter of a comet's tail. While some comets are entirely without this appendage, others have been seen with several, as the comet of 1823, which had two tails. They were of unequal magnitude and brightness; the larger and brighter one turned from the sun, the smaller nearly towards it. Another, seen in 1741, had no less than six streams about 30° long, spread out over a very considerable angle. Except in small comets, we may add, the tails are seldom straight.

It is a comparatively modern discovery that these bodies, erratic as they appear, are in their motions subject to the same kind of forces which regulate planetary motion. It is, for instance, capable of demonstration from the laws of gravity, that a body projected at a given distance from the sun with any amount of velocity, unless thrown directly toward the centre, must, in scientific language, describe a curve. In order, too, that it may revolve permanently, it must describe either a circle, or that oval figure called an ellipse. After the most careful observations of the great comet of 1680, made by Newton and Dr. Halley, an elliptical orbit was computed and laid down to represent its observed motion, and this orbit was rigorously maintained throughout its visible course.

The first actual prediction of a comet's return to the sun was made by Dr. Halley, and his attempt, apparently so daring and hazardous, was crowned with success. Having observed and computed the elements of a splendid comet, that appeared in 1682, with a tail 50° in length, he remarked a striking coincidence between its elements and those of two large comets recorded in the years 1607 and 1531, and he conceived they might be three distinct visits of one and the same comet. Now between these dates there were respectively intervals of 76 and 75 years: adding, therefore, 77 years to the period when he himself observed it, he ventured to predict its next return in 1759. He had the sagacity to perceive that its motion would be affected by the attractions of the planets, and that the differences in the periods of its return, as given above, might be thus accounted for. Halley did not live to see his predictions fulfilled, but the high probability of a successful result encouraged the astronomers and mathematicians of that period to investigate most minutely all the effects due to planetary disturbance on the orbit of the comet; and it was finally concluded that it would come to the perihelion in the middle of April, 1759. It did so on the 22nd of MARCH in THAT YEAR. 618 days had been reckoned for the influence of the attraction of the various planets in delaying the arrival of the expected stranger; 100 being due to Saturn, and 518 to Jupiter. The calculation of the astronomers, imperfect as it was, was a near approach to accuracy, and was a glorious triumph of the intellect over sense. The path of the comet had to be computed from day to day; it was exposed, too, to disturbing influences, varying in intensity and direction, while

for nearly 77 years it was invisible. This noble achievement was effected by the spiritual intellect of man, in reliance on the certainty of those laws by which it has pleased the Creator to govern the world of matter; and which, by scrutiny and thought, it has also been his will that man should discover. In this instance the astronomer's patient and laudable inquiry met with an ample and rich reward. The next return of Halley's comet was predicted for 1835; and after all the elements of disturbances had been re-computed with the most rigorous and indefatigable care, its passage through the perihelion, after the absence of 76 years, was foretold within ten days of its actual occurrence. Had certain discoveries since made by Professor Airy been known at the time, the prediction would have been fulfilled to the very day. The appearances of this comet at its several visits have been considerably different; but its identity has been accurately verified. Its next return may be expected in 1911.

The period of the arrival of some other comets is now ascertained with a precision equal to that of the planets. One, known by the name of Encke, revolves round the sun in the short period of 1211 days; or about $3\frac{1}{3}$ years. It has no tail, but presents a very indefinite nucleus at that end of its oval figure next the sun. Another comet, revolving in 2110 days, or about $6\frac{1}{3}$ years, is named after the astronomer Biela. It has a very small tail, and, even when brightest, is barely visible to the naked eye. It obliquely crosses the orbit of our planet twice in its revolution, and if at that moment the earth were at the same point of its annual orbit, it would become a most conspicuous and brilliant object, and we should have to plunge through a portion of the nebulous matter of the comet. On account of the great rarity of this body, it would afford, perhaps, no appreciable resistance to our solid globe; so that there would, perhaps, be little or no mischief from the collision. As the motion of the two bodies, however, would be in different directions, great and destructive hurricanes might be produced in our atmosphere; nor do we know that cometary matter would prove salubrious to human lungs. However, some millions of years must pass before this merely possible *rencontre* can happen; in which prodigious interval the very thin matter of this comet may become dissipated in space, or absorbed into the sun, while our own globe may have reached its final consummation. At this comet's last visit in 1846, it was, clearly seen to separate into two distinct bodies, and the fragment was readily observed as a smaller comet. Their apparent distance asunder continually increased, and at its maximum was about one-third the apparent diameter of our moon. Both had tails; and the offspring in all respects bore resemblance to the parent. They were traced for nearly three months, moving parallel with each other. It is probable that the lapse of a few years will make us acquainted with two or three more periodic comets.

We have already shown that Biela's comet is the only one from which a collision could reasonably be apprehended. We shall now prove how insignificant is the quantity of matter even of a large comet. In 1770, one of those bodies suddenly surprised the philosophic world. Its magni-

tude and extent at one time were such, that while the nucleus was on the horizon, its tail reached the zenith. It appears that we are indebted to the great mass of Jupiter for its appearance at all; and, what is also curious, that we owe it to the same cause that we have never seen it since! Mons. Lexell, who carefully observed and computed its elements, believed it to move in, what is termed by mathematicians, an eccentric ellipse, in the period of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ years; and as other observers and computers justified his conclusion, the question was naturally asked—Why had it not been frequently seen at its previous approaches to the sun? As this could not be answered, and as the severest examinations of the computations cast no doubt on their correctness, astronomers were content to wait till 1776 for its expected approach. From its relative position to the earth and sun, however, at that time, it was foreseen that it must then elude observation. It has never since been seen.

As these facts seemed to throw a suspicion over the best deductions of the talented mathematicians of that day, the curious problem was made the subject of a prize essay by the French Academy of Sciences. Retaking into account the position of Jupiter in 1767, antecedent to the comet's appearance, and subsequently in 1779 (assuming the period of $5\frac{1}{2}$ years), it was found that in 1767 it came within nine million miles of Jupiter, and thus a change was produced in its original solar orbit, in which new orbit it could never have been observed from the earth. Its previous non-appearance seemed thus accounted for. In the month of August, 1779, it again came so near to Jupiter as to pass between his third and fourth satellites; it was at this time only about one million of miles distant from him, being one-fifth nearer than his fourth moon. The attraction of the planet was now greater upon the comet than the solar attraction, in the high proportion of 200 to 11. With such a force disturbing that of the sun, the comet was thrown again into a new path, which, after it had quitted the neighbourhood of Jupiter, would carry it away for ever beyond the range of our vision, unless some further extraneous power should again alter its track. So small was the mass of this great comet, that the motions of the small bodies forming Jupiter's satellites were not in the least degree deranged. Had the velocity of the comet been considerably less, it might have been detained by Jupiter as a member among his moons. On the 1st of July, 1770, the comet's distance from the earth was only about seven times that of our moon, and yet not the least influence was observed on the tides, nor any disturbance of our atmosphere; while its period was lengthened above two days by the attraction of the earth.

Comets are very numerous; many hundreds have been observed, and we cannot doubt that more have escaped observation from being buried in the sun's rays, from being above the horizon only by daylight, or from being too small and faint to be seen without telescopes. A few have been sufficiently bright to be visible to the naked eye in broad daylight, and some when only a few degrees from the sun. In the year 43 B.C., in 1402, 1532, and 1813, such comets appeared.

Perhaps the mass of a large comet, formidable as

it may appear, does not exceed a few pounds weight, hence the impossibility of its producing any appreciable disturbance in our system. This shows the folly of those fears that have been entertained on this subject. Whiston believed that the great comet of 1680 caused the deluge in the time of Noah, and that the same body would eventually destroy our world by fire. Being altogether ignorant of the physical constitution of comets, his fancy thus attributed the most opposite effects to one and the same cause. A large comet that passes very near to the sun would certainly carry along with it a large quantity of heat; but we know, from the contraction of its volume as it recedes, that this heat must be soon dissipated in space.

Like all the other productions of their adorable Creator, comets are doubtless intended to serve some beneficial purpose in the great structure of the universe. The contrary supposition seems a perverse and absurd conclusion, for what mischief or evil has ever been produced by one of these bodies? By the ignorant and superstitious, it is true, they have been regarded as portents of disaster, calamity, and devastation; but not the slightest grounds exist for such a conclusion. In the popedom of Calixtus III, while the Turks were at war with the papal powers, Halley's comet suddenly appeared with an extensive tail, and as it had a considerable curvature, which to the terrified imaginations of the ecclesiastics of that period gave it a resemblance to the scimitar of their enemies, it was denounced from the Vatican, by an anathema which consigned it and the Turks to the same awful destiny. Great indulgences were promised to those who would daily repeat their paternosters and Ave-Marias for this desirable end: and a bell was tolled at noon to convoke the faithful for this holy purpose. This is not the only time that the Romish church has fostered error.

Comets, too, have with equal absurdity been supposed to predict the birth or the death of kings, and the overthrow of dynasties! The great one that appeared in the year 43 A.C., shortly after the murder of Cesar (just too late as an omen of that event), was represented as the apotheosis of the emperor, or the ghost of that hero, assuming his place among the divinities. When Cardinal Mazarine was on his death-bed, on being told that a comet was visible, he remarked, with satisfaction, that it had paid him respect by its visit.

Their sudden appearance in the heavens, and the imposing and astonishing aspect which they present, have, even in recent times, inspired alarm and terror. One, however—the splendid comet of 1811—escaped somewhat of the general odium; for as it was supposed to be an agent concerned in the remarkably beautiful autumn of that year, and was also associated with the abundant and superior yield of the continental vineyards, the wine of that season was called the *comet wine*.

But this was too lenient a concession; and the daring innovation was repudiated by a medical writer of our metropolis, who found that this comet had been the cause of some peculiar diseases and misfortunes that happened in London, and he particularly traced its influence in producing an epidemic sickness prevailing among the cats in

Westphalia! Alas, in our erring and disordered world, we can always find a calamity to suit a comet, though we may not always find a comet to suit a calamity.

There can be no doubt that relics of the absurdities of astrology have contributed to the errors on the subject of comets which still linger in some minds. But what influence can mere huge masses of planetary matter, rolling with amazing velocity, and millions of miles distant from us, have upon the actions and conduct of free, intelligent, responsible agents? Reason and common sense smile at such an absurdity. To imagine that our world of land and water, of rocks and metals, as it sweeps along through space, at 68 thousands of miles per hour, guides or controls, by its mere mechanical operations, the thoughts and feelings, motives or destinies, of the inhabitants of other worlds (if they be inhabited), is a proposition which only requires to be entertained for a moment to be immediately discarded. Yet such was the ridiculous hypothesis in relation to comets which our forefathers could gravely propound, and which is not yet finally abandoned in regions where "the schoolmaster" has not been "abroad."

THE COLD-WATER DOCTOR.

VINCENT PRIESSNITZ, the well-known founder of the cold-water establishment at Graffenberg, died on the 26th of last November. Whatever may be the real value of hydropathy as an alternative and remedial agent, it is certain that during the last ten years upwards of 4000 sufferers, from every country in Europe, have flocked annually to seek relief under the chilly roof and from the lenten fare of the wild fastness of Undine.* Taking the average of one year with another, it is stated, on excellent authority, that Priessnitz, during his career, has treated *forty-seven thousand* patients, many of them of high rank, and amassed property to the amount of *ten million francs*. Truly, if diamonds may be blown into charcoal, the philosopher's stone may be dissolved into cold water!

The early portion of the life of Priessnitz gave no promise of the eminence to which he afterwards attained. Born in the year 1799, the son of a peasant cultivating a small farm amid the mountains of Austrian Silesia, his youth was passed in working in the fields and tending cattle. In this half-savage region, the superstitious and traditional practice of medicine consisted, for the most part, in the mysterious application of the waters of certain springs. Cold water and repose were constantly found perfectly efficacious remedies when applied to beasts of burden, to say nothing of the cabalistical words which accompanied them. Priessnitz became an expert adept in this simple species of veterinary art; although, to do him justice, he neglected the witchcraft part of the business. After a time he set up a small wayside inn, resorted to by the

inhabitants and all chance travellers; and in this position his keen intellect and strong powers of observation soon enabled him to play the part of Sir Oracle to much advantage.

When about twenty-six years of age, he met with an accident which nearly cost him his life. He was thrown down by a wagon, and the wheel passing over him, broke two of his ribs, the fragments of the bone, as the country surgeons declared, being forcibly pressed against the corresponding side of the arch. The case was pronounced incurable: Priessnitz was left either to die, or continue an invalid during the remnant of his life. Not relishing either alternative, our hero bethought himself of a plan. He dilated the thorax by a strong inhalation, and a stout bandage was speedily applied, before the necessity came for breathing out. Then, keeping the glottis closed, he imitated, with all his force, the movement of a man trying to suppress a violent fit of laughter. The desired effect followed—the ribs were restored to their natural position.

This signal cure set the active brain of Priessnitz to work, and on his recovery he began to treat, and with great success, toothaches, sprains, burns, and even fractured limbs. Giving up his inn, he commenced his career as an itinerant physician; his whole materia medica, besides cold water, consisting of bandages and sponges. His success, while thus travelling through the villages of Austria and Prussia, soon became matter of notoriety, and some regular physicians instituted legal proceedings against Priessnitz as an unlicensed practitioner. For a time they succeeded in hunting him from place to place; but they little knew the man with whom they had to deal: the success, real or apparent, of his practice in each new place that he visited, very literally "threw cold water" on his persecutors' efforts; and as a last resource, they denounced the hydropathist as an impostor. They affirmed that (after the fashion of the German kelpies) he used water only as a cloak, and that his real remedies consisted in powerful medicines dissolved in the water and pervading the sponges. Priessnitz replied to this accusation by an indignant defiance, and a demand for a "public investigation." This could not be decently refused; the water was analyzed, the sponges dissected, and both pronounced perfectly pure. His angry opponents, sorely worsted, retired from the field, and Priessnitz obtained from the Austrian government a legal recognition of his hydropathic practice.

So long he set up his establishment at Graffenberg, where, truth to tell, both he and his patients indulged, themselves in scornful vituperation of every medical system save his own.

Very different indeed was the mode of life pursued by the patients from that practised at fashionable spas. Nothing at Graffenberg was for pleasure, everything for austere health; and Priessnitz reigned the despotic enforcer of severe sumptuary laws.

He possessed a prodigious memory; amongst five hundred patients, all under his care at the same time, he was able in one moment to recollect the precise symptoms and diverse treatment of each individual case. Haughty, selfish, and sordid, to the last degree, Priessnitz scorned not to love or confide in any. Even when surrounded by his

* The exact numbers are as follows:—

From the commencement to the end of 1842	6,414
" " " " 1843	2,340
" " " " 1844	2,720
" " " " 1845	3,400
" " " " 1846	5,000

And from 1846 to the end, 5000 appears to be the minimum annual number.

numerous family, he never unbent into tenderness. As to his patients, they obtained manifestations of favour, and the privilege of often speaking to him, by presenting him with rich and frequent presents. By this means, also, a considerable amelioration of the fare, within the prescribed limits, might be obtained.

But should any of Priessnitz's patients be so unfortunate as to wound his vanity, it would be in vain for them to shower at his feet the riches of California. A personage of very high rank—so high that I cannot venture to name him—went some time since to Graefenberg. Not relishing the hard bed and ascetic board of the establishment, he gave utterance to some free and cutting witticisms at the expense of its master. Priessnitz instantly ordered him to leave. In vain did the delinquent apologize. He was not only dismissed from the house, but practically expelled from the country: Priessnitz having declared that he would not prescribe for the inhabitants of any dwelling that received M. de — within its walls.

The fear of rivals always troubled him. He never wrote any treatise on his system; he was probably incapable of such a literary effort; nor did he appoint or instruct a successor. It is probable, however, that the great natural advantages of Graefenberg as a sanitary asylum will ensure its continuance. His latter years were considerably embittered by the erection of a rival establishment in his immediate neighbourhood. Its owner was a Doctor Shroot, who fed his patients highly, and gave them wine. Strange to say, Shroot cured several cases in which hydropathy had failed. Priessnitz, however, never tried his hand on his rival's failures. To have once sojourned within the interdicted walls was considered a sufficient cause of exclusion from Graefenberg.

Priessnitz sometimes made mistakes, a few of them notable ones; and yet, considering his want of education, ignorance of all the recognised systems of medicine, and the number and variety of his patients, it is surprising—we are told, of course, by the supporters of his system—that he made so few.

The influence of Priessnitz extended so completely over the district, that he was able to establish a complete monopoly in the sale of the sheets, towels, etc., used by the patients; no one, save himself, ventured to sell them, and he made a great profit by this sale. In his person, Priessnitz was thin and dry-looking; during his latter years he was often an invalid. He died at the age of fifty-two years.

IS YOUR LIFE INSURED?

ONE of the most remarkable instances of the benefits which may be secured by the principle of co-operation, when directed to the attainment of proper objects, and developed under the guidance of sound maxims, is furnished by the success of insurance societies, especially as realized in our own country. The subject of insurance, though much more popular than formerly, is yet far from being sufficiently understood and appreciated among the community, more especially the operative portion of it; and we propose giving in the present paper

a brief view of its history, nature, actual position, and economical importance.

A large source of the failures which often attend the enterprises of man, is found in those events which, because they lie beyond the reach of human control, are styled contingent. An individual may act as prudently as possible, he may work day and night with an industry which knows no rest, and yet be irretrievably ruined by a single accident. A fire at home, or a storm at sea, may destroy the fruits of many years' toil, and leave him penniless. The magnitude of such a calamity, and the uncertainty which its probable occurrence threw around every undertaking, would naturally rouse at a very early period the ingenuity of a mercantile people, and various plans would be set on foot in order to cover the contingency. Accordingly, we find the principle of insurance acted upon very early in the history of modern Europe. It is one of the numerous offspring of the commercial spirit which characterized the middle ages. No thorough instance of insurance can be pointed out in ancient times. It is true, government sometimes came forward to guarantee from loss an individual who ventured his property in the service of the public, but this was a political, not a commercial transaction; it did not rest on a simple calculation of profit and loss. It is a matter of dispute what country has the honour of first applying the principle to the chances of commerce, but in all probability it belongs to Spain. An ordinance relating to insurance was issued by the magistrates of Barcelona so early as 1435, but by the commencement of the next century it had spread to Italy, the Netherlands, and Britain. Several articles on the subject, which are still employed on the Exchange at Leghorn, date as far back as 1523, and orders of a similar kind are in existence which were issued by Charles V. to the merchants of Antwerp.

Insurance is mentioned in a statute of queen Elizabeth as having been then of immemorial usage, so that we may fairly fix its introduction into this country at the beginning of the 16th century, if not earlier. Thus far the principle had been applied exclusively to marine losses; but about a century and a half ago, its application was extended so as to embrace accidents by fire, and its results under this form have been very extensively beneficial. A very large proportion of the consumable property of Great Britain is insured; the whole amounting, besides farming stock, to the value of 563,668,571*l*. A still more useful extension of the principle was made about the beginning of the last century. By a charter obtained from queen Anne, the Amicable Life Insurance Company was established in London, for the purpose of securing, in consideration of certain stipulated premiums, a sum of money to the relations of the parties insured in the event of their death. The example thus set has been extensively imitated; and fresh societies, with new, and in many cases improved, claims, are continually starting into existence. Nearly sixty offices are opened in the metropolis for the transaction of life-insurance business alone; and the whole number of lives insured throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, the British colonies, and the entire continent of Europe, is stated at 250,000.

The foundation on which all insurance societies rest is calculation applied to experience. Let us

recur to the occasion which first led to their establishment—the losses which happen at sea. These were much more frequent three centuries ago than at the present time, when voyages are much quicker, and crews are provided with all the aids of recent science. Suppose that a merchant had wished to insure a vessel laden with a rich cargo. The first point would be to ascertain the amount of actual risk, in order to fix the sum which it would be fair for him to pay to the party, whether an association or a single individual, who might think proper to give him the required security. This would be at once ascertained if it were known what proportion of vessels, sailing under similar conditions, actually suffered shipwreck. Supposing this proportion had been fixed, by repeated observation, at one in sixty: the chances then that any particular vessel would meet with a fatal disaster would be as one to sixty, and the proper amount of premium to be paid would be just one-sixtieth part of its value: excluding, of course, the additional sum which would be required to remunerate the insurer for his trouble.

A similar course must be taken in order to ascertain what is equitable for a person, who wishes to insure his life in a certain amount, to pay in the shape of premium. Life insurance may be effected either by the payment of a single sum, or that of smaller sums annually. In both cases, the first thing requisite is to ascertain the average age which is reached by individuals in the same state of life as the one desirous of being insured. Supposing this to be fixed at forty-five, that the sum for which the person is desirous of being assured is 100*l.*, and his present age twenty-five, the premium he would have to pay is just that which, if put out at a certain rate of compound interest, would in twenty years amount to 100*l.*, together with what would be required for profits. The more usual method is, however, to pay smaller sums annually. In this case, the amount of each annual payment must be such that the sum of all for twenty years, calculated at compound interest, would produce 100*l.*, the policy required.

In order to secure the stability of any association established for the purpose of insurance, it is of the first necessity that the facts which it assumes should be correct. If, for instance, the proportion of casualties at sea, which is adopted in framing its scale of charges, should be less than the real average, it will, in all probability, be soon overwhelmed with very severe losses. If the number of vessels lost amounts to one in forty, instead of one in sixty, the calculation on which it is based will be wrong to the extent of one-third. By assuming a proportion higher than the real average, a similar wrong would be perpetrated upon the assured. In order to escape both evils, it is requisite to make our observations wide enough. Here statistics appear pre-eminently as a branch of the inductive sciences. To establish any scientific truth, it is well known that we must interrogate nature by examining facts; and those principles are the best proved which have been gathered from an observation of the greatest number. If we draw our conclusions from single facts, or from a very few, or even from many in the same circumstances, we might overturn some of the best-established truths in the range of experience. If we confined our attention, for example, to the

phenomena of the torrid zone, we might easily prove that water is incapable of being congealed, and it would be only by examining a greater number and variety of instances that we should discover our error. If, during the past year, a single house had been destroyed by fire in a town containing a thousand houses, it would be premature to conclude that fires happened in the proportion of one a year, or that one in every thousand would represent the amount of risk which an insurer would incur. But if the same were found to hold good during a course of fifty years, there would be sufficient reason for assuming it as the proper ratio. By watching a thousand lives we might come to the conclusion that one individual out of every three arrives at the age of fifty; this, however, would afford very unsafe data for our calculations: but if, on extending our observations to five hundred thousand or a million, and carrying them a century back, we find, with proper allowances, the same rule apply, we may be entitled to regard it as sufficiently correct for all practical uses. On this score the public need anticipate little danger. Tables of mortality have been constructed with so much care, that events which seem to happen in obedience to no law, are characterized, as a whole, by all the certainty of science. A change in the ratio of mortality may be expected in the future, but it will be one for the better. As the improvements which have taken place in medical science, and the sanitary regulations of towns, have issued in a marked prolongation of human life beyond the average term of two centuries ago, we may expect, from the same cause, a progressive diminution of disease, and increase of longevity. Now this will evidently tend to enlarge the profit of societies, which have been established on the supposition that the existing rate of mortality will continue, and must ultimately result in a lowering of the scale of premiums.

When once an insurance society is based on sound principles, the greater the number of its members the safer and more profitable will it become. Among a few there is no room for the development of the law of compensation, by which a loss in one direction is made up by a gain in another. The wider the range of operations, the more perfect will be the balance between the occurrences of all kinds. If the members of an insurance society did not exceed fifty or a hundred, and dwell chiefly in the same locality, an epidemic disease might sweep all away in the course of a single year; but if they amounted to five or ten thousand, and were distributed all over the country, the superior healthiness of another neighbourhood might make up for any loss incurred, and render it almost imperceptible.

Though the fundamental principles of every insurance society must be the same, yet considerable variation may be permitted in point of constitution. In this respect, existing companies may be distinguished into three kinds:—The *Proprietary*, the *Mutual*, and those which, partaking of the peculiarities of the two former, may be termed the *Mixed*. On the proprietary system, a number of persons subscribe as shareholders to a common fund, which is invested, as a guarantee to the assured that the amount of every policy shall be duly paid. In return for this guarantee, they appropriate the profits of the entire concern, binding

themselves simply to meet the stipulated demands of the assured as they become due. On the mutual system, no fund whatever exists apart from that which is formed by the premiums of the assured; the latter are themselves the shareholders, upon whom the entire control and responsibility of the institution devolve, and they divide among themselves the aggregate profit or loss. Those societies which are called "mixed," consist of a body of shareholders distinct from the assured, who appropriate not the whole of the profits, but a certain share; while the rest is divided, in accordance with specified rules, among the insured.

While the entire question of life insurance was an experiment, it was natural that the proprietary form should be preferred, but at the present time a large proportion of existing insurance societies adopt the mutual system, and many of these, though presenting as low a scale of premiums as others which rest on a proprietary basis, give every indication of success. The fact is, that the tables of mortality most commonly employed, having been compiled chiefly by gentlemen connected with the business of insurance, err, as it is quite likely they should, on the safe side; and, in addition to this, a considerable allowance is often made, so as to place the stability of an association beyond all doubt. Hence, in the ordinary course of things, very considerable profits may be expected; amply sufficient, as some think, to dispense with the guarantee afforded by the creation of a separate fund, and to render the principle of mutual assurance quite adequate to any exigency which may arise. It is asserted also, that societies on the purely mutual system can boast, not only of having distributed among the assured the largest amount of profits, but of being in possession of the largest accumulated funds. On the other hand, we notice that one society which has adopted a mixed constitution, deems a moderate paid-up fund preferable to the mutual principle, but thinks that "a capital of a quarter of a million of money, divided into 25,000 shares of 10*l.* each, will be quite sufficient for every purpose, whether as affecting the efficiency of their operations, or enabling them promptly to meet all their engagements and liabilities."

It does not fall within our province to decide upon the respective merits of these rival systems; but the following facts, which are stated on good authority, will be interesting to our readers, as showing the large profits which well-conducted insurance societies can realize. An office established in the year 1806 has declared, as arising from the profits of forty-four years, 743,000*l.* Another, established in the year 1821, has declared, as arising from the profits of twenty-eight years, 770,000*l.* Another established in 1834, announces as the profits of sixteen years, 207,000*l.*; while three others, established in the years 1823, 1824, and 1825, declared in 1849, as the profits of the five years immediately preceding, sums amounting in the aggregate to 597,000*l.* These profits arise from the proper investment of the deposits of the shareholders, and the premiums paid by the insured. In the use of this money, the directors act just as private individuals possessed of the same amount would act; always aiming to make it bear the highest rate of interest which can be secured

with safety. It is understood that some of the London insurance offices are among the largest purchasers of the encumbered estates of Ireland.

It is astonishing to what a variety of uses an insurance society can be applied. The advantages they offer to persons in every grade of life have only to be understood, to multiply the number of their members a hundred-fold. Its most beneficent application is that which enables a father of a family to provide for his wife and children in the event of his death. To how many cases is such an application appropriate. Take that of a person moving in the higher walks of professional life. He has, perhaps, no private fortune, but secures by his profession an income of 1000*l.* a year. If Providence spared his life, he might in time lay by sufficient to make a permanent provision for his family; but then life is most uncertain, and his premature removal would leave them destitute. By means of a comparatively small annual payment to an insurance office, such a person may insure his relatives at his death, whenever it happens, a sufficient sum to maintain them in comfort. This plan is equally appropriate to those whose income may not amount to more than a tenth of the above. A hundred pounds would place the widow and family of a working man in a position of virtual independence; and yet this may be secured at an outlay, if he begin at one-and-twenty, of about eightpence a week, a sum which might easily be saved by laying aside a single luxury. If it is preferred to have the benefits of insurance during life, with the design of softening the ills of declining age, this may be done by a trifling addition to the annual premium. Should a person be in circumstances which necessitated the borrowing of a sum of money—say 500*l.*—he may provide, by means of the insurance office, for its repayment in case of death, without burdening his relatives, simply by insuring his life to that amount. In the same way, a nobleman whose estates will pass by entail to his eldest son, may secure the payment of large sums of money to the younger or female members of his family, or may provide for the extinction at his death of a mortgage with which his property may be burdened. A creditor may avail himself of life insurance to screen himself from total loss on the death of his debtor. He may feel morally certain that in a few years the latter will be able to repay him; but what will he do in the event of his death? An arrangement, by which the debtor should pay some three per cent. annually upon the amount of his debt into an insurance office, and place the policy in the hands of the creditor, would meet the case.

But the advantages of life insurance are most apparent in connexion with the provision which they enable us to make for the comfort of surviving friends. Providence charges every man with the temporal welfare of those who are bound to him by ties of blood. It is impossible for him to enter into the relation of husband and parent without increasing his responsibility; and, if we exclude the obligation of moral culture, the most important item in his account of duty is that which binds him to secure, in the event of his own decease, the comfort of those he may leave behind. How distressing the thought on a dying bed, that those whom we have been the means of bringing into

existence should be left, through our want of forethought, to the scanty aid of willing but crippled friendship, or turned out as paupers upon the world. In this, as in every other matter, we have no right to calculate upon the help of Providence, unless we first make use of the various means which he has placed within our reach for helping ourselves.

In concluding these remarks, we shall be pardoned for reminding the reader that, as an immortal being, he requires assurance of a higher kind than that which merely guards him from present misfortune. As sinful creatures, we need an assurance of our interest in that blessedness which will endure for ever. Happy is it that he who only can grant us such a boon, is always willing to bestow it on those who seek it in the manner pointed out in the divine word. This assurance may be gained "without money and without price," while the prize insured is no less than eternal life through Christ Jesus.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

THE TIDE-WAITRESS.

THE "Venus rising from the sea," of the ancient Greek mythology, presents a very different picture to the imagination from that afforded by her modern antithesis, the tide-waitress of London descending into the bow of the Thames to forage for the means of subsistence among the mud and filth of the river.

The tide-waitress has few charms to boast of. Who and what she was originally, it would be difficult to guess. She is not young, and in what scenes her youth was passed, it would be in vain to inquire. Her antecedents are a mystery, the key to which is secreted in her own breast; the romance of her life has passed away with her youth; and whether that were joyous or grievous—you may ask her if you like—but she will not satisfy your curiosity. On the other hand, she is not old; age would shrink aghast from her way of life. An avocation pursued in perpetual contact with the mud and moisture of the river, is no calling for the woman of threescore and upwards, whom poverty has already made familiar with the cramps, and rheums, and rheumatisms, which she finds more than sufficiently plentiful without the trouble of raking them out of the mud.

No; the subject of the present brief sketch is invariably a woman in the prime of life, who has seen the world, and cares little for its conventionalities or its opinions. Driven, by some cause or other—it may be by crime, it may be by want—from the acknowledged and beaten paths of industry, she has turned aside from the current of human activities, and made a property for herself out of the rubbish and the refuse which all the world besides are content to surrender as worthless. Upon this she contrives to make a living, and to keep out of the workhouse, to remain clear of which is the utmost stretch of her ambition. Education she has none, and she never had instruction worthy the name. All her knowledge is to know the time of low water, and the value of the wrecks and waifs which each recurring tide scatters all too scantily over her peculiar domain. Her garb and garniture are in appropriate keeping with her pro-

fession and accomplishments. She is bundled up in rags more plentiful than shapely, and to which the name of dress could hardly be applied. On her head is the ragged relic of an old bonnet, the crown of which is stuffed with a pad; an old hamper is suspended at her side by a leathern strap round the shoulders; and in front she wears an apron, containing a capacious pocket for the reception of articles susceptible of injury in the basket. She cannot indulge in the luxury of stockings, but encases her feet in a pair of cast-off Wellingtons, begged for the purpose from some charitable householder, and cut down to the ankle by her own hand for her especial use.

Thus equipped, and armed with a stout stick, she goes forth to her labour so soon as the tide is half run out, and commences her miscellaneous collection amidst the ooze and slime of the river. She walks ankle deep in the mire, and occasionally, omitting to feel her way with the stick, is seen to flounder in up to her knees, when she scrambles out again, and coolly taking off her boots, will rinse them in the stream before proceeding with her work. The wealth which she rescues, half-digested, from the maw of Father Thames, is of a various and rather equivocal description, and consists of more items than we can here specify. We can, however, from actual observation, testify to a portion of them: these are, firewood in very small fragments, with now and then, by way of a prize, a stave of an old cask; broken glass, and bottles either of glass or stone unbroken; bones, principally of drowned animals, washed into skeletons; ropes, and fragments of ropes, which will pick into tow; old iron or lead, or metal of any sort, which may have dropped overboard from passing vessels; and last, but by no means least, coal from the coal barges, which, as they are passing up and down all day long, and all the year round, cannot fail of dropping a pretty generous tribute to the toils of the tide-waitress. Among the coal-owners, however, this nymph of the flood, or the mud, is not in very good odour; they are known to entertain a prejudice against her profession. Her detractors do not scruple to aver that she cannot be trusted in the company of a coal-barge without being seduced by the charms of the black diamonds to fill her basket in a dishonest manner. We are loth to give credit to the accusation; at the same time, we know that it is practically received by the wharfingers, who invariably warn her off when she is seen wandering too near a stranded barge.

Besides the materials above mentioned, there is no doubt that she occasionally comes upon a prize of more value. A bottle of wine from a pleasure boat may come now and then; and sometimes a coin or a purse from the same source; at least we have seen such things go overboard, and it is not impossible that the tide-waitress gets them. Some years since one of the sisterhood found one afternoon a packet of tradesman's hand-bills buried in the mud under Waterloo Bridge. A waterman, who could read, advised her to take them forthwith to the owner. She did so, much to the worthy man's astonishment; who imagined that they were then in course of distribution by his two apprentices, who had left the shop in the morning with the avowed object of circulating them to the

number of 3000. The lads came home at night ostensibly wearied out with their day's work. They were astounded at the sight of the packet, which they had not even untied; and the youngest immediately confessed that, tempted by the other, he had joined in making a holiday trip to Gravesend; that they had thrown the bills into the river when off Brith, feeling certain that there was no risk of discovery. It was a lesson they were not likely soon to forget—that the path of dishonesty and deceit is always a thorny one.

This river gleaner is rather a picturesque object when viewed from a good distance. Though her eyes are ever on the soil, and though she is constantly raking and handling it, yet she never stoops, as a stoop would swamp her skirts in the mud; she bends rather in a kind of graceful arch, supported by the stick in one hand. The tide, which proverbially waits for no man, shuts her out of her moist domain with rigorous punctuality, and then she retires to sort her wares and to convert them, in different markets, into the few pence which they may realize.

We feel quite safe in affirming that, little as is to be got by it, the above is the most successful kind of fishing that can be carried on in the present day in the Thames between London Bridge and that of Vauxhall. The times, and the river, too, are altered since fishermen cast their nets in the waters off Westminster, and Londoners ate the fish caught in the shadow of their own dwellings. It is more than a hundred and sixty years ago, that one fine summer's morning, a fisherman who was dragging the water off Lambeth Palace, found his net pinned fast to the bottom by some weighty substance, which seemed very reluctant to move. On lifting it cautiously to the surface, it appeared to be a somewhat lumpy piece of metal, impressed with certain cabalistic signs which the finder, who was guileless of the arts of reading and writing, was at a loss to comprehend. He pitched it, therefore, into the stern of his little craft, and quietly pursued his avocation till his day's work was accomplished. In the evening, when he had disposed of his fish, his thoughts reverted to the lump of metal in his boat; and he carried it to the house of one of his patrons to ascertain whether or not it might be of value. To the amazement of the gentleman into whose hands it was thus strangely conveyed—and no less to that of the poor fisherman himself—it proved to be the great seal of the realm, which had been missing ever since the flight, in the preceding winter, of the craven and wrong-headed monarch, James the Second. There had been a rigid search made for it in all quarters, and from the evidence of Judge Jeffries, it came out that James, who had always a superstitious kind of veneration for the great seal, which he regarded as a sort of talisman, had been for some time unwilling to trust it out of his sight. He had compelled his chancellor—that blood-thirsty judge—to remove from his noble mansion, and to reside in a chamber in Whitehall, in order that the object of his solicitude might be always near him. On the night of his clandestine flight, he had ordered the great seal and the writs for the new parliament to be brought to his bed-chamber. The writs he threw into the fire, and the great seal he carried off in his hand, and drop-

ped it stealthily into the river opposite Lambeth Palace, as he traversed the space from Whitehall to Vauxhall. Whether he thought by this means to deprive the acts of his successor of the validity of legal sanction, we cannot say: the Prince of Orange managed to do very well without it; and if it had never been fished up to this day, but had been left to form part of the treasures of our present subject, the tide-waitress, and been sold for old metal at a marine-store, we imagine that government would have gone on much the same as it has done.

We have introduced the tide-waitress incidentally into royal company. It is no great matter. We leave our readers, if they choose, to settle the relative respectability of either party. What happened to the fugitive monarch may happen, and we fear is likely to happen, to the poor mud-faring woman. *He* died a pauper, dependent on the bounty of an alien—and *she* has, alas! the work-house, or which is perhaps more probable, the hospital in perspective, as the consummation of her career.

IT'S GOOD TO LET WELL ALONE.

A STORY, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE must like it—she will be sure to like it," said Lawrence Carter to his sister, after a long silence on his part, during which time he had been industriously, patiently, and tastefully training the young, vigorous shoots of a monthly rose over his cottage-front. This was his last job for that evening, and the next morning he was going to London to be married: "She won't be able to help liking it, I think, Fanny?" he repeated, interrogatively, as, descending from the short ladder he had been using, and with hammer and bag of nails in hand, he stood on the garden path, looking at his completed work.

"Of course she will, Lawrence; I can't see why you should doubt it. I wish every newly-married couple had as comfortable a home:" and Fanny huff sighed, but checked herself. A year before she had had bright visions of such a house for herself; but the black ribbon on her bonnet explained the half-drawn sigh. Lawrence understood it.

"Dear Fanny," said he, "you shouldn't have undertaken this for me, by rights; it brings back your sorrows: it was selfish in me to let you come."

"Oh no, it was not," replied his sister; "and if I have had sorrows, I have had supports too; and 'tis all working together for good, Lawrence; I am quite satisfied of that. And don't think I am envious. Oh, Lawrence, you don't know how much I wish your happiness, and how I hope this great step of yours will make you happy! I long to see Ellen, and call her sister. But come, if you have done outside—and you have trained the rose very prettily, I am sure—you must look at my last stroke within;" and, putting her hand in that of her brother, she led him over the threshold.

Lawrence and Fanny Carter were the only children of a widowed cottage farmer. Fanny, who was three or four years older than her brother, had

lived at home almost all her life, and was the active manager and doer of all the feminine work on her father's small farm. She milked the cows, made the butter, managed the poultry yard, and, twice a week, took the produce to market in the nearest town—a distance of five miles—and thus added materially to the small profits of the farm. Lawrence was a cabinet-maker. His apprenticeship had been passed in that same town; and he had become a clever mechanic. When the term of his apprenticeship expired, he went to London for improvement in some of the more delicate and difficult departments of the trade, and was two years there. Then he returned to his old master, as a journeyman (this was a previous arrangement between them), and, in consequence of his superior skill and thorough steadiness, was assured of constant employment and high wages.

During his residence in London, Lawrence had engaged himself to Ellen Hardham, the sister of a fellow workman; and now—two years having passed since his return to the country—the young couple were about to be married.

Fanny Carter had never seen her sister-in-law that was to be; but she had seen a miniature portrait which Lawrence had had taken before he left London, and kept by him with great care and secrecy; and which, he declared, was an exact likeness of Ellen, only not near so handsome. She had also seen some of Ellen's letters; and from these letters and that portrait, she was quite prepared to believe that Lawrence had made a prudent choice, and to receive with all warmth of affection her new sister. Still, as she said, it was "a great step" that her brother was going to take.

The home which Lawrence had prepared for his bride was a neat little cottage, standing by itself, about a mile from the town. He had made choice of this situation because, in the first place, Ellen had again and again expressed an earnest wish to live in the country; because, in the second place, he preferred it himself, and pleased himself with thinking how he should thereafter enjoy his evenings at home, in such a quiet and pleasant seclusion, after the day's labour in the workshop; because, thirdly, it was a point of economy—the rent of the cottage being less than two rooms would have cost him in the town; and because, fourthly, the cottage he had taken was close by the road leading from the town to the farm, and would, therefore, be a nice convenient resting-place for Fanny on her way to market, and her return from it. And thus, the two sisters, he thought, would be sure to become better acquainted with each other than by any other plan. Besides this, Lawrence would be brought nearer to the old home of his childhood by a mile; and from the cottage to the farm would be a pleasant holiday walk.

There was another reason, too, why the cottage was particularly inviting to Lawrence. At the back of it was a garden, and beyond the garden a small orchard, and beyond that flowed a broad river. Now, Lawrence was a good sculler and oarsman, and was fond of boating: it had been his recreation in boyhood, and he had not lost the skill which he then acquired. As soon, therefore, as he had hired the cottage, he purchased an old skiff, jettied it up, painted it, built a boat-house for it at the bottom of the orchard, once a narrow creek,

and pleased himself with thinking of the happy summer evenings he should have on the silent river, when released from work, with Ellen as his companion.

On the evening of which we have written—it was in early summer—Lawrence had held possession of his new home more than a month, and much of his leisure time had been spent in its embellishment. Within the last few days, he had taken in the furniture which, ever since his engagement with Ellen, he had been providing and storing up; and during these few days, Fanny had lived at the cottage, and busied herself in all those preparations for a young wife's first entrance upon her home, that female ingenuity could devise, and sisterly affection suggest.

And when, accompanying his sister into each of the four rooms which his cottage contained, Lawrence looked round upon the new kitchen utensils, yet undimmed by smoke; the parlour carpet, mahogany bookcase, polished furniture, and print-covered couch; the new French bedstead with white dainty curtains, and well-polished chest of drawers; to say nothing of tables, chairs, and other matters of equal importance, and all in such pleasant order—he could not help saying again, more distinctly and decidedly than before, "I am sure she *will* like it, Fanny."

Fanny smiled. She wondered why Lawrence should be so anxious on this point, for who could but like so snug a cottage home? But she did not express her wonder; and when Lawrence suggested that, now their preparations were so far completed, and it was yet early twilight, they should take one row on the river, she readily wrapped her shawl around her, and accompanied him to the river's brink.

An hour or more passed ere they returned to the cottage, for as the sun sank in the west the full moon rose in the east, and the moonbeams played so pleasantly on the water, they had not the heart to leave it sooner. So they sang there the evening hymn as the boat lazily floated down the stream, and the neighbouring cottagers—for there were other houses near—opened, some their doors; and others their windows, to listen to the singing on the river.

A few evenings later, and the London coach stopped at the garden gate of Lawrence Carter's cottage; and Lawrence and his young wife, with sundry boxes and packages, were safely deposited beside it. Fanny was ready to receive them; old Lawrence Carter was there likewise, and an affectionate welcome, we may be sure, was given to the stranger who was thenceforward to be a daughter and a sister.

Yes—Ellen did like her new home. If Lawrence had really had any misgivings on this matter, they were completely dispersed by the warm admiration which everything around the cottage, or connected with it, drew forth. The pretty flower garden, through which they had to pass to the door, the monthly roses which hung in clusters over the cottage front, the comfortable aspect of everything within—so tasty and clean and smart, so different from the dingy smokiness of a London home; the garden behind, and the orchard; and the river; the little boat, too, newly patched and painted, and the wonderful little boat-house, all came in for a

share of praise. Yes, Ellen did like her new home. Like! that was too cold a word; she should *love* it, she knew she should.

And her father-in-law, and her sister-in-law, she should love them, too, for their own sakes, as well as for Lawrence's; so kind and pleasant they were: and so glad was Ellen that they lived only four miles off. It would be so nice to "run over" to the farm once or twice every week. Oh, everything was just what Ellen could have wished it, had she had the choosing.

And Lawrence—his eyes glistened with pleasure as Ellen poured out, from the fulness of her heart, these notes of satisfaction. How foolish he was to fancy that she would not like her new home!

There was one little incident which that evening made Lawrence's eyes more than glisten. At the tea-table he took up one of the spoons, new and bright as they had come from the maker, and looked curiously, first into the bowl, and then at the stamp.

"Why, Fanny, this is not the set we bought. These are silver."

"No, Lawrence, it is not the same set; that is safe though, and this you are to ask no questions about."

There was no need; for while Fanny was speaking, her brother was examining the letters on that particular tea-spoon which he held in his hand. Plainly enough they were the initial letters of his own and Ellen's name; but besides those letters were a few faint marks: other letters had been there, not entirely erased. He saw it all; the silver spoons were Fanny's gift: they had been prepared for her own wedded life—that life, once to her expectations so near, and now—

"Dear Fanny! you should not have done this," said Lawrence, in a low and agitated voice; "you would have had a use for them some day yet, and will for all that is past and gone."

"And if I should," said Fanny; "but that is not at all likely, Lawrence; but if I should, you shall give me your plated ones; they will do for me."

We must pass over the further proceedings of that evening, except to mention that a new and neatly-bound family bible, the gift of Lawrence's father, was opened before they parted for the night; and, in the simple language of unlearned cottage piety, the farmer implored for his newly married children, the blessings of "the upper and the nether springs—blessings in soul and in body, in basket and in store."

"Well, Fanny, and what do you think of your new sister?" asked old Mr. Carter, as they walked homewards in the moonlight.

Fanny felt more embarrassed by this question than she liked to acknowledge, even to herself. "It is too soon yet to have formed an opinion, father," she said, at length; "Ellen seems very warm-hearted, I am sure; and she is—perhaps not quite so pretty as I expected from the picture of her, but—"

"In, Fanny," said the old farmer, laughing, "you girls are always thinking about your good looks. I did not ask you whether you think Ellen handsome or not, but what do you think of the match?"

"I hope it will turn out well, father, and I do

not see any reason to doubt it; I hope they will be happy—very happy."

"Amen and amen!" replied her father.

More than two years had passed away, for it wanted but a month to Christmas. It was evening, and Ellen was alone in the cottage. Not quite alone, either; for in a cradle near to the fire-side was a sleeping child. By the fire sat Ellen herself, with an open letter before her. To look at her, one would have said that country air had done much for her in the way of health; but there was a certain almost indescribable drawing-down of the corners of her mouth, and a languid fixedness of the eye, which a close observer might have set down to the score of habitual discontent.

The judgment would have been too correct; and, to account for the change, we must take a few hurried steps backwards.

For many weeks after the marriage of Lawrence and Ellen, nothing seemed wanting to complete the happiness of the young bride. The novelty of her position, the comforts of a peaceful home, the devotion of a very fond husband, and the freshness and quiet repose of the country, so striking and inviting to one who had all her life lived in a confined habitation, in a narrow street, in the dusky, populous part of a bustling city; all these things combined in making Ellen thankful for her comforts and mercies. Ellen's discontent, then, how did it arise? Ah! very stealthily had it crept upon her. She herself could never have told when or how it began; and long after it had obtained possession of her mind, and half poisoned her pleasures, she would have denied its existence.

For many weeks, her cup of happiness seemed full. The fine summer weather, the novelty of living in the country, the occasional walks to the farm, the more frequent and the tranquil enjoyments of a row on the river when Lawrence returned from work at six o'clock, the quiet Sunday services in a small place of worship close at hand, together with daily household duties, filled up her time and occupied her thoughts. But it is not summer always, and country life has some inconveniences peculiar to itself. Evening walks were out of the question in wet weather and on dark nights; and as to the boat, that had to be safely housed long before the winter set in. Autumnal fogs are unpleasant anywhere, especially on the water. Then, at Michaelmas, and all through the winter, Lawrence's working hours were altered. He did not leave home so early in the morning, but to make up for this, he had to work by candle-light, and rarely reached home before nine o'clock. Ellen, to be sure, had been aware of this from the first; but when, night after night, she had to spend long dark evenings alone in her cottage, she began heartily to dislike the solitude, and to wish she had some companions to break it. Unhappily, also, in the course of this long winter, a coolness sprang up between herself and Fanny. It originated in a very trifling affair, but it was none the less stubborn and influential for that. So, when the following summer came round again, the frank and free communication between the cottage and the farm was exchanged for ceremonious visits, few and far between; and not even the birth of Ellen's little girl, and the kind and self-denying

attentions of Fanny on that occasion, had restored the warmth and cordiality of first friendship.

Thus, bit by bit, Ellen's love for the country had quite vanished, and she had learned to sigh for old scenes, and the renewal of personal intercourse with old friends. Nay—such inconsistencies there are in human nature—she began to remember with softened, and even with regretful feelings, the very disadvantages of city life from which, so lately, she had rejoiced to escape. In a word, poor Ellen was discontented.

Let us, however, do her justice: Her affection for Lawrence was strong and genuine; and she really wished, in all things, like a good wife, to please him: so, except by constantly throwing out hints that he would be better off in London, she did not for a time show how really discontented she had become. But at length this feeling had burst through all restraints, and, declaring herself to be moped to death, and thoroughly miserable so far away from her own friends, she had extorted from him a promise—a most inconsiderate and unwise one—that if an opportunity should offer of bettering his condition by a removal to London, he would not oppose her wishes. This hasty glance brings us back to the cottage, the winter's evening, the sleeping child, the watching mother, and the open letter.

Presently, a gentle tap was heard at the window; it was Lawrence's signal—his private mark, he used to say—and Ellen hastily rose to unbolt the door and let him in.

"There," said she, as soon as her husband had exchanged dirty shoes for clean dry slippers, and had taken his seat on one side of the bright hearth; "there, Lawrence, read that." And Ellen's eyes were lighted up with pleasure.

The letter contained an offer, through George Hardham, Ellen's brother, of a permanent situation in the large and respectable London house where Carter had worked as an improver. The offer was a safe and liberal one.

"There," repeated Ellen; "now we shall be able to get away from this dreary place."

Lawrence sighed. "I wish it had been more pleasant to you, dear Ellen, as I hoped it would; but as it has not"—and he sighed again.

"Well, Lawrence, you will accept the offer, of course? Shall I write to George to-morrow, to tell him so?"

"Not to-morrow, Ellen; I must think about it, and see my father and Fanny first"—Ellen pouted—"and speak to Mr. Judd about it. I won't behave unhandsonely to him."

Mr. Judd was Lawrence's employer.

"Well, Lawrence, but you promised, you know—"

"And I will keep my promise, dear Ellen; but you must give me time to think."

A MARVELLOUS RECOVERY.

In the old time and in the Holy Land, on the shores of a beautiful lake, stood a straggling village. Some of its houses belonged to farmers and shepherds, and some of them were fishermen's huts. But tall above the rest rose a nobleman's mansion. Its owner was a friend of the

king,* and often went to the palace. He had one son whom he tenderly loved, and who, we dare say, he hoped would grow up to be a favourite at court, as well as the heir of his own wealth and titles. Like the other boys of Capernaum, no doubt the little noble had often sailed his mimic boat on the edge of Gennesaret, and explored the haunts of the comies and rock-pigeons up among the hills. But he was struck by a mortal sickness. His limbs shook and burned in the fever, and he could hardly lift his head from the pillow. His father got the best advice, but the doctors could do him no good. The great house was already beginning to wear that awe-struck, solemn aspect which a house puts on when it expects a visit from the king of terrors; and when neighbours inquired for the little lord, it was always the same answer, "He is not any better." The father saw him getting worse. Every time that he stole into the dim chamber and stood over the young sufferer, it was a more languid smile which returned his greeting—it was a weaker and hotter little hand he grasped in his. Even the sanguine father ceased to hope, and, as he paced the hushed apartments, the bow and quiver and the other neglected toys of the poor patient began to look like relics. Their owner would never handle them any more.

At this time, however, a wondrous rumour spread rapidly through all the Holy Land. A prophet had appeared, so mighty and so good that many thought him Messiah. Some of the nobleman's neighbours had lately seen him at Jerusalem, and they could tell what prodigies he had wrought, and what heavenly words he had spoken. A thought crossed the anxious parent's mind. Perhaps, like another Elisha, this great prophet could heal his dying child. But, to so great a prophet would it be sufficiently respectful to send a mere messenger? And what if that messenger should linger by the way, or should somehow mismanage the business? Yes, he would go himself. He would take another glimpse of the dear child, and then set out for Cana.

As he posted the thirty miles, through budding vineyards and green fields, many a thought rose in his bosom: a wonder whether this great prophet were indeed the Christ—a wonder if he were still at Cana—a wonder if he could be persuaded to undertake such a distant expedition—a wonder if even this would avail. Still, he felt as if he were carrying in his arms his dying boy, and the burden at his heart was lightening in his debt. Noon was just past, and the villagers were reposing after their mid-day meal, when the pilgrim espied in the valley the peaceful hamlet, the goal of his anxious journey. Its wonderful guest had not yet departed, and without any introduction the agitated father accosted the great Physician: "Sir, come down, and heal my son; for he is at the point of death." Already, with their morbid appetite for the marvellous, some of the Galileans had gathered around him; for Jesus answered, "Except ye see signs, and wonders, ye will not believe." The suppliant did not argue the point. Doubtless, he felt the reproof was well-merited; but, with the urgency of agonized affection, he only repeated his prayer,

* From the reading in the original it would appear that the nobleman had some office at court.

"Sir, come down, ere my son die." There is One who giveth liberally and upbraideth not; and the Man of Sorrows was not the man who would upbraid a breaking heart. With the look of one who wills and it is done, and in a tone of tender assurance, Jesus instantly answered, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." In that sympathizing look the father recognised omnipotence. In that gentle voice he owned the Almighty fiat. And convinced that all was well, the pilgrim resumed the road to Capernaum. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land, and on his homeward way his singing heart re-echoed the music of spring. To the eye of his faith, his son was again in health and gleesome vigour; to the same eye, Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ of God; and, earnest of the new life in his dwelling, he felt a new life in his soul. Nor did he need to wait till next day restored him to his mansion; for here, along the road, came the joyful servants to tell the news already known so well. "Thy son liveth." "Yesterday, at one in the afternoon, the fever left him." Yes, at one in the afternoon, and when the anguish-stricken father had been a day's march distant, interceding with Jesus, the fever vanished. It was not that the patient revived; it was not that his ebbing strength had rallied; it was not that the disease had taken a turn; but it had absolutely gone away. The fever left him, and the lad was well. Oh, happy father! oh, kind and mighty Jesus!

The servants told their master about his son, and now he told them about the Saviour. They had heard much concerning Jesus already, and now in their gladness they believed it all. As Messiah, and as all which he claimed to be, they hailed their wondrous benefactor. It was a believing family. The father believed, and so did his recovered son, and so did these kind-hearted servants. Sickness left the house, and salvation came to it. And although usually they were "the common people" who heard him most gladly, among the first-fruits of the Saviour's ministry were a Hebrew noble and his family.

Reader, the best thing you can do with sorrow is to carry it to the Saviour; and if you have never yet gone to him, that will be a blessed grief which gives you the first errand to this gracious and omnipotent Friend.

A RIVAL TO ELIHU BURRITT.

DR. BAINEs (says Miss Mitford) gave me a most amusing account of Cardinal Mezzofante—a man, in all but his marvellous gift of tongues, as simple as an infant. "The last time I was in Rome," said he, "we went together to the Propaganda, and heard speeches delivered in thirty-five or thirty-six languages by converts of various nations. Amongst them were natives of no less than three tribes of Tartars, each talking his own dialect. They did not understand each other, but the cardinal understood them all, and could tell with critical nicety the points in which one jargon differed from the others. We dined together; and I entreated him, having been in the Tower of Babel all the morning, to let us stick to English for the rest of the day. Accordingly, he did stick to English, which he spoke as fluently as we do,

and with the same accuracy, not only of grammar, but of idiom. His only trip was in saying, 'That was before the time when I remember,' instead of 'Before my time.' Once, too, I thought him mistaken in the pronunciation of a word. But when I returned to England," continued Dr. Baines, "I found that my pronunciation was either provincial or old-fashioned, and that I was wrong, and he was right. In the course of the evening his servant brought a Welsh Bible, which had been left for him. 'Ah,' said he, 'this is the very thing! I wanted to learn Welsh!' Then he remembered that it was in all probability not the authorized version. 'Never mind,' he said, 'I don't think it will do me any harm.' Six weeks after, I met the cardinal, and asked him how he got on with his Welsh. 'Oh!' replied he, 'I know it now. I have done with it.'"

OLD LETTERS.

WHO has ever casually opened a box or a budget of old letters, addressed to one's self, and began to read, without being chained to the spot, perhaps for hours together? The fascinations of those early loved ones, so near and dear, again surround you, and the realities of the past seem more identified with your existence than those of the present. The counsels and exhortations, and the affections and encouragements bestowed, from parents and elderly friends, are full of a deep and tender feeling, scarcely realized when they were first received. And then the little items of news, and railery, and the urgent invitations to visit, and sometimes to be present in scenes of interest, remind you of youth, and love, and beauty, which have passed away. Then comes, too, the mention of the death of those whose memory had almost faded from you, one's own charmed circle being as yet unbroken. Sad disasters come back with appalling distinctness, and pestilence rages and spends its force. Mere matters of feeling appeared of deep moment, and you almost smile at the perturbation of the youthful mind, now that you have seen the end of all. The then political news, with the marriages of the day, and the ideas of some about the impropriety of these matters, are before you now as matters of history; and you can hardly conjecture how the world would have gone on without these events. The inventions and discoveries just bruited, the books that were new, the first public appearance of the rising scholar (now a man of science and of letters), bring back "old times" most vividly. Some, whose early efforts and self-denial are spoken of with satisfaction, have led since then a bright career of usefulness, while many an honoured name, then prominent, has disappeared from the list of the living. The loving and the loved are scattered far and wide, and those who thought existence scarcely possible without frequently seeing each other, have not met for years and years, and strangers have taken their places.

LAZINESS.—Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Anecdotes and Factice.

QUID PRO QUO.—Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once, at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*.

THE DUKE AND THE HACKNEY-COACHMAN.—The Duke of Saxe-Weimar, when in New York, went one evening in a hackney-coach to a party; and the next day was called upon by the driver for his fare, who asked the Duke whether he was the man he had driven the night before; and, on being answered in the affirmative, informed him that "he was the gentleman that drove him," and that he had come for his half-dollar.

A GREENLAND FAMILY.—Captain Graah, on inquiring how many children a Greenlander possessed, was answered "four." His wife, however, contradicted him, declaring that there were "five;" nor could they agree about the matter till they counted them on their fingers, the only arithmetical powers of which they had any knowledge. Their names were, in English, Lump-soot, Round-knife, Child's-jacket, Blubber, and Old.

BOOK AUCTIONS were by no means common during the seventeenth century. They became fashionable at its close, and the death of Dr. Francis Bernard, who was an eminent physician, made them important. His library was sold in 1698, and produced no less a sum than 1600*l*. Upon this occasion, a well-known collector of books being recognised in the crowd which attended the sale, was appealed to by the auctioneer, "*Arch*" Millington, as he was called, who remarked that there was an important observation written in the volume he was about to sell, in Dr. Bernard's own hand. The consequence of this intimation produced a spirit of rivalry among the bidders; but when the book was knocked down at a high price, the purchaser read, to his astonishment—"*I have perused this book, and it is not worth a farthing.*"

BOYHOOD OF CAPTAIN COOK.—The discoveries of the English circumnavigator were owing to a particularly marked shilling. Young Cook was a native of Yorkshire, and served as apprentice to a merchant and shopkeeper in a large fishing town in that county. Some money had been missed from the till, and, to detect the delinquent, a very curiously marked shilling was mixed with the silver, which was accurately counted. On examining the till shortly after, this peculiar shilling was missing, and Cook was taxed with having taken it out; this he instantly acknowledged, stating that its peculiarity had caught his eye, but affirmed, at the same time, that he had put another of his own in its place. The money was accordingly counted over again, and found to agree exactly with his statement. Although the family was highly respectable, and therefore capable of advancing him in his future prospects, and also much attached to him, and very kind, yet the high spirit of the boy could not brook remaining in a situation where he had been suspected; he therefore ran away, and, having no other resource, entered as a cabin-boy in a collier.

BEAUTIES OF STYLE.—At the commencement of the sporting season, in 1821, the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat, the Hermitage, near Sevenoaks:—"This is to give notice, that Lord Camden does not mean to shoot himself or any of his tenants till the 14th of September."

HOW TO ENJOY A VENISON FEAST.—At a venison feast, Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but, to his great surprise, could not get a single word in answer, until at length his silent neighbour, turning to him, said, "Sir Joshua, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner time, as in endeavouring to answer your questions, I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat without fasting, it's flavoured."

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.—In Coleridge's time, the discipline at Christ's Hospital was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" Coleridge remembered Bower saying to him once, when he was crying the first day after his return from the holidays. "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying."

CURE AND KILL.—The late Lord Gardestone, himself a valetudinarian, took the pains to inquire for those persons who had actually attested marvellous cures, and found that more than two-thirds of the number died very shortly after they had been cured. Sir Robert Walpole, Lords Bolingbroke and Winnington were killed by curemongers.

DRESS AND MERIT.—Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

ORIGIN OF REFLECTING LIGHTHOUSES.—In the last century, at a meeting of a society of mathematicians at Liverpool, one of the members proposed to lay a wager, that he would read a paragraph of a newspaper, at ten yards' distance, with the light of a farthing candle. The wager was laid, and the proposer, having covered the inside of a wooden dish with pieces of looking-glass, fastened in with glazier's putty, placed his reflector behind the candle, and won his wager. One of the company marked this experiment with a philosophic eye. This was Captain Hutchinson, the dockmaster, with whom originated the first reflecting lighthouse, erected at Liverpool in 1763.

ADDISON.—Addison and Mr. Temple Stanyan were very intimate. In the familiar conversations which passed between them, they were accustomed freely to dispute each other's opinions. Upon some occasion Mr. Addison lent Mr. Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this Mr. Stanyan behaved with a timid reserve, deference, and respect; not conversing with the same freedom as formerly, or canvassing his friend's sentiments. This gave great uneasiness to Mr. Addison. One day they happened to fall upon a subject on which Mr. Stanyan had always been used strenuously to oppose his opinion. But even upon this occasion he gave way to what his friend advanced, without interposing his own view of the matter. This hurt Mr. Addison so much, that he said to Mr. Stanyan, "Either contradict me or pay me the money."

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SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

ISAAC WALTON.

PERHAPS a scene of greater bustle, compressed in a space so narrow, could hardly anywhere be found, than may be daily witnessed about noon, and for some hours afterwards, in the immediate vicinity of Temple-bar. What a host of jostling wayfarers on the pavement—like notes in a sunbeam—pressing on, as if heedless of one another's presence, exhibiting very plainly curious specimens of mental abstraction, and affording inexhaustible

materials for speculation on their thoughts and schemes. How the crowd stops, swells, gurgles, at the corner of Chancery-lane, like a dammed-up mill-stream, while some gigantic wagon or awkward omnibus impedes the passage, and leaves eager walkers on both sides like people on the shores of a river waiting for a ferry-boat. And, then, how confused is the assemblage of vehicles in the middle of Fleet-street, rattling with noisy earnestness and terrific speed, till, like a huge mass of machinery, it overdoes itself, a piece gets out of order, and the whole is stopped. And now

what perplexity and impatience! Omnibuses, carts, carriages, cabs, coaches, barrows, locomotive advertisers, and other indescribable things, become locked—anything but lovingly—in each other's embrace; some elegant chariot striving to get free from the arms of a brewer's dray, or some aristocratic "Clarence" tearing itself from the rude clasp of a plebeian "Hanson." A little opening made, and no leaders of a forlorn hope ever more boldly rush into the breach, than do bartenders with horse-hair wigs, and attorneys with blue bags, and bankers' clerks with leather cases full of bills, plunge into the vacant space, and thread their way through its perilous windings.

Are there any shadows of bygone times and men departed, bringing up memorials of the solemn, romantic, picturesque and tender, meeting us in *this scene of bustle*? Indeed there are. There be no spot more strikingly expressive of the present, there is not one in London more richly and variously redolent of the past. Here we are in the midst of the old inns of court, which arose in the infancy of the legal profession in England, and which were in the full bloom of their quaint dramatic splendour in the reign of James I. Under the narrow gateway, nearly opposite Chancery-lane, you enter the Temple, now the home of lawyers, once the abode of knights, who, in coats of mail and cross-decked mantles, reined their steeds in gaudy procession along this thoroughfare; or bowed their knees on the pavement of the famous round church, whose architecture places us in the very midst of the thirteenth century. Yonder house, with some traces of antiquity lingering on it still, was once, as the inscription on it imports, the palace of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey; and one sees bluff Harry and the Cardinal issuing forth from long since vanished portals on their way to see the setting of the city watch on Midsummer Eve. And is not that Temple-bar itself?—not the original Temple-bar, it is true, but yet a building carrying us back to 1670, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and associated with many city scenes since then, full of the antique spirit; especially that oft-repeated one, now sinking into desuetude, when the kings and queens of England and their marshals paused there, and knocked for entrance, asking for admission from my lord mayor. It tells of rebellions and of cruel punishments, when spiked heads were the grim adornments of the gate; and leads us to thank Almighty God for the more peaceful and humane habits of the present day.

But it is not our intention here to call back the shades of knights templars, or great lawyers, or city functionaries; no, nor yet to walk and talk with the spirits of the famous wits, from Ben Jonson to Addison, who frequented the house now turned into Child's bank; nor yet to step in and look at Goldsmith, in his lodgings within Brick-court, or Johnson, at No. 1, Middle Temple lane; that we may do some future day. Our thoughts are now fixed on one who was far removed in habit from men of the sword, gentlemen of the bar, and civic officials; but who, though neither a professed poet or philosopher, had in him some elements of both. We are thinking of old Isaak Walton, the immortal angler.

This seems hardly the place for meeting him.

We associate his name with silvery rivers and green meadows, trout streams and shady banks. How distinctly does his form, in the costume of the seventeenth century, appear before us, and how smilingly does his open countenance, with flowing hair, give us friendly greeting as we ramble alongside of the Lea, near Hoddesdon. And then in Dovedale—the romantic Dovedale—as we once wandered through its rock-girt and tree-crested avenues, and sat down among the rushes and watched the stream, and the dead leaves that we threw into it, to see them float round the eddies—did we not see Isaak himself, with rod and line and basket; and, as evening drew on, and the hills became a dark blue, and a deep shade gathered over the waters, did we not seem to hear him bidding good night to the scene of his day's sport, saying, "Go thy way, little Dove; thou art the prettiest of rivers, and the fullest of fish, that I ever saw!" But, after all, with the neighbourhood of Temple-bar, Isaak Walton had more to do than with either the Lea or the Dove. It was here he lived. We have no traces of his house remaining now, but we can identify the site. There lies before us an old print of part of Fleet-street, showing the end of Chancery-lane—a representation which we give at the beginning of this paper. It reminds us more of a street in old Paris, or Frankfort, or some Flemish city, than of anything to be found in the vicinity now. There is a tall narrow house of five stories at the corner, with bay windows carved and adorned in front, the edges of the stories supported by odd-looking corbels like caryatides, and the old dwelling crowned with a thatch roof. The second, a narrower strip of building, is a little modern; then comes the third, lower and broader than the first, with windows along the whole front. Here lived Isaak Walton.

Sir John Hawkins found an old deed, dated 1624, in which this house is described as abutting on a house bearing the sign of the "Harrow," and as being in the joint occupation of Isaak Walton and John Mason, hosier; whence he concludes that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton. This seems to make some critical antiquaries rather angry. They consider Isaak was a man of more worldly importance than this would indicate. He was a *Hamburg merchant*, say they, not needing much frontage, but letting a part of it off to a hosier, while he retained the whole dwelling-house. Be it so: for it appears not unlikely that Walton was above a little shopkeeper, since he had alliances and friendship with the great and wealthy. Walton took this house, we may imagine, in consequence of his intending to get married, for in 1623 he began, he says, a happy affinity with the family of his first wife, Rachael Floud, a descendant of Archbishop Crammer, to whom he was married in 1626.

Walton was born at Stafford, on the 9th of August, 1593, and it is conjectured that he served his apprenticeship, as a hosier, to a relation of his of the same name, in Whitechapel. Shadows of the boy Walton—belonging to a time when London apprentices were still a distinct and recognised class, though less boisterous and ungovernable than they had been—may therefore flit before our eyes the next time we go into that region of butchers' shops; but it is in Fleet-street, No. 3

from Chancery-lane, that we get our first distinct view of the genial fisherman. He did not publish his "Angler" there, nor any of his books; yet with the history or Hampshire trade, we doubt not, he associated, when a young man, not only his love for the rod and line, but an inkling after old books; and not only visited Mr. Margrave, who dwelt among the booksellers in St. Paul's churchyard—or Mr. John Stubbs, near to the "Swan," in Golden-lane, to purchase tackle—or went out on fine May mornings for a fishing excursion in the neighbourhood of Ware—or squatted a few hours on a summer day to throw in a line from London-bridge for the "leather-mouthed" roach, which, he says, were there "the largest and fattest in this nation." But sat down many a long winter night, with his wife Rachael, among black-letter books of history, divinity, and poetry. And we may well fancy that though none of his own works issued from the press while he lived in Fleet-street, there were in that old house growing up within him some of the curious thoughts he expressed in his "Angler," for the book is an image of himself—just a revelation of the man Walton—as his brother-in-law, Robert Flood, a frequent visitor no doubt at Fleet-street, used afterwards to tell him:—

"This book is so like you, and you like it,
For handless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest ingeniously, 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book and you."

Most probably, too, in this very house he began to collect materials for his charming "Life of Master Richard Hooker," for George Crammer, his wife's uncle, with whom at the time we refer to he must have been on intimate terms, had been one of Hooker's pupils. It requires no great stretch of imagination to see and overhear Walton and Crammer talking about old times, the latter telling the former of the great divine, his manner of life, his learning and meekness, his devotion and charity, and the former putting down, from the lips of the latter, in the thick cramped handwriting with which his autographs have made us familiar, facts and observations which became the germ of this invaluable piece of biography.

We are also within a few paces of another dwelling, in which the author and angler domiciled. Ten years after he came to Fleet-street, he went to live a few doors up Chancery-lane: there two sons were born, and his poor wife died, in 1610, after giving birth to an infant daughter. The same year Walton published his "Life of Dr. Donne," prefixed to the sermons of that eloquent divine. He also is one of the *genii loci* belonging to the region hereabouts, and his shadow meets us in company with his illustrious parishioner, for he was vicar of the parish of St. Dunstan, to which the house we have noticed belongs. We can see the vicar, with cropped hair, open forehead, arched eyebrows, full eyes, hands, some nose and lips, thick moustache, peaked beard, and high ruffled collar, sitting in the brown oak parlour of his friend; and then we go with Walton to the church of St. Dunstan, when Donne preached from the text, "To God the Lord belong the issues of death." "Many that then saw his tears," says Walton, "and heard his faint and hollow voice, professed they thought the text prophetically

chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon." The good man was well fit to die, for Walton tells us he said: "Though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sin and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me even at this present time some testimonies by his Holy Spirit that I am of the number of the elect; I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace." In anticipation of his death, the worthy divine did an odd thing with a pious intent, which had in it a dash of quaintness rather peculiar even in that quaint age. "A monument being resolved on," Walton tells us, "Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got, to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth: 'Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted so be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned inside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour, Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height, and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church.'"

This strange sort of monument is preserved, with other relics of old St. Paul's, in the crypt of the present cathedral. Just after the picture was drawn as above described, Donne "sent for several of his most considerable friends, of whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction." We enter the bed-chamber, cold and stately, with wainscot furniture and cedar bed, and there see the faithful and affectionate Walton, whose soul was formed to be an altar for the fire of friendship, reverently bending over his loved and honoured minister. He tells us of unknown mournful friends who repaired to the tomb of "Donne, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, and strewed it with an abundance of curious and costly flowers." We are ready to think he was himself one of the number. How beautiful the reflection he makes over the sepulchre in old St. Paul's: "He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God who first breathed it into his active body, that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust."

But," he adds, with sublime simplicity—the noble fruit of Christian faith—"I shall see 't reanimated."

Walton did not remain long in the parish after Donne had gone to heaven. His many bereavements there threw sad associations over the place. He could not read, and go a-fishing pleasantly as he had done. His losses made him look at things in the neighbourhood through a melancholy medium, which darkly tinged all he saw; so he took leave of the place, and we lose sight of him for awhile altogether. He goes off into darkness and silence, whither the antiquaries follow and look after him in vain, till years after his shadowy presence brightens upon us somewhere about Clerkenwell.

Troublous times came over England in 1640, indeed had long before come over it, but now burst into a storm. London was often in fierce commotion. King and parliament, parliament and royal army, agitated the citizens from Temple-bar to Whitechapel. Men plunged into political strife, felt with vehemence, and acted with energy. Out of all this the shadow of our angler seems to glide away in quest of nature's peace and loveliness. He was no party man, and had friends whom he retained on both sides, though his sympathies were doubtless with the royalists; and, indeed, we find him entrusted with one of the badges of the order of the garter—the lesser George, as it is called, which Charles II had delivered up to a friend for safe keeping after the battle of Worcester. "It was," says Ashmole, a friend of Walton's, "strangely preserved by Colonel Blaguc, one of that king's dispersed attendants, who resigned it for safety to the wife of Mr. Barlow, of Blarepipe House, in Staffordshire, where he took sanctuary; from whom Robert Milward, esq., received and gave it into the hands of Mr. Isaak Walton, (all loyalists). It came again into Blaguc's possession, then prisoner in the Tower, whence making his escape, he restored it to king Charles II." We suppose Walton gave or sent the treasure to the captive in the Tower. The quiet man of the angle was trustworthy and unsuspected. "He was well known," says his friend in the herald's office, "and as well beloved of all good men."

Walton mentions Ashmole in the "Complete Angler," and takes us down to his house at Lambeth, near London, where he shows us the antiquary's curiosities, abounding in specimens of natural history—to the heart's delight of the author, who pores over them there with unutterable interest. He enumerates "the hog-fish, the dog-fish, the dolphin, the coney-fish, the parrot-fish, the shark, the poison-fish, the sword-fish, and other incredible fish;" also the salamander and bird of paradise, snakes and solan geese, not forgetting the barnacles, which were said to grow on trees within shells like eggs, and then to drop off, and come out, soon to sledge and take their place with winged creatures—all of which is duly illustrated in a large wood-cut in Gerard's Herbal. In such recreations we can see Walton and Ashmole seeking relief from the angry storms of politics and war.

After leaving Chancery-lane, Walton married Anne Ken, half-sister of the nonjuring bishop of that name—a circumstance which links him with

another of the celebrities of that age, though Ken did not perform the act which has made his memory so famous in English history till after Walton's death. The resistance of James II's commands by the five bishops, who were imprisoned in the Tower, and afterwards so triumphantly acquitted, of whom Ken was one, did not occur till 1687. Walton died in 1683. In his will he deviseth to his son-in-law, Doctor Hawkins, and his wife, his title and right of or in part of a house and shop in Paternoster-row, which he held by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about fifty years to come. This lease he took in 1662, and the house was called the Cross Keys. Though he resided about that time very much with his friend Dr. Morley, then recently made Bishop of Winchester, whose palace was in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, yet his name thus certainly becomes associated with the realm of the booksellers; and we think of Isaak in Paternoster-row; as, indeed, independently of any local connexion through residence or property, we could not help being reminded of him there, since his popular works bring before us the shadow of his presence, looking down upon us as they do so invitingly from the shelves of every bibliopolist's shop.

We are no lovers of angling; for, beside thinking there is cruelty in the sport, we believe we can better employ our time even in the way of recreation, though this is a daring thing to say in the presence of Walton's shade, whose portrait, lying before us as we write, seems to knit its brows while we pen the words. Yet, for all that, we love Walton's book. There is a soft, gentle, benignant spirit pervading the whole, which irresistibly soothes us, when harassed with business and wearied with toil. We apprehend, that if we were to try to reduce to practice the fishing rules of the renowned author, we should, like Washington Irving, hook ourselves instead of the fish, and tangle our line in every tree, lose our bait, break our rod, and give up the attempt in despair, confessing that "angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it." But reading his book, not only under the green trees, but by the fire-side, and even in an omnibus going home from the city at eventide, has often refreshed us like the murmur of the brooks, and the fragrance of the cowslips, and the song of the early birds he so sweetly talks of. And if, perchance, we be careful and troubled about many things, and wonder how we are to obtain what is needful in this crowded world, so full of competition, it does us good to read such a passage as this: "When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

But much as we admire his "Angler," we admire, in some respects, his "Lives" still more, for though there are sentiments expressed and opinions indicated, with which we do not agree, we have brought before us portraits of piety, especially in the characters of Hooker, Donne, and Herbert, which may well awaken our Christian sympathies,

and stimulate us to holy imitation. But we are losing the shadow of the man among his books. We can trace him no further. In his last days he lived away from London with his son-in-law. He lies buried in Winchester cathedral.

We come back to Temple-bar, and pass under its dark shadow at the midnight hour. The moon is up, and little stars are opening their eyes and smiling over the city of sleepers. The streets are now still, very still, almost like the disinterred Pompeii. A few hours have made a mighty difference. The busy, noisy, bustling crowds have disappeared and melted away in silence. So, in a few years, writer and reader will disappear, and sleep the long sleep in the land of silence, where Walton, and Donne, and Ashmole, and all the rest of that generation, have been for nearly two centuries. We shall leave no shadow behind us, such as some of them have done. The most we can expect is that our children, perhaps our children's children, will sometimes think of us, and perchance image to themselves their ancestor from the old portrait, of us we may leave behind. Where then will the still living and conscious spirit be? Will it be in that glorious world of which Walton used to think in the dead hour of night, as he walked in some favourite grove? "He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth."

ALADDIN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE;

OR, SCIENCE VERSUS FAIRY-LAND.

[We are indebted to a lively correspondent for this sprightly *jeu d'esprit*. It happily illustrates what has been often remarked, that the marvels of modern science far excel, in wonder and interest, the oriental fables which were wont to consume, very unprofitably it must be admitted, so many of the golden hours of youth.]

The princess, on her entrance, requested Aladdin to proceed with the tale of his adventures in Inglesland. Aladdin, who it was remarked was without his wonderful lamp, made his obeisance, and continued thus:—

I arose, a few mornings after my arrival in Inglesland, and found myself at *Chatsworth*, with my precious lamp in my hand; and on beholding the wonders of crystal there displayed, was so enraptured, that in my ecstasy I involuntarily rubbed the lamp, on which a genie of an altogether new order and aspect appeared. "I am," said he, "the genie of this place." I have created what you now behold, and my name is Paxtoni. Dost thou wonder at these tiny erections? thou shalt see greater marvels than these!

On this he transported me to a most extensive range of architectural buildings, in which radiated, in all directions, long lines of polished iron, and above them were suspended interminable wires. Astonished, I turned to the genie for an explanation.

"This," said he, "is the centre of this kingdom, and is named *Derbi*. These lines and wires annihilate time and space." I then heard an awful rumbling as of thunder, and I beheld several huge monsters, of no earthly shape, rushing about in all directions, snorting and bellowing most hideous noises, as if some evil genii had broken loose.

"Fear not," said the genie, "these are only a part of the powers by which the antipodes are being brought into conjunction, and the two hemispheres embraced."

Very quietly and close beside us glided up one of these roaming monsters—and stooped; a slave opened a door in its side, and showed us a small room very luxuriously fitted up, with recumbent seats cushioned and padded on the sides; the finest carpet of Persia covered the floor, and the windows were all as of crystal. I also perceived there were many other such rooms, and that they were all attached to each other, and the whole to the snorting monster.

The genie motioned me to enter, and he took a seat beside me; no sooner were we seated than a dreadful scream was heard, and the monster swung off, drawing after it the whole cavalcade, or train, as it is called, containing above 200 men, women, and children. We proceeded at a speed I was quite unable to calculate, while hills, forests, rivers, and all objects, appeared to flee from us and instantly disappear. In a very short time above 100 miles were traversed, when we arrived at another enormous mass of buildings, having similar radiating lines and wires! The bellows of the huge monster as it flew along were terrific, and we saw it now being removed to its stable, snorting, and exhaling its breath like a summer cloud on the mountains of Kohistan.

On our arrival, one of the attendants came up to us, and, addressing the genie, whom he appeared to know, said: "Sir, have you not left a lamp behind?" Sure enough, in my overpowering astonishment at *Derbi*, I had forgotten my lamp, which I had laid on the table of the waiting-room. "It is all right, sir," said the man; "it is on the road, and will be here in a few minutes." I turned to the genie Paxtoni, to ask how could that man know that I had a lamp, and that it was left behind; and how could he possibly know that it was actually on its way after me? He smiled at my amazement, and thus said: "You fancied that we travelled too rapidly to be overtaken by anything, whereas, before you had been many minutes on the road, the lamp was discovered, and intelligence conveyed here with a description of your person, and instructions were sent from hence for its transmission by the next train. All this was completed in a few minutes." During this conversation another monster had arrived, when the genie said, "There is your lamp;" and an attendant from the new-arrival handed it to me.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" interrupted the princess. "Why this is more marvellous than the tablets of Shuraz!"

All this was passing wonderful, continued Aladdin; but there, I was, and there was my lamp. The genie Paxtoni then put me into a carriage having a single horse, and, as he followed me in, said to the slave who was in attendance upon us—

"*I park*."* What this word meant I did not comprehend; but the slave then shouted out the same word. I observed nobody driving the horse, yet we passed on at a rapid rate, and by a most circuitous road, until we entered an enclosed grassy plain, well timbered, with many diverging gravelled roads, when suddenly the horse stopped unbidden, and we alighted amid a vast throng of people!

Then, indeed, my astonished eyes beheld a far greater wonder than those of *Chatsworth*—an enormous and most gorgeous Palace of Glass! I turned to the genie quite bewildered: "Is this a Palace for the Hour?" I exclaimed. "No," said he, "it is the House of all Nations; or, as it is more generally called, *THE CRYSTAL PALACE*." I viewed it with increasing admiration and astonishment; the sun was irradiating it, and it appeared light and aerial, as if it had descended from the third heaven, although it included huge trees, apparently the growth of 100 years, which lifted their tall heads toward the wondrous glass firmament, above the miles of glass galleries that occupied the sides of the palace. Thousands of columns supported the crystal roof, which covered a space of eighteen acres. I again interrogated the genie, as to what mighty power had produced this glorious palace. "I planned it," he replied, very quietly, "on a sheet of blotting paper, and it was erected in a few weeks."

I was overwhelmed; astonishment overpowered me. The thousand past wonders were as nothing in comparison. At last I responded: "Glass is fragile; and plants of very swift growth are rapid to decay, even as the roses of Ormuz, which bloom one day to perish in the next!" "True," he replied; "but this could endure, if needed, for generations to come: 300 men have tried to break down its divisions, but could not succeed. One hundred thousand people occupy it at the same period of time, without the slightest effect upon its security. Nine miles of tables form a part of its furniture, beside an enormous weight of goods deposited in it by all nations."

We had entered the palace, when my attention was arrested by a performance on a gigantic organ, whose enormous tubes poured forth a volume of noble and harmonious sounds, such as may be heard in the paradise of the Hour. "What," said I, "has some great musical magician left the abodes of the faithful to perform again on earth?" "Oh no," said the genie, "it is a Cooper."† "Cooper!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said he; "I am no genie of music; it is not in my province: but who so proper to manage those huge pipes or barrels as a Cooper!" I was dumb.

After seeing all the internal wonders of this surpassingly wonderful palace, I once more turned to my powerful conductor. "Here," said I, "take this my once valued lamp; its powers are far, very far surpassed by your powers. The Genii of Steam and of Electricity are much more powerful than the Genie of the Lamp!" So I delivered it up to

the genie Paxtoni, who, as he took it, impressively replied, as he disappeared amongst the crowd, "Remember, Aladdin, that

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

THE CAPTURE OF AN ARMADILLO.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG READERS.

We had not eaten a morsel during that day, so we turned our attention to the piece of dried meat.

"Let us cook it, and make a soup," said Mary; "that will be better for the children." My poor wife! I saw that the ~~exhausted~~ fatigue she had undergone had exhausted her strength, yet still she endeavoured to be cheerful.

"Yes, papa, let us make soup; soup is very nice," added Frank, trying to cheer his mother by showing that he was not dismayed.

"Very well then," I replied. "Come, Cudjo, shoulder your axe, and let us to the mountain for wood. Yonder are some pine trees near the foot, they will make an excellent fire."

So Cudjo and I started for the wood, which was growing about three hundred yards distant, and close to the rocks where the stream came down.

As we drew nearer to the trees, I saw that they were not pine trees, but very different indeed. Both trunk and branches had long thorny spikes upon them, like porcupines' quills, and the leaves were of a bright shining green, pinnate, with small oval leaflets. But what was most singular, was the long bean-shaped pods, that hung down thickly from the branches. These were about an inch and a half in breadth, and some of them not less than twelve inches in length. They were of a reddish-brown, nearly a claret colour. Except in the colour, they looked exactly like large bean-pods, filled with beans.

I was not ignorant of what species of tree was before us: I had seen it before. I knew it was the honey-locust, or thorny-acacia—the carob-tree of the East, and the famed "agurabo" of the Spaniards. I was not ignorant of its uses either, for I knew this to be the tree upon which (as many suppose) St. John the Baptist sustained himself in the desert, where it is said, "his meat was locusts and wild honey." Hence it is sometimes called "St. John's Bread." Neither was Cudjo ignorant of its uses. The moment his eyes rested upon its long brown legumes, he cried out, with gestures of delight—

"Massa, Massa Roif, lokee yonder! beans and honey for supper!"

We were soon under the branches; and while I proceeded to knock down and collect a quantity of the ripe fruit, Cudjo went farther up among the rocks, to procure his fire-wood from the pines that grew there. I soon filled my handkerchief, and was waiting for Cudjo, when I heard him shout—

"Massa Roif, come dis way, and see de varmint—what him be?"

I immediately ran up among the rocks. On reaching the spot where Cudjo was, I found him bending over a crevice or hole in the ground, from which protruded an object very much like the tail of a pig.

"What is it, Cudjo?" I asked.

* We presume this is the Persian for Hyde Park, and that, from what follows, Aladdin had got into a Hansom cab, in which, as all our town readers know, though probably not our country ones, the driver is not visible to the party inside, being seated behind instead of before, as in ordinary conveyances.

† The name of the performer on Wallis's great organ.

"Don't know, Massa. Varmint I never seed in Vagginny—looks something like the ole 'possum."
 "Catch hold of his tail, and pull him out," said I.

"Massa Roff, I've tried ma best, but can't fetch 'im nollow. Look yar," and, so saying, my companion seized the tail and pulled, seemingly with all his might, but to no purpose.

"Did you see the animal when it was outside?" I inquired.

"Yes, Massa; see 'im, and chaso 'im till I free him yar in dis cave."

"What was it like?"
 "Berry like a pig—maybe more be like ole 'possum, but cumbered ab [redacted] shell, like a Vagginny turtle."

"Oh, then, it is an armadillo."

"An armadiller! Cudjo never hear o' dat varmint afore."

I saw that the animal which had so astonished my companion was one of those curious-looking things, which Nature, in giving variety to her creatures, has thought proper to form, and which are known throughout Mexico and South America, by the name of "armadillos." They are so called from the Spanish word *armado*, which signifies "armed," because that all over their body there is a hard shell-like covering, divided into bands and regular figures, exactly like the coats-of-mail worn by the warriors of ancient times. There is even a helmet covering their heads, connected with the other parts of the armour by a joint, which renders this resemblance still more complete and singular. There are many species of these animals, some of them as large as a full-sized sheep, but the generality of them are much smaller.

The curious figuring of the shell that covers them differs in the different species. In some, the segments are squares; in others, hexagons; and in others, again, they are of a pentagonal shape. In all of them, however, the figures are of a mathematical form and precision that is both strange and beautiful. They look, as though they were artificial; that is, carved by the hand of man. They are harmless creatures, and most of the species feed upon herbs and grass. They do not run very nimbly, though they can move much faster than one would suppose, considering the heavy armour which they carry. This, however, is not all in one shell, but in many pieces, connected together by a tough, pliable skin. Hence they can use their limbs with sufficient ease. They are not slow travellers, as turtles and tortoises. When they are pursued and overtaken, they sometimes gather themselves into a round ball, as hedge-hogs do; and if they should happen to be near the edge of a precipice, they will roll themselves over to escape from their enemy. More often, when pursued, they betake themselves to their own holes, or to any crevice among the rocks that may be near; and this was evidently the case with that which Cudjo had surprised. When they can hide their heads, like an ostrich, they fancy themselves safe; and so, no doubt, fancied this one, until he felt the sinewy fingers of Cudjo grasping him by the tail. It was evident that the animal had ran into a shallow crack where he could go no further, else we should soon have lost sight of his tail; but it was equally evident, that pulling upon that

appendage was not the method to get him out. I could see that he had pushed the scaly armour outward and upward, so that it held fast against the rocks on every side. Moreover, the claws, which are remarkable both for length and tenacity, were clutched firmly against the bottom of the crevice. It would have taken "a team of oxen to pull him out," as Cudjo remarked with a grin.

I had heard of a plan used by the Indians who hunt the armadillo, and who are very fond of his flesh; and as I was determined to try it, I told my companion to let go the tail and stand on one side.

I now knelt down in front of the cave, and, taking a small branch of cedar, commenced tickling the hind quarters of the animal. In a moment I saw that his muscles began to relax, and the shell to separate from the rocks, and close in toward his body. After continuing the operation for some minutes, I observed that he had reduced himself to his natural size, and had, no doubt, forgotten to keep a look-out with his claws. Seeing this, I seized the tail firmly; and, giving it a sudden jerk, swung the armadillo out between the feet of my companion. Cudjo aimed a blow with the axe, which killed the poor animal outright. It was about the size of a rabbit, and proved to be of the eight-banded species—reckoned more delicious eating than any other.—CAPTAIN REID'S *Desert Home*.

WINGED GEMS.

NEVER did we in our country hear so much of jewels, and never before did they sparkle and glare upon us in such peerless beauty and brilliancy as they have done within the last twelve months in Hyde Park. But we are not about to expatiate on the sceptre diamond of Russia; the Hungarian opal, the largest known pearl; or even on the far-celebrated Koh-i-noor, which has probably disappointed more expectations than it has ever gratified: these are "gems" indeed, but they are not "winged," and such alone are the chosen objects of our present contemplation. The latter are to be found, not among earth's mineral treasures, however precious; nor among its vegetable products, beautiful and splendid as many of them are; but among its feathered tribes.

Some of these exist, as is well known, in many lands. Various as are the soils, the plants, the climes of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there are birds which find in all these countries the means of subsistence and enjoyment. But there are others of a restricted domain; like the ostrich, which traverses the sands of Africa; the cassowary, which roams among the luxuriant vegetation of eastern isles; or the emu, which flies before the face of man as he invades its territory by enlarging his own, on the vast continent of Australia. Such, too, are the humming birds, on which we are now to dwell, which find their habitation neither in Europe, Asia, nor Africa, but in the great archipelago of islands between Florida and the mouths of the Orinoco, as well as the mainland of the southern continent, until it passes the tropic of Capricorn.

That, indeed, is no ordinary region for natural beauties. As the voyager approaches the land, he

beholds, perhaps, immense ridges of primitive mountains, traversed by deep ravines, and rising in succession to the very boundary of his vision. His eye may be delighted too by the brilliant tints of the foliage which covers these lofty heights, and by the dazzling insects which flitter about his ship, indicating the stores of animated nature. As he lands, and bends his way to the rocky woods, he may well be overwhelmed by his first sensations on beholding the productions of a tropical climate in their native soil. Plants reared in England only at great expense, and which even then attain only a puny and uncharacteristic form, flourish around him in all the vigour and luxuriance of their perfect existence. Surrounded by lofty airy cassias; broad-leaved, thick-stemmed cecropias; thick-cremated myrtles; large-blossomed bigonias; climbing tufts of the honey-bearing paullinias; far-spreading tendrils of the passion flower, and of the richly-flowering coronilla; above which rise the waving summits of Macauba palms: he seems to realize the fable of the garden of the Hesperides. The glory of these southern forests; the endless variety of forms; the contrasts of colour and size; the brilliant blossoms of even the largest trees; the scarlet, purple, blue, rose-colour, and golden yellow, blending profusely with every possible shade of green; language is altogether unequal to describe. Here branches may be observed covered on the under side with a hoary down, which in the heat of the day they turn up to the sun, so that whole patches of the surface seem covered with rich white blossoms; while, strikingly contrasted, there appears the coral tree, whose spikes of rich scarlet blossoms stand erect, rivalling in size those of the horse-chestnut of our own spring-time, and giving to the surface a glow of the brightest red; or the yucca, with its tulip-like flowers of the most vivid hues. There, moreover, are all the varieties of the cactus tribe, of which one of the most splendid is the night-blowing cereus, a flower of surpassing beauty; for its blossoms are nearly a foot in diameter, and the outer petals of a dark brown, while the inner ones are of a splendid yellow, which gradually shades off to the most brilliant white.

"Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruit, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints."

Such is the region of the humming birds, to which various significant names have been given,



STOKES' HUMMING BIRD.

and which the Indians, struck by the fire and splendour of their hues, call "hairs" or "tresses" of

the sun. In July and August, when the tree denominated *bois immortel* yields an abundance of bright red blossoms, which stay on its branches for several weeks, the different species of humming birds are very plentiful; then, too, they buzz like bees around the rich blossoms of the wallaba tree; indeed, there is scarcely a flower in the interior, or on the sea-coast of the isles they inhabit, which is not frequently visited by these radiant beings. They may be observed, as soon as the sun is risen, fluttering about the brilliant petals, but without ever fighting upon them. From the humming sound they then produce their common name is derived; but so rapid is the motion of their wings, that only the glittering, ~~and~~ the colours of them, can possibly be discerned. And as they pass onwards, now perhaps within a yard of the observer's face, yet gone in an instant, they look like winged, but changing gems—now a ruby, now an amethyst, now an emerald, and anon like glowing and burnished gold.

But let us look more minutely at these exquisitely beautiful creatures. The ruby-throated humming bird has, a descriptive name: its sto-



RUBY-THROATED HUMMING BIRD.

macher is of emerald brilliancy, and the same hue adorns its head; while sober and mingled tints are combined to form its other array. Others have a throat of brilliant white, descending a little like a lady's tucker, but, as if to compensate for this simplicity of colour, there is on each side an emerald sheen, and all around is set, as it were, with gems of the same splendid hue. In some instances this radiant tint adorns the stomach, and is heightened in effect by the richest ultramarine, which is profusely scattered over the head and the long feathers of the tail. Other cases there are in which the same part of the body is arrayed in feathers having the form of a lady's puff or tippet, set off, at the sides, by the most brilliant hues. But there is an almost endless diversity: thus, the head and wings are sometimes plain in hue, while the body is of the brightest mingled dyes; at other times, the tails are especially resplendent, the vivid colours passing over the whole surface, or broadly edging them, and leaving in the centre a streak or space of white; tufts of dazzling brilliancy not unfrequently adorn the head, or fall downwards from the beak; while the legs are like those of other small birds, except that they are unusually short, or emerge from little bushes of small feathers, technically called "boots," which are

either white, black, or of various hues. To this brief



BAR-TAILED HUMMINGBIRD.

and general description, it may be added, that no fewer than three hundred and twenty-five species of humming birds are now known, although the celebrated Linneus was acquainted with extremely few; that the bills vary in different individuals, those of the young being longer than those of adult birds; and that the plumage of the sexes is often widely different, the female being devoid of the rich lustrous green on the throat, and having only a rudiment of the white boots, which are both so conspicuous in the males.

Humming birds vary from a humble bee in size to that which we see in private and public collections. Every part of their structure is worthy of minute observation. The wing-shaft is peculiarly strong and elastic, the breast-bone is very large, the pectoral muscles have great strength, the plumage is "thick without burden, close as fishes' scales," while the shape, no less than the structure, of the wing admirably adapts it to rapid and long-continued flight. Small and feeble are their legs and feet, for no others are required by birds that keep their bodies in the air, apparently motionless, for hours together, and that settle off a twig only to preen their plumage, and to arrange the moss and down of their nests.

The facts now stated will serve to verify the poetic description of an American writer:—

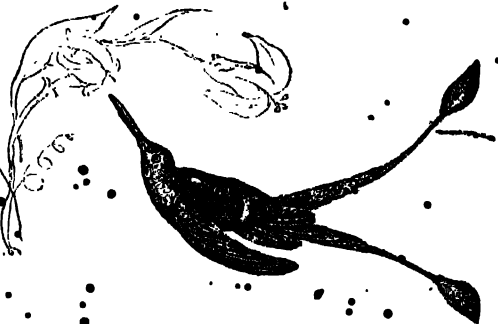
"When morning dawns, and the blest sun again
Lifts its red glories from the western main,
Then through our woodbines, wet with glittering dews
The flower-fed humming bird its round pursues;
Sips, with inverted tube, the honey'd blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams;
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast.
What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnish'd gold, that dazzling show—
Now sink to shade—now like a furnace glow."

Audubon, the eminent naturalist, who had enjoyed the best opportunities for studying this most interesting tribe of animated nature, emphatically exclaims: "Where is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over an extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen; where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who, on observing this beautiful fragment of the rainbow, would not pause and admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every

step discern, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in the admirable system of creation?"

One species alone never shows its beauty to the sun; and were it not for his lovely colours, the naturalist would be almost disposed to remove him from the tribe of humming birds, and to class him with the goat-suckers, because of his habits. He is the largest and longest of the humming birds, and is of mingled red and changing gold green, except the head, which is black; as are also two long tail-feathers, which cross each other. He is never found on the sea-coast or where the water is salt, or about the trees of a forest, except fresh water be there. He keeps by the side of the woody fresh-water rivers and dark and lonely creeks, leaving his retreat before sunrise to feed on the insects hovering over the water, returning to it as soon as the rays of the solar orb cause a glare of light, continuing sedentary all day long, and only emerging again a short time after sunset. What a singular exception does he present to the general habits of his race!

Although the blossoms of shrubs and trees of every kind attract the humming bird, yet tubular flowers are its greatest favourites, not so much on account of the nectar they contain as for the insects which crowd the recesses of the blossom to



ROUGH-LEGGED NODDY-TAILED HUMMINGBIRD.

feed upon its sweets. Arriving before a thicket of them when fully blown, the little creature poises or suspends its radiant body on the wing for the space of two or three seconds, so steadily, that its little pinions become invisible, or only like a mist; and then it is that the pupil of the eye may be distinguished working round with great rapidity and wariness, while the glossy golden green of its back and the fire of its throat, alike radiant and dazzling in the sun, appear as a cluster of the brightest gems. Its only note is a single chirp, not louder than that of a small cricket or grasshopper, and generally uttered when passing from flower to flower, or while engaged in some battle with its fellows; then the combatants ascend in the air, and chirp as they dart and circle round each other, till the eye is no longer able to follow them. A humming bird will attack and tense, for a few moments, the king-bird; and in its turn is assaulted by the humble bee, which, however, it soon puts to flight. This little creature is one of the few birds which seems to be a favourite with all.

The humming bird sometimes places its nest on the upper side of a horizontal branch, and not among the twigs; at others, it is attached by the

side to an old moss-grown trunk; and, more rarely, to a strong rank stalk or weed. When a branch is selected, it is usually not many feet from the ground.



NEST OF HUMMING BIRD.

"A very complete one," says Wilson, the celebrated ornithologist, "is lying before me, and the materials of which it is composed are as follows:—The outward coat is formed of small pieces of a species of blueish grey lichen, that vegetates on old trees and fences, thickly glued on with the saliva of the bird, giving firmness and consistency to the whole, as well as keeping out moisture. Within this are thin, matted layers of the fine wings of certain flying seeds, closely laid together: and lastly, the downy substance from the green mullein, and from the stalks of the common ferns, lines the whole. The base of the nest is continued round the stem of the branch, to which it closely adheres; and, when viewed from below, appears a mere mossy knot, or accidental protuberance. The eggs are two, pure white, and of equal thickness at both ends."

With the following illustrative incident our paper must be concluded. A young man, a few days before his departure from Jamaica, surprised a female humming bird in the act of incubation, caught it, removed the branch on which the nest was, and carried them very carefully on board the ship. The little creature became sufficiently tame, during the passage, to suffer herself to be fed with honey and water, and actually hatched her offspring; but she died at the close of the voyage. Two young ones, however, survived it, and came into the possession of Lady Hammond and Sir Henry Englefield; they were sufficiently tame to take honey with their bills from the lady's lips, but one speedily died, and the other only lived two months after its arrival.

"IT'S GOOD TO LET WELL ALONE."

CHAPTER II.

ONE summer evening, some twenty months after the date at which our first chapter rather abruptly broke off, crowds of idlers and sight-seers lined the river-side of Cheyne-walk, London, while other crowds thronged old Chelsea-bridge, looking intently down the river towards Vauxhall.

There was to be a boat-race. Starting from the Red-house, in Battersea-fields, a certain number of eight-oared boats, or rather their respective crews, were to compete for a prize; the race-course, if such a term is allowable, being up the river to Putney-bridge, through one of its arches, and then back again to the stairs at the foot of the bridge, called indiscriminately Battersea or Chelsea.

Presently, the competing boats, long and slender,

sharp at the bow and delicately tapering off sternward, were seen cutting the water steadily and swiftly; while the rowers, stripped of all incumbrances, with necks and arms bare, bending in unison at every stroke, and feathering their oars at the same moment and with the exactest precision, were straining every nerve, some to maintain, and others to gain the leading position.

It was an exciting spectacle; the river studded with craft of various sizes and sorts, every available space of bank lined with spectators, and many a window in the long line of houses from Paradise-row to Chelsea church lively with anxious gazers also. Swiftly the race-boats came on amidst the encouraging cheers of watchers from bank and bridge; at half-boat length apart, they shot the narrow arches of Chelsea: and, passing old Battersea church, were soon hidden by a bend of the river from the sight of those who, from the bridge, had hitherto marked their progress. But, almost to a minute, some of these watchers knew when to look out for the return of the racers, and, at the expiration of the time predicted, shouts were heard, "Here they come!" One boat was in advance of the rest, and steadily she maintained her advantage. Cheers from the now doubly-thronged bridge stimulated the straining oarsmen to a last and decisive effort. It was successful; the bridge was gained, the arch shot, the right-hand tiller-rope gently strained by the steersman; two strokes more and the oars were shipped, while, amidst loud congratulatory cheers from the bridge, and a salute from the tavern, the victorious boat, like a thing instinct with life, glided merrily to its goal. Then followed, one after another, its competitors in the race: but with these our story has nothing further to do.

It was plain to see, when the successful crew stepped out of the boat, and not till then, how severe and exhausting had been their labour. Among them was one, who, above all the rest, had evidently exerted his physical powers far beyond their proper limits. Blood was gushing from his nose and mouth, and apparently oozing from the pores of his skin. He staggered rather than stepped upon the stairs, and then sunk powerless. A friendly arm caught him as he fell; and he was carried thence to the foot of the bridge. In a few minutes he had sufficiently revived to step into a chaise, hastily obtained at a neighbouring yard, by a friend who had watched the progress of the race from the bridge, and who, after wrapping a loose coat round the exhausted oarsman, gave directions to the driver to proceed over the bridge towards Lower Sloane-street. Meanwhile, the crews of the race-boats, having refreshed themselves at the tavern, re-embarked, and proceeded leisurely towards the Red-house, to conclude, as they might see fit, the business and the pleasure of the evening.

But what has this sketch of a boat-race on the Thames to do with Lawrence Carter? Simply this: the exhausted oarsman was our friend Lawrence, and to account for his appearance in such a scene we must once more turn back a page in his history.

Ellen's plan had been carried out, and contrary to the advice of Lawrence's father, who warned his son that, according to his views, the call to Lon-

don was no fall of Providence; contrary, too, to the wishes of Lawrence's employer, who did not like parting with a clever, sober, and conscientious workman—the young couple removed to London.

It was with doubt and regret that Lawrence packed up his furniture, and sent it off by the wagon, directed to the new home which George Hardham had provided for him; and when, at last, he said "good-bye" to his father and Fanny at the garden-gate of the cottage, and, with his wife and child, mounted the coach; and when he gave the last look at the home of his young married life, and the birth-place of his child, his heart almost failed him. But the step was taken, and it was too late to retract.

The journey to London was a dismally uncomfortable one. It was mid-winter; and not clear, frosty, and sunny, as some mid-winter days are; but wet and cold. Very glad was Lawrence when the journey was ended. That night was passed at the house of Ellen's brother; and the next day Lawrence took possession of his new home, which was not far off. But what a contrast to his old home—his poor deserted cottage! For the convenience of being near to his workshop, and that, at the same time, Ellen might be near her friends, a small house had been taken for them in a narrow street near Chelsea Hospital, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the St. Giles of that part of London, then called Jew's-row.

Lawrence's heart sunk within him, as, after as thorough a cleansing of the dirty little house as could be given, he unpacked his furniture, and assisted Ellen in making the place look homely. Never before had he done so hard a day's work as was the work of that day. But Ellen was in high spirits; this was something; and when, at night, he sat down to a bright fire in the little sitting-room, enlivened with his own neat furniture, and shut in from the noisy street with folding shutters and clean thick curtains, his own spirits were slightly raised too; and he tried to persuade himself that even a London home may have its comforts. And so it may; and if duty had plainly and imperatively called Lawrence Carter to forego the advantages of his former situation and pleasant cottage home, and fixed his residence in a spot still more barren of external comforts, he might have been happy. But then, and day after day, through succeeding weeks and months, as he walked to and from his shop, through uninviting localities, and thought of his country home, he could not avoid asking himself, and sometimes very reproachfully, "Why did I come here? What business had I to leave that home?" True, it was to please his wife; and, to please her, Lawrence had been and was yet ready to sacrifice his own pleasure; but Ellen herself, after the novelty of the change was over, relapsed into (it is hard to say it, but it is the true word.)—into discontent. In fact, her hopes and wishes were not realized.

She had complained of the loneliness of the country; but she experienced more real loneliness in London. Of the old friends with whom she had hoped to keep up constant personal intercourse, she was surprised to find how few remained just in the position in which she had left them. In the two or three years that had intervened, some had disap-

peared altogether; some had removed to other districts;

"Some were married—some were dead."

Of them all, indeed, her brother George alone had remained to give her and her husband a warm and hearty welcome to London. And he, somehow, seemed changed. She had left him steady, serious, and hopeful; perhaps he was so still; but it seemed to Ellen that there was a difference—what it was she could not tell: perhaps it was in herself.

Worse than this, a change seemed gradually to come over Lawrence. It was not that he was less affectionate than before; nor could she account for the alteration, or explain to herself in what it consisted. Alas! it was the alteration which takes place in every man—in every religious man—who, turning, partially at least, from "the fountain of living waters," hews out "cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Cut off, in a great measure, from congenial society, and thrown more than ever into that of the careless and irreligious; losing the watchfulness which is enjoined by their Great Master upon his disciples, "lest they enter into temptation," and more and more dissatisfied with himself—Lawrence underwent a sad change.

It was on a summer's evening, two or three days previous to the boat-race, that as Lawrence and his brother-in-law were returning from work they were met by a young man slightly known to them both. "Well met, Hardham, you are just the man I wanted to see. The race is to come off on the fourth."

"Well."

"Well, we want you to take an oar. Rawson has shirked: his mother, or some other old woman, has put in her oar, and he won't have anything more to do with it. We want you to take his place. Will you?"

"No, I won't. I am out of practice; and I never was up to the mark. Now, here's Carter; he is your man if you want one."

The temptation came unawares, and, compared with its strength, the opposition offered by Lawrence was very feeble. He had always, as we have said, had a great liking for boating; he was confident in his skill and strength; he was, in some degree, in practice; for, during the past month or two, his principal recreation had been a solitary row on the river, to which his residence was sufficiently near; and he thought the excitement of the race would do him good.

There were two considerations which Lawrence passed over slightly in his own mind before promising his assistance in the race. The first related to the company into which he would be cast; and the other, to the want of bodily training for such exertion as the race would call forth. As to this, however, he made sure that the practice he had recently had, and the skill, of which he was somewhat vain, would be sufficient to avert any bad consequences. Here, as we have seen, he was grievously mistaken. And with regard to the company into which this compliance would introduce him—to be sure, it was one thing, he knew, to take a quiet, sober row upon the river, either alone or in company with some friends; and another, to join in the excitement and accompanying excesses

of a race. He knew that his companions would be, some of them, men of indifferent character, and of low if not vicious habits; and he knew, also, that it was an indulgence which entailed upon him serious expense—while many purer and cheaper sources of enjoyment and innocent relaxation were open to him. But, indeed, Lawrence gave in readily little thought to the subject; and confident in his own power of resisting temptation, he merely stipulating that as soon as the race was over he should return home, he gave his promise. We have told the result.

A week after the boat race, Lawrence Carter's employer summoned his foreman into the counting-house.

"How is it Carter has not been at work for a week?" he asked.

"He is ill, sir."

"Ill! do you know what is the matter with him?"

"No, sir; not exactly."

"Oh! not exactly! Well, then, I believe I can tell you, at least this paper can;" and the cal ink-maker pushed towards his foreman a news paper, and pointed to a paragraph in which was an account of the boat-race, and in which Lawrence's name appeared as one of the winning crew; together with the effects of his over-exertion.

"There, that is what is the matter with him; and you may strike his name off the book. If my men choose to knock themselves up by pranks of this sort, they must take the consequences. My business is not to stand still for them."

"Carter is a good hand, sir," said the foreman.

"So much the worse. It is these good hands that think they may twist us employers round their fingers as they please; but they shall find they are mistaken though. You will be so kind as to let him know he may send for his tool-chest; and then have done with him."

The man withdrew; and, in a few hours, Lawrence knew that he was "out of work." But this was of comparatively small importance; he was seriously ill. Weeks and months of painful debility, the result of internal injury, followed; and they were weeks and months of privation and anxiety also. But then it was that the better traits of Ellen's character shone out brightly. Without one murmur or reproach, she devoted herself to the consolation and comfort of her husband, and to the endurance of fatigue, watching, and self-denial, for his sake. She had no longer any selfish thoughts or wishes of her own to gratify; and as every day brought with it an added load of care for the future, she strove only to lighten the burden for him, by bearing it herself.

Ah, but not herself alone; there was another Bearer. There are such words as these to be found in the best of all books, and the Christian knows their value—their entire truthfulness:—"Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and He shall sustain thee: He will not remove the burden, perhaps, but impart a giant's strength to bear it. Thus was it with Ellen. She was humbled and contrite; she sorrowed for her errors. Thus, too, was it with Lawrence. It was good for him that he was afflicted. He sorrowed also; but after a right sort. He was led to read his Bible more, to pray more earnestly, and to ask, in the name of the Great

Advocate, the forgiveness of all that was past, and for the aid of the Holy Spirit to enable him to keep his resolutions of amendment. Yes, reader, there is such a thing as an answer to prayer; there is such a thing as a "peace that passeth all understanding;" and Lawrence felt again that peace to which he had been long a stranger.

It was winter again; in the country, snow was deep on the ground; the street in which Lawrence lived was ankle deep in black slush, which had perhaps once been snow. It was evening; and there was a light in Lawrence's dwelling. Lawrence was there; his health was returning—slowly. He was polishing and sharpening his long-unused tools. Ellen was there, and the little Ellen: pale they all were, but not wretched; no, nor discontented now. The room was somewhat bare of furniture, so was the whole house. The book-case was gone, so were most of the books it had contained, so was the chest of drawers, so was one of the bedsteads; but all comfort was not gone, nor cleanliness, nor hope.

"And shall you be strong enough to-morrow, dear Lawrence, to be out looking for work, all day perhaps?"

"Oh yes; I am sure I have been idle long enough; and what a mercy, Ellen, that I am strong enough to work now. Cannot we say, Ellen dear, that our chastening has been for our profit?"

Yes, Ellen thought so; she hoped so; she might have said so; but a knock at the door interrupted her. She went and opened it. In the street was a cab, but they had not heard it for the soft snow mud. Ellen strained her eyes to see who should alight from the cab, for it was the driver who had knocked. The visitor was a female; it was Fanny Carter!

"I could not stay away any longer, Lawrence," she exclaimed, after the first surprise was over. "Dear Ellen, I did so want to see you; and father wished me so to come. We have been in such trouble about you; first, not hearing so long, and then that last letter."

"Dear Fanny, it was like you," said Lawrence; and Ellen did not pout now.

"I saw Mr. Judd before I came away, Lawrence; and he would like you to come back again. Will you Lawrence?"

Lawrence looked to Ellen for an answer.

"Oh ye, yes, yes; dear Lawrence, yes;" and, for the first time since the night of the boat-race, Ellen's feelings overflowed her.

"You can live in the town, Ellen; I have partly taken rooms for you; for I hoped and believed I could persuade you to come back;" and Fanny wept in sympathy with her sister.

But how to get back again? Oh, there was no difficulty about that. Between Fanny and their father, that could be managed; and it was; and Lawrence was not too proud—though, at one time, it may be, he would have been too independent—to receive such help. In a few days the dwelling in the street was empty.

It was the noon of a fine spring day; and Lawrence's dinner-hour. When he reached his home he found Fanny there; and Ellen looked pleased,

and little Ellen looked pleased. She had been for "such a nice walk with mother and aunt," she said, as her father caught her up in his arms.

"Do you know what Fanny came for, Lawrence dear?" asked Ellen.

"No, I do not indeed, except to have a bit of dinner with us; which I hope she will."

"Of course; but that wasn't it. Dear husband"—and Ellen's voice trembled with earnestness—"our old cottage, our dear old cottage, is to be let. Fanny came to tell us, and we have been to look at it. Shall we go and live there again? Say yes, dear Lawrence."

And Lawrence *did say* "Yes," and many a happy day did they spend in that old cottage, without one discontented thought; for they had both found, by experience, that sometimes "it is good to let well alone."

THE WHITE WOMAN'S CAPTIVITY AND RESCUE.

A PARTY recently engaged in exploring Cape York peninsula—a portion of New Guinea—was greatly surprised by the appearance of a young white woman who claimed their protection. Her remarkable story may be told in few words; but it is given, with all its details, by Mr. John Macgillivray, the naturalist to the expedition.

Her name is Barbara Thomson, and she emigrated from Aberdeen, her native place, with her parents, to New South Wales. About four years and a half ago she left Moreton Bay, in a small cutter, with her husband, to pick up some of the oil from the wreck of a whaler, lost on the Rampton shoal, to which they were to be conducted by one of the crew, and from thence they were to proceed to Port Essington. A quarrel arose, from the man acting as pilot not being able to find the wreck; two men were drowned, another was left, like Alexander Selkirk, on an uninhabited island, and the rest made their way to Torres Strait, where, during a gale, their ship struck upon a reef on the east of Prince of Wales Island. The two remaining men were lost in attempting to swim on shore through the surf; but Mrs. Thomson was rescued by a party of natives.

One of these blacks, named Boroto, took possession of her as his prize; with him she was compelled to live; well treated by the men, but far otherwise by the women, from feelings of jealousy. A singular tradition produced a change in her circumstances. It is generally believed throughout Australia and the islands of Torres Strait, so far as hitherto known, that the white people are the ghosts of the aborigines. Under this impression, Piaquai, the chief of the tribe, fancied that he recognised in the stranger a long-lost daughter, of the name of Gi'om; he at once admitted her to the relationship which he thought had formerly subsisted between them, and she was immediately regarded by his people as one of themselves. From their head-quarters being on an island, which all vessels passing through Torres Strait from the eastward must approach within two or three miles, she cherished ardent hopes of being rescued from her captivity; but she had long to suffer the most bitter disappointment.

In each successive summer she saw twenty, thirty, and even a greater number of vessels proceed on their way, without anchoring in the neighbourhood, so as to afford her the slightest opportunity to escape. Last year she heard of the two vessels of the exploring party, described as a big and a little war canoe, being at Cape York—only twenty miles distant—by some of the tribe who had visited them and been well treated; but they would not take her over, and even watched her more narrowly than before. On a second visit of the exploring party, which the Cape York people immediately announced by smoke to their friends the islanders, she succeeded in persuading some of them to take her across to the main-land, within a short distance of where the vessels lay. Their motive for doing so, was, however, far from disinterested; for they thought that Gi'om had been so well treated that she had no desire to leave them, and that she only wished once more to see and shake hands with the white people; and intimated that she would be sure to obtain some axes, knives, tobacco, and other much-prized articles.

On landing, she hurried onwards as quickly as she was able, fearful lest the blacks should change their minds; and it was well she did, as a small party of men followed to detain her, but arrived too late. Three of them were brought on board at her own request, and as they had been instrumental in saving her from the wreck, each one was presented with an axe and other gifts. On being asked by Captain Stanley if she preferred remaining or returning to the island, she was so much agitated as to find difficulty in expressing her thankfulness. Mingling scraps of English with the Kowriaga language, and then suddenly recollecting that she was not understood, she blushed deeply, and, with downcast eyes, beat her forehead with her hand, as if to assist in collecting her scattered thoughts. At length, after a pause, she was able to say: "Sir, I am a Christian, and would much rather go back to my own friends."

Wretched and dirty was her appearance when she first sought protection of the party, who were disposed to pass onwards without any further notice. But, startling was the effect of the few English words, "I am a white woman—why do you leave me?" A few leaves were her only covering; her skin, tanned and blistered in the sun, showed the marks of several large burns, which had been received from sleeping too near the fire on cold nights, and she was suffering from ophthalmia, which had previously deprived her of sight in one eye. But the kind attention of Captain Stanley, who provided her with a cabin and a seat at his table, combined with medical attention, very soon restored her to health, and in this state her parents at Sydney eventually received—after this series of most extraordinary circumstances—their long-lost child.

THE PROJECTED RAILWAY TO INDIA.

A COMPANY of British speculators propose a new route to India, by which a man may in seven days transport himself from London to Calcutta. Carriages and locomotives, rushing over iron lines, are to replace steam-ships, camels, oceans, and

canals. Instead of harbours, we shall enter stations; instead of passing through straits, we shall fly over viaducts; instead of paddling between rocks, we shall be whirled through tunnels. The magnificent floating hotels of the Oriental Company will become vulgar means of transport. None but old-fashioned people will think of travelling by them. When we, the "men of progress," spend our summer season in a country-house among the Neizgherry hills, we shall not dream of going by those antiquated conveyances, by which persons now waste a whole month in the journey to India. We shall go down to Gracechurch-street, take our second-class ticket by the "Great Eastern, Calais, Constantinople, Orontes, Euphrates, and Calcutta Railway," and with a moderate-sized carpet-bag, full of sandwiches, pork-pies, and sherry, take our seats. The whistle will start our trains, and we shall be off as though it were to Liverpool or Bath; for no stoppages are to be allowed by the way, except to take up or set down passengers.

This looks like pleasantry, and so it is, but only in the manner of expressing our anticipations. It is exactly what the projectors propose, and what we believe can and will be accomplished. Whether, however, will that train convey us? What scenes shall we pass by the way?

In the first place, let engineers project as they please, the channel will still separate the British islands from France. Two hours of rolling and pitching over salt water there must be—until, at least, the art of mechanics allows a suspension-bridge to be swung between Dover cliffs and the rocks of the opposite continent. At present, none will blame us if we consider such an achievement impossible. A steam-packet must be employed. We therefore start with Calais. Every one knows that town, which needs, therefore, no more notice. Thence to Calcutta the ground is new; that is, as the overland route to India.

The route by way of Egypt consists of two stages, besides the channel, making 8075 miles; that is, from Marseilles to Alexandria, and from Suez to Calcutta. The second is by far the longer, leading the voyager, as it does, round two-thirds of the Arabian peninsula. The proposed route would be exactly 5600 miles from the booking-house in Gracechurch-street to the terminus in the capital of the great Bengal presidency—the former metropolis, indeed, of British India.

From Calais the line runs to the painted city of Ostend, with its Chinese variety of colours and quaint style of building. There the traveller may muse over the change of times, and compare the whistle of the engine and the hum of passengers' voices with the fearful sounds of war which, 250 years ago, drenched the surrounding soil with the blood of ten myriads of men. Proceeding through a flat, populous, and fertile country, he will reach Cologne, fruitful in corn and wine, with its ancient crescent-shaped city, its vast cathedral, its purple shrine of the three wise men, and its other curiosities. Abundance of timber, rich mines of iron, plenty of coal, and an industrious people, have accumulated great wealth in the surrounding provinces, and offer facilities for the construction of railroads, as well as merchandise for them to transport when completed. Then we roll on to Augsburg, situated in a beautiful plain—a large

and handsome city, which will afford interest to all the excursionists, supposing they stopped there for refreshments. From this they will fly along the flat provinces of Lombardy, most favourable to engineering enterprise, and visit the dark, steep, winding streets of Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic, with its ancient remains, its gigantic hospital, its cathedrals, churches, and picturesque scenery. Thence, amid new landscapes, new people, new associations, they will be borne forward over the iron road, until the west is left behind; the east is reached; the cross disappears; the crescent glimmers overhead; turbans and flowing robes succed to stiff broadcloth and barbarous hats; women clothed in graceful costumes, contrast with the heavily-wrapped figures of the north; and the city of Constantinople, with its golden domes, its glittering cupolas, its fairy-like minarets, its groves of elegant trees, and all its variety of form and hue, flashes on the sight like the creation of enchantment!

We need not dwell on the physical capabilities of the countries lying between Ostend and Orsova, on the frontiers of the Ottoman empire. Whatever the difficulties may be, science and wealth have determined to surmount them, for a railroad has already been resolved upon all the way. The whole plan is completed, and its execution may be looked upon as certain. Thence to the City of Sultans is only 345 miles. Turkey in Europe offers, as far as its surface is concerned, many facilities for the construction of a railway. Lines of hills, indeed, intersect it; but they are pierced by long regular valleys, not very sinuous, and labour is comparatively cheap. The government is most anxious to promote an undertaking of the kind, and, under its favour, the land on both sides of the line might be purchased at a low price. From Constantinople to Bassorah on the Persian Gulf is 1355 miles: 455 of these extend eastward from the mouth of the Orontes to the valley of the Euphrates. Commencing, therefore, with a tubular bridge to connect Europe with Asia, the route would be across a tract by no means such as to offer any formidable obstacles to the progress of a railroad. The ranges, unlike those of northern India, are far from impenetrable. Long, wide, clear valleys, with a smooth level, open them at intervals. In America far greater difficulties have been surmounted. Their indomitable spirit leads the citizens of that noble commonwealth to assail, indeed, the most formidable barriers of the earth; but they do achieve what they dare attempt, and the line of 1520 miles just completed by the state of Massachusetts should shame us from timidity. They propose to tunnel through the Rocky Mountains, and connect the city of Independence in Missouri with San Francisco in California. If that be considered feasible, why not the route from Orsova to Hyderabad?

The traveller might take a stroll about Antioch—which is remarkable for being one of the cheapest places in the world. A recent author tells us that he tried to be extravagant there, but could not. Passing down the beautiful vale of Elghab, we whirl along the valley of the mighty Euphrates, whose whole course is 1985 miles. On the banks of that celebrated stream—the "joy-making river" of classic times—once stood cities "the glory of

kingdoms;" but desolation now reigns in their place. Man, as Tacitus says, has made a solitude there and called it peace; though it would speedily bloom again at the apparition of steam. The length of valley to be occupied by the railway is about 900 miles. From Babylon to Bassorah on the sea, the train would shoot along over a plain almost perfect, the rate of inclination being only six inches and a half in every mile. The formation is chalky, and the level nature of the country is proved by the fact that it was formerly intersected in all directions by long, artificial canals, with scarcely any locks. All the traces, however, of its ancient prosperity have disappeared, and the vast and fertile countries watered by the Euphrates are so many melancholy deserts.

Reaching Bassorah, with its corn-fields, its date-groves, its gardens, its eastern aspect, and its busy port, we continue our route and enter Persia. A low tract of country, running along the sea the whole length of the gulf, affords a line for the railway. Its formation is stony, but comparatively smooth, and would present no serious difficulties in the way of the engineer. Thence through Baluchistan the same capability is offered. A flat country borders the ocean, and by this route the locomotive may speed onwards over the Indus, and thence to the city of Calcutta.

The projectors of this magnificent undertaking allow themselves fourteen years for its completion. We seriously believe that if supported as they should be, by government and by the public, their success will answer their expectations. Obstacles, indeed, there are. Rivers are to be bridged; hills are to be tunneled; cuttings are to be made through broad and rugged tracts; viaducts are to be carried across valleys and marshes; and materials are to be collected in all parts of the route. The jealousy of certain powers is to be overcome; the prejudices of the ignorant are to be set aside; and, above all, money is to be procured. But not one of these difficulties ought to be insuperable. England has, with a less worthy object, achieved greater efforts. The energy which carried on the last general war would have constructed seven or eight such railroads. We do not, therefore, see anything visionary in the project.

The 900 miles of the Euphrates valley are to be completed first. Twenty days out of thirty-nine will thus be saved to the traveller, who will then proceed from Ostend to the Mediterranean, thence to the mouth of the Orontes, thence by railway to Bassorah, and across the Gulf to India. The completion of this section will occupy, it is supposed, five years. The European interval will then be filled up, in a similar period. Lastly, the rails will be laid down between Bassorah and Hyderabad, on the Indus, where the projected Indian lines will meet them, and complete the route.

It is, indeed, a wonderful scheme, requiring some imagination to realize in its broad perfection. Who can coolly entertain the idea of a locomotive engine puffing all the way, without stopping, from Calais, in France, to Calcutta, in India? Who can think of it panting over the mighty aqueduct of Seleucia, or flying over a branch line to Basbece? Who can familiarize himself with the mere pretence of lounging in a first-class carriage, and whirling at the rate of a mile a minute across

the beautiful plains of Issus, where Alexander and Darius watered the soil with torrents of human blood, to appease their lust of glory? Facts and historians have much to answer for in consecrating the memory of such achievements. Better had Homer sung the arts of peace, than inflamed men to emulate the deeds of such heroes. Who can think, as a matter of fact, of a tubular bridge hanging over the sea where the mighty fleet of Byzantium kept watch at the gates of Europe? But the most entrancing idea of all is of a railroad with cuttings, tunnels, embankments, inclines, and gradients; of engines with boilers, pistons, cranks, and safety-valves; of trains with drivers, guards, policemen, and mail-bags running straight through that region to which history has assigned the seat of paradise. A line near the Garden of Eden!—a station close to Antioch!—an embankment in the salubrious vale of Suediah! And why not? Is there more romance in the poverty, slavery, and debasement of the people? Is there more poetry in the neglect of the soil, in the multiplication of ruins, and the decay of nature all over those unhappy countries, than in the conquests of civilisation?

But, in reality, nothing could be more sublime than the idea of compassing half the world in seven days; of rushing along an iron road, straight from west to east; of rattling at the heels of a locomotive through many countries in succession; of exchanging, in the course of one week, the bitter winds of England for the sultry calm of Bengal. And what a varied panorama is unrolled by the way. There is an infinite variety of scenes, a motley procession of men. The downs and cliffs of England—the plains, and woods, and walled towns of Germany—the levels of Lombardy, blooming, though under the Austrian rule—the mountains and valleys of eastern Europe and western Asia—the picturesque landscapes of Persia, and the rugged tracts of Baluchistan,—all appear and vanish as we watch the flying panorama. Nor will the aspect of living things be less various or remarkable: stout Londoners, trim Prussians, portly Germans, bearded Turks, gaudy Persians, and Baluchis armed to the teeth. Round hats and genteel paretots; wide-awakes and long-peaked waistcoats; straw hats, short petticoats, and pastoral tunics; long robes, turbans, and yellow slippers; gorgeous vestments and jewelled turbans, with heron plumes; quilted capotes and oriental trousers; all these will bewilder the traveller's mind, as they glance, each for a day, before his eyes. In the morning he may look on the black masses of houses, the tall chimneys, the enormous factories, and the neat cottages of England. Then he sees the handsome villages of Germany—the lofty, airy townments in which peasant proprietors dwell on their own little estates. Then the flat roofs, the jealous lattices, the sun-burnt walls, and gaudy decorations of the Ottoman empire, may amuse his view. These are succeeded by the mud-built, desolate, dirty cities of Persia, where all that is beautiful is concealed within the building, and all that is ugly is displayed without. More picturesque than these, are the black tents and rude hovels of Baluchistan.

The interests of trade, of peace, of humanity, and of religion, combine to recommend the project.—*Electre Review*.

Domestic Economics.

CREAM CHEESE.—Take a quart of good cream, and having prepared a piece of good Barnsley linen, by soaking it in salt and water—made strong enough to float an egg—place this in a bowl, and pour the cream into it: tie it up loosely, and hang it up in a tree in your garden. Next day, break down the cream with a wooden spoon, and then hang it up again. Repeat this process for two or three days, and by that time the whey will have separated from the cream, which will be about the consistency of butter; collect this carefully into a muslin cloth, place it on a board with another board upon it (that is, supposing you have no cheese mould), and put a 4lb. weight upon it; turn it daily for two or three days, and then take it out of the cloth and lay it upon the board without weight, daily turning it until it is ripe, which will be in about ten days in cool weather; if you don't want a rich cheese, use one quart of milk to one quart of cream, and put in a little salt (a pinch), and keep the mixture in a warm kitchen, stirring it daily for two or three days; it will then have thickened considerably, and may be hung up in the linen cloth and treated as before described. A lady friend, to whom I have submitted this receipt, tells me I am wrong in not using milk. She says, "the addition of a little milk (say one pint to a quart of cream) makes the cheese more velvet and handsomer, than when made all of cream." (Try both.) A much readier way of making a cream cheese than this has been successfully practised in this neighbourhood. Take your cream (a quart), tie it in your salted linen cloth, giving it as much room inside as the size of your cloth will allow, and then bury it in moist river or sea sand which has been thoroughly washed; if this is done over-night, the capillary attraction of the sand will have carried off the whole of the whey by next morning, and you will have a cream cheese, almost impromptu. If your cream is not very good, or if you use half the milk, the precaution must be taken of mixing the milk and cream some days previously, stirring it and keeping it in a warm room to give it consistency, otherwise it will almost all escape through the cloth. *Clitheroe Correspondent.*

TO SWEETEN MEAT AND FISH.—When meat, fish, etc., from intense heat or long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption, a simple and sure mode of keeping them sound and healthy is, by putting a few pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, into the pot or saucepan wherein the fish or flesh are to be boiled. Among others, an experiment of this kind was tried upon a turbot, which appeared too far gone to be eatable. The cook, as advised, put three or four pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, under the strainer, in the fish kettle; after boiling the proper time, the turbot came to the table perfectly sweet and firm.

TO CLEAN METAL POTS.—Put a good-sized lump of common soda into the pot, and fill it quite full with boiling water; let it remain in the whole of a day and night, and as it is better to keep the water hot for a time, set the pot near a fire. Should a teapot spout have become furred, when the water has been in a sufficient length of time, put a skewer or knitting-needle up the spout, when it will be found that the accumulation will be readily removed; after which it will be necessary to scald and well wash the pot, to prevent any taste of soda.

VENTILATION.—To keep your rooms free from bad air, you should have your windows to open up and down. By admitting the pure air at the top, you expel the foul air at the bottom of the window.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—The best way to clean marble is:—mix together two parts of soda with one part of pumice and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift through a fine sieve, and mix some of this powder with water, rubbing it over the marble, or even the stained parts; then wash it off with soap and water.

PATENT MILK.—A very valuable discovery has recently been patented by a French gentleman. The discovery relates to the preservation of milk for an indefinite period of time. This discovery found a place in the Crystal Palace during the Exhibition; but appears to have escaped the observation of the jury. The milk tablets can be grated into a fine powder, and when put into tea they will immediately dissolve, without leaving any sediment whatever behind, while the milk itself not only retains its full flavour, but, also its nutritious qualities. For long sea voyages, its utility is obvious.

FOOD FOR SINGING BIRDS.—Well mix or knead together three pounds of split peas ground or beat to flour, one pound and a half each of crumbs of bread and coarse sugar, the fresh yolks of six raw eggs, and six ounces of unsalt butter. Put about a third part of the mixture at a time in a frying pan, over a gentle fire, and continually stir it till it be a little browned, but by no means burnt. When the other two parts are thus done, and all are become cold, add to the entire quantity six ounces of maw seed, with six pounds of bruised hemp seed separated from the husks. Mix the whole together, and it will be found an excellent food for thrushes, red robins, larks, linnets, canary birds, finches of different sorts, and most other singing birds, admirably preserving them in song and feather.

GLUE FOR EARTHENWARE, ETC.—Put a piece of white flint stone into the midst of a fierce fire; when it is red, or rather white hot, take it out with a pair of tongs, and suddenly drop it into a pan of cold water, which should be ready placed for the purpose. This will destroy the power of adhesion in the flint, and precipitate the stone to a fine powder, from which you must carefully pour off the water. Now melt white rosin in an iron pot or earthen pipkin, and stir the flint stone powder into it till it is of the consistency, of a thick paste. When you use this glue, warm the edges of the glass, stone, china, or earthenware, and rub it thereon; then carefully and neatly place them together. When quite cold, with a knife scrape off as much of the cement as remains outside.

TO MAKE WATER COLD FOR SUMMER.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice:—Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic and labourer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may then be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

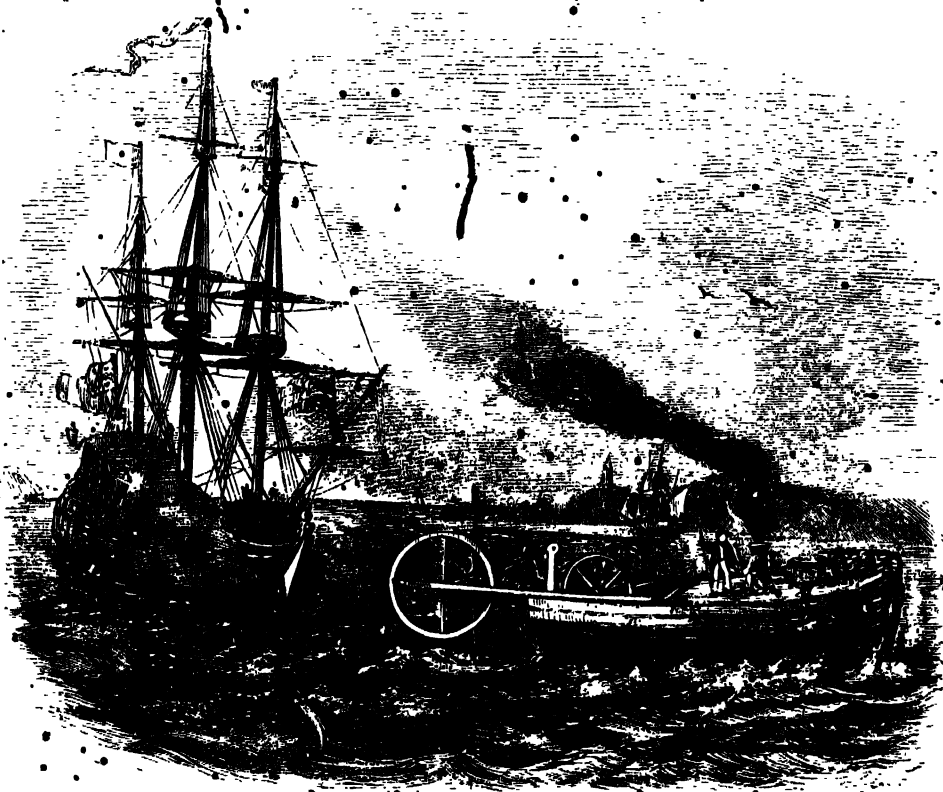
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THE FIRST BRITISH STEAM-SHIP.

MANY of the younger members of the present generation, accustomed as they are to the daily conveniences attending locomotion by steam-power on sea, river, and rail, must find it difficult to understand how their forefathers, near and remote, managed "to get on" at all, for want of these ready means of transit. The proverb, that "time and tide wait for no man," has certainly grown so fur "musty," that few travellers hold either of much account now. At present, the observation is still more true than when it was written, that "all

nations seem in a fair way of becoming one nation, separated only by local administrations and provincial dialects."

The earliest imaginings of navigation by steam arose towards the close of the seventeenth century. There was, indeed, a fragment published in the year 1825, concerning one Don Blasco de Garay, a Spanish sea captain, having on June 17th, 1534, propelled and manœuvred a large ship by steam-power, in the harbour of Barcelona; a feat performed, too, in presence of the emperor Charles V and all his court! This incredible story was related, with many accompanying circumstances, in

vol. i. of a series of papers, chiefly extracted from the royal archives of Spain, relative to the voyages of Columbus; but its authenticity rests entirely on the unsupported assertion of a correspondent of the editor of that collection.

Dismissing what the writer considers to be a mere legend, and adhering to tested evidence, we find some obscure hints of the possible application of steam to navigation in the famous "Century of Inventions" of the Marquis of Worcester, published in 1663; also a few more may be seen in a ms. leaf, undated, preserved in the British Museum, either written by his lordship, or under his dictation.

The parent idea of steam navigation, doubtless, was born of the latest attempts at superseding sails and oars by the use of "mill-work," to move ships and boats against adverse or no winds, and opposing tides and currents. Such efforts were begun many ages ago, and not relinquished till near the close of the eighteenth century. In 1690, Denis Papin, whose claims the French uphold as the inventor of the steam-engine itself, proposed, though not in the plainest terms, to apply steam-power to move the royal galleys upon the Mediterranean.* In his communication on the subject, he mentions an experiment, made in England eight years before, of a *horse-boat*; which, having been equipped with wheels at the sides, was by equine power moved so rapidly, that, according to a contemporary English narrator, "it left the king's barge at Chatham, manned by sixteen rowers, far astern in the trial." This took place A.D. 1682.

In the year 1730, one Dr. John Allen, in a pamphlet† detailing some experiments of his own in mechanics, expressed his belief that if a couple of *fire [steam] engines* were applied to a ship of 1400 or 1500 tons, they would impel it at the rate of three knots an hour.‡ But to Jonathan Hulls the honour is due, not only of suggesting the possibility of such things, but also of having staked his reputation and embarked his means in their realization, by a series of costly experiments, on the faith of which he took out a patent, dated Dec. 21, 1736. Unhappily, Hulls being a humble man, and probably having exhausted all his pecuniary resources in preliminary outlay, was not able to realize his project himself; nor does it appear that any one stepped forward to help him. We have, therefore, no evidence that he ever constructed a vessel on the plan proposed; so that, practically, his project proved abortive: yet, happily for his reputation, a pamphlet developing his views is still extant, accompanied by a "draught" rude but picturesque, of a barge, with a periphery of paddles adjusted to the stern, and supposed to be moved by means of a Newcomen's engine, placed amidships; by its agency tugging along a huge argosy, of old-world build and antique rig.† We have, in our frontispiece, given a copy of this illustration.

Here, then, we have the FIRST BRITISH STEAM TUG-BOAT, in *posse*, if not in *esse*. That it was fairly conceived, is creditable to the man; that it

was probably never built, was, perhaps, the fault of the distrustful and apathetic age he lived in.

In 1759, J. A. Genevois, a Bernese clergyman, of a mechanical turn and enthusiastic spirit, came to England, and early next year published a pamphlet, entitled, "Inquiries tending to the Improvement of Navigation." One means of propulsion suggested therein was steam-power.

In the year 1774, Count d'Auxiron experimented, with some kind of a steam-boat, upon the Seine, near Paris; but his engine was weak, and a failure ensued. Monsieur J. C. Perier, a superior practical machinist, was present on the foregoing occasion, and noted, as he supposed, such defects as could easily be remedied; in 1775 he himself made trial of a steam-boat constructed on really better principles: yet that, too, failed.

Next year the Marquis de Jouffroi tried a steam-boat, forty-two feet long, on the river Doubs, which he got to work in some tolerable degree. In 1783 he launched a good-sized steamer on the Saône, near Lyons, "which moved with rapidity" (it does not appear at what specified rate, however) upon that river; "in the presence of several scientific men; the latter, it is said, testifying to its performance in a *proba-verbal*." This doubtful document, however, we should be better pleased to see than to hear of. The machinery appears to have been slight. Being easily put out of order, and costly to repair, the marquis left off experimenting with it; and the Revolution breaking out, he had to leave France shortly afterwards.

Contemporaneously with these French experiments, some others were suggested, and one or two put in practice in North America. Thus, Mr. Latrobe, writing in 1804, says:—"After the American revolutionary war, concluded in 1783, a sort of *mania* began to prevail, which, indeed, has not yet subsided, for propping boats by steam-engines. . . . For a short time a passage-boat, rowed by a steam-engine, was established on the Delaware, between Borden-town and Philadelphia; but it was soon laid aside." Mr. Latrobe predicted that no steam-boat would ever answer! In 1787, Mr. Rumsey set a small boat a-going on the Potomac; and representing himself as the inventor of steam navigation, applied to Messrs. Boulton and Watt for an engine; giving them orders to secure for his behoof a patent for exclusive steam-boat-*ing* in England. These gentlemen, distrustful of the scheme or its projector, and knowing that he had for rivals Mr. Fitch and Mr. Evans, both Americans, declined to proceed; and any further attempts at realizing steam navigation ceased in America for nearly twenty years.

The embryo science, scouted or neglected in England, dropped in France and in America, was now revived, with great spirit, in Scotland. In 1787, Mr. Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, a man of mechanical genius and great public spirit, issued a pamphlet, in which he proposed to equip ships "with paddle-wheels, to be moved by steam-power." He had already experimented with a wheel-boat, moved by hand-power, which went at the rate of five miles an hour. Just afterwards, he employed Mr. William Symington to get a small steam-engine constructed at Carron (at a cost of 363*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, as the books of the company still show), to be tried in propelling a plea-

* *Acta Erud.* edit. Lipsiæ, p. 410 et seq.
† This curious tract may be seen at the British Museum. It is bound up with several other "sea-pamphlets" of early dates.

sure-boat on a lake at Dalswinton House. The following account of the first public experiment there made, we extract from a contemporary newspaper:—

"DUMFRIES, Oct. 21.—On the 14th instant a boat was put in motion by a steam engine, upon Mr. Miller's piece of water at this place. This gentleman's improvements in naval architecture are well known to the public; and, for some time past, his attention has been turned to the application of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation. He has now accomplished, and evidently shown to the world, the practicability of this, by executing it upon a small scale. A vessel, 25 feet long and 7 broad, was, on the above date, driven with two wheels by a small engine. It answered Mr. M.'s expectations fully, and afforded great pleasure to the spectators present. The success of this experiment is no small accession to the public: its utility on canals, and all other navigations, points it out to be of the greatest advantage, not only to this island, but to many other nations of the world. This improvement holds no inconsiderable rank amongst the inventions of modern times; and, added to his other improvements, bespeaks how much Mr. Miller deserves of the public. The engine used is Mr. Symington's patent engine. The method of converting the reciprocating motion of the engine into the rotary one of the wheels, is particularly elegant. It is, in fact, a new thing in mechanics, and which the world owes to Mr. Symington's ingenuity."—*Glasgow Mercury*, Oct. 28, 1788.

Here, then, we have THE FIRST realized BRITISH STEAMBOAT; and the whole credit of its conception and construction is due to two, some say three, Scotchmen; but as their respective degrees of merit in the affair have been controverted, we have preferred giving an account of what Messrs. Miller and Symington did, from contemporary reporters, and before any spirit of partizanship arose.

The success of the Dalswinton experiment encouraged Mr. Miller to make trial of the new plan of traction on the Forth and Clyde canal; a property in which he was largely interested. He caused Mr. Symington to plan a vessel, for tug-ging sloops, etc., sixty feet long, and with an engine of suitable power, to move four wheels, two on each side. The following is the newspaper account of the first trial:—

"FALKIRK, Dec. 4.—Yesterday an experiment of the greatest consequence to commerce, was exhibited here on the Great Canal, by Mr. Miller; viz., the application of a steam-engine to sailing. This gentleman, who formerly made experiments on the same subject on a small scale, has, in the present instance, applied them to a vessel of considerable burden, with a degree of success which must be very agreeable to the public. The velocity obtained, though very considerable—the experiment not being completed—cannot be particularly stated at present. The result, however, so far, shows that the invention will be one of the greatest utility to mankind."—*Glasgow Mercury*, Dec. 15, 1780.

This experiment was, however, partly a failure, through the revolving paddles having been made too weak. In a few days this defect was remedied; and December 25, 26, and 27 following, "the canal steam-boat," says Mr. Miller, jun., "was carried along at the rate of seven miles an hour." But the canal proprietary found, or imagined, that the action of the paddles injured its banks; so Mr. Miller was obliged, reluctantly, to give up his project: and, from this time, his name no longer appears in the annals of steam-boating, in trying to realize which he had thanklessly expended a considerable sum of money.

In 1791, Mr. Rumsey came to London, with the intention of running a steam-boat on the Thames, on the pumping principle, similar to that which he had already worked on the Potomac. His boat was nearly finished when he died; it afterwards was tried, however, and found to move at the speed of four knots an hour. This was the first ENGLISH steam-vessel.

In the summer of 1801, two persons, named Hunter and Dickenson, caused a steam-tug to be constructed in London. The following short notice of its trial trip was given in the metropolitan journals of the day:—"An experiment of much importance to the mercantile interests has just taken place on the Thames; namely, a trial of a working barge, or a heavy craft, against tide, with a steam-engine of simple construction; by which, the moment it was set to work, the barge was brought about, answering her helm, and stemming a strong current, at the rate of 2½ miles an hour."

Earlier in the same year, Lord Dundas, a proprietor of Forth and Clyde canal stock, taking up the project which Mr. Miller had renounced in disgust, set Mr. Symington to work again; and the latter, after, about 14 months' preparation, got ready a powerful steam-tug, with which, in March, 1802, he dragged two heavily-laden sloops, each of 70 tons burden, 19½ miles in six hours, despite a strong contrary wind, which no vessel drawn by horses would have faced. But the other canal proprietors, several of whom were on board the "Charlotte Dundas"—so the new steam-tug was called—along with his lordship, again objected to its use; urging that its action did or would do much damage to the canal banks; and so this boat, too, was laid aside, but ordered "not to be broken up."

Mr. Symington, soon afterwards, went to London, and being introduced to the Duke of Bridgewater, that nobleman gave him orders to construct eight steam boats, to be used on the western canals; but in a few days, or weeks, his grace dying, the order was not sanctioned by his executors.

Early in this century, Robert Fulton, a universal projector and clever man, but a schemer of the most unscrupulous type, having failed to interest Napoleon in his torpedo plan—that great man denouncing him as a "sordid quack"—earnestly turned his attention to steam navigation. Having heard of the recent experiments in Scotland, he repaired thither; and passing through Glasgow on his way to Falkirk—near to which town, as we have seen, was the field of action—got hold of Henry Bell, a speculative mill-wright, who had been employed at Carron while Symington's engines were making there. Fulton having introduced himself to Mr. Symington, the latter showed him the disused steam-boat "laid up in a creek," freely exhibited to him the working drawings of the machinery, and even caused the furnace to be lighted, and set the boat to work for his special instruction. As Fulton, doubtless, largely profited by these civilities soon afterwards, though he never acknowledged them, and as his countrymen palm him upon the world as the realizer of steam navigation, we think it needful to say that the foregoing circumstances were afterwards proved, on

oath, by Mr. Symington and several of his assistants upon the above occasion.

Returning forthwith to France, Mr. Fulton soon made some *improved* experiments upon the Seine, which convinced several of his opulent countrymen living in Paris of the feasibility of his plans; and through their means he was enabled to return to America, there to bring them into practical operation. Finally, in August, 1807, the "Clermont" passage steamer, with a Boulton and Watt engine of 18-horse power, began to ply upon the Hudson, between New York and Albany, effecting its first passages at the average rate of five miles an hour; soon after which a second boat, also the property of Fulton and his friends, was put on the same line.

The Americans found no imitators in Europe till Henry Bell, in 1812, managed to "knock up" in a clumsy way a small steamer, of 25 tons burden and three-horse power, called the "Comet," which began to ply on the Clyde, between Glasgow, Greenock, Helensburgh, etc. Early in that year, a second Clyde steamer, called the "Elizabeth," of superior build and equipment to that of Mr. Bell, was run against his; the latter being wrecked, another boat, likewise called the "Comet," was built, by shares, for him and his friends, in 1821. This too was wrecked, and more disastrously; for, being struck by the Ayr steamer, off Greenock, October 20, 1825, fully seventy persons went down with her into the deep.

Previously—namely, in 1815—Mr. George Dodd, a young and energetic, but ill-fated engineer, having gone to Glasgow, there got built and equipped a stout steamer; in which, when finished, he boldly ventured to sea, and managed to get her round to the Thames, after a very stormy passage of 758 nautical miles, in 122 hours. This vessel was the earliest English passenger steam-boat. And before the close of the same year, the first English-built steamer was launched.

Here our narrative properly finishes, but we are tempted to advert retrospectively to what we shall call the first decennial steam-boat period—namely, 1797-1807; a space of time in which the science was struggling for existence. In 1797, when Chancellor Livingston applied to the New York legislature for a patent, its mover says: "The wags and the lawyers were generally opposed to us. . . . It was a standing subject of ridicule; and whenever there was a disposition in any of the younger members to indulge a little levity, they would call up the steam-boat bill, that they might divert themselves." Five years afterwards, as we have seen, the future vitality of steam navigation was assured in Scotland: and at the end of the next five, two regular steam-packets, plying between New York city and Albany,* could be daily seen from the

windows of the Capitol of the latter, in the halls of which Fulton and his projects had been so lately treated with unperited derision.

Yet was the progress of the science, during the next ten years, wondrously limited, even in North America, for which it has done more, in advancing its material civilization and promoting its well-being in every way, during one generation, than could have been effected, without its aid, in a century. At the close of the year 1817, there were probably not quite a score of steamers in all the United States; in the British American possessions there may have been two or three. In Europe, the barrenness was still greater. Nowhere except in Great Britain were there any at all; and at the close of this, which we call the third decennial period, the number of British steamers worth registering was but 14, and these of only 1039 united tonnage. But in the succeeding ten years our progress was great; in the next again, greater still.* Thus, in 1840, as we find by parliamentary returns, there were 987 registered steamers in England, 241 in Scotland, and 79 in Ireland. In 1848-9, the British commercial steam marine numbered fully 1106 vessels, having a collective force of about 92,800 horse-power. Its numbers and mechanical power have since then been greatly augmented. Early in 1852, there were plying upon the waters of Great Britain and her dependencies, 1184 steamers in all; and their united tonnage was 142,080.

The official returns in France gave, December 31, 1842, a total of but 108 commercial steam-boats, of only 16,165 tonnage; and the amount has probably not quite doubled since that date.

In North America, on the other hand, there are more and larger steamers than in all the rest of the world. Upon this point we shall join the most recent statistics we have been able to obtain. According to the "Albany Register," there were plying in the United States, in June, 1851, the following steam-ships and boats:—Upon the ocean and on the Atlantic seaboard, 625 steam vessels; and their united tonnage was 213,500. At the same time there were plying upon the rivers and lakes, 765 boats, of 204,613 united tonnage. Totals, sea-going and inland boats, 1390; conjoint tonnage, 418,113.

shrank beneath their decks from the terrific sight, and left their vessels to go on shore; while others prostrated themselves, and besought Providence to protect them from the approaches of the horrible monster which was marching on the tide, and lighting its path with the fires which it vomited."

* The following was the rate in the United Kingdom of the increase of tonnage.

Year.	Tonnage.	Year.	Tonnage.
1818	19	1828	273
1819	24	1829	287
1820	34	1830	295
1821	50	1831	320
1822	85	1832	348
1823	101	1833	392
1824	114	1834	421
1825	151	1835	467
1826	228	1836	554
1827	253	1837	632

N.B. "This account is exclusive of steamers employed in river traffic."—Wade's British History, p. 1052.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF WATER TO BELL-RINGING.
—The hours of six in the morning and ten in the evening are regularly rung from the spire of St. Peter's church, Dundee, by a chime of bells produced by the application of water-power to a complicated piece of machinery.

* The account of the Clermont's first ascent of the Hudson, given by Fulton's biographer, Mr. Colden, is very striking:—"It had the most terrific appearance from other vessels which were navigating the river, when she was making her passage. The first steam-boats, as others [American] yet do, used dry pine-wood for fuel, which sends a column of ignited vapour many feet above the flue, and whenever the flue is stirred, a galaxy of sparks fly off, and in the night-time have a very brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment it was rapidly coming towards them; and when it came so near as that the noise of the machinery and paddles was heard, the crews in some instances

THE FLORAL HARBINGERS OF SPRING.

PRIMROSES AND COWSLIPS.

SPRING, that season so dear both to the young and to the old, to the poet and to the painter—that sweet primal season, when the treasures of vegetable life, released from the dark cells wherein they have so long lain dormant, begin to disclose their graceful forms and glowing tints to eyes long wearied with the dark hues of winter—is, indeed, a time of beauty and delight. But it is curious to observe how, amidst all the host of precious things which at springtide open into life, some few, and those among the commonest and simplest of them, have carried off the meed of praise, and have become the objects of the poet's eulogy, and of the love and admiration of the young and the simple-minded in every age.

It may be from their being so universally distributed throughout our land, that the primrose, the violet, the daisy, and a few other flowers, have attained to a pre-eminence to which they would not otherwise have reached; for though each of these has much of beauty, and the two former possess a delicious fragrance, it must certainly be from some other cause that they have been thus exalted, and made the subjects on which so much sentiment has been expended.

The common primrose belongs to the natural order *primulacea*, the whole genera, as well as this species, being named from *primus*, the first. Its wrinkled, toothed leaves may often be seen clustering in bunches along the hedges and banks as early as January; but it is not till the end of March, or even in some years until April, that they fairly expand into their full proportions, and display themselves in perfection. These leaves are all radical, downy beneath, and reticulated with many veins, gradually tapering downwards into short footstalks; from among these thickset leaves force themselves up those fair, sulphur-coloured blossoms on which our poets so largely descant.

The corolla of the primrose is what is called salver-shaped; that is, it consists of one circular petal contracting itself at the centre into a tube which descends into a cylindrical calyx, formed with five angles, and five teeth. In the throat of this tube are five stamens, with pointed, erect anthers, of a yellow colour, resting on very short filaments; at its root is a globular germen, from which rises a style as long as the calyx, crowned with a globular stigma; the capsule is cylindrical, one-celled, opening at the top, with ten acute teeth, and containing numerous seeds. The petal is divided ordinarily into five compartments by deep clefts, and is generally of a delicate lemon colour, with a centre of deeper yellow, though it is not unfrequently found of a milk-white, or of a pinkish lilac tint.

The fragrance of the primrose is most peculiarly attractive and refreshing. Even the scent of violets does not bring to the mind such unmixed delight as that of primroses, for violets are sometimes found in the autumn; and now that those of the Russian species are to be obtained all through the winter, the sweet associations formerly connected with the odour of violets are spoiled; but a large handful of tender, creamy primroses is never to be had save in the sweet spring-time, and hence they

speak to us of mossy dells and glens, where they have sprung up at the first call of its breezy voice, to await the coming of the cuckoo and the thrush, to afford sweet food for the bee and the first butterfly of the year, and to rejoice the hearts of young children.

But what says the poet of the primrose? By some strange and arbitrary arrangement, poets seem to have agreed to employ this sweet spring flower as an emblem of early death—as a token of fleeting enjoyment. It is almost inexplicable why it should be so, for the primrose is a flower which, coming before the cold blasts of winter are quite passed away, yet retains with remarkable tenacity its hold of life; and though if the winds of March are bleak, it does not unfold its petals, yet do they lie safely cased in what old Gerard calls "a soft russet huske or hose," or, in other words, their closely involving calyx, until more genial gales tempt this "glory of the spring" to expand. When it has once fairly bloomed, it is a long-lived flower. The primrose which is not gathered will flourish in beauty and fragrance for very many days before it shows signs of fading; while even that which is gathered will keep fresh for a fortnight together; and all unlike the timid daisy, or the "marygold, that goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping," it shrinks not from dew or rain, from sun or frost, but night and day alike its delicate blossoms are expanded, and its pure and healthy fragrance exhales to the very last hour of its life. Yet the poets have strangely linked it with memorials of the early blighted. Milton, elegizing the untimely death of a fair infant, writes thus:

"O fairest flower, no sooner born than blasted!
Soft silken primrose, fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak winter's force, that made thy blossom fly."

Spenser, in lamenting the early death of a young and lovely wife, says:—

"Mine is the prime-rose in the lowly shade!
Mine? Ah! not mine; mine I never did say.
Not mine, but His which mine awhile he made;
Mine to be His, with Him to live for aye."

Arviragus, too, when he has borne in that "sweetest, fairest lily," Imogen, as dead, says:—

"With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose."

The primrose is also by several of the poets made to form a fitting ornament for a bridal wreath. Michael Drayton, in his pretty fable of the "Marriage of Tame and Isis," assigns to it the first place in the bridegroom's coronal:—

"The primrose placing first, because that in the spring
It is the first appears, then only flourishing."

And Spenser gives it like dignity:—

"The virgin lily and the primrose too,
With store of vernal roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies
Against the bridal day."

But in extolling this fair child of the spring, we must not quite forget that others of her family also deserve notice; that others beside herself have awakened the song of the poets. There is the cows-

lip—a flower high in honour—and the oxlip, which Drayton pleases his fancy by uniting in marriage with the cowslip. Then there is the elegant little Scotch primrose, with powdered leaves, and flowers of a deep bluish purple, with a yellow eye; and also the bird's-eye primrose; both rare, and confined to Scotland and the north of England.

But if we will see the primrose tribe in perfection, we must visit Alpine scenery. Lindley says, "It is in the higher regions of Switzerland and Germany, on the Pyrenees, and upon those stupendous ridges from which the traveller beholds the vast plains of India stretching at his feet in a boundless panorama, that the primrose tribe acquires its greatest beauty. Living unharmed beneath a bed of snow during the cold weather, where it is protected alike from light and from drying winds, as soon as the snow is melted its springs forth bedecked with the gayest tints imaginable: yellow, white, purple, violet, lilac, and sky blue, are the usual colours of its flowers; whilst its leaves, nourished by the food descending from a thousand rills of the purest water, and expanded beneath an ever genial and cloudless sky, acquire a green which no gem can exceed in depth or brightness. It must, however, be remembered that the tribe thus glowingly described, the *primulaceæ*, includes other flowers than the primrose and cowslip, as it gathers under its banners the pimpernel, cyclamen, and several other bright species.

But of this fair tribe, few can be considered as excelling the cowslip. Who that has lived in a neighbourhood where cowslips abound, does not associate with its name thoughts of joy and sweetness? *AVIS* is there to whose mind that name does not recall fair visions of spring and youth? of long hours spent in rambling among meadows richly crammelled with their waving tasselled blossoms? of culling large handfuls of them and filling baskets full to the brim with those fragrant flowers? And then, when hands and baskets were full to excess, perhaps some kind friend has supplied a riven stick, cut hastily from the next coppice, between the clofts of which one handful after another might be placed, the stems and bells alternating, until it presented the appearance of a perfect *club* of flowers. Who does not think of some such scenes as these when cowslips are spoken of? Who does not recall to memory some rippling brook, by whose banks the merry party, engaged in this "raid" on the cowslip fields, have seated themselves on the grass; or perhaps on the gnarled roots of some tree which "wreathed its old fantastic roots so high" as to afford room for them all to sit, and chat, and rest, when tired with their ramblings; or have peeled and eaten their cool and grateful oranges beneath some tree, just sprinkled with the soft flake-like tufts of green leaves, bursting from every twig to greet the April sun; and then scooped the clear flowing waters with the orange rinds, or made them into little boats, and watched them with intensest interest as they floated on down the stream, or became entangled in the sedges and brambles which fringed the banks, fancifully freighting these little fragile vessels with the hopes and fears which possessed their young hearts? Who is there, at all conversant with rural life, that cannot recall some such scene as this?

But a cowslip gathering is not only charming at

the time, but also in its results. When the fragrant flowers are safely housed at home, there is still the wine-making to follow! Young and old are busy in picking out what are called "the pips," that is, the yellow-tubed petals, and in measuring water, and weighing sugar, in order to brew that pleasant country beverage considered so wholesome and even medicinal, cowslip-wine.

And then the joys of a cowslip ball! We have been asked, how is a cowslip ball made? Alas! that there should be any who do not know. For the benefit of such, however, we will give the receipt:—Place two chairs back to back at about half-a-yard apart, stretch a piece of string tightly between them, tying it firmly to each back; then pick off the heads of flowers from their footstalks, selecting those which are finest and fullest, and hang the tassels across the string, with half the blossom on one side and half on the other; do this till your string is covered with a long row of blossoms; then put a thumb and finger at each end, press the heads of flowers all close together, and cut the ends of the string from the chair. One child should then lay a finger on the stems to keep them steady, whilst the other carefully ties the two ends of the string together, so as to form the blossom in a ring round the little finger, which must keep its place till the string is firmly tied; then cut off the ends, and pull out the finger, and you have complete an odorous golden ball, scattering its rich perfumes through the air; and if at night you lay your pretty plaything on the dewy grass, or throw it into a bowl of water, it will keep fresh and bright for a long time, though it will never be so soft and fragrant as during its first hours.

But we are talking of what the young and the sentimental, the honey-moon and the child, think of the cowslip, and forgetting to recount what the botanist and the poets say. The botanist says so nearly the same of this as of the other members of the primrose family, that we will not lose any of the little space which remains to us in recounting his remarks, but turn at once to the poets, with whom the cowslip has ever been a favourite.

The cowslip is a favourite with Milton, who makes Sabrina thus speak:—

"By the rusby-fringed bank,
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sitting chariot stays,
Thick set with agates and the azure saven
Of turkoi blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst I am off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread."

"Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head," are summoned to deck the "hearse where Lycid lies;" and in his song on May-morning, Milton again writes:—

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail! bounteous May,
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

It is a singular fact, that nightingales are seldom, if ever, known to frequent places where cowslips do not grow; the reason of this we know not, but so it is. In Devonshire, that county otherwise so rich in natural advantages, cowslips are very seldom found in any abundance, and the nightingale is unknown. In the vales of Somerset, where the cowslip seems to have a more extended reign than in most other counties, there the nightingale trills its rich and melodious song in every wood and coppice, and may be heard at every hour of the dewy summer night. Thomson alludes to the connexion of the nightingale and the cowslip, and speaks of

"The nightingale's harmonious woe,
In dewy eventides, when cowslips droop
Their sleepy heads, and languish in the breeze."

But the patience of our readers would fail, did we attempt to recount half that the poets have said of the cowslip. We will, therefore, simply consider for a moment the language which the primrose and cowslip address to their admirers concerning Him who made them at once so sweet and fair, as well as so abundant that the poorest cottager's child may have a perfect bed of them if he will. Surely these fair woodland gems convince not only that there lives and works a God, but that he is a God of love, thus to bestow such pleasant things on man:—

"Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour, or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

A SCENE AT THE OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

THE occurrence described in the enclosed extract from Mr. Francis' recent work on railroads, will be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. The desecration of the day of rest so graciously given by God to his creatures, was palpable and flagrant, and the result was—what so ordinarily attends Sunday traffic, either on a large or small scale—trifling dissatisfaction to all concerned. The great majority of the railroads alluded to below, proved only bubbles, and entailed either ruin or disastrous loss on their projectors.

The 30th of November, 1845, the day by which the documents were to be lodged, fell on a Sunday, but there was no sabbath for the restless railway promoter. "The stir of agents," said the "Railway Chronicle," "made Sunday anything but a day of rest or devout observance throughout the country. The offices of clerks of the peace, and the doors of the Board of Trade, were stormed by breathless depositors till the stroke of midnight. "Wanting standing-order messengers" from Ilarwich—driving up a few minutes afterwards, mis-carried, alas, by blundering post-boys, who drive for an hour and a half about Pimlico, seeking the office in vain—have to besiege its inexorable doors, and 'fling their plans into the lobby,' breaking

the passage-lamp—with no effect but that of having them flung back again in their doleful faces! In Worcester, so many coaches and four had never been seen in one day before, not even in race and festival weeks. Dire was the tossing on every road, and in some instances it may be feared deep groans were not wanting, nor cases of despair—of forlorn agents arriving too late, after all. On the Great Western line, the haste to overtake 'spare minutes' had nearly led to a tragedy dark enough to fill the courts of Gray's Inn and the parlours of Chancery-lane with inconsolable mourning. A squadron of solicitors to some of the projected lines had borrowed the wings of an express, which unhappily broke down at Maidenhead. In this disabled condition, the engine was charged by another which had started with several legal gentlemen connected with the Great Western and Exeter companies, and the carriage with the learned freight was dashed to pieces, as might have been expected, the passengers being let off with no worse harm than the fright and a few bruises; a better fate, indeed, than might have been feared. The scared pursuivants shook themselves, packed up their ruffled plans, charitably picked up the stranded attorneys, whose wreck had nearly caused a dismal hiatus in the profession, and heroically steamed onwards, arriving in good time. Who shall say that our prosaic days, even in their most prosaic offsprings, are behind the ages of adventure in 'hair-breadth escapes,' or in trials of resolution? A collision between engines on the broad gauge we take to be as smart a shock as any tilting encounter; and the spirit of these undaunted though bruised solicitors quite as genuine, in its way, as that of your knights-errant, who bearded lions and jousted with windmills, at the cost of broken heads and aching ribs. On the Great Western on Sunday, there were ten express trains similarly employed; and, reading this, we deem it a great mercy, that we have no worse casualty than the above to record."

It may thus be seen that the excitement was not confined to town. It spread far and wide throughout the country. The office of the clerk of the peace at Preston was invaded by an infuriated crowd of depositors. The doors were unopened, as the officials considered the orders to keep open on the Sunday applied only to the Board of Trade. The railway people, holding a different opinion, broke the windows and attacked the doors, that their plans might be flung in, even if they were not received with due form. One railway company was unable to deposit its papers owing to a theft of twenty sheets from the lithographer's offices, which, said the enraged promoters, found their way into the hands of a rival company at a high price. The town of Mansfield in which it occurred was violently agitated, horses were killed by violent exertions, and the police employed to trace the missing documents. The Eastern Counties ran eighteen or twenty special trains for the various projected lines. Engines with the steam up, and ready at a minute's warning, were kept for the expected wants of the projectors. Horses were scarce at the post-towns, and two guineas a mile were paid for posting. One hundred and eighteen miles were steamed in an hour and a half. "The

majority of plans from the provinces," said the "Morning Chronicle," "have been sent up by express trains, and it is whispered that those companies with the locomotives at their command, and to whom the lines belonged, availed themselves of this advantage to such an extent for the exclusive transmission of their own plans and sections, as actually to refuse special trains to their competitors." In one case they were *adroitly* outwitted. When an established company, with express trains at their command, refused one to the promoters of a competing line, the latter procured a hearse with all the paraphernalia of mourning, placed plans, sections, and clerk inside, and despatched it by special train to town.

The scene at the Board of Trade was thus related by a contemporary:—"As the evening advanced, the arrivals became more frequent, and at nine o'clock they poured down Whitehall—

'Thick as autumn leaves that strew
The vale of Vallambrosa.'

The method adopted for the reception of the documents was as follows:—The parties charged with their delivery were admitted to the lobby of the office of the Board of Trade, where they entered the name of the agents for whom they were concerned in a book provided for that purpose. The name was then passed to an official, who conveyed the same to an inner office, where it was entered by the clerks. The several parties were then successively called on to describe the name and titles of their respective plans. This arrangement went on very well until eleven o'clock, when the delivery became so rapid that the clerks were quite unable to keep pace with the arrivals. The entrance-hall soon became inconveniently crowded, considerable anxiety being expressed lest twelve o'clock should arrive ere the requisite formalities should have been gone through. This anxiety was allayed by the assurance that admission into the hall before that hour would be sufficient to warrant the reception of the documents. Some amusement was caused by the similarity of names amongst the agents, particularly when any gentleman of the name of Smith was wanted. At every such call there was at least half-a-dozen respondents, and it very seldom happened that the right agent was pitched upon by the subordinates below, who, being ignorant of the projects with which the agents were connected, always ushered up the Mr. Smith who happened to be most clamorous. As the clock struck twelve, the doors of the office were about being closed, when a gentleman, charged with the delivery of the plans of one of the Surrey railways, arrived, and with the greatest difficulty succeeded in obtaining admission. These were the last notices deposited. A hull of a few minutes here occurred, but just before the expiration of the first quarter-of-an-hour, a post-chaise, with reeking horses, drove up to the entrance. In a moment, its occupants—three gentlemen—alighted and rushed down the passage towards the office door, each bearing a plan of Brobdignagian dimensions. On reaching the door, and finding it closed, the countenance of each dropped; but one of them more valorous than the rest, and prompted by the bystanders, gave a loud pull at the bell, which was answered by Inspector Otway,

who informed him that it was now too late, and that his plan could not be received. The agents did not wait for the conclusion of the unpleasant communication, but took advantage of the door being opened, and threw in their tremendous papers, which fell upon and broke the passage-lamp. They were thrown back into the street with as little decency as they were pitched into the hall. When the door was again opened, again went in the plans, only to meet a similar fate from the officers. The three agents were now maddened to desperation, and the principal amongst them commenced to tell his tale of woe to the bystanders, from which it appeared that they had that morning left Harwich, charged with the deposition of the plans of a certain railway proposed to benefit that district; that they had arrived in London as early as half-past ten, but, through the ignorance of the postboy, had been driving about Pimlico and its neighbourhood in search of the office of the Board of Trade, for more than an hour and a half previous to their fruitless arrival thereat. The crowd, who had patiently listened to the recital of the unhappy individual, greeted its conclusion with a burst of laughter, which seemed to pierce his already broken heart."

May we see no more such Sundays!

THE UNFINISHED BUILDING.

EVERY one acquainted with the beautiful county of Westmoreland knows how picturesque in situation are many of its village churches. Yet there is nothing peculiarly attractive in the appearance of the edifices themselves; at all events, not of the one now before us. It is old and somewhat ruinous, and the belfry, the only modern portion of the church, spoils even the hoary beauty which, as a ruin, the church might have possessed. In the eyes of the clerk, however, this strange conglomeration is quite lovely. It was the gift of the county member, and the garrulous old man is far more anxious to win an admiring look for that than for the splendid views which one may catch from almost every part of the elevated churchyard. It is a tempting theme, that lake scenery, with its blue hills, its lovely waters, and its smiling hamlets; but it is not to the point at present.

The interior of the church contains the usual complement of high worn-eaten pews, a little good carving, and some curious old monuments; but one is glad to escape again into the fresh air blowing from the mountains, and to luxuriate in the beauty of that fairy land.

Wandering amongst the tombstones, not merely for amusement and for the sake of transferring to the "Common-place" book curious, coarse, and often absurd epitaphs, but for meditation and solemn thought, one of a party of five or six cheerful travellers was arrested by a simple and beautiful monument, beneath the shade of a majestic elm. It was not an old tomb by any means, and was so beautifully preserved that it could not fail to excite interest in the mind, contrasted as it was with many weedy and neglected graves around. There was a simple urn, and a short but not striking inscription:—"To the memory of Walter Lesly, of Hope House, in this village: obit. Dec. 1847, aged

29. Likewise of Mary, his wife, aged 23, and their infant son, who died Nov. 4th, 1846. 'What is your life? it is even as a vapour.'

"It seems to me as if there must be some interesting story attached to those young people," said one of the party; "so young, and to die so near together!"

"Aye, you may well say that," said the old clerk, who, having locked the church-door, now came up to the group gathered round the grave; "an over true tale one may say. 'Tis a pity, I think, that he had the whim to be buried here, while his ancestors all lie in the church; you saw their monuments just now. But that was one of his many whims, poor gentleman, and as he was never crossed in life, no one would do it in death. Look ye there, ladies"—directing the eyes of the travellers through an aperture in the trees—"that house yonder is another of his whimsicalities, begun and never finished. Ah, deary me!"

"Part of it is old, I see," said Miss Hallam, the antiquity lover of the party. "Ah, it looks charming, old-world sort of a spot; how I should like to see it!"

"There's little enough to see, young lady," said the old man, smiling at her energy; "little enough. The house is not occupied now, except by his old tutor, who the young squire left orders in his will should never be disturbed during his lifetime, and his old nurse and her daughter. The nurse is my sister, and if ye really wish to see the old place, why I dare say they would make ye welcome; but, bless you, as I say, 'tis not finished—nothing was finished that ever he undertook, poor gentleman!"

The clerk's offer was gladly accepted, and the party accompanied him briskly down the hill, almost at the foot of which was the turn leading to the Hope House. There was a pretty rustic lodge at the entrance of the old gate, but it was untenanted and fast falling to decay. The park was not extensive, but owing to the undulation of the ground and the beauty of the trees, was extremely picturesque. They rang at the back gate, and an elderly woman of serious and almost sorrowful aspect appeared. After a few explanatory words from her brother, and a little consideration, she said:—

"I will ask Mr. Newnham (the tutor); I don't like showing the place, lest it should annoy him;" and she disappeared for that purpose.

She was not gone long. Mr. Newnham appeared, and very courteous he was; but he expressed his fears that the visitors would be sadly disappointed.

The house was not a show-place, and there was little in it worth the notice of non-hunters. He led them, as he spoke, into the library, much like libraries in gentlemen's houses generally; a snug, useful apartment, with its book-shelves and books, its writing-tables and other study appurtenances. Over the chimney-piece was a picture. It was a plan or elevation, drawn by a celebrated architect, of the new front of Hope House. The design was complete, but—that was all. One wing, and that unfinished, was all that remained of the promised improvement.

"You are looking at that plan," said the grave elderly gentleman, with a sigh. "There is a serious moral attached to the story of its projector. He gave great promise, but alas! alas!"

"You were the tutor, sir?"

"I was; and his most confidential friend. He was left heir at his grandfather's death, to a considerable property before he had reached the age of twenty-one, and this, perhaps, was the most serious misfortune that could have occurred to him. His father and mother he never knew, and he was the only survivor of the old family of Lesly. But come into the other rooms and see what there is to be seen, and hear what there is to be heard. There is his portrait; ah, and very like him," said the old man, tenderly. "Just that loving, heart-touching look he wore to those he loved. A beautiful creation, is it not? but it was *incomplete*."

"Was he gay, sir?" asked one eager listener.

"He had not one vice that I know of. He was moral; temperate, benevolent, true, the enemy of no one but himself."

"Dear sir! I cannot conceive why his history—except, indeed, his early death—should be so very sad."

"Come here, young lady. See the face of this handsome time-piece: look behind, see how beautiful and ingenious are its complicated works. But suppose the artisan, with all the labour and expense bestowed on the exterior, had been hasty or incomplete in his arrangement of the main-spring—what then? Where would have been its value? It might be beautiful to look at, but it would have been a mere bauble; the old silver watch of the commonest watchmaker in a country town would have been worth more. In childhood, delay was my young friend's bane; in youth and manhood, his ruin. His intentions were good, but his acts uncertain and imperfect. This was a natural weakness in his character, undoubtedly; but not the less to be deplored—not the more to be excused."

"Oh, sir!"

"Ah, young ones, I speak to the living, and for the living, and I repeat—no excuse—no excuse. There was a remedy; he knew of it. From childhood he was taught all that man could teach of the soul's needs, of human weakness, of Almighty strength, of the blessedness of a believing trust in the Saviour; and he intended, he proposed, he resolved to apply to the Great Physician; but not yet—at a more convenient season," he said, "I will go." Beware of following that *ignis fatuus*, a 'more convenient season,' that you fancy you see in the dim perspective of riper years. You will arrive there only to find it elude you. A more convenient season than the present cannot be; for God says, 'Now is the accepted time.'

"In great things and in small things procrastination was Walter Lesly's habit. He always put off to the last moment that which might have been done at once. Too late at church, too late to bed, too late to rise, too late at meals and at appointments; this was his story from his youth up. Christianity, true religion, I repeat, would have eventually cured the evil; but it was the same with the pearl of great price as with countless other blessings within his reach—he did not seek it until it was hid from his eyes.

"If you have been in the churchyard, you might have seen on the trunk of that old elm more than one notch which in boyhood first, and then in after years, he had made to bear witness, and to remind him of his resolution to begin life in ear-

nest. He married young, and I was rather glad than otherwise, hoping that a married life would correct the unsettled and roving turn which he had acquired. I could have wished—amiable, and gentle, and loveable, as the maiden was—that he had chosen a person of more character and of greater decision, but it was not to be; and all who loved him looked forward with hope to the claims of domestic and matrimonial life upon him. But no—for the first few months after their marriage the young couple travelled. After their return, there was company and visiting with the county families; and then new preparations for modernizing and altering the old family house, according to the plan you have already seen. All this time the *great work* untouched.

"Our anticipations of a cure from any earthly means were almost at an end; still we did hope that perhaps the gentle bonds of baby-love and of a child-blessed home would do that which all other bonds had failed to effect. But the London season had commenced, and he must go for a while to town—not for long—not for many weeks; and his young wife, who had no opposition in her nature, yielded with tears, and, I fancied at the time, with a foreboding spirit.

"Week after week rolled on, and he did not return; he wrote often, but I could discern in the letter the spirit of the world, which was throwing its chains around him. Mary was not alone, but often she was very disconsolate. Her mother was with her; but no mother's love could prevent her from feeling that the one earthly love, which should have sustained her as the hour of sorrow drew on, was growing cold by absence, and her young heart sank within her. She was sincerely attached to him, and used to confide in me, I believe, the more entirely as she knew how dear her husband was to my heart. 'When you write to Walter,' she said 'one day, never hint that I am sad or hurt at his absence. An unwilling return I cannot welcome.' I used to expostulate with her on the importance of entire confidence between husband and wife; but she shook her head mournfully, and said: 'That is past: he cannot love me as he did, or he would surely come back unbidden to his home and to his wife.' I did not obey her injunction; I did write earnestly and seriously to the young man: but procrastination had grown on him with his growth, and though in several instances he promised to return the next day, and the next, still he did not come. More than one evening in that melancholy November has the young fearful wife sat listening to every sound that fell on her ears, hoping that *at last* it was he; but no—the blast sweeping from the mountain, and moaning through the old chestnuts and oaks, was the only answer to her sigh. He did not come until—too late.

"One night in this never-to-be-forgotten November, the news spread through the house that a son was born; but swift came sorrow on the back of joy, for she who bore the child was sick to death. He came when reason was gone, and she never knew him again. She was buried where you have been to-day; and, just twelve months after, he was laid by her side; 'the convenient season' never yet having arrived.

"This is the story," said the old man, whose voice

had faltered, and whose eyes had filled with tears many a time during the narrative; "and I think you may all find a lesson in it. There is nothing in this house, I can assure you," said he, rising to lead them into the picture-gallery—"nothing so worthy your attention as the history of its owner. All things to be of value must be finished. A man unrenewed by the Holy Spirit is incomplete, inasmuch as he does not fulfil the very purpose for which he was created. We were made to love God, and to delight in his service. If we fail to do this, the main end of our being is lost. 'Think of this, young people, will you not? Remember *now*—that is the time; God speaks of no other.'

They followed their guide through the forsaken rooms, but there was scarcely a dry eye in the party. The house looked so melancholy, the pictures on the walls, the few articles of value on the tables—all were in their eyes vanity, for the tale of the wasted life was fresh in their remembrance. They thought they should never forget it; and as they took their leave, and silently walked down the shady avenue, they could not forbear turning round once more to look at the unfinished dwelling—fit emblem of the incomplete creation.

"If we had seen nothing else during our excursion to the lakes," said one of the elder of the party, "surely this house, and its mournful story, would have been worth leaving home to see and to hear; but let us take heed lest it *only* fall on our ears. Let us ask God to impress the lesson deeply on our hearts. And what is that lesson?" said the same speaker, after a pause.

A young voice answered, that "DELAY is always dangerous, and inattention to religion may be ruinous."

CHARLES WATERTON THE NATURALIST.

CHARLES WATERTON is well known to most readers as the author of two remarkable volumes, entitled, "Wanderings in South America," and "Essays on Natural History;" and one can scarcely speak too highly in praise of the strong and rigorous yet simple Saxon style in which they are written. They are both redolent of the forest and the field, and bear upon them the impress of Nature's own seal and commission. Indeed, the "Wanderings" were composed in the depths of the South American woods, and the facts and experiences recorded in them were dotted down whilst they were fresh in the memory of the wanderer. There is no mistaking these books for the performances of a dilettante penman. There is life in every line; bold, wild, and stirring life, daguerreotypied, as it were, from the actual features of the forest. The "Essays," which constitute the last book that Waterton has given to the public, appeared originally in Mrs. Loudon's "Magazine of Natural History," and are rare things in their way; full of anecdote and information; and exhibiting, when a theorist has to be hunted down, a keen scent and much critical acumen. His defence of the vulture's nose is one of the cleverest papers in the book; and shows how skilful Waterton is in the lawyer's fence, and with what terrible backwoodsman's vigour he can demolish an opponent.

The sole object of Waterton's wanderings was to

make discoveries in natural history, and it must be confessed that no man ever brought to the enterprise a more daring and courageous spirit, or a more cultivated and observant mind. Such strange and stirring adventures as he met with, in tracts of country for the most part unknown to Englishmen, were sure on their publication to excite much interest, and to awaken here and there a suspicion of their truthfulness. He relates some stories which, indeed, would be altogether incredible, if they were not authenticated by his own earnest word and high name. The taking of the cayman, for example, on the banks of the Essequibo, by means of an enormous barb, wrapped round with the entrails of a wild beast, and his adventurous encountering of the scaly monster in the water, armed with a marling spike, whilst the Indians on shore held the monster fast with a rope to which the barb was attached; and then his vaulting on the cayman's back, and pulling up his fore feet by main force of arm, and so drawn by his red Indians, coming triumphantly to land—this, I say, is an example of the kind of story in his book which some people thought incredible. And yet there is no doubt about its literal truth. It was a kind of feat which Waterton would glory in performing, and which at the time did not, I dare say, appear to him as anything very extraordinary. And much as we have spoken of and lauded this exploit, I do not think it of so daring a character as the attack upon a huge snake—boa-constrictor, I believe—which he made unarmed, and in the very den of the reptile. He wrapped a jacket round his left arm, entered crawling into the dark and noisome cavern where the snake lay in its monstrous coils; and when the affrighted creature roused itself, lifted its head, flashing its fiery eyes upon him as he stole cautiously along, and then suddenly opened its jaws with intent to spring upon him, he sprang upon it, seized it by the neck, and thrust his well-jacketed elbow down its throat, calling upon his servants to come and lay upon the snake's body to prevent its crushing him with its coils. And thus, with his hunting-knife, he slew it; and the stranger may at any time see this snake and the cayman also by knocking at the hospitable gates of Walton Hall, for they are both in Waterton's museum.

These performances are of a piece with others which mark the whole life of the naturalist. In the winter of 1817-18, he went to Italy, and fell in with his old friend, Captain Alexander of the navy. Many a time had they climbed together for birds' nests in the last century, and now they resolved to show Rome what they could do in this gymnastic way. Accordingly, they mounted to the top of St. Peter's,* ascended the cross, and then climbed thirteen feet higher, where they reached the point of the conductor, and left their gloves on it. After this, they visited the castle of St. Angelo, and contrived to get on the head of the figure of the guardian angel, where they stood on one leg.

Similar anecdotes, full of courage and daring—

even to wantonness—are numerous in Waterton's history. He never knew either the weakness or the humanity of fear; and possessed qualities in an eminent degree, which, under other circumstances, would have made him an admirable leader and chief of men. Courage, promptitude, and energy are characteristic of all his adventures. Difficulties do but stimulate him to greater exertion, and his resources are always equal to the occasion. Even when alone in the wilderness, far from all human habitations, and devoured with alternate fever and ague, his presence of mind never forsakes him; but he coolly deliberates what is best to be done under the circumstances, and does it, always with success. For he is his own physician, and, if necessary, surgeon also. "I consider," he says, "inflammation to be the root of almost all diseases. To subdue this at its earliest stage has been my constant care. Since my four-and-twentieth year, I have been blooded above one hundred and ten times, in eighty of which I have performed the operation on myself with my own hand. This, with calomel and jalap mixed together as a purgative, with the use of rhubarb in occasional cases of dysentery, and with vast and oft-repeated pointings of powdered Peruvian bark, as a restorative, has enabled me to grapple successfully with sickness when I was far away from medical aid. In cases where ladanum was absolutely necessary, I was always extremely cautious. My severest trials of sickness were those when I had to contend with internal inflammation at the very time when I was labouring under tertian ague. In these cases, the ague had to bear all the burden, for I knew that it was not a mortal complaint; whereas internal inflammation was not to be trifled with one moment. Under this impression, I would fearlessly open a vein, and would trust to the Peruvian bark, at a later period, to counteract the additional encouragement which I had been forced to give to the ague, through the medium of the lancet. I am now, I think, in as perfect health as a man can be."

This is a self-helping man in all ways, worthy to be imitated, if not for his bleeding prowess, at least for his bravery and self-reliance.

Waterton was born about the year 1782. He has written his own autobiography, and published it by way of preface to his "Essays on Natural History;" and, amongst other curious things, he has furnished us with some anecdote of his boyhood and school-days, which are interesting preludes to his subsequent history, and show what a strong bias Nature had originally given to the mind and disposition of the future naturalist. He was always a wild boy of the woods, an intense lover of Nature in all her operations; and his instincts continually impelled him to watch the haunts of birds and animals. When he was but eight years of age, he was an inveterate birds-nester, and used to climb trees, and go grubbing in the dark holes of ancient buildings for starling's eggs. Upon one of these occasions, he had mounted the roof of an out-house, and stood in a very perilous situation, although he was quite unconscious of his danger. He had just got to a starling's nest under one of the slates, when he was observed by the old housekeeper, who, trembling for her young master's safety, did not dare to

* We would merely warn our younger readers, that although enterprise is perhaps essential to distinction as a naturalist, yet the rushing into danger needlessly is a wanton and sinful perilling of the great blessing and talent of life. This remark will especially apply to the anecdote that follows.—Ed.

call out, lest he should lose his presence of mind and his foothold together. In this dilemma, the old lady bethought her of an expedient which none but a kind-hearted woman could have devised. So away she toddled to the store-room and returned with a great batch of gingerbread, which she held up to the daring boy, and in this manner lured him down. "And then she seized me," says Waterton, "as if I had been a malefactor." The kind old dame was so glad to have him safe in her arms.

At nine years old, he was sent to a school in the north of England, where his incessant wanderings in search of "ornithological architecture," got him many sound birchings, but did not at all cure him of this inbred propensity. So deeply was the mind of the boy infatuated with birds' nests and the woods, that he was haunted with adventures in his dreams, and one of them very nearly led to fatal results. He was caught getting out of his chamber-window in his sleep, and when awake and questioned, he confessed that he was going after a crow's nest, which he had found in the neighbourhood during the day.

He was soon after removed to Stonyhurst, the well-known Jesuit seminary, where he remained until it was time for him to leave school altogether. During his residence here, he acquired all the real characteristics of his disposition, and was constantly wandering out of bounds in quest of birds, fowls, and squirrels. Once he was chased by the prefect, who, however, was not certain that Waterton was the fugitive. When the latter reached the out-buildings, which abutted on the college, he entered the postern-gate of a pigsty, where he found old Joe Brown, the brewer, bringing straw into the sty. Joe was very fond of young Charles, for the latter had known him during his school-days in the north, and had presented the old man with a very fine terrier. "I've just saved myself," said Waterton to his trusty friend; "cover me up with litter!" The request was barely complied with, when the prefect came up out of breath: "Have you seen Charles Waterton?" said he. "Sir," replied the old brewer—who, he it remembered, had been bred up amongst the Jesuits—"I have not spoken a word to Charles Waterton these three days, to my knowledge." So the prefect went away, and Charles stole out of cover. "The morality of the transaction, we need scarcely say, was anything but defensible on Protestant principles, however much it might square with those of Stonyhurst."

It was not all play with Charles, however, at Stonyhurst. He entered upon a regular systematic course of study, and was much beloved by the Jesuits of the college, who watched over him with incessant care. His immediate master was Father Clifford, first cousin of the noble lord of that name; a man of rare talents and great insight. He had carefully studied the character of his young pupil, and foresaw the destiny which was in reserve for him. One day he called the young man into his study: "Charles," said he, with great kindness in his voice, "I know nothing will keep you at home, when you leave Stonyhurst. You will journey into distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. Promise me that you will never from this day put your lips to wine or spirituous

liquors. The sacrifice is nothing," he added; "but in the end it will prove of incalculable advantage to you." Charles agreed at once, and has kept his word up to the present time.

Shortly afterwards, he left Stonyhurst and went to Spain, where two of his maternal uncles were settled at Malaga. They had a pleasant country house at the foot of the adjacent mountains, and Waterton spent many happy days there. "The red-legged partridges abounded," he says, "in the environs, and the vultures were remarkably large; whilst goldfinches appeared to be much more common than sparrows in this country. During the spring, the quails and bee-eaters arrived in great numbers from the opposite coast of Africa. Once, when I was rambling along the sea-shore, a flock of a dozen red flamingoes, passed, nearly within gunshot of me." He subsequently paid a visit to Gibraltar to see the apes which abound on that mighty rock. "I counted from fifty to sixty of them," he said; "and an ape or two might be seen in the flock with a young one on its back." From Gibraltar he went to Cadiz, and returned from thence to Malaga on board a Spanish ship. Having passed more than a year in this fine old Moorish town, he resolved on a trip to Malta. But in the meanwhile the black vomit broke out, and attacked the population with terrible fury. Waterton himself was seized with it, but his constitution prevailed against the pestilence. His uncles now retired altogether to their country-house; but one of them, being compelled by business to go to the city, never returned. A person had fallen sick and desired to see him; he went, ministered to his necessities with his own hand, took the contagion, and died—a victim to his noble and disinterested charity. Waterton was with him in his last moments, loving his uncle more than he feared the plague. "It was always said that 50,000 people left the city at the commencement of the pestilence, and that 14,000 of those who remained fell victims to the disease."

To increase the horror of this ghastly feast of death, the city was shaken with earthquakes, which came on in the night. Waterton ran out to the Alameda, where he saw half-naked men and women huddled together, and not knowing what to do, or which way to turn. Happily, however, the catastrophe of Lisbon was not repeated here, and the earthquakes gradually died away.

The port of Malaga was closed long after the plague had left the city, and Waterton was in haste to begone. But how to get away was the question; for there were the guns of the fort ready to open their terrible mouths and rake any vessel that should dare to venture out. Nothing, however, seemed impossible to Waterton, and he determined to risk the trial. So he engaged the captain of a vessel laden with fruit for London, and long anxious to get away, to carry him thither. They watched their opportunity, waited until the harbour-master had gone his usual rounds, and the boats of two Spanish brigs-of-war had landed their officers for the afternoon's amusement, and the old governor was gone to take an airing in his carriage, when precisely at one o'clock P.M. the vessel cleared away from the other shipping, and "instantly became a cloud of canvass." Waterton, who seems not to have

been troubled with any scruples as to the violation of the Spanish code which he had committed, speaks in the highest terms of the coolness and intrepidity of the captain upon this daring occasion, and declares that he would have made him an admiral on the spot, if he had possessed the power. Away rode the gallant vessel, driving through the surge with such a press of sail that it seemed impossible for her captain to bear it; and before there was any time for alarm or pursuit, she had passed through the Straits of Gibraltar at the rate of eleven knots an hour. After thirty days of stormy weather at sea, they anchored off Brownsea Castle, near Poole, in Dorset, whence they sent their papers to London, and followed in due course up the Thames.

Waterton immediately returned to his father at Walton Hall, but with a shattered constitution, for the plague had told upon him, and during the voyage he had taken cold, which presently brought him to the brink of death. The English climate did not suit him either, and he longed to bask in a warmer sun. As soon, therefore, as he recovered, he was sent to Demerara to superintend the estates of his paternal uncle, and those which his father had lately bought there for the benefit of his younger children. Before he left England he was introduced by his relative, Sir John Bedingfield, to Sir Joseph Banks, who gave him some excellent advice about the climate to which he was going, advising him never to stop in it longer than two or three years at a time; advice which Waterton acted upon with much advantage to himself. He set sail from Portsmouth, Nov. 29, 1801, and landed at the town of Stabroek, in ~~the~~ Dutch Guiana, after a six weeks' voyage. He administered the estates until 1812, returning home occasionally, agreeably to the advice of Sir Joseph Banks, and then his father being dead, he delivered them to "those concerned in them, and never more put foot upon them."

Whilst Waterton was living on these estates at Demerara he had a rare opportunity of examining the water-fowl of Guiana. "They were in vast abundance all along the sea-shore, and in the fresh-water swamps behind the plantations. No country in the world can offer a more extensive and fertile field to the ornithologist than our celebrated colony of Demerara."

On the 11th Sept., 1807, Waterton received a commission as lieutenant in the 2nd regiment of militia, from Colonel Nicholson—the first commission that any of the name of Waterton had received since Queen Mary's days, and one which in no way compromised his religious opinions; for, as will have been perceived, he was by creed a Roman Catholic. He relates many adventures which happened to him during his stay in Demerara; and one is pleased to find that they are all on the side of humanity, undertaken to help the distressed. On one occasion, he sailed to Barbadoes in a leaky vessel, in search of a party of six English gentlemen, who went out in a schooner, without a commission from government, to attack a privateer from the Orinoco, which had committed great depredations upon the property of the British planters, and were taken prisoners. His vessel sank at her anchorage before Barbadoes, but the prisoners were saved from being hanged as pirates

by the Spaniards—which they were liable to, having gone out without a commission—through the prompt intervention of Admiral Cochrane.

Waterton left Barbadoes with regret, and returned to Demerara. Notwithstanding his abstemious habits, he suffered a great deal from fever and ague, and used to fly to his friend Mr. Edmonstone's house, in Mibiri Creek, to get himself well. In the year 1808, he was sent by Governor Ross to carry despatches from Admiral Collingwood to the Spanish government in the Orinoco, and sailed on this mission in the *Levina*, flag-of-truce. After they had doubled Point Barina, they found the current rushing down with astonishing rapidity, and carrying with it enormous fragments of trees into the Atlantic ocean. "During the whole passage up the river there was a grand feast for the eyes and ears of an ornithologist. In the swampy parts of the wooded islands, which abound in this mighty river, we saw water-fowl innumerable; and when we had reached the higher grounds, it was quite charming to observe the increased quantities of parrots and scarlet aras which passed over our heads. The loud, harsh screams of the bird called the horned screamer were heard far and near, and I frequently got a sight of this extraordinary bird as we passed along."

Waterton had a narrow escape during this voyage. A large Labarri snake was coiled up in a bush which was close to the boat, and he fired at it, wounding it so severely that it could not escape. Anxious to dissect it, he reached over to the bush to seize it by the throat and convey it aboard. The Spaniard at the tiller, on seeing this, took the alarm, and immediately put his helm a-port. This forced the vessel's head to the stream, and Waterton was left hanging to the bush with the snake close to him; for he had not been able to recover his balance when the vessel veered from the land. He kept firm hold, however, and was three times overhead in the water below. The boat was presently put hard a-starboard, and he got on board, bringing the snake along with him, to the horror of the crew. When he had changed his clothes, he dissected the head of this reptile.

All this was cool enough in more ways than one, and many times, during the remainder of the voyage up the Orinoco, Waterton would go ashore, and shoot maronies in the swamps of the river, a bird somewhat related to a pheasant, he tells us. On these occasions, he got amongst the "hungry leeches, which made pretty free with his legs." Then, as they sailed along on the morning after the adventure with the snake, they saw the dusky form of a huge cayman floating through the water.

It would be impossible, however, to follow Waterton through all his rambles and adventures in a paper so necessarily short as this; and the reader must be contented to get a bare outline instead of a history. Waterton was driven from the forests, during his expedition after the wourali poison, in 1812, by his old enemies—fever and ague—and was ordered to England. General Carmichael gave him the colonial despatches to deliver to Lord Bathurst, in person, at the same time furnishing him with a letter of introduction. When he arrived in England, however, he had to send the despatches to his lordship with an explanatory letter, being too ill to present them himself. His

lordship invited him to town as soon as he was well enough to come, offering him an appointment in an exploring expedition which he was about to send to Madagascar. This was in May, 1813. Waterton, however, never accompanied the expedition, on account of his health. In 1817, we find him applying to Sir Joseph Banks to allow him to go with a similar expedition, which was then contemplated, to explore the river Congo, his health being greatly improved. But the appointments of the expedition were so inefficient, that Sir Joseph would not allow Waterton to go with it, and prophesied its entire failure, which actually took place. Disappointed in this project, Waterton set sail from Liverpool for Pernambuco, in Brazil. And here we must leave him, referring the reader to the "Wanderings" for further particulars of his history up to the year 1825, since which time he has lived in comparative retirement at Walton Hall. He is a strict preserver of game in his own park, and has built a high wall round it to keep the game within bounds. His object is not sport, but natural history. He watches for hours the ways of birds and other animals, and is understood to have by him a curious and interesting record of these observations.

Here is his portrait: "I feel as though I were not more than thirty years old. I am quite free from all rheumatic pains, and am so supple in the joints that I can climb a tree with the utmost facility. I stand six feet high, all but half an inch. On looking at myself in the glass, I can see at once that my face is anything but comely; continual exposure to the sun, and to the rain of the tropics, has narrowed it in places, and given it a tint, which neither Rowland's Kalydon nor all the cosmetics in Belinda's toilette would ever be able to remove. My hair, which I wear very short, was once of a shade between black and brown; it has now the appearance as though it had passed the night exposed to a November hoarfrost. I cannot boast of any great strength of arm; but my legs, probably by much walking, and by frequently ascending trees, have acquired vast muscular power; so that, on taking a view of me from top to toe, you would say that the upper part of Tithonus has been placed upon the lower part of Ajax."

Waterton has well earned his fame as a naturalist, and is probably better acquainted than any other man now living with the science to which he has devoted his life. He is humane, generous, and hospitable, and bears a high character in his own neighbourhood.

OLD HUMPHREY AND THE OLD FARMER.

I LOVE to hear of any man being convinced of an error, but especially an obstinate man. Again and again has it been said, that of all people in the world, farmers are the most opinionated; that they do things for no better reason than that of their fathers having done them generations before; that they have a will of their own, and that the whole world cannot turn them. Some such farmers have I known certainly, but still with truth can I say that I number among my country friends not a few

of a contrary kind. The other day, I was in conversation with my old friend, John Ashfield, of High-field farm, a man from whom I have learned much; though, when I tell him so, he usually replies, "The boot is on the other leg, Mr. Humphrey—the boot is on the other leg." We were talking over old times together—but you shall have the account that he gave of himself, as well as I can remember, in his own words.

"I have been as obstinate and pig-headed a man in my time, I suppose, as ever strode across a furrow; but the day is gone, by now, and high time that it had. The tilth of my plough-land and the sward of my grass-land are different to what they used to be.

"Fifty years ago, James Holt was my neighbour. A wiser man than I was, or ever shall be, was James, though at that time I did not think so. When wheel-ploughs were getting common, he says to me: 'Neighbour Ashfield, you are falling a little behind the times; you must set up a wheel-plough or two.'

"I won't," said I. 'My father never had a wheel-plough on the farm, and why should I?' You know, Mr. Humphrey, that farmers were always blunt in their speech, and no one more so than farmer Ashfield.

"When draining came into use more than it ever had been before, my neighbour says to me: 'You are standing in your own light, in not draining your land more than you do; but better late than never! Better begin now.'

"I won't," says I. 'Let those cut up their meadows, and lay out their money in sough-tiles, that like; my meadows shall remain as they always have been.'

"Well," says he, 'at any rate trim up your hedges, and your headlands, or adlands as we call them, a little closer. There's a deal of land lost on your farm. Trim up your hedges and headlands.'

"I won't," says I. 'My father was as good a farmer as any in the parish; he knew what he was about as well as you do, and he never trimmed up his headlands more than I do.'

"Soon after this he was at me again. 'Your land is very stiff, neighbour,' says he; 'I would advise you to try one of the new-fashioned clod-crushers, for you would find it an advantage.'

"I won't," said I. 'Such jimeracks may suit some people, but they won't suit me; my harrows break the ground quite as well or better than a clod-crusher; if some folks as I could mention were half as fond of work as they are of new whins, it would be to their credit.'

"At another time he tried to persuade me to use some of the new manures, which he said were very profitable.

"I won't," said I. 'It stands to sense that the manure made on the farm is the best for the farm, and I won't use any other.'

"Neighbour Ashfield," says he, a year or two after threshing-machines had come into fashion, 'you and I must do as other people do—we must set up a threshing machine.'

"I won't," said I. 'Why should I do that that my father never did?' And why should I take the bread out of the mouth of the labouring man?

"But never did I see my neighbour more in earnest than when he came to ask me to give

something towards the Sunday schools. 'I lend them a helping hand,' said he, 'for they are doing more good in the parish than you think for.'

"I won't," said I. "We never used to have Sunday schools, and plough-lads and dairy-maids do none too much work as it is. What they will do if you make scholars of them, I can't tell."

"All this time I thought myself wondrous wise in not being led astray by the new-fangled notions of my neighbours: but at last my eyes were opened, for there was hardly a farmer in the parish who had not better crops than I had."

"I saw that my neighbour with a wheel-plough could do without a driver, and hold the plough tails with half the trouble that it cost me, so I set up three or four wheel-ploughs, and what I could do without them now it would be hard to say."

"Keep your land wet at top, and dry at bottom," said my neighbour, when I began to listen to him. I took his advice, had my meadows well drained, and never have had cause to grudge either the expense or the trouble. He who doesn't drain his farm, if it's a wet one, is draining his own purse by bad management."

"I looked about me, and saw that I lost an acre or two of ground by my slovenly hedges and headlands; so I set to work and had them trimmed up close. It was a foolish thing that this was not done before."

"I was backward enough in venturing on a heavy iron press-wheel clod-crusher; but, when I did, I found more work done by it than half a dozen pair of barrows would do. No one could persuade me to set it aside now."

"One of the greatest improvements that has ever taken place in farming, Mr. Humphrey, has been the bringing of new manures into use. I set my face against them for a long time; but now, beside what manure I get from the fold-yard, I use burnt earth, guano, and bone-dust. These lie in little compass, and are soon put on the ground."

"Nobody stood out stiffer than I did against the threshing-machine; but, for all that, when I saw how easily my neighbour could turn a hundred bushels a day out of the straw, while my men thumping away with their flails did so little, I gave way at once, and set up a machine myself."

"As my neighbour had got the better of my obstinacy in so many things, it was not at all likely that he would give up trying me again about the Sunday schools. At last he beat me there, too. For many years have I supported them, and never shall they need a pound while I have one to give."

"At the present time, though I am not fond of running neck or nothing after every new thing, I keep my eyes open to see, and my ears open to hear; quite disposed to believe that my neighbours are as wise as I am, and to profit by their judgment as well as my own."

"It has often surprised me to think that, after setting my face against wheel-ploughs, draining, clod-crushers, new manures, threshing-machines, and Sunday schools, I should accept them all; but I believe, Mr. Humphrey, the real truth to be this, that I never saw the ill condition of my own farm, till it pleased God to show me the evil of my own heart. This it was that opened my eyes, humbled me, and took away my obstinacy."

I am not at all disposed to add anything to the

remarks of the honest farmer—better "let well alone;" for if my reader cannot get a good lesson out of farmer Ashfield's discourse, it is not at all likely that he will profit by mine. As I said at the outset of my paper, so I say again; I love to hear of any man being convinced of an error, but especially an obstinate man. Obstinate as he once was, I know of no man who, with a sound judgment, is now more humble, yielding, and tractable than Farmer Ashfield.

THE ATLANTIC.

THE deluge forms a principal feature in the earliest history of every nation. The traditions connected with it in the ancient mythologies, however decorated by the imaginations of the Greek, or confused by the mysticism of the Indian, have probably a stronger foundation in truth than it has been customary to suppose. The descendants of Noah were the population of the world; and it is impossible to conceive that the events of the antediluvian ages, in which human life was protracted to such extraordinary lengths, apparently for the purpose of their record, were wholly unknown to the descendants of the great patriarch. The succinctness of the Mosiac history is accounted for on the principle that its direct purpose was to establish the fact of creation by the God of Israel, and to give the history of the promises to Adam and Abraham.

The location of a vast island, or rather continent, in the space which now forms the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, is the subject of several ancient traditions, and is woven with many more. In them all the reference is to a country immediately bordering on the west of Africa, and therefore affording no ground for the theory that America was the Atlantis. Atlas, from whom the submerged continent evidently derives its name, was also described as king of Mauritania. He was a Titan, with thousands of locks, pastured in fields of unfailling fertility, and with gardens of unrivalled beauty filled with the most exquisite fruits, and those fruits guarded by an enormous dragon; the whole probably founded on the history of Paradise, the Forbidden Tree, and the Serpent. The fate of the Titan is equally removed from the common order of things. He was warned of his destiny by Themis (Divine Justice), and changed into a mountain.

The Atlantes, a people who survived in his African kingdom, held that all the gods (the antediluvians) had their birth in their country. The seven daughters of Atlas, Atlantes, married gods and heroes, and their descendants built cities and founded kingdoms. Atlas was also the first who taught the knowledge of the stars to mankind, and he thus carried the heavens on his shoulders. Finally, his daughters were transformed into islands on the borders of Africa, the Cape de Verdes, or the Canaries. They had among their dominions the Elysian Fields. Our authorities are Strabo, Pliny, and the *Timæus* of Plato.

Among those imaginations there is, probably, a considerable ground of truth. It is certain that the greater part of the present habitable world was once the bed of an ocean. That at the period of the deluge the ocean changed its bed, and that consequently the antediluvian world is now, for the greater part, under the waters, is almost the only secure fact of geology. The general absence of human remains in the fossil beds, which contain such numberless relics of the lower creation, is equivalent to the proof that the place of the original population has not yet been discovered by human eyes. That discovery must be withheld until the "sea gives up her dead."—*Dr. Croly.*

Hints for Amateur Gardeners, &c.

BEFORE entering on the joyous month of May—that loveliest month of the year—we may just remind our readers of a few of the things to be seen during that vernal period, and also what is to be done in the garden and the farm. We shall behold Nature in her gayest attire; the fields clothed with the freshest green of the grass and young corn, and adorned with numerous flowers, the trees covered with beautiful verdure, and the hedges whitened with the pearly blossoms of the hawthorn, and fragrant with the odours of the wild honeysuckle. The orchards will display their richest beauty in the delicate blushes of the apple blossoms. In the garden, the scarlet hawthorn will delight the eye, and the purple lilac will contend with the snowy white of the goulden-rose and the streaming gold of the laburnum. Tulips, anemones, lobelias, and other flowers, will be in full blossom. The horse-chestnut will also exhibit its pyramids of beauty, and the peach-tree its delicate flowers;

"And there in loveliest green attired,
Smiling like hope, and cheering the glad eye,
The meek, unsheltered myrtle sweetly blossoms."

By the end of the month, the leafy forest will stand displayed in full luxuriance, and the escholtzia will expand its large yellow or orange-coloured upright bells.

All this scene of beauty, however, is sometimes ravaged by innumerable swarms of very small insects, brought by the north-east winds in this month particularly. These must be destroyed, or they will "wasteful eat through buds and bark into the blackened core, their eager way." A few hints, then, as to what is to be done, by amateur horticulturists, florists, &c., may not be unacceptable.

I. THE GARDEN.—Kitchen-garden. Sow small salad, radishes, lettuces, peas, beans, and sprouts, for late succession; also, dwarf and kidney-beans, and scarlet-runners, for July; and, during the last fortnight, sow crops for August and September; borecoles, Brussels sprouts, and savoy, for autumn. Earth-up cabbages, potatoes, &c.; stick peas, for early crops of beans. Sow herbs. Transplant cabbages, lettuces, cauliflowers, brocoli. In dry weather, daily watering will be necessary. Destroy insects and vermin. Sow gourds and cucumbers, for pickling, in warm borders. Thin, weed, and hoe the surface among seedling crops. There will be rhubarb ready for tarts early in the month; and green, currants and gooseberries at the latter end. Rhubarb is a very useful substitute for fruit. It may be forced, and thus ready for the table at an earlier period; and there is also a smaller kind which is earlier, but not so productive or profitable as the later sort, and hence it is less frequently cultivated in private gardens.

Fruit-garden. Water strawberries; summer-prune vines, peaches, and other wall-trees; and destroy grubs and insects. One who is well acquainted with the management of the great peach orchards in America has found that peach-trees will bear the winter much better if they have a northern exposure; and mentions that, during a late severe winter, the peach-trees of some of his neighbours had been killed, while his own, with a north-west exposure, were not affected. He has found soap-suds of great benefit to his peach-trees. It destroys a very small worm which is often found about the fibrous roots. One of his neighbours informed him, that it was this worm which caused the leaves to curl and turn black. Ashes are also a remedy for this evil. Pay particular attention to the petals of apple and pear blossoms, and remove insects and eggs.

Flower-garden. Plant out dahlias. Propagate, by slips, wall-flowers and similar plants. Take up early flowering bulbs, such as the crocus, hyacinth, &c.; let them be thoroughly dry, then put in drawers or boxes. Transplant annuals into flowering borders, and stocks into pots for winter-flowering. Protect tulips and other choice flowers from the midday sun, rain, and wind. Water, thin, and shade with judgment: in showery weather, roll and mow lawns, once a week; and in dry weather, once fortnight. It will be almost daily work to hoe, rake, weed, and clear away dead leaves; and constant attention must be given to order and neatness. After rain, stir the earth, as soon as nearly dry, round the stems of annuals.

Hothouses and Greenhouses, &c. If the weather be very fine, remove glasses from cauliflowers and kidney-beans. Sow capsicums in a warm border under glasses, and cucumbers and melons for late crops; attend daily to air, water, insects, shade, &c. Slide down the glass at the top of the greenhouse for air during the day, and admit some even at night. Water over the tops of plants in afternoon, and then shut up entirely. The same rule also applies to cucumber growers. Shift plants into larger pots, and divide the large into small; remove with a ball of earth round the roots, but add as much fresh mould as possible.

II. THE FARM.—Shut up water-meadows for hay. Towards the end of the month turn out cattle to pasture. The great business is now with the fallows. Hops will require much attention. Prepare and manure land for swedes and planting out cabbages. Hoe and weed wheat. Finish under-draining. Clear the farm-yard of manure; pare and burn turf. Larch, alder, and oak-trees may be barked. Sow buck-wheat about the middle of the month. Drill lucerne, and dress with ashes or gypsum. Sow rape and turnips for autumn; feed about the end of the month.

The following fact is worthy the attention of such as plant potatoes. A scientific and yet a practical farmer played his potatoes in drills, on the 5th of May, using only leaves for manure. Across one end of three rows, he buried a sheet of copper, five feet long and fourteen inches wide; and at the other end, (200 feet distant,) a sheet of zinc of like dimensions. The sheets were placed in an upright position, and connected by a copper wire, thus making a galvanic battery, the circuit of which was completed by the moisture of the earth. After a few weeks, some potatoes were taken from these rows, varying from one inch to one and a quarter in diameter. Some of the adjoining rows, beyond the battery, were tried; but few had potatoes larger than peas—none larger than marbles. Similar experiments, with other vegetables, were tried, with the same results.

The Dairy, during the month of May, affords plenty of employment, skimming, churning, cheese-making, &c.

A very destructive insect, the goat moth, is not uncommon at the close of May; and bee-hives begin to send forth their earlier swarms. The young bees now march in quest of a new settlement, which, if left to choice, would generally be the hollow trunk of a tree; this, then, is the time to provide them with a dwelling more secure, in return for which you will be repaid with a plentiful store of honey.

The hints here given may be acted upon with little variation for fifty miles round London. In more southerly parts, the spring operations commence earlier, and those of autumn may be deferred a few days later. In more northerly parts, the reverse must be observed.

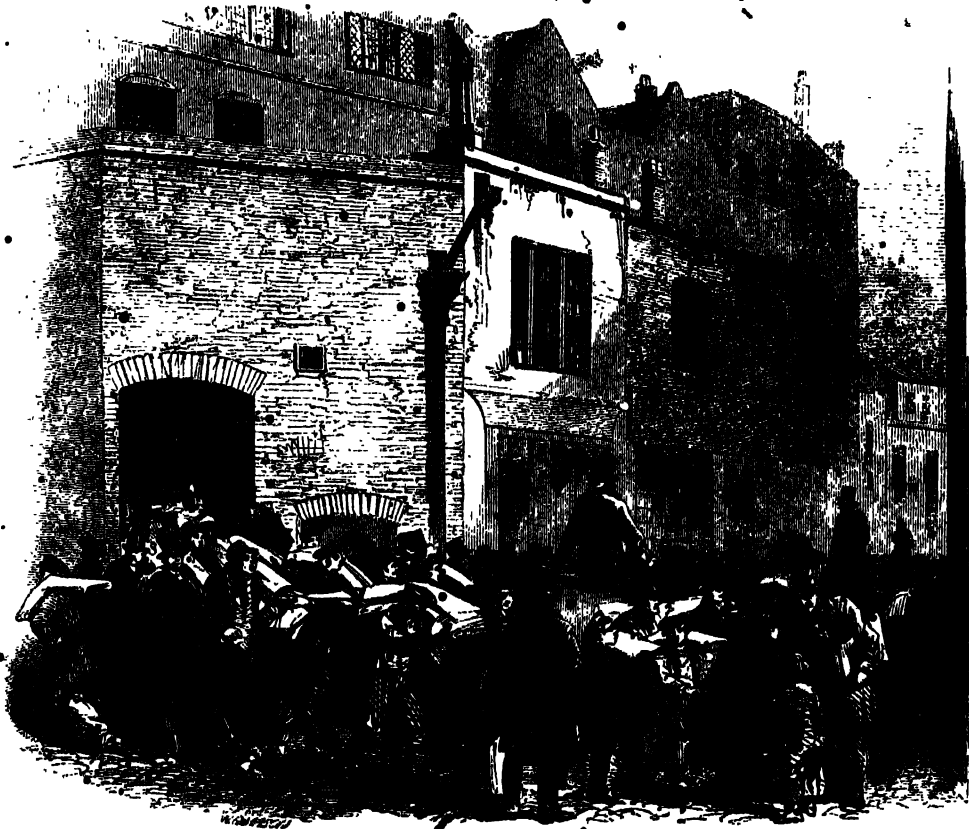
THE LEISURE HOUR

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A VISIT TO "THE TIMES" OFFICE.

HAVING obtained an order to view the printing-offices and machinery of *The Times*, upon arrival at the Printing-house, at 11 o'clock in the morning, we were attended by the printer; and found that we had come just in time to witness not the least interesting part of the process which daily goes on in this wonderful establishment.

As we entered the "Lower News Room," a special messenger arrived from the Dover railway, bringing with him a paper parcel, which was immediately

opened, and its manuscript contents—"our own correspondent's" budget from Paris—were in an incredibly short period published in a Second Edition. All was excitement, but not confusion. The compositors were summoned from the "Advertisement Room," and the "copy" was cut up into numerous bits, consisting of eight or ten lines each, for the purpose of being distributed amongst them. As one after another finished his few lines, he was supplied with another portion. The news that morning was important and lengthy. Column after column was composed, read, and corrected nearly

as quick as thought. The overseer glanced at the work, and found that it extended to five columns. This was more than he had room for, as the intelligence which constituted the Second Edition of the day previous—and which was to be replaced by that just finished—had made scarcely half the quantity. No time was to be lost, however, in hesitation. The page of type in which the Second Edition was to appear was accordingly taken to pieces—the fresh “matten” made up, the less important general news being excluded to make room for the extra quantity.

Having watched this interesting operation, we followed our conductor up a handsome stone staircase, into the “New Machine Room,” to witness what may well be regarded as one of the most singular and important inventions of the age—printing from forms of type in a vertical position. *The Times*, as every reader of that paper is aware, on being spread out, presents a surface of four pages on each side. In technical phrase, four pages make a “form;” and there being two new machines, the “outer form,” consisting of the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth pages, is placed on one; and the “inner form”—pages, two, three, six, and seven—on the other. The page of which we had just seen the completion, was fixed upon the centre cylinder of one of the machines, along with its three companion pages, which had already done duty that morning in the first impression. The notice “all right” was speedily given; when whirl went the machine with an astonishing velocity. Round the large cylinder there are placed eight smaller, or printing, cylinders; and, as the “form” comes in contact with the printing cylinders, there are eight copies of *The Times* produced at every revolution. The general speed is at the rate of 10,000 copies an hour; but, when the paper is late, and the “saving of the post” to be effected, 12,000 an hour, or 200 a minute, are printed. The principle by which this vast number of impressions is obtained is capable of almost indefinite extension: in fact, a sufficiently large cylinder, with corresponding apparatus, could as easily produce 100,000 as 10,000 copies an hour. This invention, for which the world is indebted to Mr. Applegath, has been in use upwards of three years, and its complete success is placed beyond a doubt. During that period, we were given to understand, no interruption has occurred; and as many as 50,000 impressions have been made in one day without any occasion to brush the types over. The two machines are driven by Bishopp’s Patent Disc Engine—also a new and important application of steam to rotary motion—the principal characteristics of which are, economy in space, simplicity of construction, and the ease with which it may be driven at from 50 to 200 revolutions a minute.

The circulation of *The Times* had, it appears, increased to such an extent that, previous to Applegath’s invention, the publication was frequently not completed before 11 or 12 o’clock in the forenoon; while, with the increased circulation of the present time, it would have been still later before the printing could be finished by the old method; so that a vertical machine, or a duplicate set of types, became absolutely necessary to supply the constantly augmenting demand. *The Times* can now

be had in the remotest corner of London as early as 8 o’clock.

By the time the first edition is digested, the Second Edition—which was established to meet the growing wants of the public, and one day’s printing of which we had just witnessed—is ready; and we could see by the number of anxious newsmen outside the publishing-office, that the circulation even of this mid-day publication is large. In the city it is much sought after, on account of the continental news, the prices on the London Stock Exchange, and the telegraphic, ship, and other intelligence from Liverpool and Southampton which it invariably contains.

The Times was the first newspaper ever printed by steam. On the 24th of November, 1814, the public were informed, through the columns of that paper, that the experiment of printing with cylindrical machines, with steam as the motive power, had proved, completely successful; and that the reader held in his hand one of many thousand impressions thus procured. The achievement, however, had not been accomplished without the exercise of judgment, patience, and perseverance. The pressmen were so determined in their opposition, that the preliminary operations had to be conducted, with the greatest secrecy; and they were only reconciled to this innovation upon what they conceived to be the rights of manual labour, by the assurance, on the part of the proprietor of *The Times*, that they would not be losers by the change—that their wages would be guaranteed them. The pressmen in *The Times* office were thus protected; but they saw nothing in prospect for their trade but absolute ruin. Mark the groundlessness of their fears—the fallacy of their reasoning! In 1814, we do not suppose there were more than half-a-dozen pressmen engaged;—now, exclusive of an overseer and engineers, there are about 50 hands employed in the machine department of this establishment! The two vertical machines alone, when at work, require the attention of 34 men!

We next visited the “Wetting Room,” which is situate immediately under, the “New Machine Room.” Several men are here constantly employed in damping the paper, and preparing it for printing. On entering, we found immense piles stacked about in every direction; and the scene resembled more the warehouse of a wholesale stationer than the damping-room of a single newspaper. Some idea of the quantity consumed may be formed from the fact that the Excise duty on the paper used by *The Times* amounts to 16,000*l.* a year. This large contribution to the revenue is irrespective of the stamp duty, which reaches nearly the sum of 70,000*l.* annually.

The advertisement department, to which we were next conducted, presented many interesting features. *The Times*, as almost every one knows, is the most extensive medium in Europe for advertising; and the nicety of system and spirit of business so apparent could alone produce the results for which this branch of the establishment is so noted. For every advertisement received, a numbered receipt is given, with printed directions how to act in case of its non-appearance. The number, description, address, and date of reception of every advertisement are entered in a book; so that, on

any inquiry being made, a reference to the entry at once gives the necessary information. The "copy," received in the counting-house, is sent up-stairs to the "Advertisement Room," where there are about 40 compositors engaged in the daily work of converting into type the wants and wishes of the community. Some of those wants and wishes, however, if given literally to the world, would convey anything but the meaning of the advertisers, and would show marks of a very imperfect acquaintance with either Dr. Johnson, or Lindley Murray; but, with the skill of the compositors and the care of the readers, the "rarest manuscript" is made out, and proverbial accuracy is insured. Rectifying defective orthography is one of the easiest of the many difficulties the compositor has to contend with. There can be no doubt, for instance, as to the meaning of "a young man who rites a good hand" wanting a "city-washing (situation) as klarke or lito portre;" but objectionable syntax is quite another matter. It sometimes occurs that a housemaid offers "to do for a whole family," or a laundress, to "scrub children by the dozen;" while advertisers, with higher pretensions, would be nothing the worse for consulting Archbishop Whately's "Book of Synonyms" before volunteering to undertake "to impart tuition to the sons of gentlemen." Considering the mass of advertisements that daily appear in the "leading journal," were there no pains bestowed upon their arrangement, the object of the advertisers would be comparatively unaccomplished. But under the system of classification which prevails, the public can at once fix its eye upon the particulars of anything which its real or imaginary wants may suggest the possession of—the whereabouts of articles of luxury as well as of necessity can be discovered without any difficulty; or the collector of such mysterious announcements as "Pray, return to your disconsolate and broken-hearted wife," and "Door-mat and beans to-night," as instinctively glances at the top of the second or third column as the politician turns to the fourth page.

When it is mentioned, that about 20,000*l.* is paid as duty on the advertisements inserted every year in *The Times*, the public will form some conception of the vast extent of business transacted with the advertising world; but, great as that sum is, the amount would have been much larger, were it not for the strict surveillance exercised to detect and exclude everything which is in any degree disreputable in character. The disgusting quack notices, which disfigure so many of the provincial, and not a few of the metropolitan papers, have no admittance in *The Times*; nor will the most extravagant sum procure the insertion of a line which is susceptible of the slightest immoral tendency. We were given to understand that even advertisements with the words "apply, inclosing a postage stamp," are excluded. But, the more this department is pruned, the more it grows. The advertisement, current, it appears, flows on so increasingly, that the publication of a supplement is rendered necessary almost every day, even during the recess. The expense thus involved, as the supplement is given gratis, is enormous; and, there is no doubt, the circulation of the paper is hampered thereby. We believe this to be the "consideration" alluded to in the following sentence, from the evidence given by

the manager of *The Times*, when examined last year before the Parliamentary Committee on Newspaper Stamp Duties:—"He had no doubt in the world, that if there were no consideration beyond a mere desire to circulate the paper, it could be made to double itself in a couple of years." Were we inclined to encroach on the province of Adam Smith, or to read a lecture on modern political economy, the above quotation would form a good groundwork for trying upon the attention of the Legislature the immediate repeal of at least that part of the Newspaper Stamp Duties Act which confines the size of newspapers within certain limits. The supplements issued with *The Times* are a mass of taxation; the advertisements are taxed 1*s.* 6*d.* each; every sheet is taxed 3*d.*; and the Excise duty on the paper amounts to something considerable. When the circulation reaches a given point, the value of the advertisements in the supplement and the value of the stamps and paper balance each other; and, it is obvious, every copy of *The Times* sold beyond that point, is disposed of at a positive loss. Hence the necessity of limiting the circulation.

During what is known as the "busy season," frequent recourse is had to double supplements—or the issue of *The Times* twice the size of itself—to clear off the advertisements. We were informed that, a few weeks ago, as many as between 80 and 90 columns of advertisements were ready for insertion in one day; and, in the middle of last March, the influx was so great that it became necessary to publish three double supplements in the course of one week. On such occasions, although nothing additional is charged to the public, the Stamp-office exacts 2*d.* for every impression. Following up the curious calculations made by a writer in "Notes and Queries," regarding the publication of *The Times* on the 10th of Feb. 1840, containing an account of the royal nuptials, we find that, were the whole of the issue of the three supplements just alluded to cut into single columns and tacked together, it would extend a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. By another calculation, were all the supplements of the three publications opened out and joined together, they would stretch out a length of upwards of 90 miles; or, beginning at Easton-square, would cover the rails of the London and North-Western line to within 20 miles of Birmingham!

The day of our visit happening to be a "Mail day," we witnessed the process, which takes place three times a-week, of issuing *The Times*, without the advertisements, under the title of the *Evening Mail*. The *Mail* circulates principally in the country, where it is better known than in London. Preparations were making for getting the supplement ready; and, as a heavy debate was expected in both Houses of Parliament, the most urgent advertisements were selected for insertion, as only the first page of *The Times* could be calculated upon for the use of advertisers. At six o'clock the "forms" were "imposed" and sent to press. The supplement is printed on the old, or horizontal machines—each of which is, to use the words of Mr. Savage, in his "Dictionary," "the mechanism of four single machines combined in one frame, all being worked simultaneously; thus, there are four places at which to feed it with

paper, four printing cylinders, and four places at which the sheets are delivered when printed." This skilful combination of machinery, which is the production of Mr. Applegath, the patentee of the vertical machine, produces about 5000 copies an hour.

It may be worthy of remark (and we give this statement, as well as all that relates to the circulation of the paper, and the sums paid to Government, from the evidence of the manager of *The Times* already alluded to) that at this season of the year as many as from 20 to 30 columns of advertisements are daily kept out for want of room.

The news compositors, numbering upwards of 60, "take copy"—one class at six, another at seven, and the third at eight o'clock; and go on, without interruption, until the Parliamentary and other intelligence is composed. By the systematic division of labour, both in the literary and mechanical arrangements of this establishment, a Parliamentary report, in the very perfection of typography, and extending to 23 or 24 columns, is ready for publication within a few minutes after the last reporter leaves the gallery of the House.

In the writer's estimation—and in this, we believe, all shades of politicians are agreed—one of the most interesting features connected with the literary department of *The Times* is the genius displayed in the leading articles commenting upon, and which appear simultaneously with, the debate. These articles, although necessarily written in a very short space of time, invariably show marks of great research and extensive acquaintance with men and manners, and not unfrequently symptoms of the fire, force, and sarcasm of a "Junius."

The engraving at the head of this article attempts to convey an idea of the scramble at the publishing office of *The Times*, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, after the large dealers have been supplied. When the paper is late, or when any news of importance is expected (as on the occasion of the recent Ministerial crisis), the scene is a truly exciting one; and it frequently happens that, even with the vertical machine throwing off 10,000 copies every hour, the demand cannot be supplied. Mr. W. H. Smith, the well-known news-agent, in his evidence before the Committee on Newspaper Stamps, stated that it was often the case that he could not get as many copies of *The Times* as the public would buy; and added (which we quote to illustrate the manner in which the publishing business is conducted)—"*The Times* will always supply the ordinary number as soon as they possibly can, for the subscribers; but any extra demand is placed behind other orders, and will, probably, only be supplied in the order in which the demand is created. Consequently, if the paper itself is late in going to press, the extra demand would not be supplied in time to render it of any service to you."

Having thus endeavoured to give an idea of the intellectual and mechanical expedition attendant on the publication of this influential paper, we will briefly glance at the "social condition"—so to speak—of the workmen, in the hope that any employer who may find a "leisure hour" to peruse these pages, may be induced to imitate conduct which is as creditable to the proprietor of *The Times* as it is productive of happiness and sub-

stantial blessings to those in his service. Some years ago a Sick Fund was instituted, which has been the means of effecting much good. A quotation from the introduction to the rules, with a copy of which we were favoured, will show the benevolent objects it has in view and the safe foundation upon which it rests:—"The administration of a provision for the future as well as for the present—for seasons of sickness and infirmity as well as of health—shall be considered henceforward a part of the business of the printing department of *The Times*."

The institution provides, on the equitable principles of mutual insurance, a regular weekly allowance in sickness, and a sum at death; and it is, we believe, ultimately intended, by the encouragement of a modified system of insurance, to provide small annuities for widows and fatherless children. Although it is self-supporting, the fund receives donations from the principal managers; and the proprietor, in addition to being an annual subscriber of a considerable sum, has, on more than one occasion, contributed as much as 100*l.* at once. The regulations for deposits in the Savings Bank also display wisdom and an interest in the real welfare of the employed. Every compositor whose earnings exceed 40*s.*, 50*s.*, and 60*s.* a-week pays 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.*, respectively, to the Savings Bank account; and, when the savings amount to 100*l.*, or before, at the option of the contributors, it is expected that subscribers will effect an insurance on their lives for a sum of at least 200*l.* It ought also to be stated that the proprietor pays out of his own pocket a handsome sum yearly to a gentleman for attending to the Sick Fund and Savings Bank accounts. When to this is added the fact that there is allowed, every year, to all persons in the operative department, a holiday of two weeks, with pay, it may justly be conceived that, whatever may be thought of the political opinions of this eminent journal—a subject on which the writer desires to observe the strictest neutrality—this country can scarcely boast of a more intelligent, contented, and happy body of workpeople than that which it was our privilege to observe during our visit to *The Times* office.

From the Appendix to the Report of the Select Committee on Newspaper Stamps, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 18th July, 1851, we extract the following tabular view of the progressive circulation of *The Times* from 1837 to 1850 inclusive, which will perhaps be found interesting to those who are fond of statistics, that illustrate the reading tendencies of the age. The number of stamps consumed in 1850, it will be seen, gives an average daily circulation of 38,019. We have no official means of ascertaining the number issued in 1851; but there is no reason to doubt that the circulation increased in a ratio corresponding with the preceding year:—

Year.	No. of Stamps.	Year.	No. of Stamps.
1837	3,065,000	1844	6,900,000
1838	3,085,000	1845	8,100,000
1839	4,300,000	1846	8,950,000
1840	5,060,000	1847	9,205,290
1841	6,850,000	1848	11,025,500
1842	6,305,000	1849	11,300,000
1843	6,250,000	1850	11,900,000

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

THE PAVEMENT CHALKER.

CURLED up under the shelter of one of the numerous dead walls to be met with in the line of the New Road, from Paddington to King's Cross, there is to be occasionally seen a lump of unwashed and unkempt shivering juvenility and tattered raggedness. A coarse canvas suit, which would not fetch two-pence at the rag shop, and which is full of holes and rents, does not more than half cover the naked limbs; the bare skin, "goose-fleshed" with the wintry blast of February, looks pallidly through a dozen patchwork apertures. The owner of the miserable garments, which barely serve the purposes of decency, can boast of neither shirt, nor stockings, nor shoes. He has huddled himself up almost to the form of a crouching eel that shrinks from the assaults of the storm, and he half hides his face in his hands as he cowers ruefully from the cold. On the shin of one leg, too, a little above the ankle, there is a bad, unsightly wound. On a smooth pavement-stone at his side, first industriously cleaned and polished with the palm of his hand, he has written in white chalk, shaded with a black Italian crayon, and in characters to the beauty and flourishing fluency of which the italics we are compelled to make use of have no pretensions, the following expressive appeal:—

*I will not steal —
I must not beg —
I cannot work —
Will you allow me to starve?"*

A crowd of gaping boys and compassionating females have gathered round him. The boys are unanimous and loud in their praise of the marvellous writing, which in a measure justifies their assertion that it is "better than copper-plate;" the women, with sundry ejaculations of pity and condolence, mingled with violent indignation against the world of wealth for not stepping forth in a body to the rescue, are searching in their pockets for an alms for the suffering creature. Now and then a passing pedestrian throws him a coin and hurries on; and now, the poor women, having succeeded in extracting a few half-pence from the recesses of their pockets and clubbed them together, one of them stoops down tenderly, and with a sigh and a blessing, confers upon the starving wretch their united contribution. The grateful creature turns a tearful eye to the clouds, and, impressed with the burden of thankfulness, invokes a thousand benedictions upon their charitable hearts. Sober citizens, not altogether free from suspicion, walk past quietly, and take no notice of the appeal to their sympathies; while the man of the world, conversant with the whole economy of the proceeding, hurls him an admonition or a reproach, instead of a coin, by which proceeding the deplorable object in all probability profits more than he would have done by their pence, through the generosity of the ignorant and the charitable, which is always stimulated by the appearance of inhumanity or oppression.

This unfortunate outcast crouches all day in the eye of the public; and if his wants be still unsatisfied, he lights a candle so soon as it is dark, and then presents quite a picturesque object. By the

light of his guttering tallow, those who pass may read his lithographic performance; and he will remain at his post till seven o'clock at least, to catch the commercial gentlemen on their return home after the labours of the counting-house. So soon as that daily current has subsided, considering his business done for the day, he rises from his lair, and, treading out his ornamental inscription with his foot, limps away with the gait of a confirmed and incurable cripple from the scene of his labours—if labours they are to be called.

The subject whom we have been rapidly contemplating is well known in certain localities as an arrant impostor. We have seen him in the exercise of his daily profession, or we should say one of his professions—that of "The Deplorable Object," in the pursuit of which he enjoys a reputation, and a profit too, equal to those of any of his tribe. It may be as well, perhaps, to look at the other side of the picture, and see how he indemnifies himself at night for his couch of cold stones during eight or nine hours of the day. Let us follow him home. He has blown out his candle and hidden it in a hole in the wall above his head, where he will find it again whenever it may be convenient to repeat his performance. He hobbles on painfully for a few hundred yards, when turning suddenly southwards, he sets his face towards Westminster, and breaks into a strapping pace, which will carry him thither in five-and-thirty minutes. He stops, after a smart walk of a few hundred yards, under the shadow of a door-way, and putting his wounded foot upon the step, carefully detaches the wound—for it is merely an artificial one—from his leg, and as it cost him three-and-sixpence, he folds it up for future use. He now resumes his pace, nor stops again till, after threading numberless windings and short cuts, he pulls up at a favourite wine-vault in Seven Dials. Here he compensates himself for the hardships of his peculiar craft, with dilutions of some favourite beverage, and afterwards dines as luxuriously as a lord, and at the same hour—as he is wont to, boast—at some "ker," as it is called, in the immediate neighbourhood, in the company of a congenial crew of impostors who, like himself, make a living by preying on the misdirected sympathies of the humane.

What he does with himself after dinner depends entirely upon the state of trade during the day. On this occasion he has been rather successful, and having six or seven shillings in his pocket after his dinner is paid for, he resolves upon a little relaxation. He walks leisurely home to his lodgings, not a very great distance from the Broadway at Westminster, where, doffing his professional garb, he dons one of good serviceable fustian, and, having given a peremptory order for supper at twelve o'clock, makes due in a party for some low theatre in the neighbourhood, where he makes amends for the taciturnity of his performance in the day-time by the volubility of his criticisms. After the performance is over, he and his companions resort to the populous beggars' lodging-house where they all reside, to a midnight supper, made up of the most heterogeneous materials—from charity crusts and potatoes for those who can pay for nothing better, to roast beef, or fowls, or rump steaks and oyster sauce, for those who during the day have reaped the favours of fortune. Supper over, the weary

and the penniless slink off to bed, and the rest prolong the repast, in which our hero cuts a conspicuous figure, from the excellence of his voice, the vigour of his lungs, and the comic humour he brings into play, when he favours the company with a specimen of the peculiar class of minstrelsy in which they delight. The doors are closed, and no intrusive policeman presumes to interrupt their harmony, which generally endures so long as anything remains to be spent. If half of the wretched objects finish by disgusting intoxication, they are but so much the more fitted for business next day, seeing that the tremor and pallor superinduced by debauch may be looked upon as the legitimate qualifications for their line of occupation.

The subject of our notice is really a clever fellow, and his boast, that he "knows a thing or two," is by no means void of truth; but there is one thing which he does not know, and of which at present it would be very difficult to convince him—and that is, that of all the victims of his imposture, he is himself the one most deplorably deluded.*

VOYAGE TO THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

At the present moment, when the United States' expedition to Japan is drawing public attention towards that remarkable country, the following curious notice of a voyage which was made to Jeddo, its capital, by an American captain, will be read with much interest. It appeared in the "Nautical Magazine" for 1846, but will be new to nearly all our readers:—

It was about the 1st of April, as Captain Cooper was proceeding towards the whaling regions of the northern ocean, that he passed, in the neighbourhood of St. Peter's, a small island lying a few degrees to the S.E. of Nippon. It is comparatively barren and was supposed to be uninhabited; but being near it, Captain Cooper thought he would explore the shore for turtle to afford his ship's company some refreshment. While tracing the shore along he discovered a pinnacle of curious construction which resembled somewhat those he had seen in the China seas. Turning his walks inland, he entered a valley where he unexpectedly saw, at some distance from him, several persons in uncouth dresses, who appeared alarmed at his intrusion and immediately fled to a more secluded part of the valley. He continued his walk, and soon came to a hut, where were collected eleven men whom he afterwards found to be Japanese. As he approached them they came forward and prostrated themselves to the earth before him, and remained on their faces for some time. They were much alarmed and expected to be destroyed; but Captain Cooper, with great kindness, reconciled them to

his presence, and learned by signs that they had been shipwrecked on St. Peter's many months before. He took them to the shore, pointed to his vessel, and informed them that he would take them to Jeddo if they would entrust themselves to his care. They consented with great joy; and abandoning everything they had on the island, embarked with him immediately for his ship.

Captain Cooper left St. Peter's, and after sailing a day or two in the direction of Nippon, he descried a huge and shapeless object on the ocean, which proved to be a Japanese ship or "junk," as these vessels are called, wrecked and in a sinking condition. She was from a port on the extreme north of Nippon, with a cargo of pickled salmon, bound for Jeddo. She had been shattered and dismantled some weeks previous, and was drifting about the ocean at the mercy of the winds, and as a gale arose the following day, the captain thinks she must have sunk. From this ship he took eleven men, more, all Japanese, and made sail again for the shores of Nippon.

In making the land, our navigator found himself considerably to the north of Jeddo; but approaching near the coast, he landed in his boat, accompanied by one or two of his passengers. Here he noticed many of the inhabitants employed in fishing at various distances from land. The natives he met on shore were mostly fishermen, and all appeared to belong to the common or lower classes of society. They seemed intelligent and happy, were pleased with his visit, and made no objection to his landing. From this place he despatched one of his passengers to the emperor, who was at Jeddo, with the intelligence of his intention or wish to enter the harbour, of the capital with his ship, for the purpose of landing the men whom he had found under such distressing circumstances, and to obtain water and other necessities to enable him to proceed on his voyage. He then returned to his ship, and sailing along the coast for many leagues, compared his own charts with the one taken from the wreck. The winds becoming unfavourable, however, he was driven away from the land so far that, after they changed, it took him a week to recover a position near the place where he first landed. He went on shore again, and despatched two other messengers to the capital, with the same information that he had previously sent, and the reason of his detention. He sailed again for Jeddo, and the winds proving auspicious, in due time he entered the mouth of the bay; deep within which the city is situated. As he sailed along the passage, a barge met him coming from the city, in command of a person who, from his rich dress, appeared to be an officer of rank and consequence. This personage informed him that his messengers had arrived at court, and that the emperor had granted him permission to come to Jeddo with his ship. He was, however, directed to anchor under a certain headland for the night, and the next morning was towed up to his anchorage within a furlong of the city.

The ship was immediately visited by a great number of all ranks, from the governor of Jeddo and the high officers attached to the person of the emperor, arrayed in golden and gorgeous tunics, to the lowest menials of the government, clothed in rags. All were filled with an insatiable curiosity

* The above is too true a sketch. Some years ago we ourselves watched one of this miserable class of street-impostors (who inflict so much evil by directing towards themselves a sympathy which ought to be bestowed on the really deserving) take his station in a populous neighbourhood, reaping in the course of a few minutes a rich harvest, until an accomplice gave him warning of the approach of the police, by slowly walking past him on the opposite side of the way—a signal at which he immediately decamped; first, however, carefully obliterating his starvation appeal, that no other member of his fraternity might avail himself of the fruit of his labours. The parties who contributed to him were chiefly working men, returning from their day's work.—Ed.

to see the strangers and inspect the thousand novelties presented to their view.

Captain Cooper was very soon informed by a native interpreter who had been taught Dutch, and who could speak a few words of English, but who could talk still more intelligibly by signs, that neither he nor his crew would be allowed to go out of the ship, and that if they should attempt it they would be put to death. This fact was communicated by the very significant symbol of drawing a naked sword across the throat. The captain dealt kindly with all, obtained their confidence, and assured them he had no inclination to transgress their laws, but only desired to make known to the emperor and the great officers of Japan, the kind feelings of himself and of the people of America towards them and their countrymen. The Japanese seamen who had been taken from the desolate island and from the wreck, when parting from their preserver, manifested the warmest affection and gratitude for his kindness. They clung to him and shed many tears. This scene—the reports of the shipwrecked men of the many kindnesses they had received—and the uniformly prudent and amicable deportment of the American captain, made a very favourable impression on the governor of Jeddo. During his stay, this great dignitary treated him with the most distinguished civility and kindness.

But neither the captain nor crew of the vessel were allowed to go over her side. Officers were kept on board continually, to prevent any infraction of this regulation; and the more securely to insure its maintenance and prevent all communication with the shore, the ship was surrounded and guarded by three circular barriers of boats. Each circle was about a hundred feet asunder, and the inner one about one hundred from the ship. If the first circle the boats were tied to a lawser so compactly that their sides touched each other, and nothing could pass between or break through them. The sterns of the boats were next the ship, and in these were erected long lances and other steel weapons of various and curious forms, such as are never seen or heard of among European nations. Sometimes they were covered with lacquered sheaths, at others, they were left to glisten in the sun, apparently for the purpose of informing the foreigners that their application would follow any attempt to pass them. Among these were mingled flags and banners of various colours and devices. In the middle of this circle, between the vessel and the city, was stationed a large junk, in which the officers resided who commanded the guard surrounding the ship. The boats composing the second circle were not so numerous, and those in the third were more scattered still; but the number thus employed was almost bewildering to look upon. They amounted to nearly a thousand, and were all armed and ornamented in a similar manner. It was a scene of the most intense interest and amusement to the Americans, most of whom had never heard of the strange customs of this secluded and almost unknown people. Magnificent and wonderful a spectacle, however, as this vast array of boats presented during the day, decorated with gaudy banners, and with glittering spears of an infinite variety of form—in the night it was excelled, by a display of lanterns in

such countless numbers, and of such shapes and transparencies, as almost to entrance the beholders, and to remind them of the magic in the Arabian Tales.

The character and vigour of the guard stationed about the ship was at one time accidentally put to the test. The captain wishing to repair one of his boats, attempted to lower it from the cranes into the water, in order to take it over the vessel's side. All the Japanese on board immediately drew their swords. The officer, in charge of the deck guard appeared greatly alarmed at the procedure, remonstrated kindly, but with great earnestness, against it, and declared to Captain Cooper that they should be slain if they permitted it, and that his own head would be in danger if he persisted in the act. The captain assured the officer that he had no intention to go on shore, and explained to him clearly what his object was. When it was fully understood, great pleasure was manifested by the Japanese officer. He commanded the crew who were managing the boat to leave it, and set a host of his menials to work, who took it into the ship without allowing it to touch the water.

The Manhattan was at anchor in the harbour of Jeddo four days, during which time the captain was supplied by command of the emperor with wood, water, rice, rye in the grain, vegetables of various kinds, and some grocery composed of the lacquered ware of the country. He was recruited with everything of which he stood in need, and all remuneration was refused. But he was told explicitly never to come again to Japan, for if he did he would greatly displease the emperor. During these four days, he had many conversations with the governor of Jeddo, and other persons of rank, through their interpreter. In one of these, he was informed by the governor that the only reason why he was allowed to remain in the waters of Japan was, because the emperor felt assured that he could not be a bad-hearted foreigner by his having come so far out of his way to bring poor persons to their native country, who were wholly strangers to him. He was told that the emperor thought well of his heart, and had consequently commanded all his officers to treat him with marked attention, and to supply all his wants.

The day before he left, the emperor sent him his autograph, as the most notable token of his own respect and consideration. It is often said that the greatest men are most careless in their chirography, and in this case the imperial hand would support the truth of the remark, for the autograph, by the size and boldness of its characters, appeared more as if a half-grown chicken had stepped into muddy water and then walked two or three times deliberately over a sheet of coarse paper, than like any other print to which I can imagine a resemblance.

In a conversation with the governor, when the latter told our navigator that he must never come to Japan again. Captain Cooper asked him, "how he would wish him to act under the same circumstances." The governor was somewhat disconcerted, shrugged his shoulders, and evaded by replying that "he must not come again." Captain Cooper then asked him, "if he should leave his countrymen to starve or drown, when it was in his power to take them from another wreck." He

intimated that it would please the emperor more for them to be left, than for strangers to visit his dominions. Captain Cooper told him that he never would see them drown, or starve, but should rescue them and feed them; and then inquired what he should do with them. The governor replied, "Carry them to some Dutch port, but never come to Japan again." This was all spoken by the governor with mildness, but with firmness also, as if he uttered the imperial will.

It was early in April, that Captain Cooper visited Japan; and he represents the climate and appearance of the country to be pleasant and lovely in the extreme. Wherever he inspected the coast, the whole earth teemed with the most luxuriant verdure. Every acre of hill and dale appeared in the highest state of cultivation. Where the eminences were too steep for the agricultural genius of the inhabitants, they were formed into terraces, so that for miles together they presented the appearance of hanging gardens. Numerous white, neat-looking dwellings studded the whole country. Some of them were so charmingly situated on sloping hill-sides, and sequestered amidst the foliage of a fresh and living green, that the delighted mariners almost sighed to transplant their homes there—the spots were so sunny, so inviting, and so peaceful.

But the map given to Captain Cooper is perhaps one of the most interesting illustrations of Japanese civilization which has come into our possession. It embraces the island of Nippon, all the islands south of it, and a small part of Jeddo on the north. It is four feet long, and nearly as broad, and, when folded up, resembles a common church music book, handsomely bound in boards.

The islands shown on this map are projected on an uncommonly large scale. The minutest indentations in the coast, with all the trading ports, large and small, are laid down, apparently after accurate surveys. Captain Cooper found the coast which he followed to be correctly delineated, by his astronomical observations; and his own charts of Nippon were altogether erroneous. The tracks of the coastwise trade are traced throughout the whole group, from Jeddo to Nagasaki. But the most interesting part of this production is the topography of the interior of the islands. They are laid out in districts, and all variously coloured, like the States of America, in Mitchell's map. The smallest villages are denoted and named. The residence of the governor in each district, and other public establishments occupying less ground, are also delineated. They are all embraced in enclosures of different shape and colouring, and from the uniformity of these in appearance and number in every district, we may suppose the administration and government of Japan is conducted with great system. This is in accordance with our previous knowledge of the country. The rivers, even their smallest tributaries, are all traced to their source. The number and extent of these streams are surprising. No country of its size can be more abundantly watered than Nippon. The streams are so numerous, that the whole interior has the appearance of being irrigated by countless canals. But they are evidently river channels, and can all be followed from their sources in the valleys to their junction with each other and their termina-

tion in the sea. The public roads are exceedingly numerous, intersecting the whole country from shore to shore, and indicating a vast amount of travel throughout the empire. In several parts, high mountains are laid down in dark colouring. These occur occasionally in small groups, and occupy but little space. The general appearance of the country is that of bold and lofty hills alternating with great numbers of broad valleys. All pour forth rills and streams which fertilize the earth as they flow along, and afford a thousand advantages and encouragements to an industrious population engaged like the Japanese in agricultural and commercial arts. The whole empire swarms with towns and hamlets. It is almost impossible to conceive its populousness without an inspection of this map.

On one side of the sheet is a large amount of unintelligible writing, which appears to be explanatory of the figures, characters, roads, etc., delineated in the different districts on the map. If interpreted, they might furnish us with much novel information.

This map, with several other articles in Captain Cooper's possession, was accidentally left in his ship by the Japanese. They desired to give him many things which they perceived were interesting to him, but they assured him, they would be in danger of losing their heads should the emperor learn that they had furnished strangers with any means of information relative to their country or its institutions. They showed great and real alarm on this subject, and concealed or destroyed many things as they approached Jeddo which had been about the ship. Captain Cooper took no advantage of their dependent situation, but allowed them to follow their own inclinations in all respects.

Having lain at anchor four days, and replenished his stores of wood, water, etc., he signified his readiness to depart, but the winds were adverse, and it was impossible for him to get to sea. There seemed to be no disposition manifested by the government to force him away, but there was none for him to remain a moment beyond the time when his wants had been satisfied. A head-wind and tide presented no impediments to going away from Japan, in the mind of the governor of Jeddo. At his command, the anchor was weighed, and a line of boats was attached to the bows of the ship, so long that they could not be numbered. They were arranged four abreast, proceeded in the greatest order, and were supposed to amount to nearly a thousand. It was an immense train, and presented a spectacle to the eyes of the seamen, approaching the marvellous. The boats, instead of being propelled by rowing or paddles, were all sculled by a single oar, employed, however, by several men. In this manner the Manhattan was towed twenty miles out to sea, and the officer in charge of the fleet would have taken her a greater distance had not further aid been declined. The Japanese then took a courteous leave of our hero, and while the long train of barges wheeled with a slow and graceful motion towards the shore, the latter spread his sails for the less hospitable regions of Kam-schatka and the north-west coast, highly gratified with the result of his adventure among this re-
clude, but highly civilized people.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

WHEN Augustus Cæsar was dying, at the end of a long reign, full of important action and wise moderation, he called to his courtiers—who stood by his pillow, and, with a dramatic and well-understood allusion, inquired if he had performed his part well? He was told that he had. "Applaud me then," was the demand of the dying monarch.

The sentiment is capable of translation into a higher and a Christian sense. Every man's life is a performance; the death of each is the close of a real drama; and the approach of the termination suggests the inquiry propounded before all witnessing beings, seen or unseen, whether the actor have performed his part well. It is for one alone, however, who has watched the process through all its most secret movements, to answer the question with the emphasis of a judicial sentence; and the great inquiry which ought to mould the whole aspect and habits of a man's life is—will He applaud in that solemn hour?

There is no scene in which such a question can be more pertinent than one familiar to every inhabitant of Paris, and to every visitor of that capital—the magnificent palace built by Louis XIV at Versailles. If the external and material—if stone and paint and varnish—can convey the idea of royalty, there it is abundantly realized. The architect has left a building which, though by no means perfect, produces by its vastness and magnificence, a certain impression of grandeur on the mind. Stately terraces, wide and broad avenues, groups of statuary, and all the varieties possible of glittering fountains, attest the skill of the landscape gardener. The stately and self-loving monarch who planned and commanded this abode, saw his manly and noble form continually reflected in the lines of mirrors at his side, or exhibited among the ranks of immortals above his head. It was nothing that multitudes of lives were wasted in the difficulties of achieving the building and its adornments; the result was a palace worthy of the presence of a mighty king; and, so long as certain exploits of war and heroism went to make up the complement of his falsely named glory, courtiers and monarch were fain to forget the wasted treasures, the hecatombs of human lives, the undermined nations, the desolating wars, denying peace to all Europe, which followed in its train. The monarch who glittered on these walls as Mars, who bore upon his panels the emblem of the risen sun, whom nobles envied and sovereigns praised, had gained, in that hollow name of glory, all for which he lived; and during the greater part of his life, the theatrical pageant, passed off with unobtruded applause, overpowering the expressions of the detestation of some and the agonized groans of many more.

It is with far different feelings, however, that the spectator of more modern times walks across the deserted and darkened theatre. In vain he asks, as of other dramas, to what purpose, except that which was evil, all these gorgeous means and appliances were tending? Where now are the actors, and what was the worthy part the mass of them performed? The beautiful, the gay, the brave, the proud, the self-convicted magnets of popular attention, the high and mighty heroes,

whose laurels were besprinkled with the blood of men—where are they now, and where is the applause for which they struggled and panted? It is as if the spirit of another royal preacher walked through these halls, proclaiming anew, "Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" Posterity has passed its sentence; it is not that of approval.

Among the scenes exhibited to the stranger in this luxurious palace, are some of special interest. In the midst of a long gallery, lined throughout with mirrors, and exhibiting on its ceiling the most fulsome adulation which a mythological pencil could paint, a side door opens upon the private apartments of the monarch, at whose proud bidding all this fairy structure arose. A jealous care has treasured here many personal memorials of the past. The table on which Le Grand Monarque transacted his business, and around which he assembled his council; the confessional where he unbosomed his heart—miserable compound that it was of vice and superstition—to his favourite confessor, whom yet he could not trust without having within sight a guard with a drawn sword; the private chambers from which issued the cruel edicts which exterminated spiritual religion from the soil of France, are yet to be seen. One room, especially is remarkable. It is the bed-chamber of the monarch, still existing as it did when that long and wearisome train of ceremonial laboured to elevate the thing of dust into a deity, and when the proudest humbled themselves to catch a passing glance of favour on each successive day from the king's bedside. Within these walls was enacted the longest performance which the annals of royalty have recorded; the attire was perfect, the step of the leading actor majestic; the decorations of the scene in the highest degree superb; there was no lack of incidents, such as men love to witness and to record; and it was within the room which we are now visiting that the curtain fell.

Death came heavily and unwelcomely upon that infirm old man. As it drew near, it seemed as if he would not die. He met its summons by proclaiming a grand review, at which his painted face and patched form were exhibited to give the lie to the current rumours of his approaching end. In vain. The exertion hastened the crisis; fatigued, exhausted, almost inanimate, he was borne from the parade to the couch on which he died. His moribund state, however, relaxed not a single observance of the usual rigorous ceremonial. The pomp of the court clustered around the chamber which none dared to enter, except at a special summons from the dying sovereign. It was a deeply affecting scene. Age, bewavement, reverses, had borne heavily on the last years of the monarch's life, till the pressure from without, and the severer self-reproach from within, had changed him into a morose old man, from whose presence even his nearest companions shrunk with ennui and disgust. He had long outlived his gaiety, his conquests, his children, and himself. Around his last scene were carried on the most violent intrigues. There might be witnessed the efforts of some to induce the dying monarch to remember their claims with his last breath, and to alter his will in their favour; and, on the other hand, the

opposition of those interested in preserving intact the arrangements they knew him to have made. There might be seen the heretofore neglected Duke of Orleans receiving a sudden overflow of homage from a parasitical court, because it was known that he had been nominated as the future Regent; to be forsaken again, when a bold empiric declared himself able to cure the royal malady. But a real regret at the monarch's state was scarcely to be discovered, except among the menial servants, to whom he had been usually an indulgent master. Even his wife, Mde. de Maintenon, shrunk from him who had elevated her to be his companion, though he had denied her the rights of a queen; and, amidst the scene of death, was busy in gathering together her moveables, and securing her precious property and interests. How was it possible that sentiments of true regard could accompany the death-bed of one, by whose life morals had been outraged, public treasures exhausted, human life counted as an insignificant bauble, and a great nation brought so low, as that the wisest financiers turned with a shudder from the dark future? "That man," said his most trusted female friend, "has never loved any one but himself."

On one day, there were summoned within the walls of that dying room, the heads of Louis's splendid court. Uniforms and jewels blazed upon their wearers, and the magnificence of the scene presented an awful contrast to the appearance of the departing old man, before whom all this array had been summoned, and to the words which nobles had been called together to hear. The pomp and glory of the world could conceal from no eye the dreariness of the monarch's spirit. "Gentlemen, I desire your pardon for the bad example I have set you." * * "Farewell, gentlemen, I feel that this parting has affected not only myself, but you also. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." The courtiers rose, and slowly disappeared, and a long pause of ominous silence followed. It was only broken by the king's addressing the child who was to be his future successor. "My child, you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me in my taste for building, or in my love for war. Strive to relieve the burdens of the people, in which I have been unfortunate enough to fail; render to God that which you owe him, and cause his name to be honoured by your subjects." Two days after, a somewhat similar scene was repeated, when the most arbitrary and self-willed of despots said before his nobles: "If I have erred, my guides (referring more especially to his confessors) must answer before God, whom I call to witness this declaration."

As the king's disorder advanced, an amputation of one of his limbs, which had already mortified, was proposed by his physicians. "Will the operation prolong my life?" was the demand. He was told it might for days, or even for weeks. "If that be all, the result will not be equal to the suffering. God's will be done." He now took leave of the members of his family, made his last dispositions, and began to speak of his reign as already past, saying, "When I was king." One incident recorded of his last hours indicated still "the ruling passion strong in death." Observing some of his attendants in tears, he said, "Why

do you weep? Did you imagine that I was immortal?"

Nothing marks man's humiliation more than the manner in which certain effects survive their authors. Within that proud palace which his hands had reared, every wall of which contained some memorial of his disastrous exploits, Louis XIV at length lay, an insignificant mass of unconscious clay. When his remains were borne to the church, and laid down in the midst of those assembled nobles who had once trembled at his slightest word, and paid homage to him whom they designated Louis the Great, what force there was in the opening words of Massillon's oration, as he bent his eyes upon the bier, and then fixed them mournfully upon his electrified audience—"My brethren, God alone is great."

Such was the fall of the curtain upon one who had filled a proud niche in Europe's temple of Fame; but who died amidst the shivering ruins of his own structure of heartless vanity, leaving contemporaries to forget the name of hero in that of an unfortunate and insupportable old man; posterity to adapt

"The name at which the world turned pale
To point a moral and adorn a tale;"

and the Christian man to shudder at the heights of worldly ambition, and to pity and mourn over the degradation of its inevitable downfall. Who will applaud?

We have referred already to the grandson of Louis XIV, as he stood in this apartment at Versailles to receive the last injunctions of his dying grandfather. It had been well for him, if some part of them had not only been inscribed above his youthful pillow, as they were, but in his practical memory. He had indeed no taste for war, and little for buildings; but the advice which regarded morality, piety, and concern for his people was disastrously repudiated. His life was that of a most debauched and shameless libertine; his death, one of the terrible chapters of modern history.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon the disgraceful incidents of this insufferable reign. Its close was in most consistent keeping with its general character, and was superinduced by the vices for which he was disgracefully notorious. The immediate complaint was small-pox, and it is unnecessary to remind the reader that, before the introduction of inoculation and vaccination, that disease was the scourge of Europe in general, and that its effects had been disastrously felt in many royal courts. Within the suite of apartments of which we have spoken, though not precisely in that occupied by Louis XIV, did his debauched and degraded successor lay him down to die. Swollen, disfigured, disgusting in personal appearance, with putrid influences pervading the palace, so that more than fifty of the courtiers became disordered, and many die, the monarch approaches his dreaded end. Only the king's daughters, with one degrading exception, minister to the sick-bed, and they more from duty than from love. Terror seizes the whole court at the contagious nature of the disease; and if prayers are offered, it is, that the fearful scene may soon terminate. The curtain is falling; let us step behind it, before it drops:

On that couch lies all that remains of a once

petted and applauded monarch of France; whose life, when in his early reign threatened with assassination, was regarded as so important to the welfare of his subjects, that they prayed for him as "Louis the well-beloved." There are no sighs nor prayers now; the lease of love is long since worn out! Subjects are weary of his extravagant rule; virtue shudders at his name. No man ever more dreaded to die. Though he sometimes, in very morbidness, visited graves and sepulchres, he was ordinarily impatient of the slightest hint on the subject of his own death. It was, however, come at last, and every foul thought which the hotbed of his own depravity had engendered, gibbered round him like spectres, in his dying hour.

The scene was equally remarkable and disgraceful. Two opposite court parties fought almost at his bedside for pre-eminence—the one contending that the king's danger was imminent, and that the last offices of religion ought to be forthwith performed; the other maintaining that the crisis was not yet alarming, fearing lest the guilty minions of his vices should be dismissed from the court. Accordingly, one party endeavoured to re-assure the monarch, and the other to work upon his fears. One speaks of confession and the sacraments; the other threatens personal chastisement if such a word be uttered in the monarch's hearing. But the king becomes himself aware that his case is desperate. He demands his confessor, and utters at the dictation of the Grand Almoner that which was called an *amende honorable* to his court. "Although the king is bound to answer for himself to God only, he declares that he repents of the scandals he may have caused to his subjects, and that he desires only to live for the sustenance of religion, and the happiness of his people." Poor miserable monarch! Hast thou no ampler repentance for the outrages of an ill-spent life?—no hope better than that which arises from the administration of the sacraments in a dying hour by the Grand Almoner? Nothing more worthy of confidence is at least recorded. Courtiers, hooted and spurred, await in awful silence the close of the drama. Favourites have departed amidst the execrations of those who remain. The king's antechamber is crowded by anxious multitudes, who await in impatient silence the last intelligence. It is over. The noise of a thundering body of courtiers, rushing in haste to pay their respects to the new monarch, proclaim to the Dauphin and Dauphiness that their predecessor has ceased to reign. The lifeless remains are left in the solitude of the palace, unattended, unwept; and so falls the curtain upon almost the last of the kings of France!

Reader, who hast before thee thine own passing away from the stage of life, despise not the admonition that the curtain will close on thee! Neglect not the only means whereby thy last end may become happy and dignified. Thy bark will only ride safely in the storms of a dying hour as it is anchored on the hope furnished by the gospel of Jesus Christ. The renewed heart, the holy life, the active obedience, all based on the promise of salvation by faith, will alone afford thee comfort then. The constant death unto sin is the only pledge of an eternal life to glory.

THE SHARKS OF TRINCOMALEE.

SOME few years ago we chanced to find ourselves at Cochin, on the Malabar coast, whither our ill-health, backed by a medical certificate, had induced us to resort, in the hope that the more temperate climate, and the bracing sea-breezes of Malabar, would be conducive to a restoration of that inestimable boon—GOOD HEALTH. Week succeeded week, however, without any apparent beneficial result. Doctors began to grow weary of such a state of affairs, and hinted darkly at the necessity of a long sea voyage—to China, or the Cape of Good Hope, for instance. There was no alternative, so we fixed upon the former; and finding a vessel on the point of departure for Ceylon and the Straits of Malacca, the captain, for the consideration of a stipulated freight, took us on board, and twenty days afterwards we anchored off Flagstaff Hill in the outer roads of Trincomalee. A bleak, desolate-looking spot Trincomalee was too, as seen from the anchorage in the outer harbour! Nothing but high hills were visible in every direction; there were no signs of town or villages, or any indications of the place being inhabited; a small signal-staff, with a smaller hut by its side, was all that could be seen. The surf beat fiercely against the steep banks that jutted out at the two angles of the island.

We were not, however, long left to contemplate this dreary scene: a light Cingalese boat, with outriggers, that had been fishing all the morning, now bore up under our stern, and running alongside offered to convey any letters or passengers on shore. We signified our unwillingness to land that evening, but despatching the consignee's letters, asked the boatmen to send us off a pilot to guide us into the inner harbour—the entrance to which was so narrow that not even with the aid of a tolerable spying-glass, could we distinguish any signs of its whereabouts. Next morning, however, the pilot, with the assistance of a fine sea-breeze, soon took the vessel into the inner harbour; and no sooner was the ship's anchor let go than our acquaintance with Trincomalee sharks commenced.

The entrance into the harbour is very narrow, but very deep, and so winding that when once you arrive off the town, the fine basin of water looks more like an inland lake than anything else, with here and there a little miniature island to add to the beauty of the picture. Well! the water here was so clear, that though the depth was sufficient to admit of the largest man-of-war riding easy at her anchor, we could at most times clearly see the bottom, and a prodigious number of sharks that were perpetually swimming to and fro in search of prey. These sharks were all in the enjoyment of British protection; that is to say, no one was allowed to catch or injure them in any way, under a very heavy penalty; and the reason assigned to us for this strange partiality of the government towards what are ordinarily considered and treated as the greatest foes to man, was that they served as a species of natural defence to Trincomalee, at the same time that they prevented desertion amongst the British sailors to the shore, whence they might penetrate into the interior and escape detection. Be this as it may, they certainly were a formidable obstacle in the way of such as

were addicted to swimming and sea-bathing, and it was quite appalling to see what numbers of these monsters would follow the ship's boat to the shore and back, like so many custom-house officers, whose duty it was to see that neither persons nor goods were smuggled by being towed overboard, or under the boat's stern. Our cook had had the invariable practice, while at sea, of towing the meat overboard before cooking for the crew's dinner. On more than one occasion during the vessel's stay at Trincomalee, forgetful of what he was about, he resorted to his usual practice, and it is needless to say with what result; for the meat had hardly reached the water's edge, before it was devoured by some shark more on the alert than the others. Such felonies excited great ill-will in the cook's mind, and but for the penalty hanging in *terrorem* over his head, he would have exercised his inventive genius in stratagems to entrap and destroy the sharks.

The vessel had been about a week at Trincomalee, and had well-nigh loaded a complete cargo of satin-wood and ebony, destined for the Straits' markets, when—after a hard and hot day's work, the crew, officers and passengers (grouped in various attitudes along the poop, deck and fore-castle of the vessel) were enjoying the delicious night breeze which blew richly scented off the land—the tindal, or under-boatwain, who had charge of the harbour watch, suddenly arrested the attention of all parties by crying out that there was a man or some animal struggling with the sharks at about a cable's distance from the ship's bows. The night was too obscure to admit of our clearly distinguishing the object; one thing, however, was certain, that whatever it was, it still had life in it, as proclaimed by its struggles and suffocating moans.

To man the boats to the rescue was the occupation of a very few seconds, and a few strokes of the oars brought us to the field of action; where by the light of a signal lantern, we discovered that it was no human being, but an unhappy stag (probably hunted down from the island and obliged to take refuge in the water) that was affording a living festival to a shoal of angry and voracious sharks. The water for many yards around was dyed with blood, and covered with foam from the splashing of the sharks' tails, as they dived and darted backwards and forwards round the track of the wretched animal, whose body, in which life was not even then extinct, was being rapidly swept seaward by the current. Grappling the antlers of the stag, the sailors succeeded in hauling its mangled remains into the boat, though not without peril and fear, their only safeguard being the oars of their companions, which served to intimidate the sharks, who were doubtless loth to part with so dainty a repast. The stag expired in a few seconds after being hauled out of the water, and it would be difficult to give an idea of the wretched state it was in. Sailors, however, are little given to romance, and instead of bewailing over the fate of the poor stag and adapting the theme to a Hindoo sonnet, they made the remains into a huge curry, which pacified their cravings for that night and the next morning—none being happier than the old cook, who grinned with ecstasy at the idea of having been able to serve the sharks out in their own coin.

Before leaving Trincomalee we had a widely different encounter with these *sea lawyers* (as sailors term sharks), and one that had well-nigh terminated in a vastly more unpleasant manner. The vessel had completed a valuable cargo of satin-wood and ebony, and taken on board water and provisions sufficient for our voyage from hence to Pulo Penang; the sails were loosed, anchor hove short, pilot on board, and to save time and trouble the captain had sent off the ship's boats with orders to the mate to have them hoisted up and stowed away, intimating that we who were still on shore would get a native canoe to take us on board. Nothing detained the ship but the signing of the requisite bills of lading, for the better adjustment of which the ship's log-book had been left on shore. At length, these arrangements had been completed, and saying good bye to our worthy friends, we finally bid adieu to the shores of Trincomalee; the canoe containing the captain, two passengers, the boatman that paddled us, the log-book, ship papers, an inkstand, and two dozen unlucky fowls that were purchased just before starting, and which for better security were all tied together by the legs. Now a small canoe is at the best of times a precarious conveyance for those not used to it. Ours was a large party, and required great precaution as to equilibrium, which we succeeded pretty well in maintaining till within about two cable's length of the ship, when some one of the party having either sneezed or forgot to keep his balance, over we went. The canoe was bottom upwards; to this we clung manfully, and kicked and shouted, partly to keep the sharks away, and partly for assistance. Fowls, ink-bottle, log-book, etc., went straight to the bottom. Now, if our boat had been hoisted up and stowed away, the chances are ten to one we should have been rescued in a somewhat similar condition to the stag; but the boat being alongside, and the crew on the look-out, instant assistance was rendered us, and so, by the mercy of an all-seeing Providence, we escaped, and some of that party are still living to bless God for many such deliverances; for of a truth it is those who frequent the great seas that have endless manifestations of Divine goodness.

THE LIFE-WRECK: A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

I LIVE in a "top set" in an out-of-the-way court in the Temple. In wet weather, I not only hear the rain pattering on the tiles, but occasionally feel it coming through the old crumbling ceiling, whose state excites no pity in the callous bosoms of our legal aldermen—the benchers. But I am used to this now; and as I sit alone of an evening, and gaze upon the quaint figures on the old faded wallpaper, they seem to look out upon me with familiar, homely faces, which make me fancy, for the time, that the room has other occupants besides myself and the old black cat purring inside the fender. My establishment is confined to myself and the last-mentioned favourite, excepting, of course, Mrs. Brady, the laundress, whose merely occasional visits hardly entitle her to be considered "one of the family." Eighteen years have come and gone since I took possession of this elevated solitude;

fifteen of these I have been at the bar, during the first four of which my practice was confined to three motions in Westminster, and a brief on circuit. These facts, however, I only mention incidentally; as it is not on my own professional success or failure I am going to dwell. The life-history of another is before my mind, as vividly in all its details now as when its last scene passed before me, and I have thought that a sketch of it may furnish a solemn and warning moral to the reader, as it has done to me.

It was in Michaelmas term, 18—, that Harry Seymour and myself became members of this honourable society. We came up to London together and entered on the same day. We had been playfellows from our early childhood, had gone to the same school, had both been members of Trinity, and we now took opposite "sets" on the same floor. In age, I was a year his senior. His father had died while he was an infant, but left him a competent fortune, and a mother, whose chief fault was the blind intensity of her affection for himself and an only sister. This loss of his father in infancy was a fatal one to poor Seymour in the early formation of his character. His too indulgent parent held the erroneous doctrine, that years would bring wisdom and strength of character, without the exercise of judicious discipline on her part. Still, with all the disadvantages of his early training, Seymour grew up a general favourite. His faults of character were such as operated only against himself; to others, he was warm-hearted, generous, and honourable in a high degree. At Cambridge, "Seymour of Trinity" had not a foe. Endowed with one of the most splendid memories I ever knew, and with powers of acquisition all but unbounded, he mastered every branch of knowledge to which he applied himself with even second-rate application. With a due exercise of his transcendent talents he might have carried off the highest honours of the University. As it was, he came out, almost without an effort, high in the list of wranglers for his year.

We both began our emulous race for the Wool-sack with the resolution that neither Coke upon Littleton—that *pons asinorum* to the legal tyro—nor the driest of the "Reports," should damp our aspirations to fame. How long this *furor ambitionis* lasted, the reader need not be told. In myself it soon cooled down into a more practical and effective perseverance in study than was congenial to the brilliant but unsteady mind of Seymour. He was deficient in that power of patient and almost exclusive attention, which, perhaps, more than in all other subjects of mental effort, is indispensable in the study of the law. But here, again, his splendid talents went far to supply the defect. For the first year he attended the lectures in hall during term, and at the subsequent examination carried off nearly all the best prizes. Many are yet living whose patient and untiring industry was no match for his powers of ready apprehension and retentive memory. I remember one occasion, especially, on which these valuable faculties carried him triumphantly through. It was in Trinity term, the last three lectures in which were upon some point in criminal law. Of these Seymour had heard only the first, having gone down to Norfolk on some family business immediately after keeping the

term. He returned to London on the evening before the hall examination upon the whole course, borrowed my own very scanty notes of the two lectures which he had not heard, and, after conning Archbold till midnight, came out next day far ahead of all competitors.

The long vacation began, and we separated. He started for a trip on the continent, and I for home. During the first two months I heard from him frequently, but for the remainder of the recess he was silent. In November I returned to London, expecting, of course, to find him there for the term. In this I was disappointed. It passed, and he was still absent. Towards the close of Hilary, however, he returned, greatly "off" in appearance. He seemed thoroughly *blusé*. After leaving England he had gone to Paris, where he remained for more than a month. From Paris he went south, and after spending some time in Marseilles, went by sea to Civita Vecchia, and thence to Rome. Here he met with a Caius man, who had ranked high amongst the first rakes at Cambridge in our time. Under his tutelage, Seymour soon became an adept in all the vices which flourish in the Eternal City. After a stay of nearly three months, he left Rome for Venice, crossing the Apennines in company with his "friend." In the City of the Isles, another month was dissipated. Here he parted company with Swinton, and set out for England, that he might spend Christmas at home. At Trieste, however, he broke down; five months' dissipation had been too much for his naturally rather feeble constitution, and after an illness of several weeks, he had reached London, with his energies completely shattered, and himself only the shadow of what he had been seven months before.

This is a meagre outline of what he told me, as we sat at tea in my own chambers on the evening after his return. I cannot say that I was at all surprised. The transition from the mere gaieties of life to its dissipations is easy; and I knew that to the ardent, and, to a great extent, unreflective mind of Seymour, the danger of making it would not be apparent. He seemed, however, to be sensible of his folly; and I sanguinely hoped that his continental experience would teach him a practical lesson, and prevent a recurrence of such excesses in the future. His own resolutions on the point were often and confidently expressed, and for more than three months were steadfastly adhered to. Their source, however, was a weak one. Mere enthusiasm in the preparatory studies of an attractive profession, or temporary absence of inclination, arising from satiety, proved but a feeble defence against the incentives to indulgence by which he was surrounded in London. During the fatal six months on the continent, his moral sense had been vitiated; and, in the absence of any internal principle, little was required to make him again relapse into dissipation. For a time I was ignorant of his renewed irregularities; but their effect upon his scarcely recovered health at length made concealment impossible. I earnestly remonstrated, and pointed out the inevitable consequences of such a sinful course of life. He admitted the truth of my advice, and declared that he would follow it. But I need not lengthen out these "notes of memory" by dwelling upon detail. As

before, his resolutions were "written in sand," and in another month he was as completely immersed in the great social maelstrom as ever. My renewed admonitions were received in a less friendly spirit, but an accident gave them increased weight for a time.

Coming home late one night from some tavern where he had been supping with some foolish young men like himself, he stumbled on his way up the badly lighted staircase, and, falling backwards, broke his arm. Hearing the noise, I hastened to his assistance, and found him all but insensible, from the pain occasioned by the fracture. With the aid of a watchman, I carried him to his chambers, and sending the man for the nearest surgeon, I undressed Seymour and placed him in bed. After the bone was set, and an opiate administered, I sent for his laundress to remain with him during the night, and then left him. In the morning I found him suffering acute pain from the broken limb. As I entered the bedroom, he stretched out his uninjured arm and grasped my hand for a while silently.

"Charley, my boy, you're right: this won't do," he at length sobbed out. "I now see it won't, and I'll turn over a new leaf. Oh! what a night I've had of it! the most dreadful dreams that ever haunted a human brain. But it's morning, and I'm in bed, and not where I dreamed I was. The pain of this broken limb is happiness to the mental agony I endured all night. Oh! it rushes before me again"—and suddenly grasping my arm with a death-like gripe, he continued, with more earnestness than I had ever heard him employ, "but *thank Heaven!* it is only a dream. There is yet time before me to repent. My future is unstained; its precious opportunities have yet to be enjoyed; and though the wasted past cannot be lived over again, I shall profit by its teachings, and escape the fearful gulf I have been hastening to. Life is too sublime a thing to be spent as I have spent my last year, and you shall see that my resolutions this time shall be kept. Take a chair, and speak to me."

The cure was tedious, and during his indisposition I spent a portion of almost every evening in his chambers. We had much serious conversation about his past follies, and certainly I hoped that the occurrence had been the means of bringing him at last to his senses. For some months after the next long vacation, he read closely and kept manfully to his resolutions. His mother was delighted with the frequency of his letters; for she had inferred from his falling off in his correspondence during the preceding half year, that he was injuring himself by too severe application to study. I began, however, to notice a restlessness, which excited my apprehensions. An odd evening, now and then, I discovered, found him absent from his chambers. Swinton had returned to London, and once again under his influence, Seymour's resolutions were forgotten; the old haunts of dissipation again became his nightly resort; and, as if to make amends for the suspension which had taken place, he plunged more wildly than ever into the vortex of wickedness. About this time he removed to another part of the inn, and I saw him but seldom.

In due course I was "called," and though prac-

tice, as the reader has been informed, was not overpowering, I attended in Westminster, and went the circuit diligently. In this way passed two years away. Seymour had likewise been "called," but seldom made his appearance in the courts. Hilary term was drawing to a close, when a note was one day hurriedly thrust into my hand, as I sat conning the morning paper in one of the back benches of the Common Pleas. It contained, "For pity's sake, Harvey, come to me directly, or I may not see you alive. H. S." I knew the writing, though irregular and broken, and told the messenger I would follow immediately. On reaching the Temple I found poor Seymour, whom I had not seen for many months, upon—or rather, off—his last legs. Altered as he had been by the ravages of vice when I last saw him, even of that skeleton he seemed but the shadow now. He was in a restless doze when I entered the room, and as he lay with closed eyes and ghastly countenance, I had time to gaze with solemn awe upon the fearful effects of disease which were visible in the wretched victim of depravity before me. The eyelids hung like curtains over the half-empty sockets, so far had the eyes themselves sunk back into the head. His breathing was sharp and rapid: and occasionally his features were momentarily contracted by short spasmodic twinges which indicated the presence of acute suffering. In the shattered invalid before me, no casual acquaintance would have recognised the once vigorous and manly form of the companion of my youth. A solitary tear, which slowly trickled down his sunken and haggard cheek, heightened the painfulness of the sight. The slight noise which I made in turning away my gaze to sit down, awoke him, and a low moan signified that he was aware of my presence. Reader, I have seldom been more painfully situated than I was at that moment. I am not ashamed to confess that a gush of tears would have been a relief; but weep I could not. The sight of the dying man—for he was evidently that—and the strange, unearthly brilliance of his eyes as he raised them to meet mine, kept back the tide of my emotions. In a low voice he thanked me for coming, and said:—

"It's nearly over, Harvey; the curtain will soon fall, and the drama will be at an end for ever. I determined to see you once more; now sit down, lean over on the bed and listen to me. I am dying; I know it. My body is breaking up, but my mind is clear. I remember all that's past—what I was and what I am—what I might have done and what I have done. But don't think I dread consequences. There are none. The game is played, and that's an end of it. I've long outgrown priestly dogmas; they may frighten women and fools, but not men, Harvey. Don't waste argument, my old friend," as he saw me about to interrupt him; "it's too late; and besides, I have enough to say in the short time that's left me. I shall soon be snuffed out, Harvey—yes, snuffed out like a candle, when my heart throbs its last pulse. Ah! ah! death's the great extinguisher. Who says, *omnium mors finis est*? That's my creed. But I wish to ask a favour, Charley, the last you can do me. Will you promise to *break my death gently to my mother*? She thinks I am well, for so I was forced to write her. When all's over—but you know what I wish. Promise

this, and my mind will be at rest. Now speak to me, but say nothing about the future. It's useless; I'm settled upon that point. Promise what I have asked, and I die quietly."

The sustained effort required for the delivery of this hardened piece of infidelity, seemed to have exhausted what remains of strength he possessed. For a time he lay with his eyes closed, and his breathing almost inaudible. On recovering a little, he was again about to speak, when suddenly starting up in the bed, he cried out in a voice of suffering which sent a thrill through my veins:—

"Oh, my heart! my heart!" and fell back upon the bed with the muscles of his face contracted into an expression of the acutest suffering. Though the greater part of twenty years have rolled away since then, that tone of voice seems to come up from the silence of the past and ring again in my ears as I write. This may sound extravagant to some, but it is not the less true. What I subsequently learned of the nature and virulence of his disease, explained this sudden outburst of agonized feeling. It had now reached its last stage. Under the influence of a strong opiate administered by his nurse, he fell into a kind of stupor. In this state I left him. When I returned in a few hours, he seemed better, and was able to converse apparently with less effort and pain than on the former occasion. I endeavoured to introduce the subject most suitable to the awful situation in which he was placed, but in vain. He had sunk into the abyss of infidelity, and had resolved to exhibit to the last a spirit of sullen and stoical submission to his fate, which no efforts of mine could subdue. His last words, as I left him for the night, were:—

"Mere old women's twaddle, Harvey, nothing more. Your intentions are kind, I know; but it's no use, my friend, my mind's closed against argument, and superstition has long lost its power over me. Good night, good night, for the last time."

His anticipation of the nearness of death was not strictly correct. Next morning he was much weaker, and was evidently sinking fast. The effects of his terrible disease were being developed with fearful rapidity. Towards evening he became delirious, and in this state poured out the ravings of his unhappy soul in language too painful for repetition.

The delirium was followed by complete prostration, from which, however, he was soon roused by another paroxysm of suffering, such as I had witnessed before. But I need not dwell upon his frightful agonies of mind and body. His physician called before I left for the night, and from him I learned all the particulars of his state.

The third morning was to be his last on earth. As I ascended the stairs leading to his chambers, the groans which proceeded from his bedroom prepared me for another scene of suffering, such as I had beheld on the preceding day. He was vainly endeavouring to get out of bed, but had lost all power of locomotion; his legs hung on to his body like withered branches to a decaying trunk. The nurse was unmoved by terror, and with good reason. Dr. — entered soon after myself, and told me in a whisper, that the last scene was on. The dews of death were already gathering on his brow, and the spirit was about to bid

farewell to its polluted tenement. The physician and myself had turned away from the bed, and were standing in the recess of a window, conversing in whispers, when the dying man, rising half up, cried out in a voice more terrible than his previous ravings:—

"Open the shutters, or ———," the rest of the sentence died smothered in his throat, and he fell back on the pillow—a corpse. Thus passed his spirit down into the dark valley of the shadow of death. Thither we may not follow it; the eye of sense cannot pierce the darkness which shuts it out from our view.

In a lonely corner of Kensal-green Cemetery, a small marble headstone marks Seymour's resting-place. This simple tablet is the only monument of his wasted life. His broken-hearted mother soon followed him to the grave, and thus closed the last scene in this tragedy of unfulfilled purposes and disappointed hopes.

I leave these recollections to convey their own moral to the youthful reader. Imperfectly as they have been noted down, and scanty as have been the admonitory inferences drawn from the facts which they record, if thoughtfully read, they teach a lesson which requires no formal statement to make it obvious. Life is opening up with bright prospects and rich opportunities to many into whose hands these pages will fall. To such, may these recorded annals of one who struck and perished on the rocks of vice, be a warning against evil, and a stimulus to noble and virtuous effort!

THE WIDOW'S LAMP.

SOME years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the seashore. All round her the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing-boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea: might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon-light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp; many a crew were saved from perishing. That widow woman "did what she could;" and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily, might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? Many Christians have not the power to do much active service for Christ; but if they would live as lights in the world, they would do much. If those who cannot preach to the old, or teach the young, would but walk worthy of Him who hath called them to His kingdom and glory, how much would the hands of ministers and teachers be strengthened!

THE MAINSPRING.—Continual regard to the will of God should be the regulating principle of our whole conduct.

The Poetry of May.

WELCOME TO MAY.

Come, gentle May!
Come with thy robe of flowers,
Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers;
Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,
From their imprisoning and mysterious night,
The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May!
For, at the bidding of thy magic wand,
Quick from the caverns of the breathing land,
In all their green and glorious array
They spring, as spring the Persian maids to hail
Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May!
Come with thy train, that high
On some fresh branch pour out their melody;
Or, carolling thy praise the livelong day,
Sit perch'd in some lone glen, on echo calling,
'Mid murmuring woods and musical waters falling.

Come, sunny May!
Come with thy laughing beam,
What time the lazy mist melts on the stream,
Or seeks the mountain-top to meet thy ray,
Ere yet the dew-drop on thine own soft flower
Hath lost its light, or died beneath his power.

Come, beautiful May!
Like youth and loveliness,
The month all love; oh, come in thy full dress,
The drapery of dark winter cast away;
To the bright eye and the glad heart appear
Queen of the spring, and mistress of the year.

Yet let me, sweetest May!
Let thy fond votaries see,
As fade thy beauties, all the vanity
Of this world's pomp; then teach, that though decay
In his short winter bury beauty's frame,
In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway,
Another spring shall bloom, eternal and the same.

LAWRENCE.

Up, up, let us greet
The season so sweet,
For winter is gone:
And the flowers are springing,
And little birds singing,
Their soft notes ringing,
And bright is the sun!
Where all was drear
In a snowy vast,
There grass is growing
With dew-drops glowing,
And flowers are seen
On beds so green.

GODFREY OF NIVEN.

SIGNS OF ITS ADVENT.

When apple-trees in blossom are,
And cherries of a silken white;
And king-cups deck the meadows fair,
And daffodils in brooks delight;
When golden wall-flowers bloom around,
And purple violets scent the ground,
And lilac tries to show her bloom—
We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale
Under the tender leafy tree;
And all adown the grassy vale
The mocking cuckoo channteth free;

And Philomel, with liquid throat,
Doth pour the welcome, warbling note,
That had been all the winter dumb—
We then may say the May is come.

When fishes leap in silver stream,
And tender corn is springing high,
And banks are warm with sunny beam,
And twittering swallows cleave the sky,
And forest bees are humming near,
And cowslips in boys' hats appear,
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom—
We then may say the May is come.

CLARE.

TO MAY.

Though many gums have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And bards, who hail'd thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
Consume not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor lose,
If thou ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man, if glad,
Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
Let fall a brightened tear.

Since thy return, through days and weeks
Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
Have kindled into health!
The old, by thee revived, have said,
"Another year is ours!"
And wayworn wanderers, poorly fed,
Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lips a merry song
Amid his playful peers?
The tender infant who was long
A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath,
His mother leaves him free to taste
Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Lo! streams that April could not check,
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool;
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle ripts as glide,
Curling with unconfirm'd intent,
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
Through which yon House of God
Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale,
By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Peep forth and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one hour
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch,
Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part!

WORDSWORTH.

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THE BOY CRUSADERS.

THAT spirit of mingled superstition and enthusiasm which gave rise to the Crusades—

“When Europe gathered such a host from far,
And kindled Asia with the flames of war”—

showed itself in the year 1212, in a form as strange as it was unlooked for. While the nations and warriors of Christendom were busied with various crusading projects, a number of boys in France and Germany formed the wild scheme of march-

ing to rescue the Holy City from infidel hands. Incredible as it may seem that such a plan could be carried out, its rise and subsequent history are so well attested by historians, that no doubt can be thrown upon its truth. If we consider the romantic spirit of the times, when the golden light of chivalry shone on every adventurous enterprise, we may imagine that the recital of the misery and oppression endured by pilgrims to the land of promise, and the solemn summonses to the liberation of the holy sepulchre, and the repeated processions held with reference to that subject,

may all have so worked on youthful imaginations, as that they should deem it practicable to execute a work which had fallen unaccomplished from the hands of princes and kings.

The originator of this juvenile band was a peasant boy named Stephen, of a village of Vendôme, upon the Loire. Like Joan of Arc in after years, he gave out that he had seen heavenly visions—that the Saviour himself had appeared to him in the guise of a poor pilgrim, and given him authority to preach the cross. In a short time he was surrounded by a large number of young followers. Shortly afterwards he removed from his native village to St. Denis, where the credulous populace honoured him as a worker of miracles, and his companions daily increased. When his fame got bruited abroad, several other young enthusiasts started up in various parts of France, and drew after them many followers; but all honoured the shepherd boy of Vendôme as their superior, and were fully persuaded that under his command they should obtain a glorious victory over the Saracenic arms. They revered him as a saint, and he was thought happy who could obtain a fragment of the garments worn by the holy youth.

It might naturally be supposed that immediate and adequate measures would be taken to suppress such a movement; but nothing shows more strongly the superstitious spirit of the age than that Philip Augustus thought it necessary to summon the professors of the University of Paris, and consult them on the propriety of interfering with the young crusaders. After serious deliberation, they pronounced it expedient to do so. The greater part of the ecclesiastics deemed the movement to be the effect of witchcraft. A royal edict was accordingly issued, commanding the boys to return to their homes and useful employments. This mandate was obeyed by some; but as no steps were taken to enforce it, the greater number held together as firmly as before. They constantly formed processions through the towns and hamlets, bearing banners, censers, and tapers, singing hymns suitable to their enterprise; and so far from being molested, were followed by admiring crowds, even labourers leaving their work to join the train. They were abundantly supplied with provisions and money; and when asked whither they went, replied, "We go to seek the Holy Cross beyond the seas."

The same spirit spread rapidly through Germany, where the standard of the cross was followed, not only by boys of humble rank, but, by some of noble families, who resisted all the efforts of their friends to restrain them. A number of men also joined them, and seized on the contributions they had received. One of these offenders, however, was executed at Cologne, to gratify the popular indignation.

In process of time, the German boys, several thousands in number, clad in long pilgrim robes marked with a cross, and bearing scrips and staves in their hands, commenced their march towards Italy across the Alps, but their fanatical illusions were destined soon to give place to hardships and sufferings of the most pitiable description: many perished in traversing the rugged and desert mountains; some from excessive fatigue, others

from hunger and privation. When they descended into the fertile plains of Lombardy, their sufferings were not at an end; large parties fell into the hands of highway robbers, who stripped them of all their provisions, and left them to beg their way home in misery and destitution. Notwithstanding these hardships and dangers, an immense body, chiefly consisting of boys of about twelve years of age, but headed by a few adult pilgrims, arrived before the gates of Genoa, in August, 1212. The Emperor Otho and Pope Innocent III were then at variance, and the Genoese having taken part with the latter, dismay and consternation spread through the city at the report of a German host having appeared before the walls. These fears vanished on a closer view; a multitude of defenceless and destitute children, it was easily seen, could have no hostile design. Their object was soon made known. The poor children declared their expectation that the sea would be miraculously dried up to make a path for them to the holy land, and entreated that the Genoese would for a time allow them to rest and recruit in their city. The council, fearing that the admission of so many would be followed by scarcity of provisions, ordered them to quit their territories without delay. A few, however, who renounced their pilgrimage, were received into the city, and obtained various employments. Some of them, indeed, subsequently rose to honour and distinction; and, even in modern times, more than one of the noble families of Genoa traces its descent to these German fugitives. The rest pursued their journey, but with daily diminishing numbers. Many remained in the service of the Italian peasantry, and those who were able to endure the hardships of the homeward journey returned as outcast wanderers to their native land, which they had so recently left full of hope and confidence.

But we must return to France, where we left Stephen of Vendôme and his young crusaders preparing for an expedition, which was to meet with a still more deplorable termination than that we have just related. About 30,000 in number, they marched towards Marseilles to embark for Palestine, headed by Stephen, who rode in a tapestried chariot, attended by armed satellites. Their dreams of glory faded very quickly. A more atrocious plot is not recorded in history, than that laid for those simple-minded children by two slave merchants of Marseilles. On their arrival, the traders in question offered them the use of their ships to convey them to Syria without remuneration, pretending to rejoice in such an opportunity of aiding a pious enterprise. The unsuspecting boys accepted the offer with joy; they embarked in seven vessels, convinced that Providence had favoured them, and would soon crown all their hopes. After two days' sail, a violent storm swept the Mediterranean, two of the vessels were wrecked on the west coast of Sardinia, and all on board perished. In after years, a church was built upon the coast in memory of the New Innocents, as they were termed, and the bones of those washed on shore were shown as sacred relics. The other five ships escaped the storm; but, instead of landing in Syria, the ruthless merchants, who accompanied their prey, sailed for Egypt, and sold every one of their helpless victims in the slave market of Alexandria.

They took care that not one should remain to return to Europe with the tale of their base treachery. After eighteen years had passed away, one poor captive escaped to his native land: he related the sad story, and told that several hundred boys had been purchased by the Governor of Alexandria, and passed their days in servitude; eighteen had been tortured to death at Bagdad for refusing to embrace the Mohammedan faith; while four hundred had been bought by the Caliph, and treated with humanity. The avenging hand of God did not suffer the Marseilles merchants to remain unpunished, for a few years after this horrible crime, the same men were convicted of a plot to betray the emperor Frederick II into the hands of a Mohammedan emir, and were executed along with an accomplice.

While pitying the superstition which for a moment tolerated so wild and calamitous an enterprise as the Crusade of the Children, we might reflect with profit on the energies put forth in that chivalrous age in pursuit of the imaginary and unattainable, so much greater than the efforts made in the cause of truth and righteousness by those who walk in the full noon-tide of gospel light. Were our missionary, bible, and other societies supported with half the vigour which in every age has been expended on chimerical projects, we should soon hear of greater results—new strongholds of paganism attacked and overcome by the true warriors of the cross, new subjects brought under allegiance to its sacred standard, and the knowledge of the Lord extending from sea to sea, from the river to the ends of the earth.

A DAY IN NINEVEH.

For ages Nineveh seemed blotted out of existence. The pyramid-looking mound of Nimrod is alluded to by Xenophon as a scene of crumbling ruins, when he and his ten thousand encamped there twenty-two centuries since. Lucian, who lived on the banks of the Euphrates in the second century, speaks of the great Assyrian city as at that time utterly destroyed, so that none could tell the spot it occupied. Its site was a waste four hundred years later, affording ample space for the movements of the two great armies of Heraclius and Rhazates. The elder Niebuhr passed over the spot without any perception of what it had been, even mistaking the ruins for ridges of hills. Mr. Rich, an enterprising traveller, some thirty years ago, began to examine certain of the mounds near Mosul, whence he found sufficient to indicate that there was something yet to be learnt respecting Nineveh, "that great city." But the discoveries he made were small; and a few fragments sent over to the British Museum, enclosed in a case three feet square, which also contained some from Babylon, were long afterwards all the relics which Europe possessed of the civilisation and art of two among the mightiest of ancient empires.

Less than ten years has produced an astonishing change in our knowledge of Nineveh. M. Botta and Dr. Layard have disinterred its remains, and thrown light on its history to such an extent, that it is easy now to transport ourselves to the banks

of the Tigris, and to see the city as it was in the days of its meridian splendour, its mightiest power, and most palmy pride. But a personal inspection of the Assyrian antiquities, preserved in the Louvre at Paris and in our own museum, still more powerfully excites the imagination, and gives vividness to the picture; because, there you have before you the very sculpture in which the arts, manners, and customs of the people are portrayed, and on which the eyes of the Ninevite citizens gazed between two and three thousand years ago. With the fresh remembrance of what may be seen in these national repositories of art, and with the accounts of Botta and Layard's researches before us, aided by the learning and reflection of other tasteful antiquaries, especially Fergusson and Smirke, we would endeavour to present a *tableau vivant* of ancient Nineveh; not drawing on our fancy for any of the materials, but simply weaving together what we have gathered by inspecting sculptures and studying books. As we shall suppose ourselves spending a day in the metropolis of Assyria nearly 3000 years ago, it will enable us the better to convey our impressions, if we may be permitted to indulge in the anachronism of employing allusions to subsequent times.

We are on the banks of the Tigris, then, by the great delta formed by that and the river Zab. The country round is undulating, but not mountainous; fertile, but needing the careful art of the husbandman to bring out its fruitfulness. The winter rains bountifully enrich the soil, but artificial irrigation is required, and many a canal has been cut for conveying over Assyrian farms the waters of the river, swollen by the melting of the snows on the mountains of Armenia. Vines, olives, and fig-trees are cultivated on the hills. "It is a land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards, a land of olive oil and honey." A plough, not unlike an English one, cuts out the furrow in yonder field; and a cart, also resembling our own, drawn by oxen, is at this moment slowly passing before us.

Look along the river, and see how the palace gardens reach down to the margin of the water, terrace beneath terrace, adorned with flowering shrubs. Beside the broad steps, flagged with alabaster, brightly-painted galleys are moored; and as you watch, you see groups of figures, in oriental costumes, descending to enjoy the cool breeze; while slaves are at their places on board, oar in hand, to row them up the stream.

Sit down here for a moment on the bank, under the shadow of those feathery palms, and watch the angler busy with his sport. Mark, too, that temple, under the shadow of which he stands, with its unornamented pilasters and massive columns, the entablature surmounted by little battlements in the Arabian style. Not far off, on the top of that gentle hill covered with the graceful cypresses, you discern an altar, or monument, raised on a square base, with fluted shaft. But, perhaps, you have not much taste for architectural details; then look yonder at the bridge of boats; or, nearer still, observe those men rowing over the river in a large bark, with a chariot on board, some horses swimming after them, led along by bridles in the hand of him who occupies the lofty-crested stern.

But we must take you to the city itself. A great

city it is, of three days' journey, or sixty miles in circumference, including within that space, woods, gardens, fields, and pasture lands, whitened here and there with flocks. The city is not all walled round; but certain quarters or divisions of the city are so. In each of these divisions, a group of magnificent edifices, reared on elevated foundations, rises aloft with a kingly air over adjacent abodes and other buildings. Between these districts and fortified portions are the agricultural regions, with humble dwellings of mud and reeds, rounded at the top, and not appearing dissimilar to the wattled wigwams of modern days in lands half civilized. The Ninevites live also in tents as well as houses, and within them, you see, are articles of furniture, such as tables, couches and chairs; while suspended to the tent-poles, are vases for cooling water in this sultry climate. The city, with these broad spaces of rural scenery spread between the fortified quarters, looks like an assemblage of cities rather than a gigantic unity. Yet, the latter it really is; and these distinct clusters of magnificent buildings have been raised at different times by mighty princes, who have thus extended the range of their capital, and sought to leave a monument of their wealth and glory.

Along the roads, under the walls of this huge fortification, you now see a royal procession: the king, gorgeously habited, riding in his chariot, with horses four abreast; and other chariots containing standard-bearers, the animals richly caparisoned, "the Assyrians clothed in blue, captains and rulers, all of them desirable young men, horsemen riding upon horses." The chiefs of the eunuchs wear long robes and fringed scarfs and embroidered girdles. Soldiers are in coats of chained mail and conical-shaped helmets, just like the pictures of our Norman knights. The personages of the group evidently have taken especial care of their hair and beards—the former being gathered up on the shoulders, the latter curiously curled in rows. Their eye-lids are painted black, their ears are pierced with rings, and their wrists are encircled with elegant bracelets. As the royal cortège sweeps up towards one of the neighbouring palaces, there are ladies looking over the battlements of the walls between the towers, upon the brilliant pageantry, with evident signs of interest. Their hair flows over their shoulders; but it is confined about the head with a fillet; their dress is fastened round the waist by a sash. The walls of the fortifications are of immense thickness, some as much as forty-five feet, and are composed of two or three courses of massive masonry, to the height of about four feet. Above, the structure is of sun-dried bricks, for which the materials are abundantly supplied in the alluvial soil of the neighbourhood. The edifices which crown the different quarters, and form the citadels, are raised conspicuously on artificial mounds or platforms. Let us examine the one before us.

We ascend, and pass through a gateway placed on a noble terrace in front of the main building, crossing a beautiful garden, full of the richest colours and sweetest odours. We reach another elevation in front of the chief entrance. Climbing the broad steps which conduct to the top, we there pass between gigantic figures, which are of frequent occurrence in this strange city, and must

detain us for a moment. The outer edge on each side exhibits two human-headed bulls, with lofty wings, standing back to back; and betwixt them an enormous human figure strangling a lion in his arms. Between these there are two other winged bulls looking outwards, designed on a yet vaster scale. Statues of this description adorn every part of this huge pile of architecture. Winged lions, of the same general character with the bulls, are found in other portions of the city, guarding the approach to stately edifices. As many as six may be found gracing one doorway—two forming the pillars, and two placed on the anterior front of each of the lateral piers. Certain of these colossal creatures have human arms with the legs of lions, one hand carrying a goat or stag, the other a bunch of flowers. They are carved in stone of different kinds, and manifest the eminence of the sculptor's skill. They are bold in execution as well as design, and have a life-like appearance if you continue to gaze on them. The features in the face are thrown out in strong relief, while the rows of curls on the beard and the feathers on the wings are chiselled with exquisite skill and truthfulness. Amazing strength is expressed in the distinctly-marked muscles of the limbs, and the hoof of the bull and paw of the lion are hewn with admirable precision. These strange animals are clothed with drapery, fastened by a bandage displaying tasseled ends.

We must, however, hasten away from these specimens of Assyrian art, and enter one of the courts to gaze on the immense façades before us. In the centre is a splendid portal, consisting of two advanced pedestals, on each side of which stand another pair of bulls, back to back, with another giant in conflict with a lion. Courts, surrounded by such façades, having portals of the kind now described, occur with a frequency that confuses the stranger who has only time to take a hasty glance. The attention of the visitor may well be rivetted on these external walls, which are all sculptured and painted over with a life-like form, especially now that the sun is at the noon-day hour shedding on them, through a pure oriental atmosphere, his most brilliant beams. The daily life, the manners and customs, the costumes and ornaments, the occupations and tastes of Assyrian society, from the monarch and his court down to the humblest soldier and the meanest artizan, are depicted on these walls; so that, as from the surface of a calm lake or river, the surrounding scenery of the city is thrown back in all its shapes and hues.

But we have not yet entered within the building. Step into this vast chamber through one of its great doorways. Take a side one, and glance at the winged figures, human and hawk-headed, which, instead of common posts, sustain the lintel. The centre entrance is a repetition of the winged bulls. Having entered, look around. What a collection of bas-reliefs on the wall! To the height of ten feet or more, there are slabs of alabaster, exhibiting the achievements of Assyrian monarchs. War is the principal subject. Chariots and horsemen are seen going out to the field, or engaged in the conflict, or returning from the victory. Captives are paying tribute or undergoing punishment. The pleasures of the chase relieve these martial scenes. There are trees and huntsmen. Yonder

THE LEISURE HOUR.

are representations of the Assyrian court; and again, there are subjects of religious significance. The eye is bewildered with these minutely carved and variegated slabs, affording materials for the study of the kingdom's history, the monarch's character, and the people's employments. Courses of sun-burnt bricks surmount these slabs, which are enamelled and painted with architectural ornaments, honeysuckles, and scrolls. The walls of this long chamber are carried up to the height of about 19 feet, with a low parapet on the top, which from its exceeding breadth forms a platform where people can walk. Double rows of dwarf pillars run along the platform and support a flat roof, plastered on the upper surface. Two rows of pillars also divide the centre of the hall lengthwise, and bear up the main roof, which is also flat, angular roofs with trussed timbers being apparently unknown in this stage of architectural design. Curtains are hung round these upper stories, and serve to temper the sunlight as it flows into the body of the hall. The ceiling is painted in gorgeous colours, and inlaid with precious wood and ivory. The beams are of cedar and gold leaf, and plates of precious metal are profusely used in the decoration. The chamber is paved with alabaster slabs, curiously inscribed with royal names, genealogies, and exploits. Winged bulls, monstrous animals, and a tree of mystic import, are of constant occurrence among the ornaments of this and other chambers. At the upper end is the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his attendants the sacred cup. He is attended by warriors bearing his arms, and ministered to by winged priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, are adorned with groups of human figures, animals, and flowers. This building, within the halls of which we wander, has a two-fold design. It is a temple as well as a palace. A sacred character is given to all its courts and chambers. The king is priest—a hallowed, almost a divine, personage. He is the worshipper, the friend, the child of the gods. The symbol to which he pays his adoration is a winged figure, in a circle, carrying a sword and holding a bow. It betokens the deity of war, and is in harmony with the character of the nation, whose dominant tastes and favourite pursuits are all martial. The monarch is regarded as the special object of the divine care; and in the bas-reliefs which stud his palace walls, the mystic sign, betokening the presence and protection of the deity, is represented above his head.

While we have been examining this hall, so worthy of the regal palace it adorns, the stone slabs—presenting the historical records of the kingdom—have so absorbed our attention as to render us insensible to the eunuchs, officers, and soldiers who have passed to and fro to perform their master's bidding. But a spectacle of living magnificence now invites our notice; and we must stand back to see the sovereign and his court as they enter through the spacious doorway formed by statues with eagle heads. The monarch wears on his shoulders a splendid cape adorned with tassels, with an embroidered robe beneath, which is edged with fringes and descends to the ankles. He wears a star, a golden necklace, earrings, bracelets, and sandals. He is attended by an

eunuch, who holds in his hand a kind of fly-flapper, to shade the monarch's drive off the insects. It is curiously constructed and carved, the one end opening like the petals of a broad flower, the other wrought into the shape of a lion's head.

With the king are the officers of his court, in gorgeous array, and mail-clad warriors bearing bow and lance. The Great Hall is turned into a chamber of audience, and the representatives of conquered and tributary provinces are coming to do homage to the great king. The throng around the monarch shares in his pride and satisfaction; and the ladies of the harem are looking down through the lattice and curtains of the gallery upon this grand display of their lord's dominion. The tributaries enter. One brings the model of a fortress, significant of the city he represents; another holds a couple of vases; a third carries on his shoulders the figure of a car. Other personages, bringing emblematical presents or real treasures, throng the hall, while the larger forms of tribute remain without, including camels and elephants for the king's service. We see here a large source of Assyrian revenue. The king's coffers and store-houses are fed by draining the wealth of dependent states. The abject servility of the tribute-payers evinces the crushing despotism under which they writhe, and their fears of provoking the displeasure of their potent suzerain. Besides the riches thus obtained by the annual payments exacted from those the Ninevites have subdued, there are preserved, in the strongholds of this royal palace, the gods of many countries whom they have conquered, and which the soldiers of the king brought upon their shoulders into the city to swell the glories of their master's triumph.

A banquet is preparing. The monarch is to feast with the men of chief estate. The tables are spread in a spacious hall; sumptuous provisions are laid out; and the glittering plate of this oriental prince is brought forth to deck the board. The guests do not recline on couches as in some eastern feasts, but sit on chairs, or rather stools, placed on either side the tables, after European fashion. The throne-seat of the monarch is of the same shape with the rest, having legs richly carved at the bottom, and bulls' heads at the corners of the seat; but it is altogether without a back. He takes his place; his lords and mighty men and warriors fill up the tables; eunuchs draw water or wine out of large vases for the feasters, and bear it in cups shaped at the bottom in the form of a lion's head. The company have no knives or forks, but eat with their fingers, and every now and then lift up the lion-headed beakers to quaff the welcome beverage. Music adds to the pleasures of the feast. A band of performers is stationed in the hall, most of them with lyres. Both hands at the same time sweep over the instrument, which is fastened by a belt over the right shoulder.

We are permitted to penetrate the culinary mysteries of this vast palace. Entering one kitchen, we behold a woman boiling provisions in earthen pots, supported by tripod-like frames. Within another, we find two more dressing the carcass of a goat. In a third, a man is seen baking things in an oven. Again, we enter a fourth room, and there are females grinding corn,

one of them busily turning round a hand-mill. From the kitchen you may glance at the stables. Yonder is a slave grooming down a horse; and in another direction is a group of these animals, drinking at a tank.

Returning into the highway from this imperial abode, we see everywhere around us magnificent specimens of Assyrian art. Courts adorned with statues, gateways flanked with bulls and lions; but we miss in the prevalent style of architecture certain features that are predominant in the buildings of other lands, such as columns and windows. Facades and walls would have a dull appearance, and be without effect on the eyes of beholders, were it not for the elaborate sculptures which adorn them. As we leave the temple-palace, we pass some beautifully-carved sphinxes in alabaster; the body of each is that of a winged lion, the face is beardless, and the cap square; the top forms a flat slab fitted for sacrifices and offerings to the gods. Not far from it is a beautiful obelisk, about the height of a very tall man, with five small bas-reliefs carved one below another, and a long piece of writing, in cruciform characters, beneath. The subject of the sculpture is some great victory, the king standing with a captive prostrate at his feet, and cuneus advancing with vases, shawls, rare wood, trunks, and other articles of tribute. Various animals are also represented among the trophies—elephants, camels, antelopes, bulls, and a rhinoceros—evidently indicating distant conquests.

The Ninevites are particularly addicted to hunting. Nimrod, who laid the first stone of the Assyrian kingdom, was "a mighty hunter before the Lord;" and Ninus, the reported builder of the city, was as renowned for his exploits in the chase as for his achievements in the field. In earlier times, when the immediate vicinity of human dwellings was infested with wild beasts, it was as important a service for a prince to clear the neighbouring forests of these savage animals as for him to defend his territory against the assaults of invading armies. The monarchs of this empire have therefore combined the hunter with the warrior, and in this respect the pursuits of the people have ever resembled those of the prince. They are a nation of hunters. Parks, and paradises, and preserves for animals of all kinds, are maintained within the gigantic boundaries of this kingdom-like city at immense expense. Lions, tigers, wild boars, antelopes, and many varieties of birds, are kept for the diversion of the king, and those who are privileged to join him in the sport.

We are now on the outskirts of a field where the people of Nineveh practise archery. Yonder is a target, placed among the trees, on the disk of which is inscribed a lion. A stalwart figure is aiming his arrow at the mark. Wandering some distance through fields of corn, and tracts covered with forest trees, we light upon a party actively engaged in their favourite sports. They hunt in chariots. A lion lies slain; another, stung to madness by the wounds he has received, turns on his assailants. The charioteer urges on his horses. A stately figure in royal attire turns round with his bow, and aims a dart at the animal. Soldiers on foot, with spear and shield, are close behind to assist in slaying the beast unable to escape. In another direction, you may see a bull-hunt. Here,

too, chariots are employed; and men on horses, holding in their hands both spears and bows, are in eager pursuit. The animal falls, pierced by many an arrow. Wild oxen, covered with long shaggy hair, are hunted in this way.

But we must terminate these ramblings. Night is coming on. The sun has gone down, and left much of the great city in deep shadow. The outline of the huge masses of building stands out distinctly against the clear blue sky, up which the broad moon is climbing, to give views of Nineveh solemn and suggestive. We sit down upon an eminence, and gaze upon the lengthening masses of building that stretch out into the distance, intersected with gardens and woodlands. The scene indicates wealth, power, and civilisation—civilisation beyond that of Egypt, but below that of Greece. But who, in thinking of the sculptures we have examined, can help feeling that the civilisation of Nineveh is instinct with a spirit of proud egotism? It is a kingdom inflated with surpassing vanity. They flatter—they exaggerate—they almost deify themselves. Themselves, great and mighty; others, poor and weak. Themselves, conquerors; others, vanquished. Themselves, rulers; others, slaves. Alas! too true also of all people; each nation exalting itself over other nations, forgetful of the brotherhood of the race. And superstition and idolatry corrupt Ninevite civilisation. These evils have left their impress everywhere. In the very fulness of national pride, the Assyrians so degrade themselves as to make bulls and lions the symbols of their divinities. They reverse God's order. The inferior creation which they were meant to rule, they really worship; the true God they ignore. The one living eternal personal Being who made them and all things, they know not, because they have not liked to retain him in their knowledge.

Such are the pictures and thoughts of Nineveh, suggested by what we have seen and read. Confirmations are thus afforded of what the Hebrew scriptures have described and predicted respecting this extraordinary place and people. How the researches of Botta and Layard silence the infidel, and strengthen the faith of the Christian, and assist us in the intelligent study of the sacred records! Incidental allusions by the historians and prophets, to manners and customs seeming strange, are verified by the monuments now brought to light. It is demonstrated that the Bible gives a true picture of the ancient life of the world. The crumbling mounds of Moab, and the rest, show the fulfilment of scripture prophecies relative to the ruin of Nineveh, while the records of the past they so long entombed, but which are now revealed in the nineteenth century, exhibit the glory of Nineveh before its ruin. For hundreds of years the naked, melancholy banks of the Tigris showed that the Hebrews were true prophets. The discoveries of the present century show that the Hebrews were true historians. And what a background does the description we have given afford for bringing out the wonderful story in the book of Jonah. We see the great city, wherein were more than six-score thousand persons, who could not discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle. We see it as he saw it; see it as it was when God looked on it with so

much compassion, and gave reasons to the angry prophet why it was spared. Nor can we fail to recognise the divine hand in the effect of Jonah's preaching, otherwise, surely, as proud, egotistic, idolatrous people would never have bowed before the God of Israel, at the voice of a humble, sorrowful stranger. What a scene it was when the people sought the true God in prayer—the brightest hour that ever dawned on Nineveh. "There was a mighty change—to many eyes it would have appeared a change for the worse. Suppose there were ambassadors there from some of the magnificent monarchs of the east; they might think the city miserably degraded in comparison with its previously splendid and gay condition, the brilliancy of the palace and court, the array of guards and legions, the gay processions, amusements, and theatres. But in the one case the divine displeasure hovered over it; in the other, the divine clemency was shining on it."

DESCENT OF THE PRECIPICE AT LAKE MASAYA, SOUTH AMERICA.

We dashed into the plaza of Managua, says the adventurous traveller from whom we quote, with steaming steeds, and rode to the posoda. It was not nine o'clock, yet we had ridden twenty-six miles. Here we breakfasted. At eleven, when we started for Masaya, the sky was clouded, but it did not rain, and we rode at a rapid pace over the intervening thirty-six miles. Again we paused on the "mal país" of the volcano, and looked down upon its broad, desolate fields—doubly black and desolate under a lowering sky. Again we lingered in the noiseless streets of sweet, embowered Nindirí, born of the lake and mountain, and at four o'clock entered the suburbs of Masaya.

Half or three-quarters of a mile from the plaza, we came to the edge of the immense sunken area, at the bottom of which is the lake. It is surrounded by precipitous cliffs, except upon the side of the volcano, opposite the city, where the lava has flowed over, and made a gradual but rough and impassable slope to the water. The first stage of the descent is by a broad flight of steps, sunk in the solid rock, terminating in an area, fenced by a kind of balustrade, or parapet, of the same material. I looked over this, and below was a sheer precipice, from which I recoiled with a shudder. Here stands a little cross firmly fixed in the rock. The path now turns to the right, winding along the face of the declivity, here cut in the cliff, there built up with masonry, and beyond secured by timbers, fastened to the trees, many of which are of gigantic size, covered with vines, and twining their gnarled roots in every direction among the rocks. These rocks themselves are burned and blistered with heat, with vitrified surfaces of red or black, resembling the hardest enamel. Were it not for the verdure, which hides the awful steepness and yawning depths, the path would prove a fearful road for people of weak heads and treacherous nerves, whose confidence in themselves would not be improved by the crosses which, fastened among the stones, or against the trees, point out the places of fatal catastrophes. Our guide advised us to take off our boots before commencing the

descent, and the women whom we met slowly toiling up, in many places holding on by their hands, panted "*quita sus botas!*"—"take off your boots!" But we were more used to boots than they, and kept them on—not without subjecting ourselves to a suspicion of fool-hardiness. Down, catching glimpses of the lake, apparently directly beneath us, and as distant as when we started—down, down—it was full fifteen or twenty minutes before we reached the bottom. Here were numerous places among the fallen rocks and the volcanic debris of the cliff, where the *aguadoras* (water carriers) filled their jars. I asked if the lake was deep. An *aguadora* replied that it was "insondable," bottomless; and to give me practical evidence of its great depth, paddled ashore, and taking a large stone in each hand, went out not more than thirty feet, and then sank. She was gone so long that I began to grow nervous, lest some accident had befallen her in those unknown depths, but directly she popped up to the surface, almost in the very place where she had disappeared. She gasped a moment for breath, and then, turning to me, exclaimed, "you see!"

The water is warm, but limpid, and, it is said, pure. When cooled, it is sweet and palatable. Considering that the lake is clearly of volcanic origin, with no outlet, and in close proximity to the volcano of the same name, this is a little remarkable. Most lakes of this character are more or less impregnated with saline materials.

The view of the lake, and the volcano rising on the opposite shore, from the place where we were seated, was singularly novel and beautiful. Above us towered a gigantic cedia, festooned with vines, amongst which a company of monkeys were scrambling, chattering and grimacing. Occasionally one would slip down the long, rope-like tendrils of the vines, scold vigorously for a moment, and then, as if suddenly alarmed, scramble up again amongst the branches.

The cliffs which wall in the lake resemble the Palisades on the Hudson river, but are much higher, and destitute of the corresponding masses of debris at the base. The early Spanish chroniclers speak of them as a "thousand fathoms" high; later travellers have changed the fathoms to yards, but even that is probably an exaggeration. We had no means of determining the question, and would not have gone down again, after once regaining the upper earth, to have solved it a thousand times. The descent was mere *bagatelle*, but the ascent one of those things which answer for a lifetime, and leave no desire for repetition. We reached the upper cross after a most wearisome scramble, only fit for monkeys to undertake, and sat down on the last flight of stone steps, wholly exhausted, covered with perspiration, and our temples throbbing from the exertion, as if they would burst. The *aguadoras*, accustomed to it from infancy, seemed to suffer almost as much as ourselves, and, as they passed the cross, signed in the usual manner, in acknowledgment of their safe return.

All the water for domestic purposes is thus painfully brought up from the lake. During the "*invierno*," the rain is collected in tanks, or ponds, in the courts of the principal houses, for the use of the horses and cattle; but when this supply becomes exhausted, as it does towards the close of

the dry season, the water for their use has also to be obtained here. An attempt had been made to cut a path for mules down the face of the cliff, but it had failed. About two leagues from Masaya, however, the people had met with better success, and there is now a place where animals, with some difficulty, can reach the lake. There are a number of towns, besides Masaya, which obtain their water from the same source. These towns existed, and the same practice prevailed, before the Conquest; when the country was tenfold more populous than now. Water-carrying seems to have always been one of the principal institutions of this section of country, and as there are no streams, and never will be, it is likely to remain about the only enduring one, or until some enterprising American shall introduce a grand forcing pump, worked, perhaps, by volcanic power—for, having made the lightning a "common carrier," I do not see why volcanoes should not be made to earn their living.

Ovialo has described this lake as it was in 1529, and it will be seen that it has little changed since then. His estimate of the height of the cliffs surrounding it, about one thousand feet, is probably not far from the truth.

"Another very remarkable lake is found in this province, although it cannot be compared, in extent, with *Coribolea* (Nicaragua). The water is much better. It is called the lake of *Lendiri* (Nindiri or Masaya), and the principal *cazique*, who lives on its banks, bears the same name. This lake is about three leagues from Granada, but they are so long that we may safely call them four. I arrived there on St. James's-day, July 25, 1529, and stopped with Diego Machuca. I was well received and hospitably entertained, and I went with him to visit this lake, which is a very extraordinary one. To reach it, we had to take a road, the descent of which is so rapid that it should be called rather a stairway than a road. Adjoining it we saw a round, high mountain, on the summit of which is a great cavity, from which issues a flame as brilliant but stronger and more continuous than that of Etna, or Mount Gibel, in Sicily. It is called the Volcano of Masaya. Towards the south, an arid and open slope extends to the shores of the lake; but on the other sides, the lake is shut in by walls, which are very steep and difficult of descent. I beheld a path, as I was led along, the steepest and most dangerous that can be imagined; for it is necessary to descend from rock to rock, which appear to be of massive iron, and in some places absolutely perpendicular, where ladders of six or seven steps have to be placed, which is not the least dangerous part of the journey. The entire descent is covered with trees, and is more than one hundred and thirty fathoms before reaching the lake, which is very beautiful, and may be a league and a half both in length and breadth. Machuca, and his *cazique*, who is the most powerful one in the country, told me that there were, around the lake, more than twenty descents worse than this by which we had passed, and that the inhabitants of the villages around, numbering more than one hundred thousand Indians, came here for water. I must confess that, in making the descent, I repented more than once of my enterprise, but persisted, chiefly from shame of avowing my fears, and partly from the encour-

agement of my companions, and from beholding Indians loaded with an *aroba* and a half of water (nearly 40 lbs.) who ascended as tranquilly as though travelling on a plain."—*Squier's People and Scenery of Nicaragua*.

ST. PAUL'S CROSS AND THE REFORMATION.

EVERY individual has his own separate reminiscences—his own stock of pleasing or mournful associations. One passes and repasses a particular spot without any awakened interest, while another who chances to come that way is excited by the most painful or pleasing emotions. So is it with the spot on which we are now standing. Thousands pass through St. Paul's churchyard without reflection, or merely to please the eye and observe the fashions; while to those who have cultivated familiarity with the past, there arise associations of an instructive and deeply interesting character. We regard this spot as an elevation from which to look back towards the dawn of that day of light and liberty which we now enjoy. It is here that we may contemplate the struggle between light and darkness, truth and error. Here we catch some of the first glimpses of the light which is seen bursting through the thick clouds of Romish error at the commencement of the sixteenth century.

It is scarcely a degree to form an accurate idea of the old churchyard from the present one—the aspect and extent differing so materially. The old churchyard was bounded by a wall, which ran along by Ave Maria-lane, Paternoster-row, Old Change, Carter-lane, and Creed-lane; and the area thus enclosed was enlivened by a spacious grass plat. But how changed the scene! House upon house has invaded the verdant lawn, and the roar of unnumbered vehicles is heard where probably at that period the choristers of the air carolled their sweetest notes.

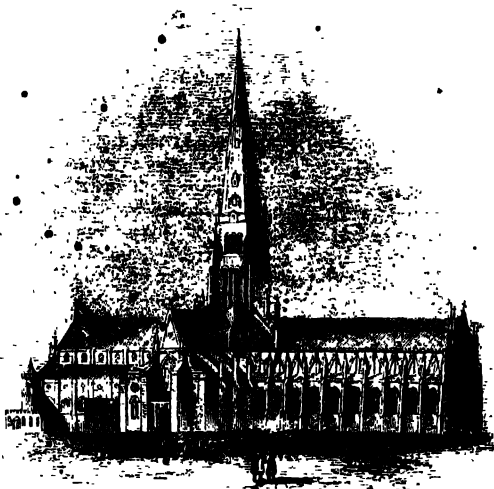
Not far from the present depository of the Religious Tract Society, at No. 65, once stood the celebrated St. Paul's Cross. There, in 1521, bishop Fisher uttered the fulminations of Rome against Luther. Near the cross sat Cardinal Wolsey, the pope's legate, beneath a canopy of gold, attended by foreign ambassadors, as well as lords and prelates. During the sermon, a number of Protestant books were committed to the flames, the cardinal witnessing the process. In 1526, the act was repeated. In 1530, again was a vast concourse assembled:—to hear the word of God? to read it for themselves? Nay, but to witness the burning of that holy book!

Good William Tyndale had prepared a translation of the New Testament. Being unable to accomplish the printing of it in England, he fled to the continent, where he performed that noble work. The sacred volumes soon found their way to these shores, and gained a rapid circulation. Various attempts were made to prevent the diffusion of these translations; and it was at length determined to buy them up at Antwerp. A large number was purchased with a view to their being destroyed.

"The spectacle-loving folks of those days might

be seen wending up Ludgate-hill and along the side of Cheape, to assemble round St. Paul's Cross. The promenade in the middle aisle of the old gothic cathedral, where London citizens were wont to saunter and chat, transact business, and while away an idle hour, was almost emptied by the attractive influence of the scene to be enacted without the walls." A rich and large sacrifice was now to be offered at the shrine of papal intolerance. The fire was kindled, Testament after Testament was flung on the blazing pyre, the people were solemnly warned against *the sin of reading the word of God!* The Bible was declared not for the people to read, but for the priest to explain! The version made in the English tongue by a thoughtful, learned, pious mind was only fit for the flames! The crowds about the old churchyard looked on the spectacle that day with varied feelings. Some thought all this was right, others that it was all wrong. "This burning," says Burnet, "had such a hateful appearance in it, being generally called a burning of the word of God, that people from thence concluded there must be a visible contrariety between that book and the doctrines of those who handled it; by which both their prejudice against the clergy, and their desire of reading the New Testament, were increased." But in spite of searchings and burnings, proclamations and buying up of editions, Testaments continued to pour in from the continent. "So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed."

battle-ground of truth. There a few courageous and divinely-taught men stood up against a

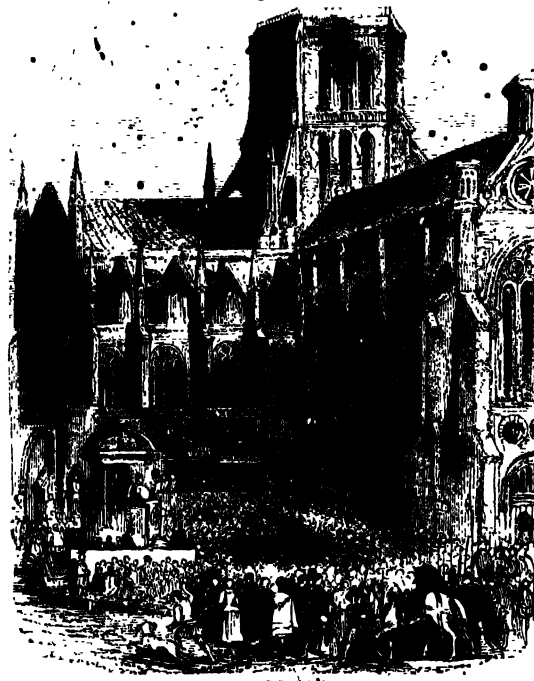


ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL EARLY IN 15TH CENTURY.

host of enemies, resolved "to perish rather than betray their cause." Multitudes gathered round the rude old rostrum, on seats or in standing room, while the king and court, the lord mayor and dignified citizens, had their covered galleries to listen to the plain statements and warm appeals

of the preachers. When the weather prevented the general congregation from occupying the open space, there was a place of shelter found for them under what were called the shrouds, which abutted on the church wall. There old Miles Coverdale, Jewel, Bentham, Hooker, and other worthies in the good cause, raised their voices with holy freedom and joy, in the advocacy of truths for which they had recently suffered exile and privation. In the Lent of 1560, some celebrated sermons were delivered on this spot. We are informed that, on the 3rd of March, Grindal, the new bishop, preached in his rochet and chipere before the mayor and aldermen, and a great auditory. After the sermon a psalm was sung (which was the common practice of the reformed churches abroad), wherein the people also joined their voices, breaking forth in the open air round the court and churchyard of St. Paul—a psalm of thanksgiving for recovered liberty from Romish thralldom.*

Others laboured—we reap the fruits of their toils. The cross has long since been taken down; but the effect of the preaching of those good men to whom we have alluded is still felt, and their works are still appreciated. The depository in the churchyard, near the north door of St. Paul's, contains the writings and lives of many of these distinguished individuals. "They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."



PREACHING AT PAUL'S CROSS.

St. Paul's Cross stands forth in history as the very Thermopylae of the Reformation. It was the

* "London in Ancient and Modern Times."

NEW MOVEMENT FOR WORKING MEN.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

OLD Humphrey has lately heard of a move onward for working men; and believing, as he does, that it will be to them a benefit, he feels anxious to lend it a helping hand. He wants to set this kind-hearted movement in a proper light, and hopes to show as clearly as that two and two make four, that properly carried out it must produce a harvest of advantages. May this truly patriotic plan never fall into improper hands, never be used for any other than disinterested purposes, and never have a lower object than man's good and God's glory!

A few well-informed heads and Christian hearts, with prayerful consideration and persevering philanthropy, have formed a society to do good; the name given to it is that of the "Working man's Educational Union, for the elevation of the Working Classes, as it regards their physical, intellectual, moral, and religious condition;"* and the means purposed to be employed are those of attractive lectures, interesting libraries, and instruction classes.

First, it is intended to prepare and publish, in as cheap a form as possible, such drawings, maps, and plays as will be likely to attract the attention of labouring men, and enable them the better to understand and enjoy the lectures they may hear.

Secondly, outline or skeleton lectures will be drawn up in the plainest and most effectual way possible, to enable persons to give lectures who have never before been accustomed to do so.

Thirdly, cheap and interesting books for lending or reading libraries, written in a Christian spirit, on useful subjects, will be published, to increase the reader's general knowledge, and to assist him in turning the lectures he hears to good account.

And, fourthly, instruction classes will be promoted to assist and forward that desire for knowledge which the lectures may awaken. It is thought that this mode of proceeding, carried out in a frank, kindly, liberal, and persevering spirit, can hardly fail in effecting an extended good; and, as I am decidedly of this opinion, there can be nothing unreasonable in my speaking in its praise.

It is no new thing for lectures of different kinds to be given both in towns and villages, for, of late years, this has become comparatively common; but it is a new thing to have skeleton lectures and drawings prepared and published at a cheap rate, so that hundreds may give lectures who have never been accustomed to do so. It is, now, not at all improbable, that lectures will be increased in number fifty and a hundred-fold, and that thus knowledge will be very extensively circulated.

Though rail-roads have broken in upon the sequestered quietude of unnumbered localities, there are yet hundreds of villages, which from the beginning to the end of the year have seldom or never any excitement greater than that occasioned by the visit of an Indian Lascar, two or three Dutch broom girls, or an Italian boy with his barrel organ. But let us suppose, that a village bearing the name of Sanitford, having an annual wake, an ill-attended school, and inhabitants sadly deficient in

information, is unexpectedly aroused by the sound of a tabor and pipe; and that an old-fashioned man is seen habited in a loose coat, with large pockets and long skirts, leading along a bear, a monkey, and dancing dogs. A great sensation is produced, and in a little time a wondering throng is assembled. The sound of the tabor and pipe is irresistible; and not only youth with his sparkling eye, but age with his thin grey locks, hastens to the village green. A ring is made, and the bear stands up on his uncouth hind legs, with his master's cocked hat on his head, and the monkey on his shoulder. The music plays and the dogs dance, so that what with the bear, the monkey, and the man, the dancing dogs dressed up in gay clothes, the tabor and pipe, and the crowd, it is altogether a holiday time. This holiday, however, cannot last for ever, for the fun, like a firework, is soon over, and leaves nothing behind it. The tabor and pipe cease; the man gleams a few pence from the gaping throng, and then passes on, leaving the village a little poorer than he found it. He has left behind him

No jewel of virtue, alluring and bright,
Outshining the gold of the miser;
No woman, or child, has got good from the sight,
And no man been made better or wiser.

Let us next imagine that a lecturer visits the village, and announces that in the school-room he purposes to give a lecture on astronomy, rendering, by means of his large drawings of the heavenly bodies and his plain descriptions, our solar system so clear and intelligible, that all who hear him will understand it: the admission being but a penny, or, perhaps, nothing at all. A goodly number of working people and children attend, wonderfully pleased by what they see, and much surprised at what they hear.

The lecturer wins their good opinion by telling them, that though he happens to know a little more about astronomy than they do, they know a great deal more of farming and country work than he does; and he wishes that in such matters he was half as wise as his company. He relates cheerful anecdotes in his lecture, and interweaves it at the same time with appropriate moral and religious remarks. Thus, by a judicious union of science with theology, and of the works of creation with the word of revelation, he, in some degree, impresses the hearts of his hearers with scriptural truth, while he expands their minds with knowledge.

And now the lecture becomes the talk of the village, for though much of it is forgotten, some parts of it are remembered. It is true, that nurse Hollins will by no means believe a word about the sun being a million times as big as the earth—that is quite out of the question; and Sherrard, the shoemaker, says it is a "moral impossibility" for it to be ninety-five millions of miles off; but old Briggs, the mole-catcher, who to this day takes in Moore's Almanack, with all its absurdities, stops their mouths by declaring that "astronomers" must know all about the heavens, or they could never foretell the coming of a comet and an eclipse.

The lecturer is gone, but he has left something behind him; a dawning of additional intellect; a

* Office, 43, Skinner-street, Snow-hill.

thirst after knowledge; a desire to improve opportunities in attaining it; and now the machinery of the onward move for working men comes into play. A gentleman of the neighbourhood has made a present for the good of his native village; a box arrives from London, full of beautiful outlines, sketches and drawings, with a skeleton lecture or two on natural history, geography, and other departments of knowledge; and the worthy clergyman, or the schoolmaster, or one of the Sunday school teachers, has undertaken to deliver a course of lectures. A new impulse is thus given, a new interest is excited, threatening war to the wake and death to the pothouse, and betokening prosperity to the pulpit and the school, and knowledge, order, morality, virtue, and piety to the people of Sandiford.

Their cultured reason takes a wider range,
And mind and manners for the better change.

Have I overdrawn my picture? I hope not, but if so, blame must fall on others, as well as on Old Humphrey. Lectures may not always be prepared with care; lecturers may be deficient in zeal, judgment, cheerfulness, or kindness; the inhabitants of Sandiford may haply prove unusually obdurate; or other unlooked-for causes may retard this onward move for working men. It may be, too, that this instrument of good in some cases may be used for partly purposes; and it was with the shadowy apprehension of this latter possibility, I expressed my unfeigned desire that this truly patriotic plan might always be pursued in the spirit of its founders—never fall into improper hands—never be used for other than disinterested ends, and never aim at less than man's good and God's glory. But away with all shadowy forebodings! Let me rather encourage the brighter expectations of hope, and put a few finishing touches to the picture I have drawn.

Let me anticipate the time when the onward move for working men has not only been made at the village of Sandiford, but followed up energetically, and that lecture after lecture has trodden, as it were, on each other's heels; geography, has succeeded natural history, and astronomy followed hard on geography. A real love for lectures has been called forth, and now, whether the next subject of the lecturer be Paganism and Christianity, the Ruins of Nineveh, the Catacombs at Rome, or the Manners and Customs of the Jews, there are plenty of people ready to attend it. The village is looking up in every way; a lending library is established; classes meet for instruction, and progress is made in general knowledge, kindly feeling, and the love of God's holy word. The wake is set aside, and the tap-room at the "Fighting Cocks" has very little company.

The working men appear a different race,
And Sandiford is quite another place.

And now once more comes to the village the old-fashioned man, in his loose coat with large pockets and long skirts, bringing with him his shaggy bear, his nimble monkey, and his dancing dogs. A gaping throng surrounds him as before; but they are mostly women and children. Such of the young men as see the animals regard them with an added interest, on account of the knowledge of

natural history they have acquired. They know something of brown bears, black bears, and white bears; are not altogether ignorant of the habits of monkeys, apes, and baboons, and are quite familiar with the different kinds of dogs. The lecturer has his eye upon the scene, and the very next lecture given at the school-room is on kindness and cruelty to animals. Thus passing occurrences are turned to account; the services rendered by the brute creation to man pointed out, and the duty of all to be merciful and kind to God's creatures is fully set forth. The lecturer, too, after moving his auditors to sympathy for dumb creatures, leads them to higher objects.

If there are not hundreds of Sandifords, there are hundreds of villages, and towns too, that are fearfully deficient in intellect, morality, and piety. The pulpit and the school require every assistance which can be given them to dissipate ignorance and increase knowledge, to repress vice and propagate virtue. This onward move for the working man being the declared enemy of all that is evil, and the friendly auxiliary of all that is good, deserves support. We cannot make worldly men go to hear sermons, but they will go of their own accord to hear entertaining lectures, which may be made both profitable and impressive. These, then, may become the avenue to Christian truth, the pleasant portal to the house of God.

Reader, the days are hurrying onward with an eagle's flight. Much have you to do; and if the hair of your head be half as grey as mine, you have no time to lose. Look around you; see what is taking place; lend a hand to all you can serve; pay the debt you owe to the sons and daughters of labour, and help your fellow pilgrims on their way to heaven. My closing remark is this:—

Be kind to all, and forward, if you can,
This onward movement for a working man.

INTEGRITY AT TRIAL.

A COUNTING-HOUSE SKETCH.

ONE fine summer's afternoon, several years ago, a youth of one-and-twenty might have been seen stepping on board the steam-boat that made a weekly voyage between E— and London. He was not alone, for his father and sister accompanied him to the vessel's side. They did not go on board, as the "Fair-maid" was on the eve of starting, and their adieus must be short and immediate. The young man pressed his sister's hand, as "the big tear gathered in his eye," and turning away his head, he felt the returned pressure of hers, and heard the softly spoken "farewell," with a heart almost overcome. It was the first time that word had been addressed to him, and he felt its full meaning keenly. Hastily, and with evident emotion, the father grasped the hand of his boy, as he said, "Now, Willie, don't forget—thorough integrity and a good conscience!"

The great paddle-wheels began to move; the "Fair-maid" left the wharf on her southward course; and the little family circle that was wont to gather around a right glad some fireside was broken for the first time.

What an auspicious time for a sail! The sky was serene and cloudless. The wind, gentle as a zephyr,

had hushed the sea to repose. They have nothing to fear from the elements; and while the vessel is proceeding so pleasantly, allow us to give the parties a more befitting introduction.

William Edney and Co. was the name of a highly respectable firm in the provincial seaport which the steam-boat left. It was an old house, and its age had only imparted stability; decay was not then, nor is yet, apparent. The grandfather of the youth was the first, and, for many years, the only partner. Under his guidance, the little thing, almost a trifle, became an important concern; and in that condition, he resigned it into the hands of his son, the father of the young man. In the counting-house of the firm, young William had been for five years. He had acquired, during that time, some knowledge of the business which it was intended he should pursue; but his father, anxious that he might be able at all points to manage the old firm, thought a few years in London would be of no secondary advantage. For this reason he now journeyed thitherward.

Not many days after the day of sailing, William Edney, jun., might have been seen now and then threading the intricacies of the "City." The office of H. B. and Co. was in — Lane, one of those narrow streets which are so common near the waterside. That was his destination, and thither he went every morning; as close upon nine o'clock as any punctual man could do or desire. After a few weeks had passed, he was appointed to a certain department, namely, assistant to Mr. Orwood, the cashier of the establishment. Our country readers must remember that there is a mighty difference between a city and a provincial counting-house. In the former, there are departments and specific duties; in the latter, very often, one poor quill-driver manages the whole. In the performance of his duty, William gave satisfaction to his superior in office and the principals.

For a long time all went on smoothly and cheerily. But there was a sudden pause. One morning a messenger announced that the venerable Mr. Orwood was no more. After five-and-thirty years' attendance he was absent, never to return to the desk at the window, so long his favourite haunt. An awful stillness pervaded the counting-room that day. Many eyes were often turned to his vacant seat, as if they could scarcely credit the startling intelligence; some quailed; when they remembered that he who sat there on the previous day, was now a dweller in another world; and one or two, after a momentary stun, began to speculate regarding his probable successor.

The pause after a little while was broken, and the hum and bustle returned as before. Having been assistant-cashier, William Edney continued to take charge of money matters; but he had not been appointed successor. Several thought he would be; some others fancied he ought not to be; and one determined that, if he was, he should not be so long. The latter's scheme was ready for use, for he had begun to plan it ere Mr. Orwood was laid in the tomb. He had not much time to waste, nor had he many days to think over his intention, before one of the principals told the hero of our story to continue as he was doing. Nothing more passed. The young man had been active, attentive, upright, faithful; they saw this and were satisfied.

Not so Henry Herbert. This gentleman had been for a few years principal book-keeper in the establishment. On him devolved the task of what is technically styled "posting the ledger"—a duty everywhere important, but in his case particularly so, and onerous besides. His reasons for disagreement with the plan of his principals we know not. His salary was larger than Edney's; for though the latter had stepped into the office, he did not at the same time receive the emolument of Mr. Orwood. That, he neither sought nor dreamt of. Why then should Herbert be dissatisfied? He would not have changed positions with Edney, had salaries changed likewise. Perhaps his reason might be that he wished to change a laborious for a lightsome task, and earn his wages by less toil and trouble. His desire we cannot gainsay; it is in most men's minds to do so too. Perchance, kind reader, it may actuate both you and me. Be it so: but may our schemes to attain it be as opposite to Herbert's, as his character was to that of William Edney!

It was the practice in that, as it is in many mercantile houses, to make a half-yearly balancing of their books. The time had arrived, and our acquaintance, the book-keeper, was working right heartily to get all put in order. A trial balance was "taken out," and a deficit of 63*l.* stood against cash. To his fellow-clerks he announced it with seeming surprise. Indeed, they too were astonished, for Herbert had a character for wonderful correctness. He tried again, and the same result was the consequence. Another examined the balancing, and he could detect no error. As a last resource, Herbert proposed, apparently in a spirit the most laudable and exemplary, an examination of all the posting for the last six months. It was done, and still the same sum, neither more nor less, was wanting. As a matter of necessity, the "cash book" next came to be scrutinised; for it and it alone could now reveal the secret. Herbert was most diligent thereon—painfully diligent, yet anxious and troubled within himself. The victory was almost his; but it might miscarry.

After a considerable search, he pointed out an error to a companion. This one tried the addition of the long column. It was manifestly wrong, and the difference between the total as entered at the bottom of the page and the real amount was that same 63*l.* One after another proved its correctness; even Edney himself acknowledged, "there is a mistake or treachery somewhere."

It was a most painful and trying hour. Edney saw that his character was at stake, that his integrity was assailed; but how to deliver himself he knew not. Herbert, too, was fearfully anxious for his character, lest it should be unmasked. As the matter had assumed a serious aspect, one of the principals who was versed in all the mysteries of the books began a scrutiny of those. He it was who had appointed Edney to the cashiership; and he was deeply grieved to think that the son of his old friend should have an imputation so heinous cast upon him, staining his good name and affecting so materially the good opinion hitherto entertained of him. There he sat, worthy man, with the ponderous folio before him, turning over the leaves and gazing at the endless columns of figures, without any very definite notion for what he looked.

He had not long occupied himself with this task, before he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. K——, a brother merchant, with whose firm his had numerous and extensive transactions. These were of such a nature that "accounts current," showing the balance between the parties, were periodically rendered. It so happened that Mr. K——, having occasion to call on other business, brought such an account with him, saying, as he handed it to Mr. B——: "It is a little before the time, but it may as well be settled now." A hurried glance showed Mr. B—— that the balance was 2993*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* in favour of his firm. Most naturally he turned up the corresponding account in the ledger, seeing it was before him; and there having been no transaction since the account as it stood there was closed a few days previously, the balance of course must agree. To his astonishment it was 2930*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* How could this be? He thought a moment, and began to mutter, "Just 63*l.* difference, and in their favour too; 63*l.* against cash in the 'trial,' that tallies. Herbert, come here, sir," he concluded, in a voice loud enough for every one in the office to hear. But Herbert heard it not. He had overheard Mr. K—— speaking of the account current, and knowing that detection was inevitable, he made a hasty exit from the counting-house, his countenance dark and gloomy, the big drops of sweat pouring from his forehead, and cursing in his heart his own egregious folly.

"He has gone out, sir," answered another young man.

"Well, compare that account with the ledger, and find out the error."

It was not difficult of discovery. About six weeks before, a sum of 606*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* stood in the account of cash paid by Mr. K——'s firm, while in the ledger they had got credit for 669*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* Uncommon generosity! Immediate reference was made to the cash book. The latter sum stood there also, and it was on the same page that the error of 63*l.* had been found. The entry was carefully examined, and a keen eye—for it took such—could detect an addition and an erasure. What these were our readers will easily conceive, and we need scarcely say, they were thus skilfully managed by Herbert. His plan was most ingenious. He had chosen an account, wherein, from the number and intricacy of the transactions, detection was not to be dreamt of; then, having attained his object, that of making Edney guilty of theft and getting his position, he could easily restore the original and correct sums, without any one knowing aught thereof. Thus he imagined; but he thought not of the eye of Providence. Short-sighted man!

Most joyfully did Mr. B—— hear the solution of the mystery. The son of his friend was there as he had been, and he was glad at heart. But what of Herbert? he never returned to his desk, nor has he since been seen in London. It may be that he sought a home in a foreign land; we need not at present inquire.

William Edney could not repress his emotion at the vindication of his character. He was "not guilty;" his honesty was proven. He could not reply to the kind words of Mr. B—— and his fellow clerks, but the parting advice of his father—

"Don't forget integrity and a good conscience"—rose to memory, and he inwardly thanked God that he had been enabled to act upon it. He still lives, following out a career of commercial integrity and prosperity—in harmony with such a commencement.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

THE fifteenth century formed an era in the history of letters, and it is to be reckoned among those manifold coincidences which occur under the government of God, that the revival of learning and the discovery of printing should have taken their rise at the same time. During the two preceding centuries, there had not been wanting striking indications of some mighty change. They formed a period of manifold preparations, and of no common developments. The germs of science and of truth were ever and anon bursting through the incrustations and heavy mould of ages. Invention followed invention, and discovery succeeded discovery. The chemical proportion and admixture of a few simple elements gave that singular product which we know by the name of gunpowder, and the knowledge of this single agent led to the most remarkable change in European warfare. The value of merely personal prowess fell to the lowest point, and in proportion as physical force was depreciated men began to seek distinction by mental activity and superiority. Intelligence started into fresher life, and society entered on a race of progressive light and knowledge. On the introduction of the magnetic needle, expeditions were formed and voyages were undertaken. Islands, coasts, and capes were discovered; new passages and mighty continents were found out. Though the immediate object was gold and a variety of wealth, yet we cannot fail to perceive how "the face of the whole habitable globe was laid open to the eye of the naturalist, and to the enterprise of the merchant. Geography, natural history, astronomy, mathematics, and other sciences, gained thereby a much more enlarged field of vision, and more appropriate destinations. Commerce, that had hitherto been limited almost entirely to the Mediterranean, became now extended to every part of the known world, and brought the most distant nations into contact with each other." Nor was this all. The ruling spirit and tone of the age proceeded mainly from the revival of the ancient literature and learning of the Greeks. On the siege and fall of Constantinople, the Grecian fugitives, by the rich and long-lost treasures of classical knowledge which they brought with them, created a new and brilliant era in letters and science—first in Italy, then in Germany, and lastly throughout the rest of Europe. The European nations turned their knowledge to the best practical account, by bringing it to bear on the general improvement and elevation of society. Schools were established, and education was everywhere encouraged. A new intellectual epoch began, and though we cannot speak of the change as perfect, it was yet the blossom which ripens into fruit, or resembled those throes of nature which precede some mighty birth.

It is to the art of printing that we owe that great organic change—the Protestant reformation.

Humanly speaking, this grand religious revolution could never have been effected, but for the facilities which the press afforded for the multiplication and the wider diffusion of those writings, in which the reformed doctrines were enumerated and set forth. These were circulated in such numbers, and with such rapidity, that a man might as well have attempted to arrest the stars in their course, or to have spoken back the flow of the tide, as to have checked the spread and progress of these writings. The popular mind was thus flooded with light and information. The spirit of inquiry was awakened. Man refused to be longer held in mental and moral thralldom. He rose, and cast his chain away. The design of Providence, in the establishment of the printing-press, was clearly seen in the productions of the press itself; either the whole Bible, or separate portions of it, were the first writings which were published; and just as these obtained a free and a wider circulation, did civilisation and improvement, science and literature, liberty and religion, all advance. The press opened a medium of communication between the nations, and a channel for the current and flow of knowledge to the ends of the earth. It converted the richest and deepest stores of the human mind into common property. It connected those who were geographically farthest removed the one from the other, and established in the world of letters a new and still closer brotherhood.

The rapidity with which this wondrous art spread, and the improvements which it received, may be inferred from the fact, that within fifty years there appeared works in almost all the learned languages. Before the middle of the sixteenth century, printing had reached such a degree of perfection as to enable our own country to compete with any other nation; and now her press is the admiration and the wonder of the whole civilized world.

It matters little whether this noble art be attributed to LAURENTIUS of Harlem, or to JOHN FAUST, the wealthy goldsmith of Mayence, or to GUTTENBERG, his fellow-citizen, and a man of no vulgar enterprise. It is enough that the discovery was made, and that in the progress of events it ceased to be a secret. At first, the letters were cut in wooden blocks: for these tablets were substituted separate wooden types; these again gave place to metallic plates, and the whole of them to cast metal types. This last invention was reserved for PETER SCHÖFFER, the son-in-law of Faust, who succeeded in constructing a matrix or mould for each individual letter of the alphabet, and subsequently in forming an amalgam which rendered the type harder and more durable. He now joined his father-in-law in business. They concealed the discovery, and administered an oath of secrecy to all whom they employed, till by the sacking of Mentz, in 1462, their establishment was broken up, their servants dispersed, and the secret divulged. The first book printed with this new type was, in 1459. The cast letters were all of one size, and the larger characters were cut in the metal. In all the types, the character employed was the old Gothic or German. The introduction of the Roman character is ascribed to Sweynheim and Pannutze, and the italic to the celebrated Italian, Aldo Manuzio, who established a printing-office in

Venice in 1488, and to whom the literary world was then indebted for several valuable editions of the Greek and Latin classics. He obtained a patent for his discovery, the exclusive use of which he enjoyed for several years. With his death expired the glory of the Aldine press.

From this period, printing made rapid progress in most of the principal towns of Europe. Its introduction into England has been by almost universal consent ascribed to WILLIAM CAXTON, who was born in Kent, in 1410, and spent twenty-three years in the Netherlands, as an agent of the silk mercers' company, where he acquired his knowledge of this noble invention. After a period of the most intense application in making himself master of the art—after having overcome what to some other less ardent spirits would have proved insurmountable difficulties, and after having expended a considerable portion of his own little property in the preliminary working of this new and sublime power, he came to England, set up a press in 1471, in Westminster, under the patronage of Milling, who was then at the head of the abbey, and in 1474, or 1475, issued his first English work, entitled THE BOOK OF THE CHESSE: and, though at the outset, his publications were few and far between—amounting to no more than sixty, in some seventeen or eighteen years—yet such was his effort to supply his fellow countrymen with the lessons of a wider intelligence and a purer morality, that he at once secured the support and patronage of the learned and the noble, of the man of letters and the ruler of nations.

It was after England had been torn asunder by the wars of the Roses, and the blood of her children had been shed with prodigal profusion; that Henry the Seventh ascended the throne. The character of his administration was such as tranquillized the nation, and raised himself in the esteem of all Europe. The peace which followed the civil wars was favourable to mental culture. Availing himself of this period of national tranquillity, Caxton devoted himself to the translation of foreign works, or to the obtaining of original compositions, by which he contributed most effectually to the literature of his country and the education of the people. And, though Henry was not himself a man of letters, still Caxton enjoyed his favour, and acted under his royal protection. His spirit was on fire in the pursuit of his object; and, until the snows of about eighty winters had whitened his locks, and the frosts of those winters had benumbed his energies, did he continue to employ all his faculties, and all his resources in forwarding his sublime art. He finished his translation of THE LIVES OF THE FATHERS only on the day of his death, and went down to the grave as full of honour as of years. We are not ignorant of the fact, that it has been attempted to rob Caxton of the honour of first introducing the art of printing into his native country; but, after the most searching and sifting examination of the evidence on both sides, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that to him in good faith belongs the honour of having given to his country the knowledge of an invention which has impressed a distinctive character on all her subsequent history, and of having taught her how to employ the mightiest power for good which man had ever

evoked from mere inert matter. Whatever may be said in support of the claims of Corbelli, we cannot help thinking that the weight of authority and the voice of tradition are both in favour of Caxton; and, in saying this, we are but strewing another flower on that grave on which no Englishman can tread with light or giddy step.

Rapid and astonishing as were the improvements introduced into the metallic composition employed in the type-foundry, as also in the matrices or moulds in which the types were cast, the construction of the printing press was, in the first instance, a thing of no taste or elegance; and so it continued, with but few alterations, till the late Earl of Stanhope happily succeeded in constructing one entirely of iron, and, by a beautiful combination of levers, gave such motion to the screw, as to bring down the platten—the level surface that gives the impression—with increased rapidity and force, till it reached the type, when a very great power was obtained. This was a positive advance on all that had gone before. Other improvements followed, but nothing fully commensurate with the wants of this age of wondrous development—an age of steam, and locomotion, and telegraph—till the hand-press gave place to the automatic printing-machine. The multiplied facilities which our railways opened up for communication between one locality and another, and especially between the metropolis and the most distant hamlet of our land, demanded that every item of intelligence—whether political or commercial, whether affecting our own nation or other nations—should be supplied with the least possible delay. It would no longer suffice to throw off a public journal at the rate of two or three thousand copies per day. One single hour was too much to devote to such a limited result. The substitution of cylindrical machinery for the screw-press was first suggested by Nicholson, the editor of the *Philosophical Journal*, and its application in the form of working machines is due to König, a native of Saxony, who spent several years in England in bringing these machines to something approaching to perfection. On November 24th, 1814, the reader of *The Times* was assured that he held in his hand a paper printed by machinery, worked by the power of steam! This machinery produced eleven or twelve hundred impressions per hour. Subsequent improvements raised the impressions to eighteen hundred. It then occurred to König, that, by conveying it from one paper cylinder to another, he could, without removing the sheet, print it on both sides. This he effected in 1815; but the inventions of König were long superseded by the ingenious and combined efforts of Applegath and Cowper, who constructed a machine in which the types passed under four printing cylinders, fed with sheets of paper by four boys; and four thousand impressions on one side were obtained in one hour. Since then, Applegath has constructed a machine with eight cylinders, so that from eight to ten thousand impressions of *The Times* paper can be secured within sixty minutes of time; while, by the aid of locomotive power, this public journal is not only conveyed to the Land's End, or to John o' Groat's, within twenty-four hours from the time of publication, but is to be found the same day on the table of the Bourse in Paris, just as the

sun has passed the meridian.* This is an achievement of which neither Faust nor Caxton ever dreamed. They had no prophetic eye to see so far into the future. It was enough that they opened to their own age, and to all succeeding ages, that path of improvement which is now open to all to follow.

At the period of Caxton's death, there were five individuals, including Wynkyn de Worde, actively engaged in proscribing this grand art; four of whom were foreigners, brought over, in all probability, by our countrymen as assistants. And now there is scarcely a village of any note or consequence which has not its printing establishment; and not a city but has its literati, and its press teeming with publications of every class and character. Nor can we say that the art of printing is yet perfected. Many improvements yet doubtless remain.

The history of this useful art is inseparably connected with the progress of mankind. If the productions of the press have, more or less, taken the impress of the national mind, it is equally certain that the press itself has acted with a reflex power on the national intellect, quickening it into a higher activity, and breathing into it nobler aspirations. The press, with all its faults, has been one of the world's great teachers, and has given its lessons with a freshness, a fulness, and a force, not otherwise to be insured. It has often espoused the cause of the oppressed and the down-trodden. It has frowned upon ignorance, and encouraged education. It has been the advocate of good government and of social virtue. Nor is it among the least conspicuous signs of the times, that a press which professedly aimed at the corruption of the public morals would not be suffered to exist in our midst. The character of our literature, in spite of many defects, is such as may fairly challenge comparison with that of any other nation. Not only has it more vitality, variety, and power; but its tendencies are purer and more salutary. We are here speaking of the press, not in its isolation and separate working, but in its combined operation and influence. We can call to mind the time when some of our first and leading publications seemed to be in direct antagonism to the sublime disclosures of the Christian revelation; and though their tone is now lowered and altered, still we dare not conceal the fact, that there is a great deal of writing in every department of English literature, the tendency of which is to corrupt the deep fountain of human thought and feeling. If "intellect, embodied in written language, be an essential characteristic of literature," the play of that intellect may be like that of the lightning, which, on leaving its dark-bosomed cloud, comes forth only to scathe, to scorch, and to destroy; or like the arrow of death, which kills wherever it touches. But the press of England must not be confounded with this—its corrupter portion. The spread of education, and the fact that education is daily rising in its character and its quality, render certain a corresponding improvement and elevation in the public taste; and, henceforth, authors will be compelled to write in conformity with the spirit of their age.

* Our correspondent has been anticipated in these remarks by the paper entitled, "A Visit to the Times Office," in our last number.

Hints for Reflection.

THERE is more fatigue in laziness than in labour.

Those who suspect all are much to be suspected.

A cheap bargain often proves a dear purchase.

He is *little* worth whose promises are *nothing* worth.

Have a will of your own, but be not self-willed.

A good conscience and a good temper are intimately connected.

Bad words are soon learned by converse with those who use them, but not so soon unlearned.

If sin be harboured in the house, the curse waits at the door.

Those that throw away their virtue must not expect to save their reputation.

Industry and honesty are the surest and safest way both of rising and thriving.

It is better to lose a good coat than a good conscience.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

Constancy is a virtue, but obstinacy is not.

Rash anger is heart murder.

Those that would be kept from harm must keep out of harm's way.

It is better to be the credit of a mean post than the shame of a high one.

It is a very good lesson, though it is learnt with difficulty and rarely practised—to love those that hate us.

Works of piety and charity should, like water from a fountain, flow spontaneously from the gratitude and benevolence of a believing heart, and not require to be extorted with importunity like the toil and trouble of drawing water from a deep well. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Depreciate no one—an atom has a shadow.

Self-denial is one of the first laws of Christ's kingdom.

The service of Christ abundantly repays all the sacrifices made for Him, even in this world.

The first fruit of true Christian resignation is exertion.

God, in his providence, sometimes seems harsh with those he loves, and speaks roughly to those for whom yet he has great mercy in store.

Integrity and uprightness will preserve us, and will clear themselves as the light of the morning.

God looks down upon those with an eye of favour who sincerely look up to him with an eye of faith.

Christ, as our rest to heaven, is to be waited on; and heaven, as our rest in Christ, is to be waited for.

If the way to heaven be not far harder than the world imagine, then Christ and his apostles knew not the way, or else have deceived us; for they have told us, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," and that the gate is strait and the way narrow, and we must strive if we will enter. If ever soul obtain salvation in the world's common, careless, easy way, then I'll say, there is a nearer way found out than ever God in scripture hath revealed to the sons of men.—*Baxter*

A man is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are.

There is nothing right in the sight of God till the heart is right.

Some people sink all enjoyment of present comfort in the foreboding apprehension of future evils, which may never happen.

Faith is not to supersede prudence, nor is prudence to supersede faith.

Sin brought sorrow into the world: it was this that made the world a vale of tears, brought showers of trouble upon our heads, and opened springs of sorrows in our hearts, and so deluged the world.

The present state is the infancy of eternity.

Time bounds the hope of the unbelieving man.

It is true wisdom to understand the real value of life.

In the knowledge of God is the only true wisdom; in the service of God, the only true freedom; in the love of God, the only true felicity: and these are all so vast, that though they have their seed-time on earth, room for the harvest can be found only in heaven and eternity.

Life is a wasting thing: it is a candle that will burn out.

Man is a little world consisting of a heaven and earth, soul and body.

It is a dangerous thing to treat with a temptation, which ought at first to be rejected with disdain and abhorrence.

Our brightest moments are frequently those which arise to us from the bosom of care and anxiety; the gems that sparkle upon the dark ground.

A right education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves and others. It is not simply to acquire influence over our fellow-creatures, but to make that influence subservient to moral excellence and piety.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more fortunate who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

True humility consists in receiving praise, and rendering it to God untouched.

Sometimes we may compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole burden at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us to carry each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load, before we are required to bear it.

I see in this world, said a good man, two heaps of human happiness and misery; now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.

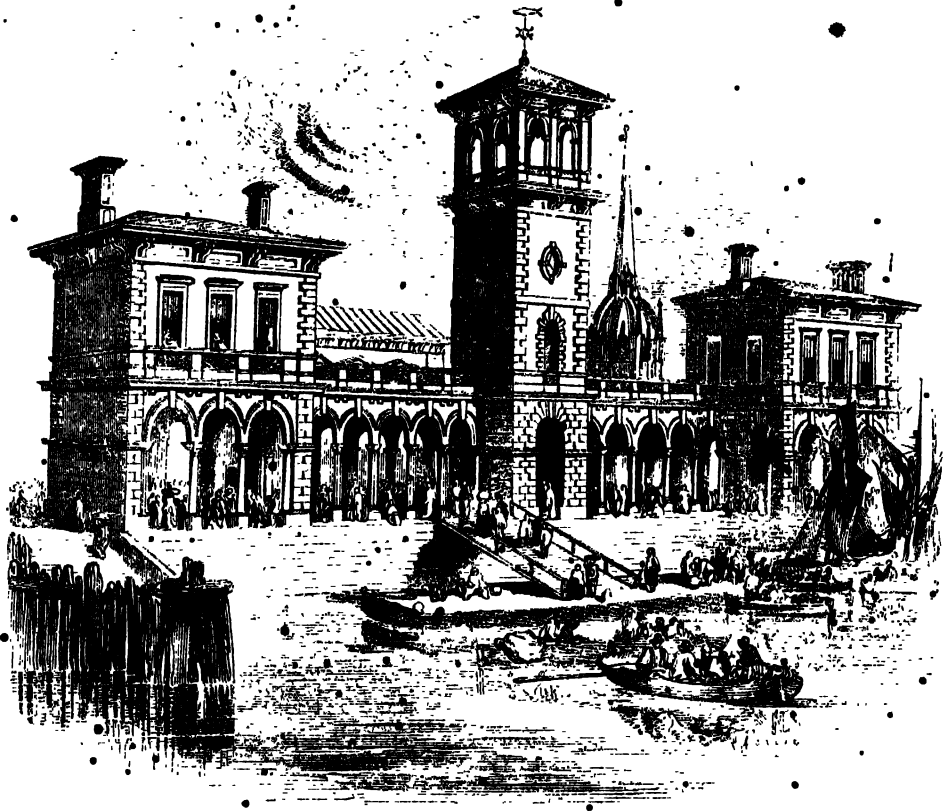
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THE NEW BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

A MORNING REEP AT BILLINGSGATE.

It wants a quarter to five o'clock on a February morning. The wind, which since midnight has blown almost a gale, is moderating a little, and the driving rain is abating, when we pull the street door after us and emerge from our warm quarters near London-bridge, to pay a visit to Billingsgate. Five minutes' walk brings us to the huge sky-lighted shed which shelters the old market. It is abundantly lighted with flaring

gas-burners, which the wind blows into streamers of all shapes. The flame flickers upon busy dusky forms, moving rapidly about hither and thither, arranging planks, benches, baskets, barrels, and temporary rostrums, and clearing the labyrinthine passages which intersect the numerous stalls of the dealers. There is "an ancient and fish-like smell" in the atmosphere, but comparatively few fish yet glitter on the stall-boards. The company as yet is but thin, although the numbers are increasing fast from fresh arrivals.

We thread our way through the maze, pass under a portion of the arched zinc roof of the new edifice, and make for the bank of the river. The tide is running out fast, and the vessels moored close to the shore, four or five deep, are settled down in the mud of the Thames. There are fires and lanterns on board, which shed a gleam on the white smoke that rises from the decks into the murky morning sky. The wind whistles in the rigging, and the ropes and blocks chatter against the masts, while the voices of busy men and the din of sturdy labour mingle with the moan of the gale and the rattling of the cordage.

While we stand gazing on the scene, and endeavouring to make out some object moving near the opposite shore, the clock strikes five, which is the signal for the opening of the market. We draw nearer to the brink of the river, and become aware of a stalwart form emerging upwards from the gloom in which the vessels lie; he climbs the ribbed planks at a rapid pace, bearing on his head a heavy basket, or it may be two, of fish. He wears a kind of tarpaulin hat, which fits close to his skull, boasting a brim of some nine inches in width at the rear, and which curls up at the edges to catch and retain the moisture which would else flow down his back from his dripping burden. His outer garment is a whitish hybrid surcoat, half jacket, half smock-frock, reaching down to the middle of the thigh; it is open at the breast, and displays a voluminous neckerchief, tied in a double knot, the long ends fluttering jauntily in the breeze. His trousers are of any material you like to imagine, as imagination alone can penetrate the coating of mud which is all that is visible to the eye. He treads magisterially in a pair of substantial bluchers well armed with iron, and marches haughtily past you; in spite of the superincumbent pressure of perhaps a couple of hundred weight. While we have been thus describing his *personnel*, he has vanished out of sight, and a dozen more, of precisely the same mould and similarly burdened, have arisen out of the abyss and followed after him. On they come in a continuous stream, rising out of the darkness with startling regularity—like the mythological race of Cadmus, cropping forth into life, the armed harvest of the dragon's teeth. These are the fellowship porters, who have the sole privilege of landing the fish from the vessels; and they are the veritable Caryatides of the commerce of Billingsgate. The duty they perform was formerly undertaken by a gang of plunderers called "luggers," who, favoured by darkness and by the absence of proper surveillance, systematically robbed the fishowners to a frightful extent.

Meanwhile the market is filling fast, and we must return to the stalls. Already a change has come over the scene. The aldermanic turbot bares his white breast to the eye of the gourmand, and immense cod and ling are quivering alive on the sloppy boards. The salesmen have mounted their rostrums, and by this time tons of fish of all sorts have been sold by auction—not by Dutch auction, as has been erroneously stated, but by the usual mode of an advance, upon previous biddings. So astonishingly rapid is this ceremony, that it is scarcely comprehensible to a stranger. Many of the lots are sold on the head of the porter, who yet hardly waits a minute in the throng ere he dashes

down his burden and is off. This is going on in various parts of the market at once, amidst the bawling of a thousand voices, and a scene of tumultuous pushing and crowding and apparent confusion. We noticed that an occasional lot was booked against settling-day, for some of the old-established hands; but, that by far the greater portions were paid for on the spot, ere they were removed by the buyers to their carts in waiting. The result of the large amount of business done is now manifest on all sides. Every stall is groaning with the weight of fish with which all are heaped. Cod, salmon, ling, mackerel, whiting, smelts, turbot, brills, halibuts, soles, skates, plaice, together with lobsters, shell-fish, and shrimps, meet the eye at every turn; and all are alive, or the next thing to it. The spirit of speculation is on the alert. The dealers trade with one another, and chaffer with salesmen and buyers; and heavy bargains are made in minutes and half-minutes, with a promptitude known in no other business.

Between six and seven o'clock a new class of buyers come crowding in, and the whole area is so crammed with them that you have to fight your way at every step. You find yourself on a sudden surrounded by a very undisciplined regiment of London costers. They have heard already that this morning the market is well supplied with fish, and hither they have flocked by hundreds with their barrows, baskets, hand-carts, and donkey-carts, in the hope of making a good day's work of it. See how eagerly they cluster round the rostrum, and bid their whole capital for half a lot of soles. The lot is generally a couple of baskets.

"What for that lot?" says the salesman.

"Eight shillings for one," bawls a coster lad. "Eight and six!" "Eight and nine!" "Nine shillings!" "Nine and two!" "Nine and six!" "Nine and ten!" "Ten bob!" from half a dozen voices in instant succession.

"Say a sov. the two," says the salesman.

"I'll take the other," roars a coster, watching for a chance.

"Sold!" explodes the auctioneer—"Money!" and he holds out his hand. The money is paid *instantly*, and off go the purchasers to clean their fish preparatory to crying them about town for the rest of the day.

It would be interesting to watch the proceedings of this industrious fraternity, and to contrast their care and caution in the outlay of their small capital, and the honest yet acute expression of their dirty faces, with the reckless bearing and squandering propensities of the tribe of lazy rogues with whom they are sometimes confounded. It would be interesting, we say; but it is getting very inconvenient. Twice have they trodden on our "favourite bunion," and three times have they brushed our philosophical chin with the slimy tail of a sole. We had a weakness for the decent paletôt in which we are comfortably buttoned to the throat, but we cannot escape the conviction that it is rendered irretrievably fishy by the liberty which they once and all take of shouldering us out of the way. The ground, too, is ankle-deep in mud, and our boots are waterproof only in the shoemaker's bill. We have been reminded too, by a fatherly coster, who suddenly deposited us on a pile of periwinkles, that "you *can't* git od vith vone eye open," and we

begin to suspect that we are not altogether in our element. So we set our shoulders to the work, and by dint of elbow, corkscrew our way to the front of the market, where a new spectacle awaits us.

Thames-street, all the way from Billingsgate to London-bridge, and for a considerable distance eastward as well, is occupied by a long and closely crowded line of vehicles of every possible description; besides dog-carts, market-carts, fish-carts, and carts proper, there are donkey-carts by the dozen, and hand-carts by the score. Some are loading and driving off, and others are drawing up to fill their places. Every coster as he comes forth with his burden gallops off with it behind his donkey, or, depositing it on his hand-cart, trundles it forward at a running pace. Here, too, we see a number of petty avocations in activity, which the necessities of the market have called into existence. Hungry lads, anxious to earn an honest penny, assist in loading the carts, or start off to a neighbouring fishmonger's shop with a basket of mackerel on their heads. Here an ingenious fellow offers you a rush basket for a few pence, in which you may carry home your morning's purchase; and if you don't choose to spend three-pence upon a basket, yonder is a shivering woman who will sell you an old newspaper for a halfpenny, or for three-farthings a double *Times*, big enough to enfold the largest salmon in Billingsgate. Judging from her stock, she must have a pretty large demand for it, and indeed it goes off at a quick rate. Old gentlemen and matronly dames, not too proud to do business on an economical scale, or to carry home their finny bargains, are among her regular patrons. These frequenters of the market for the most part make their appearance between seven and eight o'clock, time enough for a bargain, and not so early as to call them out of bed at an inconvenient hour. They imagine, perhaps, that they buy at the same rate as the fishmonger who resorts to the market at the same hour—an idea which is, as it ought to be, very wide of the fact.

The trade is now at its height; the glittering riches of the deep sea are piled on all sides in shining masses. A continuous tide of population flows in and out of the market, while the sharp shot of a thousand chattering tongues drums upon the ear in an unintermitting volley. Favourite jokes are bandied about with perfect good-humour, and amidst all the apparent confusion and deafening noise, there is no indication of disorderly riot or quarrelling. This scene will endure so long as there is a sufficient stock of fish remaining to sell; the duration of the day's market of course depending upon the quantity to be disposed of. By this time the morning air has aroused our dormant appetite; and, therefore, accepting the invitation of a friend, we resort to the Market Tavern, to see what is to be had for breakfast. Here we assist at the funeral obsequies of a pair of fine soles, and wind up our investigation into the commercial consummation of the scaly tribes by a practical experiment upon their flavour—which, we are bound to bear witness, was excellent. So much for a morning peep at the great metropolitan mart for fish.

Billingsgate market was established in 1699, and from that period it has been the principal fish-market in Great Britain. Before the opening of the numerous railways which facilitate so much

the conveyance of fish to market, nearly 5000 vessels annually came to Billingsgate with fish. That number is no doubt now considerably diminished, as fish packed in ice and sent by rail are equally fit for food as those brought alive in the wells of vessels; but the increase of the population, and the partial abatement of the popular dislike to fish as an article of diet, have tended to increase the trade, and in some sort compensated the inroad of the railways upon the traffic of the vessels. The revenue derived to the corporation of London from Billingsgate market amounts to little short of 5000*l.* a year. This is made up in part from the rent of stalls, which, however, when their real value is taken into account, may be considered as almost nominal, and from the products of a tariff upon the different vessels and vehicles bringing the fish for sale. The tariff is remarkably low, and at one time probably yielded no more than sufficient to cover the unavoidable expenses of the market; but the increase of business has swollen the income, year by year, to the present large amount.

The market is under the management of Mr. Goldham (clerk of the market), who is the chief authority, and who leases the stalls and controls the affairs of the noisy republic. Under him are two inspectors, whose duty it is to see that no fish unfit for food are exposed for sale. If fish, after sale, are condemned by the inspectors, the money has to be refunded: in case of dispute, the seller may appeal, if he think proper, to the lord mayor at the Mansion House, whose verdict is decisive; such appeals are, however, extremely rare. Besides the inspectors, there is a special officer appointed to keep peace in the market, and he can, if necessary, reinforce his authority with the batons of the police from a neighbouring station; but this is a necessity which may be said never to arise. The frequenters of Billingsgate go there to despatch business as summarily as possible, and they are not so foolish as to imagine that it can be expedited by riot and violence. Then come the fellowship porters, whom we have already described—the shoremen and labourers of various grades in the employ of the dealers. Again, there are the holdsmen, who measure and deliver oysters, and who contrive to levy black mail upon the buyers, in spite of the most stringent regulations to the contrary. Whenever there is much business going on, there is a demand for a corresponding position of labour, and hence, besides the regularly employed functionaries, whenever the market is brisk, a number of boys and lads are to be seen plying for a job, and eager for the gain of a few pence by the portage of fish.

Any attempt to form an idea of the amount of business daily transacted at Billingsgate must necessarily be vain: it is impossible even to approximate to the result, because the take of fish varies so enormously that the quantity which is coming can never even be guessed at. Were the tariff levied on the value, we should have the means of calculation; but it is levied on the vessels and vehicles which arrive, irrespective of the worth of their contents. Again, the value of fish varies in the precise ratio of its scarcity. On the morning of our visit, there was a plethora of everything but salmon and lobsters. Fine turbot were sold at six,

seven, and eight shillings a-piece, and even cheaper; cod and ling were still more plentiful and low priced; while eighteen-pence a-piece was demanded for "spawny hens," a couple of which one might eat for breakfast; and we saw three sovereigns paid for a single salmon, which was bought by a salesman at half-a-crown a pound. The business will be over on one day at nine or ten o'clock, and even earlier, and on another it will be continued till the afternoon. That it is very much increasing there can be no doubt; the extraordinary facilities of sudden transport afforded by railways have already sent myriads of fish to London which, but for the existence of the iron road, would have been still sporting in their native element. The new Billingsgate Market, which is fast arriving at its completion, and of which we have given a drawing at the head of this article, will not come into use before it is wanted. Already its advancing colonnades are creeping over the sloppy stalls of the ancient domain: it promises well for the accommodation both of the dealers and the public; the old devious, narrow, and half-sheltered passages will be superseded by a series of arcades admirably lighted; and there is a spacious underground floor with vaults, where fish may be preserved in ice-houses when the stock on hand happens to outrun the demand. When the new edifice is completed, and business within its precincts has got fairly into working order, we prophesy that it will be perfectly practicable for even ladies, in parlour costume, to follow our example, and pay a morning visit to the market of Billingsgate.

In order to complete our picture, let us now take a glance at some of the various sources from which the market is supplied; in doing which we shall have to notice a few curious facts bearing upon the natural history of some fishes, and which are not very generally known to the public.

Although great fortunes have been realised by the fishing trade, this result has not been brought about without the employment of large capital in the pursuit of a speculation ever liable to great risk and peril. It is no uncommon thing for a fleet of forty or fifty vessels to be at work in company. They cruise about in sight of each other, and are attended by fast-sailing clippers, which they signal when they have occasion for them, and which having made up a cargo from the general contributions of the fleet, crowd all sail for the steam-boat or the depot nearest to the railway, whence the fish are steamed to London with the utmost speed. If the distance be not too great and the wind be fair, the clipper runs up the Thames, meets with a steam tug, and is towed up to Billingsgate, without loss of time. In order that the fishery be successful, there must be a combination of favourable circumstances. In the first place, there must be a breeze blowing, or the vessel will not drag the trawl; a calm at sea is a dead lock to the fishery, and a dead loss to the owners of some ten pounds a week per vessel, that being the average cost of working them. In the next place, there must not be a gale, or the fleet may become divided, and a number of the vessels get driven out to sea, where success in fishing would be of no use to them, as the clippers not knowing where to find them, their catch would spoil before it could be made use of; and, in the last place,

there must be on the ground plenty of fish to catch—a thing by no means to be relied on with certainty. Then there is the risk of storms, which sometimes in a few minutes split the sails into ribbons, strip the deck of everything, and reduce the solitary hulk to a mere wreck.

The finest soles, turbot, plaice, whiting, etc., which come to the London market, are caught off the coast of Yorkshire; a large portion find their way to London in railway vans and steam-boats; those which come to Billingsgate in fish-boats, are kept alive in wells or are packed in ice to preserve their freshness. When a vessel freighted with fish arrives off Gravesend, the owner gets immediate notice by the electric telegraph; he keeps his own counsel, and by easing the market for his stock on hand, gets rid of it in readiness for the expected arrival. If the market is glutted, it is not very unlikely that the owner of a new cargo will "shut up the market," as it is called, and hold over to the next day.

Cod-fishing is pretty generally managed by hook and line; the angler, or dangle, rather, for he has no rod, feeling the bite as he keeps the line on the strain over the side of the vessel. This mode of fishing is carried on at various places around the coast. Those caught on the Dogger Bank are by far the finest fish; those brought from the coast of Scotland are much inferior both in quality and size; and those again from the Yorkshire coast are of still less value. When not caught by hand-lines, they are still hooked in a wholesale way in the following manner. A boat rows from the vessel, carrying a rope of enormous length, sometimes to the extent of seven or eight miles; to this rope, from one end to the other, small fishing lines are attached, terminating in stout hooks baited with wrilks; these baits, as there is but an interval of a few feet between each, amount in number to many thousands. The boat having arrived at a certain spot, one end of the rope is fastened to an anchor, and sunk to the bottom; a buoy surmounted by a flag is also attached to the sunken anchor to point out the spot. The rope is then carefully payed out of the boat and allowed to sink to the bottom while the boat rows slowly onwards. The whole being submerged, the other end is, for the sake of a double precaution, anchored and buoyed like the first. The boat now returns to the first buoy, and the crew begin hauling in the rope and counting their gains. It will sometimes happen that there are not half-a-dozen fish on as many miles of rope, while on other occasions the haul will be prodigiously great. The fish are kept alive in wells in the boat, and are transferred alive to the ship's well so soon as the crew return on board. A considerable percentage of them die, in spite of the care that is taken to keep them alive; these are split and salted, and are known in the market under the name of "split-fish."

The cod-fishery would often be much more productive and profitable to those engaged in it, were it not for the exploits of the dog-fish, a very unamiable member of the finny fraternity, whose doings are worth a passing notice. This piratical fish is neither handsome nor brave, nor grateful to the palate; he is, on the contrary, appallingly ugly, being striped like a tiger, upon a ground of dirty white-black, and destitute of all those quali-

ties which render him worth the catching. He is about eighteen inches long, rather bullet-headed, and boasts but two fins, one on his back, the other beneath his belly, and both extending the whole length of his body. All his defects, however, are compensated by the possession of a portentous appetite and a tremendous set of teeth. This Adonis of the deep hangs upon the skirts of a shoal of cod, like a usurer hovering about the haunts of polite society. He behaves himself with perfect propriety so long as his burly companions, whom he is too puny to attack, are thriving and prosperous; but no sooner does he perceive "a gentleman in difficulties," or, in other words, a cod caught by a hook, than he and his congeners rush at the struggling victim, and in two minutes will strip every atom of flesh from his bones as completely as though poor master cod had been regularly boiled and Harvey-sauced, and submitted to the maws of a synod of red-legged cardinals on a hungry Friday. This ceremony is sometimes accomplished with such amazing velocity, that before the fisherman can haul up a cod of twenty pounds, from a depth of but six or eight fathoms, he will be reduced to a mere handful of bones—the very eyes being eaten from his head.

Though the sea-water flows freely through the well of the ship, the cod will die rapidly if the vessel do not continue in motion. This is probably owing to the great quantity of food they require, and which can only be supplied by an ever-flowing current when the fish are not at liberty to roam in quest of it. Of the voracity of cod-fish some idea may be formed from the fact, that when haddocks, which are sometimes taken on the lines baited for cod, have been thrown into the same well, a score of cod have been known to devour fifteen score of haddocks in three days. It has been remarked that, when crammed to repletion, they will seize a haddock which they are unable to swallow, engulphing the head, the tail protruding from their mouths for hours after! Yet cod-fish will never feed on their own species, however hungry they may be. They will sometimes come up to the surface of the well to be fed, and will greedily devour any offal that may be thrown to them. Most of the vessels engaged in the cod-fishery continue to sail up to Gravesend. When heavy rains have prevailed, the water inland becomes charged with some species of nutriment upon which cod thrive and fatten rapidly; and it frequently happens that fish which have arrived below Gravesend very thin and meagre in condition, will increase astonishingly in size in the course of a few hours, adding of course many pounds to their weight. It is said that there are not a few old hands in the fish trade who are unable to distinguish whether some of the heavier cod that come to the market, have grown suddenly plump and portly through the influence of their fresh-water feasting, or whether they were originally caught in that condition; a point which it is of importance to discriminate, as very greatly affecting their value.

The major part of the salmon sold at Billingsgate are caught in the Scotch rivers and friths. Formerly the Dutch supplied salmon to the London market, but British enterprise has at length driven them out of the field. Fine salmon are

brought from Ireland, equal, it is said, in flavour to any that are eaten. Salmon have the reputation among fishermen of being the most cunning fish that come to net. It not unfrequently happens that fifty or a hundred shall be enclosed in a net from which there would not appear a possibility of escape, and yet not one shall be dragged to land. They are fond of congregating in those parts of the river where the bottom is uneven, hilly, and declivitous; it is necessary to have a stout rope at the bottom of the net, to which the weights that sink it are attached: no sooner do they find themselves enclosed in the net than they dive to the bottom, watch the advance of the rope, and taking advantage of the first opening afforded by the uneven surface of the bed of the river, effect their escape. In spite of their cunning, however, a vast quantity are taken; and unlike the cod, which are brought to London alive, the salmon are immediately knocked on the head, to save appearances; because, if they were allowed the last dying liberty of floundering about on the shore, they would effectually spoil their beauty, and perhaps be worth a shilling a pound less in the market. It is this kindly thump on the head, which gives them that unsullied and gentlemanly appearance on the shop-board, as though they had stepped out of their element in full dress in order to grace the lordly banquet.

On the subject of salmon we shall record the opinion of a well-informed gentleman, who for thirty years and more has been intimate with the affairs of Billingsgate and with the sources of its supplies of fish. "I have remarked," says he, "that the under jaw of the male salmon becomes hooked or curved upwards at the extremity at a certain time of the year, the upper jaw giving place and forming a hollow for the reception of the protuberance. This is greatest at the spawning season. With the aid of this natural weapon the male burrows and cuts a channel at the bottom of the river's bed, and in that channel the female deposits her spawn, which, being impregnated by the milt of the male, and left undisturbed for forty-eight or fifty hours, becomes a swarm of myriads of living fish. The male and female both watch the small fry, and fight off smaller fish of prey, and when they are a few inches long they lead them out of the rivers into the sea. What becomes of them then, few people pretend to say with certainty. My own opinion is, that they invariably go northward; and I am led to this conclusion from the fact that Parry and other arctic voyagers have met, in the polar regions, with such vast numbers of small salmon of from three to five pounds weight, at a period when they were altogether absent from our rivers and coasts; and I do not recollect that other travellers who, if my theory be false, ought to have met with them a thousand times elsewhere, have noticed them at all—of course I mean as shoals of young half-grown fish. They remain in these cold regions, but a certain time, and then return to the rivers where they were spawned. Those which are called grilzes, weighing from four to seven pounds, are, I think, but one year old. Salmon grow very fast; and those fish of a year old which are not caught in one year, return again five or six pounds heavier the next. They do not, I need not say, all grow

equally fast, and hence it happens that there are salmon and grilzes of equal size and weight; but an experienced judge of fish can tell a grilze from a salmon just as well as you could tell an overgrown boy from a diminutive man. There is a vast expense," our informant goes on to say, "attendant upon salmon fishing. Some few are caught at sea along shore, but the rivers are the main sources of fish. There is a river in Scotland where less than a mile of the water, not wider than the Thames when the tide is out, lets for about 3000*l.* a year, and it would cost 50*l.* a week to fish it properly and profitably. It is my opinion that the rent of the waters must be lowered, or the salmon fisheries in Scotland will be exhausted. In order to meet the heavy rent, the lessees are compelled to catch all they can, up to the last moment they are allowed to fish; and an immense quantity of salmon comes to market full of spawn, which ought not to be permitted. If the present system continues many years longer without an abbreviation of the time for fishing, we shall have no Scotch salmon to sell. The landlords, or water-lords if you like, are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The English lobsters, that is, those caught on the English coast, are the best in the world. The Scotch and Norway lobsters are heavier, perhaps, owing to their shells being thinner. Lobsters cast their shells every year, and are sickly when this process is going on. They are caught in wicker pots, baited and sunk to the bottom. A heavy clap of thunder will kill two-thirds of a haul of lobsters after they are caught. These fish have the power of casting their claws, which they do when alarmed or irritated, when another limb grows in the place of the rejected one.

Crabs are caught all round the coast; in some parts they are small and unfit for market, and indeed are never sent. The Cromer crabs are by far the best; they grow to the weight of ten pounds and more. Myriads of these fish are caught on the Scottish coast; but they are vastly inferior to those caught at Cromer, are not nearly so large, and are watery. They very often come to the market so bad as to be condemned by the inspectors, and when good fetch very little.

The sea is filled with fish calculated and evidently designed for the food of man: By a beneficent law of the Creator, at the precise season when fit for human consumption, they are made to approach the land, in myriads which the imagination cannot grasp. Shoal upon shoal, stretching for miles in length and breadth, crowd along the coasts and into the channels and friths of our island. The harvests of the land may fail—those of the ocean never. Thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold "are the bountiful reward of his industry who casts his grain into the furrow;" but the sinny tribes of ocean boast a fecundity that mocks at calculation, while it offers to human energy a safeguard against famine—a supplementary resource, should the earth refuse to yield her increase. The middle and lower classes of this country have yet to acquire the liking for fish as an article of diet. They have only to create the demand; the supply would be commensurate with that; were it to a hundred or a thousand times the present amount. We are happy to perceive that

the prejudice against fish is beginning to wear off; and we look forward to a far more abundant supply following upon a more universal demand—and to a cheapness hitherto unheard of, arising from the competition which that demand will call into exercise.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF MAY.

THERE are many ways in which one may profitably spend a "leisure hour," and the season often dictates to us the manner in which such an hour may be most appropriately and most agreeably employed. On a quiet May evening, when the woods are rich in melody, and the wild flowers are freely scattered everywhere around, how delightful to go forth to the fields and hedgerows to enjoy the charming scene! A leisure hour so spent in the contemplation of the beautiful works of our Maker, is emphatically one well spent; and it shall be our aim in this paper, to direct attention to some of the more interesting objects of the vegetable kingdom, which are likely to come under the observation of our readers during their short rural walks at the present season. By this means we may be instrumental in introducing to their notice many humble hedgerow beauties hitherto passed unheeded; and we hope, likewise, to lead to more correct views respecting the wonderful phenomena of vegetation.

The "merry month of May" is so proverbial for its floral character, that it may be regarded as the season of general joy among botanists. It is the time when young ones most generally enter the field, when botanical classes begin, and when veterans in the science gird up their loins, and go forth to brave the fatigues and dangers of home and foreign travel in the pursuit of their favourite study. The wild flowers of May are so profuse that the unaccustomed observer is apt to imagine on his first or second botanical walk, that the gay banks and brightly enamelled pastures present a confusion of vegetable forms beyond the reach of human eye to discriminate. Soon, however, he begins to recognise the more remarkable and familiar forms, and is eventually led to regard the "medley" in a very different light. He refers each individual to its proper species; and observing that every one has its appropriate place of growth, and seeks the peculiar circumstances suitable for its development, he perceives the most harmonious beauty and order, and likewise the most perfect adaptation of means to ends, in what previously appeared mere confusion. Thus the observer not only admires the *beauty* of the objects around him, but is enabled also to trace the admirable evidences of design which they exhibit, and the stamp of Divine wisdom which they so plainly bear.

Many of the earliest spring flowers still linger in the "lap of May." On shady banks we still find a few sweet violets—

"Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep;"

and in more shady and moist places, the golden saxifrage (*chrysosplenium*), of which there are two species adorning the dripping rocks and stream-

lets' banks. Even the tiny plant called *draba verna*, which has grown in a minute morsel of earth scarcely covering a sixpence, and there developed in unfettered luxuriance complete roots, stem, foliage, flowers, and fruit!—even this little fairy-plant is still to be gathered on the summit of almost every old turf-capped wall and dry rocky bank, although March is the month of its first appearance.

An early spring flower, but also a May flower of universal diffusion, is the primrose, a wildling regarded by every one with feelings of delight, and one to which the poets have dedicated many a line of praise. The peculiarity of its profuse occurrence "everywhere," is dwelt upon by Nicoll:—

"The hawthorn clusters bloom above;
The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passersby
A modest glance doth throw.

The humble primrose' bonnie face,
I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.

Like God's own light, on every place
In glory it doth fall;
And where its dwelling-place is made
It straightway hallows all!"

The daisy blossoms everywhere, and at all seasons:—

"It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August lends its charms,
Cheers cold October on his way,
And twines December's arms;"

but, at the present time, the daisy is in the height of its beauty; every meadow, every green field, every hedge bank, is gay with its beautiful "gem-mine flowers." The French express their sense of its beauty by giving to it the name *Marguerite*; but the familiar name bestowed upon it in England is certainly not less expressive of its character, for it is truly the day's eye, opening brightly to the rising sun, and slowly closing towards evening when the dew begins to fall. The daisy forms a good illustration of the large class known by botanists as *composite* plants, that is, those having compound flowers. What appears to be one flower in the daisy is, in fact, composed of a great number of florets congregated together, each exhibiting in itself the most perfect and beautiful structure. Pull a daisy to pieces, and you find that each little yellow knob in the central disk is a little perfect floret, and that the fringe of silver and rosy rays which form the circumference, is composed of florets of a different form, the strap-shaped petal (or flower-leaf) being produced on one side.

On commons and heathy places, we now find in abundance the golden furze, a plant of exquisite beauty, but too common in our country to meet with the admiration which it has always received from continental botanists, several of whom have been drawn by its beauty to a devotional acknowledgment of the goodness and wisdom of God in his works. One or two more of the pea-flowered plants bloom this month; but June and July bring them to perfection; it is then that they form the most conspicuous objects in all our walks.

The burnet-leaved rose begins early in May to

put forth its pure white flowers from its "most spiny" stems, and is soon followed by other species of wild rose. Several plants allied to the rose in botanical characters, flower in May, such as the *vernal cinquefoil*, whose bright golden blossoms are profuse on warm banks in sunny weather; and likewise the hawthorn, or sweet May, reminding us that few of our native plants present a more beautiful appearance than a well-grown tree of 'hawthorn hoar,' with its massy foliage and innumerable white and fragrant blossoms.

"From the whitest stem the May flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round his head."

The pilewort, or lessercelandine (which so enraptured Wordsworth) is a constant adorning of wet spongy banks, and the margins of slowly running streams; and, although all its kindred of the family *ranunculus* are highly poisonous, still the small tuberous roots of thecelandine are used in Austria for food. The water crowfoot mantles the pools and streams most beautifully with its dense masses of leaves and flowers, and in its polymorphous character affords an interesting object of research to those botanists who delight in what is termed, in the technical gossip of botany, "hair splitting."

One of the most interesting members of the May flora, and one of the most lovely of all native plants is the *Linnaea borealis*; that "little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed, abject, flowering early," which Linnaeus, the "immortal Swede" and the father of naturalists, selected to transmit his own name to posterity. Few, says Sir J. E. Smith, could have been better chosen, and the progress of practical botany in Britain seems to be marked by the more frequent discovery of the *Linnaea*. It is a plant chiefly confined in its geographical range to the northern part of Britain, where it occurs in old fir woods. Whether seen in its native woods, forming a carpet of leafy verdure to the exclusion of every other plant, or as a garden specimen, enveloping with its dense foliage the pot in which it grows, it is alike an object of beauty and attraction to every one whose eye is open to the loveliness of the vegetable world. It is a tiny shrubby plant, with small trailing stems, and these entwining together and spreading in all directions amongst the thin grass of the wood, form bright green leafy patches, often of large extent, from which the graceful pendent flowers are produced somewhat sparingly, but sometimes in abundance. Plants that, like the *Linnaea*, record in their names the memories of departed botanists, are cherished with especial care by all who enter in feelings of gratitude towards those who have gone before them in the pleasant paths of our fair science. The poet has well said:—

"These botanists trust
The lingering gleam of their departed lives
To floral record and the silent heart—
Depositories faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph; for, if those fail,
What boots the sculptured tomb? And who can blame—
Who rather would not envy—men that feel
This mutual confidence?"

In a paper like the present, we are of course

precluded from giving a complete catalogue of the flowers of the season. Many more, that we have not noticed, adorn the woods and fields. The common bugle is rife in shady dells; the germander speedwell, by the waysides; the tooth-wort, on the roots of hazels and elms; the "autumn" gentian, on dry pastures; the holly, in the woods and hedges; the periwinkle, in the thickets of lowland woods; and the tuberous orobanch, in those of the mountains; the spring vetch, in poor soils; and the mouse-ear, on dry wall-tops.

It is wisely ordained that the flowers do not all appear together at one season. Were such the case; we should have an inactive world of desolation throughout a large portion of the year. Instead of this, however, the successive progress of different kinds of plants at different seasons, tends to exhibit at all times a beautiful harmony in the seasonal aspects of vegetation. The poet hath said, that—

"At all times, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their soul-like wings;"

and even the coldest months of winter are not without their appropriate flora, to enliven the eye of the observer of nature, and to bid him hope for a time of brighter bloom. The character of the plants varies, however, according to the season; certain natural orders predominate at certain seasons of the year, and this agreeable change of scene (which gives well-marked and universally observed characters of distinction to the seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter, each having its peculiarity) affords much to interest and instruct the attentive student of natural phenomena.

SOCIAL ECONOMICS.

NO. II.—MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

THE proper sphere of government has been defined to be the *protection of life and property*. This insured, the commonwealth can prosecute its schemes of moral and social improvement without distraction, and that community is generally the most prosperous and the most happy, where, with due regard to political rights and duties, dependence is placed more in mutual co-operation than in legislative specifics for the advancement of the common good. In no department of our social state is mutual co-operation more necessary than in the relationship that subsists between master and servant; and in no country is it more called for than in England, where capital and labour are so intimately connected, and where the fact of possession is so apt to make the wealthy capitalist forget, at times, that "property has its duties as well as its rights."

It is, no doubt, quite true, that the working classes have, in many instances, been unreasonable and dictatorial; while, in others, they have put forth theories of the most levelling tendency and impracticable character, and thus alienated many a master who would otherwise have been disposed to deal liberally with his men: but we think the time has now come, when all that is past should be forgotten, or remembered only as lessons of wisdom taught by experience; and when the bond of union between the employers and the employed should

be strengthened by the ties of mutual interest and affectionate regard. This done, and the working classes prudent and economical in their personal and domestic habits, the social condition of the masses would speedily be improved, and jealousies, heart-burnings, and strikes would seldom or never occur. But, instead of arguing out this philosophy of reciprocal duty and obligation, we shall illustrate it by a few practical examples, and infer such lessons as may be fairly deduced from the facts appealed to.

And first, as to our MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.—Leonard Horner, esq., one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Manufactures, in reporting on the social condition of the manufacturing population in Lancashire, says it has of late greatly improved. The mill-owners, it seems, have in many places introduced a new moral machinery into their establishments, and he gives a few instances to show the good resulting from this considerate change. In reporting their various plans to the inspector, one mill-owner says:—"Last winter I offered about 200 yards of land *gratis*, to as many as wished to have it. Twenty men accepted the offer, and I have been amply repaid by seeing that it has been a great means of enjoyment to them and their families. They have been exceedingly attentive to their small gardens, having spent in them most of the time between the stoppage of the mill at six in the evening and dark. I have now several more applications, and intend to extend my plan until every man in my employment, who wishes to have a plot, has got one. Following out the idea I received from you, I have determined on offering prizes for the best flowers, and have bought several very good framed and glazed engravings for that purpose. I also established a reading-room and library at the same time, which I am glad to say have exceeded my expectations. Having a convenient room at liberty, I offered it to them with about 160 volumes of books. They pay one penny a week as subscription (those who choose to subscribe), which sum purchases a sufficient number of newspapers and other periodicals. I believe that, merely in a pecuniary point of view, I am repaid by having better and more willing workmen: and I am quite confident it has been of incalculable service to them in every way."

This mill is situate in a comparatively rural district, but greater things have been done in Manchester. One of the partners of a large manufacturing firm there, in a letter to Mr. Horner, says:—"For a number of years my brother and I had viewed with sorrowful feelings the woful state of ignorance existing in many of the mills of this extensive district; we saw that the workers evinced a very low tone of moral feeling; that their homes, to a very great extent, were ill furnished, overcrowded, badly or not at all ventilated, and generally without those little comforts so necessary to render the home of a working man his place of rest and happiness. We found, in tracing the cause of those evils, that they were mainly owing to the ignorance and intemperance of the adults, who, having commenced their labours in the mill probably at six or seven years of age, had grown up in evil habits; and finding little comfort or attraction at home, had generally preferred the allurements of the public-house, thus perpetuating

the evils of their position instead of removing them."

The first attempt of these employers to remedy the evils referred to was, to establish a temperance society. Having succeeded in this, and seen it joined by 300 of their people, "they next directed their efforts to improve the physical comforts of the operatives. They introduced a complete system of ventilation into their works, fitting up about 1500 ventilators of various kinds, suited to the different processes of spinning and weaving, the ventilation of one room alone costing 100*l*. Open air exercises were introduced with the same object. An extensive gymnasium and playground was formed, running parallel with the large mill; and to connect this with the millyard, a six-feet-wide promenade was made on the banks of the river. A giant stride and swings were erected in the play-ground for the use of the boys, skipping ropes, etc. were provided for the girls, and leaping bars and skittles for the adults. A clear space of ground was reserved for marbles, merry-go-round, and other childish sports. The whole of the ground was surrounded by strong seats, where many enjoyed their meals in the open air.

"These steps being taken, the firm thought the way had been paved for mental and moral improvement. They, therefore, established a mutual improvement society, in a small building near the factory yard. They supplied desks, maps, pictures, etc., and engaged two teachers, one at their own expense, the other remunerated out of the funds of the society. Three young men employed at the works also acted as unpaid teachers. At this institution four classes were held every evening, which, with the exception of the adult male class, are all free to the whole of the hands employed at the mill. In connection with this society is a library containing above 600 volumes, the subscription to which is only a halfpenny a week, or to that and the newsroom one penny per week. These rooms are open all day, so that at meal times, or when any of the hands are waiting for work, they may pass their time in reading the various newspapers and periodicals. Tea parties are held once a month, and fortnightly lectures are delivered in a large room in the mill. A savings' bank, a co-operative society, and other useful institutions, unite with the usual and ordinary means of a large town to raise the condition of these people."

The health and activity of the people, Mr. Horner says, were wonderfully increased by these improvements. One woman, about forty years of age, had long suffered from asthma, by working in confined card-rooms. Every week when she was laying out her wages in provisions, one shilling was regularly spent on a bottle of physic to enable her, as she said, to breathe; after the ventilators were set to work, she became so much better, that she discontinued the bottle altogether, and was able to breathe with comparative freedom.

A most important fact comes out in this report of Mr. Horner, regarding the effect of the reduction of labour hours by the late act of parliament. The manager of one of the largest mills in his district said:—"We are turning off the same amount of work as we did when we worked twelve hours. When I came to this mill, nine years ago, the quantity turned off in the spinning department was the

same as now; and there has been no change in the machinery, no increase in the speed. I set down the keeping up of the quantity entirely to the greater attention and activity of the hands. *They are able to work better by the shorter time they are at it.*" But,

Secondly, as regards our MINING DISTRICTS. These have been long proverbial for ignorance and crime. Isolated from general society, the miners have naturally become clannish; and knowing little or nothing of the amenities of social life, a great amount of attrition and polish will be required before they can be expected to exhibit the blandness and intelligence of such a community as that of the Manchester mill-workers to which we have just referred. Yet our mining population may be vastly improved, morally and physically, and we shall now give an instance, showing how this can be most effectually done.

A few years ago, Mr. Tremcheere was appointed by government to make inquiry into the social condition of the mining population. His report contained many painful facts, and detailed many sad scenes of demoralization. But in Ayrshire, in Scotland, he met with a community where true happiness was enjoyed. There were 120 families in the village connected with one colliery. The average wages of the colliers was 3*s*. 6*d*. a day. The sons were accustomed to remain under the parental roof after they were gaining full wages; but they allowed their parents to receive all their wages, and to make provision out of this source for their old age. When a young couple marry, their parents mutually furnish the new house. The only public-house that existed in the village was bought up some time ago for another purpose. Since that time intemperance has altogether ceased. Almost all the people pay ready money for every thing they purchase. There are several benefit Societies in the place; one, for relief in sickness, is supported by a payment of 1*s*. a month from the members. Another, where the payment is twopence a week, makes provision for aged men and widows. The manager of the colliery adds an equal sum to this society's contributions, and twenty-two widows draw from it half-a-crown a week each. Of the 120 families in the village, fifty have money in the savings' bank; seven have built houses for themselves; eleven keep cows; several have pigs, and all a garden. The school is attended by 120 children; the families regularly attend church; and unseemly language is never heard among the villagers. In the course of fifteen years, thirty-six young men out of the 120 families have risen to higher stations: three became ministers; three, schoolmasters; two, nautical engineers; one went into the excise; one became a clerk at the works; one, a shipping agent at Montreal; two are apothecaries; one is a grocer; one, a clerk in a warehouse in Glasgow; two are managers of neighbouring collieries; three are check-clerks in iron works; one is a precentor or clerk in a parish church; two are railway engineers; one commands a large vessel; six have emigrated to Canada, and six to the United States. A person who had lived for sixteen years among these colliers, said "he had never seen a more intelligent or a better-behaved set of men, and that their general conduct was most creditable." "And I should be

inclined to say from my own observation," adds Mr. Trenenheere, "that they were living as respectably and happily as any members of the labouring class in Britain. In answer to remarks on the satisfactory state in which they were living, it was most gratifying to hear them say with much feeling, 'we owe it all to our good master.'"

Here the master spirit of improvement was the manager, who had been forty years in charge of the works, and had the full confidence of the owner of the colliery in carrying out his schemes. Now, if masters and mill-owners, and owners of collieries generally, would but take example by the conduct of these mill-owners and masters, what a happy change might soon be wrought in the social condition of the working classes, in the mining and manufacturing districts of England! And if such cheering results of well-directed effort can be referred to in the crowded city and the isolated village, what might not be done in the districts of England and Scotland, where the minds of the multitude have been less exposed to evil influences? Let masters who wish to see their work-people contented, healthy, and happy, ponder well the facts of these cases; and let us hope that the day is not far distant when every mill and colliery, every workshop and manufactory, in the kingdom, will present an equally pleasing proof of the progress of improvement.

INDEPENDENCE.

A TALE.

It was a lovely May evening—unexceptionably so. The reader has, no doubt, seen so much of the fitful and changeable moods of this spring month, and has marked so many of its shadows and its tears, its chilling breaths and its nipped buds and flowrets, that he may be disposed to set down the praises of "smiling May" to the imagination of the poet, rather than to sober reality. But this was indeed a beautiful hour—so calm that the rustle of the home-bound bird was audible amidst the other soft sounds of evening; such as, the hushing, lullaby tone of the south wind as it breathed its airy secrets to the young leaves of the mighty forest trees, or the woodman's whistle as he caught sight of the blue curling smoke of his cottage-home. There was not a faulty touch in that sweet old English landscape, not a jarring element in the whole scene. Peace, love, and beauty, but above all, hope and promise, hovered like so many angels over this charming spot of God's lovely earth.

Under the shadow of a fine tree sat two youths. There could scarcely have been sixteen Mays numbered in the history of either, and there was that in the eyes of one at least that spoke of nought but hope. The eyes of his companion were downcast, and one might be almost certain from the expression of those melancholy and closed lips, that a shadow had fallen on his spring-time; but more of this hereafter. Other lads there were too, scattered about the wood; some were seeking for sport, such as schoolboys can always find out of little or nothing; some were botanically, while others, and those not a few, were merrily or even mischievously, disposed.

The guardian usher had laid aside the peda-

gogue *pro tem.*, and was engaged, not with the mischievous certainly, but with the playful ones. The two figures first introduced were seated at sufficient distance to be beyond reach of the confusion which the noisy lads created; but they were evidently merely companions of circumstance, for whilst one read studiously, the other mused (for a lad) thoughtfully.

"The last Saturday but five," said the meditative youth, as he flung himself back on the mossy seat in exquisite appreciation of the truth of the statement. "The last but five, and then home—home for good!—then for life!" and, for the twentieth time, he took the charter of freedom from his pocket and read, as if to assure himself that it was not a dream. "What are you reading, Kelly?" said he quickly, as the other youth raised a half-impatient shoulder at the interruption.

Kelly smiled; and he was a good-tempered student to smile still when Lester snatched the little well-worn volume from his hand, and in a mock solemn tone read those lines of the immortal poet, which were very probably written by him in the great city:—

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shelter,
And every herb that sips the dew!
These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live."

"Ah, well, 'Il Penseroso' is all very fine; but give me the spirit of 'L'Allegro.'"

"Hence, loathed Melancholy!"

cried the lad, flinging high among the boughs the treasured poem:—

"I chase thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and bows and wreathed smiles;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both her side."

"Why, Ned Kelly, you are not half merry enough for a freedman. Didn't you tell me, just now, that you were to leave at Midsummer?"

"I did so," said Kelly, looking wistfully at 'Il Penseroso,' as it hung on a green bough, and chasing the smile that his companion's apt quotation had caused; "but you and I, Lester, leave school under rather different circumstances. You are going straight into the smooth plain of prosperity, while I must take the rough path of difficulty. You have only to enjoy a ready-made maintenance; I must work to live."

"Well, certainly," replied his companion, somewhat proudly, "there is in that respect a difference between us. I have a good kind old grandfather, who I dare say will let me please myself pretty much while he lives, and when he dies I shall not be cut off with a shilling, I know. To be sure, he writes about a tutor and so forth, but I shall see what I can do with him when I get home. Another five years, and in my own right I shall be independent."

"Independence! ah, that is all I desire," said

Kelly, with animation; "but I have some hills to climb before I am that."

"And you *mean* to be independent, after all—you, who say that you don't wish to be rich."

"To be sure I do."

Lester looked at his companion inquiringly. He had been brought up in the school of prosperity, remember; and had no notion of *independence* unconnected with money and expectations. His look said all this, and Kelly went on to answer it.

"Yes, independence, Fred; when I leave school, all the money on which my education depended will be spent. I thank God that it has been *thus* spent. Still it shall be my prayer, and my effort to be independent of all, save only my trust in Him and my own exertions. You know God helps those who help themselves. 'If I can support myself, help my poor mother, and live respectably, why I shall be as *independent* as Frederic Lester, esq., M.P., for I suppose that will be it.'"

Frederic Lester, esq., did not relish the joke.

"I was going to say, Kelly," said he, "that in consideration of our old school friendship, I hoped you would let me assist you a little. My grandfather has influence and means, and I hope to have as much and more one day; so don't be too proud to be helped, Kelly."

"I am *not* too proud, believe me, Lester; but I have always noticed that self-elevated men—that is to say, men who have not put their trust in a fellow-man, but only, as I said before, in their Father in heaven, and in the health and ability he is pleased to give—have owed but little to circumstances or patronage. I am not too proud, I hope, to be patronised; still I *am* too independent, and that is the truth; but surely we may be friends still; that is," said the lad with a blush, "if you are not too proud to be a poor man's friend."

And rising from their mossy seat, and linked arm-in-arm, they promised and believed in one another that they would still be friends.

In another five weeks the school-fellows had parted—the one to his independent life—the other to his struggles and his honest labour.

May has shed its blossoms thrice, and yet the rich lad and the poor lad have not again met. One evening, or rather afternoon, in early summer, a pale young man was hurrying home from his master's counting-room, liberated by the kind and considerate employer an hour or two earlier than usual. "Go into the country, Kelly," he had said, "and see if you cannot bring a touch of its bloom to the desk to-morrow. You look thin, my lad; I hope you don't sit up too late at night." Kelly thanked Mr. Mathieson, and hastened home. He walked quickly; he did not even stop at the old bookstall to read and to scribble, for although he loved books, he loved his mother more; and before long he was at the door of a modest little dwelling in a quiet street branching out of St. John's-street-road. This was his home—a home of honest independence, all smoke-begrimed as it was, and where the flowers that his mother sowed in hope, year by year, so resolutely refused to bloom.

Mrs. Kelly was a kind-hearted lady; but always, even in those "better days" of which she was wont to talk, of a sorrowful and burdened spirit. She had her own notions of independence and gentility,

which were so mistaken that, but for Edward's superior sense, she would inevitably have starved upon them. Edward could remember the time when the country-house was filled with servants, when the purse was filled with money, and the dining-table with guests. He could remember all this, and could take warning from his father's wreck to steer his bark clear of that rock of gentility—great show and insufficient means. "To live within my means, whether they be 50*l.* or 5000*l.*, will be the independence for which I shall aim," said Kelly; and he was right. His mother called his ideas grovelling, and wondered where as a gentleman's son he could have obtained them. Certainly not from education or inheritance, but experience is sometimes the best teacher of the three. So Edward Kelly worked his way up the hill of difficulty—the narrow path of poverty; his steady honest soul was not too proud to labour, but it was too proud to beg or to owe; and we will venture to say there was not a proprietor of broad acres in his fatherland, not a knight, an esquire, or an earl in the realm, more independent than Kelly in his London life.

"Come, mother," he said cheerily—"come, here is a May afternoon fit to make one's heart dance with joy. Let us go to Highgate, and breathe the pure air there, or to Hampstead, or indeed anywhere; but don't let us waste time," he continued; "the change will do you good, mother."

The mother had many objections. "My spring is past, Edward. The pleasant weather, the more dull I feel; the summer only recalls our pretty country-house at Richmond;" and here the ready tears fell in a copious shower.

Edward thought of a ticket to a musical lecture which he had in his pocket, but he said soothingly: "O mother! come out; I never think of the past while I have you happy by my side. Let us go to one of the parks, then; that will be a pleasant ramble with you, mother."

So, to Regent's-park they went, and pleasure would come into the widow's heart in spite of her recollections, as she breathed the pleasant air and saw the life and gaiety around her. Her walking powers were wonderfully refreshed, and after they had sat a short time under the trees, Mrs. Kelly proposed a visit to Regent-street. She had not been there for years, and understood it was greatly improved. Self-gratification was not one of the laws of Edward's life, and he gave his arm as cheerfully to his mother on her shop-gazing errand, as he would have done for the purpose of exploring a beautiful forest or a romantic lane.

Just at the entrance of a music-shop in the gay street, he saw a figure which he thought he knew; but it was so graceful, so altered by a fashionable dress and air, that he gazed for some time in doubt. The youth was evidently waiting for some one within the shop, and was gazing most wearily. He suddenly stopped, however, and began to whistle. The whistle was the same—it was his old school-fellow, the independent gentleman. He had not much the air of an independent man, it must be confessed; he looked rather a slave in one or two senses. He was a slave to fashion, and appeared to stand uneasily in his modishly tight boots. He had been hungry for some little time; but it was not in accordance with etiquette to

dine before seven, and he must wait for that hour to satisfy himself! Just now, too, he was gentleman usher to two musical cousins, who were in a state of most delightful perplexity and distraction over the newest music. To buy a piece that Miss W. or Miss C. played would be useless; they must have something entirely new, and the greater the mechanical difficulties to overcome the better.

Lester started as Kelly laid a hand on his arm; but he gave him a warm greeting, and pressed him so earnestly to call on him the next day at his lodgings in Berners-street, that Kelly could not refuse.

"But, at what hour?" said he, doubtfully; "for I cannot come in business hours, you know. I am not my own master."

"Oh, oh, to be sure," said Lester. "Any time almost in the morning."

"And when does your morning begin?"

"As soon as I am up," said the London fashionable.

"And when may that be?"

"Oh, uncertain; however, come and dine with me to-morrow. No, not to-morrow, that is an opera night. Well, Friday—come and dine with me on Friday, at seven;" and he gave him a card, on which it was difficult to say if the scent of musk or cigar predominated.

So they parted.

"And that is your grand friend, I suppose?" said Mrs. Kelly. "Well, really, Edward, I should think, with all his influence and money, he could get you something better than that poor concern at Mathieson's; at least, ask him. You really ought to rise now; and these little additions to your salary, why they will never make you independent."

"I am tolerably independent now, mother, I think. I can pay for all I buy, and as I buy it; and what can so young and poor a man of business as I expect more than constant employment and certain pay?"

"Well, you have grovelling ideas, it must be confessed, for a gentleman's son, Edward—very!"

"Grovelling! mother dear; honesty is not grovelling, surely. I can *work*, but I cannot *beg*. I cannot indeed ask a favour of Frederic Lester, and I could scarcely expect God's blessing if I were to throw myself out of present employment for an uncertain good."

They were both tired now, and within a short time were once more in their lowly home; the widow bemoaning in her inmost soul that Edward had no spirit of enterprise, no ambition; Edward himself happy enough in the knowledge that he was doing his duty in the station of life to which he was called; and with these feelings they both retired to rest.

Friday came; and Edward Kelly was true to his appointment. He found Frederic Lester lolling in his chair, looking very stupid and melancholy, and very little the better for the excitement of the opera. He met his guest languidly, and would have done very well for an illustration of Ennui. A servant girl was in the room, waiting for a reply to a note which he held in his hand, and with the contents of which he seemed anything but pleased.

"Tell the man I will send an answer."

"It is not the man, sir; it is Mr. Farre himself;

and he told me, sir, to say he had a long account to settle to-morrow, and would thank you to——"

"Well, I cannot.—I cannot, tell him, and he may go. He shall hear from me to-morrow."

"Excuse me a moment (turning to Edward), I must just scrawl a line to that grandsire of mine. He must pay this bill for me."

So he wrote—wrote earnestly and hurriedly; and then feeling apparently somewhat relieved, he asked Edward to sit down with him to his bachelor dinner which had been on the table for some moments. Edward had seen by this little prelude, that an independent gentleman may have a troublesome debtor; and he looked less discontentedly at his last year's suit, than many a youth would have looked *vis-à-vis* to so well-dressed a companion. It was not elegant certainly; but it was neat and gentlemanly, and it was *paid for*.

"I must now ask," said the elder of the two, as they sipped their wine and became confidential—"about your worldly prospects, Kelly. I am so astonished that with your studious turn you should have chosen a *clerk's situation*."

"I did not *choose* it," said Kelly, colouring, "it was chosen for me. I had nothing to live upon whilst I was making up my mind to a profession, and was thankful enough when an old friend of my father's took me and my poor services, for a remuneration which was at least double what they were worth, poor as that remuneration was. I am improved it is true, and it is time I should be in three years."

"Well, but do you not mean to better yourself?"

"I should not wish to be ungrateful, and it would be so to leave Mr. Mathieson just as he has a right to expect me to become useful to him."

"I always thought you would have turned poet or author, or perhaps would have entered the Church, or the legal or medical profession; but a clerk—*pshaw!* you are worthy something better, Kelly. Perhaps, though, Mr. Mathieson may adopt you, and leave you his business."

"Scarcely likely, since he has seven children of his own," replied Kelly, coolly; "but come, Lester, you find fault with me for not having turned lawyer, or doctor, or author, entered the Church, and so forth; but do you know how I could have *lived* for these last three years? My mother and I, you know, could not exactly have subsisted on expectations, and I really know nothing else on which we had to depend. Mr. Mathieson, the only friend we had, gave me what I requested of him—employment. That it is not the very sort I prefer, is not his fault."

"You are a strange youth, and I see preserve your old odd notions. I wish I could help you; but my way of life demands every penny I have, and I assure you I am sometimes pinched."

"Not *quite* independent then at present?" said Kelly, with a meaning smile.

Lester blushed, and the conversation flagged. Kelly found how little he and his old companion had in common, and he was too observing not to discover that Lester, with all his prospects and his luxuries, was not an enviable man. After a dull evening, they parted. We shall meet them again a few years hence.

Fifteen years, with all their changes, their joys, and their sorrows, had passed over the one who had been living in inglorious ease, and over the other by whom they had been spent in manly and hopeful effort. It is May once more. The home of Edward Kelly is changed. It is not yet one of luxury, but it is one of plenty and comfort. A blessing rests on his labours and his constant trust in the care and guidance of his Maker. He is not even now a partner in the firm of Mathieson and Co.; but he is a faithful, well-paid, trusted, honoured servant. There, in the chimney corner, is the aged mother, brooding still over better days, but what of that? There is a bright, loving peace-maker by her side, cheering and soothing her so sweetly, that there is no doubt the better days are all a fiction of her imagination. Her best are now; beside her son's honest and cheerful hearth, with that good wife whose "price is above rubies." It is not a city home either. It is just out of town where the blue sky is not quite obscured by chimney-pots, and where a few flowers will bloom under the careful hand of the gentle Ellen. But the house is a very Eden, even though it is within sound of the great Babel. Children cluster round the father's knee at evening after the day's labour is over, and listen to the story which is ever ready from his treasury. And when they are all in bed—and dearly as we may love children and delight to hear their merry voices and ceaseless chatter, that is the time for quiet joy)—Kelly goes to a little upper chamber, in the very roof itself, to his relaxation and pleasure, even to his books and papers. He has not lost at the merchant's desk his love of learning and literature; and the little cottage residence has still a room called a study; and a study it is to all intents and purposes, perhaps more justly so designated than many a library or studio in a gentleman's mansion. And now, in his small way, Kelly is an author. A poet he has always been, from the days that he read "Il Penseroso" in the forest shade until now, though he had never rhymed, nor ever put one of his beautiful thoughts into metre. Ellen had her own notion about her Edward's powers and performances, and so indeed had the public, and they were encouraging enough.

Here we must leave him, not a rich, but yet an independent man. Independent of all trust or hope, or reliance on man, and not wholly self-reliant either; but trusting in the care and love of Him who makes the very birds of the air his care and clothes the grass of the field. He used the gifts which God had bestowed, not looking for or expecting any marvellous interpositions of Providence in his favour, but content to walk in the path assigned him, knowing that if God marked it out it must be safe and well for him.

We will not linger by the rich man's home. It is a beautiful residence, the same in which his grandfather lived and died, and the same which he bequeathed to the great heir; but he is in low spirits, and we do not wish to keep him company. Large as are his revenues, his mortgages are sufficient to make him know the anxieties of a limited income. In the eye of the multitude he appears independent of all need for exertion, but he is really as complete a slave to circumstances as many a man in the lowest walks of life—while a

mind undisciplined and a will ungoverned make him a bondsman and a slave to evil habits intolerable to be borne. When last we heard of him, he was canvassing for a seat in parliament, thinking the occupation necessary to his happiness as a dispeller of ennui. In this pursuit he must have found himself, we suspect, if he is not past all learning, thoroughly disabused of his early aspirations for independence. Influential people he has had to coax, tenants to conciliate, favours to promise and to grant.

We talk of independence, but we are mutually dependent after all—the rich on the poor, the poor on the rich. God has given to each his sphere of action—to one small, to another large; to every man according to his several ability. To act in accordance with His intentions—to do our duty where and how God would have us to do it—to live not unto ourselves, but to him and our fellow-creatures—is the right sort of independence after all.

WHITE NEGROES.

THE existence of white negroes is a fact of very considerable interest in relation to the science of ethnology. We have the authority of Buffon for stating that the Africans brought from the Gold Coast to the islands of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Dominica, gave birth to white negroes in the proportion of one to every six or seven children. The great naturalist has given a minute description of one of them, a negress, born in the island of Dominica, of black parents who were natives of Africa. She was not quite five feet high, was well proportioned in her body, but not exactly so with respect to her head, which was too large in comparison with the trunk. All the features of the face, although white, were in form exactly similar to those of the black negroes, except that the ears were placed too high. The lips and the mouth, although shaped like those of the black negroes, had a singular appearance. They were as white as the rest of the skin, and without the slightest appearance of colour. Generally the hue of the skin of this white negress, as well of her face as of the rest of her body, resembled that of tallow before it has been purified, although a slight tinge of red was observable on her cheeks when she approached the fire, or when a blush was awakened. Her head was well covered with wool, extremely bushy and curly, naturally white at the roots, and reddish towards the extremities. Her eyes were remarkable for a very singular motion. The eyelids were no larger than the ordinary size. She could shut them, but had no power to open them, so as to show the part of the eye above the pupil. Thus the eyelids were always half closed. The white of the eye was sufficiently pure, and the pupil of the ordinary size. The iris was composed of an inner circle round the pupil, of an indistinct yellow; this was surrounded by another circle of yellow mingled with blue; and this again by an outer circle of a deep blue colour, so that seen at a little distance the eyes appeared of a dark blue.

Persons of this description are not to be confounded with mulattoes, the offspring of a mixed parentage; the physical characteristics of the two classes have

nothing in common. They are found in Africa, the home of the negro. At the court of the king of Congo, some used to be kept and exhibited as objects of curiosity. Dr. Winterbottom, too, described from his own observation, many years ago, several instances of this variety, occurring in negro families at Sierra Leone and other neighbouring parts of that coast. At Malacumy, in the Soosoo country, he saw a girl about nine or ten years of age, born of black parents; her skin was of an unpleasant dead-looking white, and rather smooth, though beginning to assume a cracked appearance, owing to the action of the sun. There was a man of the same colour at Malacumy. At Waukapong, Dr. Winterbottom saw a young man, about eighteen years of age, tall and well formed, whose father had been a white negro. This young man's mother, three brothers, and two of his sisters were black, but one sister was as white as himself. His skin from exposure to the sun, had acquired a slight reddish tinge, and was covered with a great number of black or brown spots like freckles, some of which were nearly as large as a sixpence. It was much rougher and harsher to the touch than the woman's, feeling almost like the skin of a lizard. He complained very much of the action of the sun, which cracked his skin and sometimes occasioned it to bleed. His hair was of a dirty white and woolly; the iris of the eye was of a reddish-brown colour, and his sight was very weak.

Dr. Prichard has divided the complexions of mankind into three classes, distinguished by the colour of the eyes and hair. The first is the *melanous*, characterised by black or very dark hair. This variety forms by far the most numerous class of mankind, comprehending every shade or gradation from the jet black of the Senegal negro to the complexion of the swarthy Spaniards or of black-haired Europeans in general. The second is the *xanthous* variety, distinguished by yellow or what is termed red or light brown hair, and by eyes of a blue or other light colour. The skin in persons of this description is generally fair. It is in the temperately cold regions of Europe and Asia that this variety chiefly prevails, and it is in some instances the general character of whole tribes. It is not uncommon to find it prevailing in high mountainous tracts, while in the neighbouring low countries it gives place to the *melanous* variety. The third variety is the *leucous*. In this class the hair is usually either white, or of a pale or cream colour, its texture being peculiarly soft and resembling combed flax. The iris has a red hue, and the skin is very light and fair, and easily reddened and blistered on exposure to the sun. Individuals of this description are called albinos, and are not infrequent in Europe. They sometimes exhibit themselves in the streets, with white or cream-coloured hair flowing down in long straight bundles of soft silky texture, which Blumenbach compares to goat's wool. Their sight is so weak that they cannot keep their eyes open in clear daylight, and for this reason they are sometimes called moon-eyed.

Albinos are found in all races. Captain Cook found them in Tahiti. "During our stay on this island," he says, "we saw about five or six persons whose skins were of a dead white, like those of a white horse; with white hair, beard, eyebrows,

and eyelashes; red tender eyes, a short sight, and scurfy skins covered with a kind of white down. We found that no two of these belonged to the same family." In Java, Ceylon, and other neighbouring islands, and on the continent of India, albinos are well known. Among the copper-coloured native Americans in the Isthmus of Darien, they are, or were, according to an intelligent witness, remarkably frequent. "They see not well in the sun," said Wafer in 1699, describing the albinos of Darien, "poring in the clearest day, their eyes being weak and running with water if the sun shines towards them; so that in the daytime they care not to go abroad, unless it be a cloudy dark day. Besides, they are a weak people in comparison of others, and not very fit for hunting and laborious exercises, nor do they delight in any such; but notwithstanding their being sluggish and dull in the daytime, yet when moon-shiny nights come, they are all life and activity, running abroad in the woods, and skipping about like wild bucks, and running as fast, even in the gloom and shade of the woods, as the other Indians by day, being as nimble as they, though not so strong and lusty. The copper-coloured Indians seem not to respect them as much as those of their own complexion, looking on them as something monstrous. They are not a distinct race by themselves; but now and then one is bred of a copper-coloured father and mother, and I have seen some less than a year old of this sort."

All white negroes are generally believed to be albinos. Many of them are. But others, perhaps the greater number, are either genuine examples of what we have noticed above as the *xanthous* variety, or exhibit gradations between the albino and the *xanthous*. Dr. Winterbottom mentions what he regarded as an intermediate step between the common African complexion and that of the albino. It was the instance of a man who, though born of negro parents, was of a mulatto complexion and much freckled, and who had strong red hair, disposed in very small wiry curls over his whole head. Dr. Goldsmith describes a white negro who was exhibited in London. "Upon examining this negro," he says, "I found the colour to be exactly like that of a European; the visage white and ruddy, and the lips of the proper redness. . . . However," he adds, "there were sufficient marks to convince me of his descent. The hair was white and woolly, and very unlike anything I had seen before. The iris of the eye was yellow, inclining to red; the nose was flat, exactly resembling that of a negro; and the lips thick and prominent." The characters of the complexion in this individual, were evidently intermediate between those of the albino and the *xanthous*. The existence of such persons, whether *leucous* or *xanthous*, whether albinos or of the red-haired fair-complexioned type, shows how little dependence can be put on colour or complexion in questions affecting the relations of the various races of mankind to one another, or the unity of the whole. It teaches also, we may add, how cautious persons ought to be in concluding that scripture and true science will ever be at variance. In the early days of ethnology as a science, the existence of negroes was, by some hasty reasoners on the side of infidelity, assumed to be a fact opposed

to the scriptural account of the descent of the human family from one common progenitor. The above facts, as well as subsequent advances in ethnology, show how baseless were such objections.

ADULTERATION OF DRUGS IN AMERICA.

At a meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine, June, 1849, an elaborate report was presented by Dr. M. J. Bailey, on the practical operation of the law prohibiting the importation of adulterated and spurious drugs and medicines. It shows the importance of dealing with respectable druggists.

The report states that, since the law took effect, July, 1848, over 90,000 lbs. of drugs of various kinds have been rejected and condemned in the ports of the United States. Of these, 34,000 lbs. were included under the comprehensive title of Peruvian bark, 16,343 lbs. rhubarb root, 11,707 lbs. jalap root, about 2,000 lbs. senna, and about 15,000 lbs. of other drugs. The agitation of the bill which preceded the passage of the law had its effect abroad, and the supply of adulterated drugs from foreign markets has greatly decreased. The domestic supply has, on the contrary, increased. Within a recent period, quinine in considerable quantities has been found in the market, adulterated to the extent of some twenty or twenty-five per cent. These frauds were undoubtedly perpetrated by our own people. The material used for the adulteration of the quinine was found, on analysis, to be *mannite* and *sulphate of barytes*, in nearly equal weights. The latter article has long been used for this purpose, but not until lately has *mannite* been detected in the sulphate of quinine. It seems to have been ingeniously substituted for salicine, and a somewhat similar substance prepared from the poplar bark; which articles have heretofore been extensively used for like purposes. The ingenuity consists in the fact, that it is much more difficult to detect the adulterations when effected by the admixture of *mannite*, than when by the admixture of salicine, etc., while the former can be furnished for less than one fourth of the expense of the latter.

For some years past an extensive chemical establishment has been in operation at Brussels, in Belgium, built up by great expense and care, and expressly designed for the manufacture, on a large scale, of imitations of all the most important foreign chemical preparations used in medicine; while, at the same time, an agent was travelling in this country, making sales and soliciting orders in all the principal towns on our seaboard. The articles were prepared and put up with consummate skill and neatness; and the imitation was so perfect that it was impossible for the unsuspecting purchaser to distinguish them from the genuine, notwithstanding that in some instances they did not contain over five per cent. of the substance represented by the label. Since the law went into effect, at the port of New York not a single package has been presented for entry. Dr. Bailey states, however, that he has been informed that the persons formerly connected with the Brussels firm are now in this country, engaged in the same iniquitous business; hence the adulterations spoken of.—*American Annual of Scientific Discovery*.

Choice Sentences from our old Writers.

A GREAT FOLLY NOT TO PROVIDE FOR HEAVEN.—It is a thing that the Emperor Caligula is laughed at in all stories: there was a mighty navy provided, well manned and victualled; and every one expected that the whole country of Greece should have been invaded, and so it might have been; but the emperor had another design in hand, and employed his soldiers to gather a company of cockle-shells and pebble stones, and so returned home again. Just such another voyage doth almost every man make here in this world, were the particulars but truly cast up. God has given us so much time, it may be twenty, thirty, or forty years; it may be on a day or two more. In this time he has furnished us with that which may be a means to conquer heaven itself. Now if we lay out this little only about wife, or children, or to purchase a little wealth, is not this to spend money for that which is not bread? to labour for that which satisfieth not? Is not this the greatest folly that may be?

THE GLORY OF GOD IS TO BE THE AIM OF ALL OUR ACTIONS.—A friend gives me a ring, I'll wear it for his sake; a book, I'll use it for his sake; a jewel, I'll keep it for his sake; that is, so as may best express my love and report his goodness. And were we truly thankful to our God, we would then use all his tokens for his sake, do all things to his glory; we would eat our meat to him, wear our clothes to him, spend our strength for him, live to him, sleep to him, die for him, etc., thus we should do! but, alas, we use his blessings as *Jesus* did *Jehorah's* messengers; David, Goliath's sword; we turn them against their master, and fight against Heaven, with that health, wit, wealth, friends, means, and mercies, that we have from thence received.

ZEAL AND KNOWLEDGE MUST GO HAND IN HAND TOGETHER.—Phaeton, in the "Poet," takes upon him to drive the chariot of the sun; but, through his inconsiderate rashness, sets the world in a combustion. What a horse is without a rider, or a hot-spurred rider without an eye, or a ship in a high wind and swelling sail without a rudder, such is zeal without knowledge. Knowledge is the eye of the rider, that chooseth the best way; the bridle in the hand, to moderate the pace; the rudder in the ship, whereby it is steered safely. St. Bernard hits full on this point. Discretion without zeal is slow-paced; and zeal without discretion is strong-headed; let, therefore, zeal spur on discretion, and discretion rein in zeal.

NO MAN A LOSER BY GIVING HIMSELF UP TO GOD.—*Aeschines*, persuading every one give *Socrates* something for a present, said unto him, Because I have nothing else to give, I will give thee myself. Do so, said *Socrates*, and I will give thee back again to thyself, better than when I received thee. So says God; if thou wilt give thyself to me in thy prayers, in thy praises, in thy heart, and in all thy actions, I will give thyself back so much mended, that thou shalt receive thyself and more; thyself, in a holy liberty, to walk in the world in a calling; myself, in giving a blessing upon all the works of thy calling, and imprinting in thee a holy desire to do all things to my glory.

SIGNS OF DISCIPLINE.—All God's children have received God's Spirit, whereby they are made humble, believing, and holy:—humble, in regard of their sins; believing, in regard of Christ; and holy, in regard of their conscience, and care to keep all God's commandments.—A Christian shall be here as long as he hath any work to do for Christ, or as long as Christ hath any work to accomplish in him: Christ will fit him for himself and then take him to himself.

Glances at the Past.

ANCIENT PRICE OF LABOUR.—In the year 1352, 25th Edward III, wages paid to haymakers were 1*d.* a day. A mower of meadows, 3*d.* a day, or 5*d.* an acre. Reapers of corn in the first week of August, 2*d.*, in the second, 3*d.* a day, and so on till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowance, finding their own tools. For threshing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2*d.*; a quarter of barley, beans, peas, and oats, 1½*d.* A master carpenter, 3*d.* a day, other carpenters, 2*d.* A master mason, 4*d.* a day, other masons, 3*d.*, and their servants, 1½*d.* a day. Tilers, 3*d.*, and their "knaves," 1½*d.* Thatchers, 3*d.* a day, and their knaves, 1½*d.* Plasterers, and other workers of mud walls, and their knaves, in like manner, without meat or drink; and this from Easter to Michaelmas; and from that time less, according to the direction of the justices.

WAGES A CENTURY SINCE.—The following is an extract from a letter dated Bedale, Yorkshire, 5th September, 1776:—"Harvest is now pretty busy with us in many parts of this neighbourhood. 1*s.* 6*d.* a day is given for labourers, which in this part is looked upon as extravagant wages. The wheat is in general very good, and the crop prodigious. Turnips this year will also be very good and plentiful; in short, never was known, I believe, such plenty of all kinds of fodder; but, on the other hand, so great a scarcity of cattle to eat it. Beef and mutton in our market still continue at 3½*d.* per lb., and it is confidently affirmed, by judges in the case, won't be much lower this year. Best wheat in our market last Tuesday, notwithstanding the goodness of the harvest, was near 6*s.* a bushel."

PITT'S BRIDGE.—The first stone of Blackfriars bridge, the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, was laid on the 31st of October, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's-bridge, in honour of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham. If the foundations are ever disturbed, there will be found beneath them a metal tablet, on which is inscribed in Latin the following grateful tribute of the citizens of London to the genius and patriotism of that illustrious statesman:—"On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and, in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George III; Sir Thomas Chitty, knight, lord mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the Common Council of London, during the progress of a raging war (*flagrante bello*), for the ornament and convenience of the city; Robert Mylne being the architect. In order that there might be handed down to posterity a monument of the affection of the city of London for the man who, by the power of his genius, by his high-mindedness and courage (under the Divine favour and happy auspices of George II), restored, increased, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and power of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of William Pitt." Such tributes as the foregoing, literature should not willingly let die. A more appropriate or more deserved tribute, paid by the merchants of a mighty city to an illustrious statesman and patriot, it would be difficult to point out. The simple tablet on which this inscription is engraved, lies deeply in the bosom of the Thames, and its very existence is perhaps known but to few; and yet, far more honorable than all civic crowns—far more than all the wealth and titles secured to him and to his posterity by his sovereign and the legislature—was this affectionate, this unbought and voluntary testimony, "unanimously voted" by the citizens

of London to the man who had restored to them the security of wealth and commerce, and the ancient renown which had rendered the name of an Englishman respected over the world.

EARLY MANUFACTURES OF MANCHESTER.—We have a fuller knowledge of the state of manufactures at Manchester in the reign of Henry VIII than of any other town in the kingdom. We owe this knowledge to the curious fact that the collegiate church of Manchester was one of the few places of sanctuary for offenders, which retained that privilege after the Reformation. At that time, any delinquent who had not committed a capital offence was safe from justice, when once he had reached the sacred precincts of the collegiate church. This system, although it worked wonderfully well for those who did ill, worked just as ill for those who did well. It was soon found to be an intolerable nuisance to an industrious, thrifty, and "true-dealing" population. An act was, in consequence, introduced into parliament, for the purpose of freeing Manchester from this dangerous honour of sanctuary. In the preamble to this act a full account is given of the various branches of industry carried on in the town and neighbourhood, for the purpose of showing the unreasonableness of allowing such a place to be turned into a den of thieves. This preamble states that the town of Manchester is well inhabited, and distinguished for its trade both in linens and in woollens; that the inhabitants have obtained riches and wealthy livings, and employ many artificers and poor people; that by "their strict and true dealings" they have given rise "to the resort of many strangers from Ireland and elsewhere, with linen yarn, wool, and other necessary wares, for the making of cloth there;" that in the course of the manufacture of linen, the flax and the yarn have to lie out in the fields night and day, for half-a-year, to be whitened, before they can be made into cloth; and that the woollen cloth made in the town and neighbourhood must also hang on the tenters to be dried before it can be dressed. It further states that Manchester, besides being a principal place for manufacturing linens and woollens, is also frequented by the manufacturers of the neighbouring towns and villages, who bring goods to be finished and sold. "Many strangers," says the act, "inhabiting other townships and places, have used customarily to resort to the said town, with a great number of cottons, to be uttered and sold by the inhabitants, whereby many poor people have been well set to work, as well with dressing and friezing of the said cottons, as with putting to sale of the same." "All these processes," says the act, "are endangered by the resort of light and evil-disposed persons to the town." For these reasons it was proposed and enacted that the right of sanctuary should be taken away from Manchester. That disagreeable honour was conferred on Chester, where there was no such "occupying of merchandise," and where it was hoped that the claimants of sanctuary would be less troublesome, and better looked after. Such was Manchester three hundred years ago. Already a flourishing manufacturing town, where the woollen and linen trades were carried on with spirit and success; the manufacturing capital of the towns and villages which were already springing up in the numerous valleys which meet or converge at Manchester; and the place to which the manufactures of other adjoining townships were brought to be finished and sold.

ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.—During the last fifty years 15,052 acts of parliament have been passed by the British legislature.

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DIVORCE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

HISTORIC TABLEAUX.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

NAPOLEON cherished a strong attachment to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which peculiarly delighted the emperor. Napoleon had apparently determined to make the young prince his heir. This was so generally the understanding, both in France and in Holland,

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that Josephine was quite at ease, and serene days dawned again upon her heart.

Early in the spring of 1807, this child, upon whom such destinies were depending, then five years of age, was seized suddenly and violently with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the head of Josephine with most appalling power. Deep as was her grief at the loss of the child, she was overwhelmed with uncontrol-
lable anguish in view of those fearful consequences which she shuddered to contemplate. She knew

that Napoleon loved her fondly, but she also knew the strength of his ambition, and that he would make any sacrifice of his affection, which, in his view, would subserve the interests of his power and his glory. For three days she shut herself up in her room, and was continually bathed in tears.

The sad intelligence was conveyed to Napoleon when he was far from home, in the midst of the Prussian campaign. He had been victorious, almost miraculously victorious, over his enemies. He had gained accessions of power such as, in the wildest dreams of youth, he had hardly imagined. All opposition to his sway was now apparently crushed. Napoleon had become the creator of kings, and the proudest monarchs of Europe were constrained to do his bidding. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle in his mind between his love for Josephine and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity, was fearful. It was manifest in his cheek, in his restless eye, in the loss of appetite and of sleep. But the stern will of Bonaparte was unrelenting in its purposes. With an energy which the world has never seen surpassed, he had chosen his part. For this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, ease, and his sense of right. For this he was ready to surrender the strongest ties of affection.

Josephine knew Napoleon. She was fully aware of his boundless ambition. With almost insupportable anguish she wept over the death of the idolized child, and with a trembling heart awaited her husband's return. Mysterious hints began to fill the journals of the contemplated divorce, and of the alliance of Napoleon with various princesses of foreign courts.

In October, 1809, Napoleon returned from Vienna. He greeted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but she soon perceived that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was pondering the fearful question. He appeared sad and embarrassed. He had frequent private interviews with his ministers. A general feeling of constraint pervaded the court. Napoleon scarcely ventured to look upon his wife, as if apprehensive that the very sight of one whom he had loved so well might cause him to waver in his firm purpose. Josephine was in a state of the most feverish solicitude, and yet was compelled to appear calm and unconstrained. As yet, she had only fearful forebodings of her impending doom. She watched, with most excited apprehension, every movement of the emperor's eye, every intonation of his voice, every sentiment he uttered. Each day some new and trivial indication confirmed her fears. Her husband became more reserved, absented himself from her society, and the private access between their apartments was closed. He now seldom entered her room, and when he did so, he invariably knocked. And yet not one word had passed between him and Josephine upon the fearful subject. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation, immediately caused

such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture.

The months of October and November passed away, and, while the emperor was discussing with his cabinet the alliance into which he should enter, he had not yet summoned courage to break the subject to Josephine. The evidence is indubitable that he experienced intense anguish in view of the separation; but this did not influence his iron will to swerve from its purpose. The grandeur of his fame, and the magnitude of his power, were now such, that there was scarcely a royal family in Europe which would not have felt honoured in conferring upon him a bride. It was at first contemplated that he should marry some princess of the Bourbon family, and thus add to the stability of his throne by conciliating the royalists of France. A princess of Saxony was proposed. Some weighty considerations urged an alliance with the majestic empire of Russia, and some advances were made to the court of St. Petersburg, having in view a sister of the Emperor Alexander. It was finally decided that proposals should be made to the court of Vienna for Maria Louisa, daughter of the emperor of Austria.

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The emperor and empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seems to have had a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been in her retired apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner hour approached, she bathed her swollen eyes, and tried to regain composure. They sat down at the table in silence. Napoleon did not speak: Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither ate a mouthful. Course after course was brought in and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically and apparently unconsciously struck the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal, probably, was never witnessed. The attendants around the table seemed to catch the infection, and moved softly and silently in the discharge of their duties, as if they were in the chamber of the dead. At last, the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon, rising, and closing the door with his own hand, was left alone with Josephine. Another moment of most painful silence ensued, when the emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, approached the empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and in faltering accents said, "Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France."

Josephine's brain reeled; her blood ceased to circulate; she fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon, and called for help. Attendants from the ante-room immediately entered. Napoleon took a taper from the mantel, and, uttering not a

word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the empress in his arms. She was still unconscious of everything, but began to murmur, in tones of anguish, "Oh, no! you cannot surely do it. You would not kill me." The emperor led the way, through a dark passage, to the staircase which conducted to the apartment of the empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a violent nervous attack; and, finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the helpless Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and, supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of her bedroom. Napoleon then, dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rung for her waiting-women. He hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety until she began to revive. But the moment consciousness seemed returning, he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor until the dawn of the morning. The royal surgeon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the empress. Every hour the restless yet unrelenting emperor called at her door to, inquire concerning her state. "On recovering from my swoon," says Josephine, "I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter Hortense weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh! how much reason had I to dread becoming an empress!"

A fortnight now passed away, during which Napoleon and Josephine saw but little of each other. During this time there occurred the anniversary of the coronation, and of the victory of Austerlitz. Paris was filled with rejoicing. The bells rang their merriest peals. The metropolis was refulgent with illuminations. In these festivities Josephine was compelled to appear. She knew that the sovereigns and princes then assembled in Paris were informed of her approaching disgrace. In all these sounds of triumph she heard but the knell of her own doom. And, though a careful observer would have detected indications in her moistened eye and her pallid cheek of the secret woe which was consuming her heart, her habitual affability and grace never, in public, for one moment forsook her. Hortense, languid and sorrow-stricken, was with her mother.

The fatal day for the consummation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the 15th. of December, 1809. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, and princesses who were members of the imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. Every individual present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon, thus addressed them:—"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration

which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be for ever engraved on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice replied:—"I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, and the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commended by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public; but in private, Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the ensuing day, the council were again assembled in the grand saloon, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, care-worn, and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold, the block, or the guillotine with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplated these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length, the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to

control her feelings. The sympathetic daughter, immediately upon entering into the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively during the whole remaining scene. The assembly respectfully arose upon the entrance of Josephine, and all were moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she advanced silently to the seat provided for her. Sitting down, and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the sepulchral silence of the scene but the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, blended with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, her son, in the mean time, pale and trembling as an aspen leaf, had taken a position by the side of his mother. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell as if lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet closed. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. She remained in her chamber, in heart-rending, speechless grief until the hour arrived in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The emperor, restless and wretched, had just retired to his apartment, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief, her hair dishevelled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached Napoleon; then, irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had now no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon; but, in another moment, all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything in the fulness of her anguish, she threw herself before him, clasped him in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for the moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued together in this last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted for ever from the

husband whom she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved.

After the empress had retired, with a desolated heart, to her chamber of unnatural widowhood, the attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the emperor so buried beneath the bed clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left in darkness and silence to the dreadful companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and suffering.

Great as was the wrong which Napoleon thus inflicted upon the noble Josephine, every one must be sensible of a certain kind of grandeur which pervades the tragedy.*

MR. BEARCROFT'S WHEAT-STACKS.

It was I know not in what particular year, but it was in a year of scarcity and dear bread, that, in one of the great corn markets of Blankshire, stood a stout farmer, of middle age and portly appearance, surrounded by a throng of buyers and sellers. In his ungloved hand he held a sample bag of wheat, and from his broad mouth rolled sonorous words, in Blankshire dialect, which might be heard above the din of voices with which they mingled.

"I sha'n't sell to-day," said the farmer; "the market's not to my liking;" and he carelessly twisted the string round the mouth of his sample bag.

"Why, Mr. Bearcroft," replied the dealer with whom he was talking, "you are not likely to get a better offer, I know. Markets will be down soon, I reckon."

"Up, you mean, Mr. Smith; up, I say; up."

"Very well, friend Bearcroft, let them go up, up, up, as you say. Perhaps they will, and so much the better for some of us if they do; though I can't say I wish it."

"I dare say not, Mr. Smith," rejoined the farmer, in an incredulous tone.

"I don't wish it, friend, because there is already much suffering among the poor, and among others too, that we should not exact, like to call poor, perhaps."

"Every one for himself, Mr. Smith," said the stout farmer. "If the loaf is a good price, the labourers get good wages—mine do, I know; so there's six to one and half-a-dozen to the other; while you and I know how to make the best of a rising market—ah, Mr. Smith?"

"You think the markets are still rising, then, do you, Mr. Bearcroft?"

"Not a doubt of it. They are going up, up, up, I tell you."

* The above sketch is from the pen of the Rev. John Abbott, an American writer. He is rather disposed, we consider, to view Napoleon too favourably. The divorce of Josephine was a crime, and brought its own punishment with it. Napoleon never prospered after thus abandoning her, who for so many years had been the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows.

"Well, I don't think it; and you know the old nursery ditty, my friend:—

'Here we go up, up, up,
And there we go down, down, down.'

But come, to show that I have some faith in your judgment, I don't mind saying another shilling; and that is more than any one else will offer, in the market or out of it."

"I tell you what it is, friend Smith," replied the farmer, putting his sample bag into his pocket, and buttoning up his great broad-skirted coat; "I have got, it may be, a hundred quarters, more or less, unthreshed, in nice, tight, dry stacks; and there's plenty of room for them to stand where they are; and stand they shall, if it's twenty years, till I get my price, and that is ——" He named a sum considerably above the market price of that day.

"Do you mean that?" asked the dealer.

"I've said it, and I mean it," replied the farmer. "I always say what I mean, Mr. Smith."

"Then, Mr. Bearcroft," exclaimed a voice at his elbow, "I wish you may never sell it; and that's all the harm I wish you."

The farmer reddened with anger, and turned to the interloper—a gaunt-looking man in shabby garments—who stood the shock of the broad stare and angry flush with astonishing composure.

"What did you say, my good fellow?" inquired Mr. Bearcroft.

"No good fellow of yours," the man answered, "nor don't wish to be. I said that I hope you will never sell your corn, and I say it again. Make what you can out of it."

"Who are you, and what are you?" the farmer gruffly asked. "But the man had shuffled into the crowd, and was gone. "What did the insolent fellow mean, Mr. Smith?" he asked again, turning to the corn-dealer.

"Just the old story, I suspect, friend Bearcroft," replied Mr. Smith quietly. "He's that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him—that's all."

"That's it, is it? Let them grumble away then," said the farmer.

An hour or two later, Mr. Bearcroft was jogging homewards on his rough and ready cob, the dealer was driving away from market in his gig, and the man of the curse—well, perhaps he was drinking in some obscure pothouse to the confusion of all that fattened on human misery; or perhaps he was working hard at some ill-paid mechanical trade, to earn a crust of dear bread for his half-starved family; or perhaps he was devising futile mischief against those whom he deemed the oppressors of the poor; or it may be that he was uttering cries of distress that "entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." Our story, such as it is, has to do only with the farmer and his hundred measures of wheat.

As he neared home and passed by his homestead, Mr. Bearcroft looked with pride and satisfaction at his range of stacks, resting on pedestals of stone, and lifting high their well-thatched summits. "A hundred quarters and more," said he to himself; "and I'll have my price too. I can afford to wait. The markets will be higher yet—no fear."

He was correct in his judgment. The next

week, at the same market, he again met the would-be buyer, Smith.

"I told you so," exclaimed the farmer, exultingly. "Up, I said, and up it is."

"You were right; yes, you did say so, and it is so. I am sorry for it."

"I don't understand you, Smith," said Mr. Bearcroft. "You don't mean to make me believe that you like falling markets, any more than the rest of us."

"As a general rule, I do not like falling markets, friend Bearcroft," returned the dealer, in his quiet tone; "but now I should rejoice in them, though they might inconvenience me. The fact is, friend, I don't like the thought that hundreds around us are crying for bread, bread, and crying in vain. Now you know very well that, if bread were at — ay, half the price to which it has been forced up of late, a fair profit would be got out of corn by those that grow it. You know that, Mr. Bearcroft."

"Well, suppose so; 'tisn't my doings that the markets are up."

"You are doing the best to keep them up, however; but come, you'll sell to-day, I guess."

"Yes, at my price. You know what that is."

Mr. Smith shook his head. "It won't do; you'll not get it, my friend. Take my advice and sell. The price is now unnaturally high, and —"

"Whose doing is that?" asked the farmer, exultingly. "Who are they that fix the price, I should like to know—answer me that. Not the farmers, I reckon. They say that Mark-lane rules the markets; but who rules Mark-lane? There's a nut for you to crack, Mr. Smith. Not the farmers, I guess."

"I don't care to know who rules Mark-lane," replied the corn-dealer; "but that is not the question now. Do you sell to-day?"

"Yes, at ——" He named the price.

Mr. Smith turned away. It was useless to argue the matter.

"I can keep it," said the farmer. "I don't want the money just yet, and before I do I'll have my own price, if I wait twenty years first."

Another market; another rise. The people were murmuring at the advanced and advancing price of bread, and the papers were predicting that the coming winter would be a season of privation. Some said that there was not grain enough in the country to furnish sufficient bread for the whole population until the next harvest. Again the pertinacious Mr. Bearcroft stood in the market-place, but it was rather as a curious spectator than as a seller. Indeed, he was half tempted to turn buyer on the chances of a continued rise. But he withstood the temptation; it would be running too great a risk. He did not believe in the report of a real scarcity. He knew what the past harvest had been, and he shrewdly guessed why corn was dear. He had decided, in his own mind, the topmost price it would reach, and when it reached it he would sell—not before. It wanted something short of that price yet. So he went home again.

Another market; another rise!

"Now, friend Bearcroft"—Mr. Smith was the speaker—"now take my advice, and sell to-day."

"You know my figure, Smith: say that, and

"I'll have it all threshed out for you as soon as you like."

The dealer demurred. "I'll give —, take it or leave it." The price he named was one shilling a quarter less than the farmer's.

Mr. Bearcroft was determined. "It won't do; I'll have my price or none. A hundred shillings is five pounds, Smith. I won't throw away five pounds. Besides, what I have said I'll stick to."

Another week; not another rise. "Prices ruled the same as last week, and markets were dull," said the "Mark-lane Express," or some other paper equally credible. The farmer did not go to market that day. It was a waste of time.

Another week; the markets still stationary! Another, and they were "looking down." Another, and business was likely to be more brisk: this time, Mr. Bearcroft again trod the market-place, watching, with some interest and a shade of anxiety perhaps, the course of events.

It was very tantalizing. It depended, as on the turning of a scale, whether the farmer's wheat-stacks should, or should not, that very week come down. But the turn of the scale was against him. There was a difference of but sixpence a quarter between him and a buyer—not his old friend Smith this time; but the stout farmer would not yield, and he lost the chance of selling. The stacks were to stand yet.

From that day, it was "down, down, down," as the corn-dealer had predicted. Not a great reduction, however. Through that winter the price, at the lowest, would have yielded a handsome profit to Mr. Bearcroft; but no matter for that, he should have his price some day; if not, the stacks should stand, if it were "twenty years."

There was great distress that winter. It was emphatically a hard winter. In manufacturing districts mills were stopped, and workmen, by thousands, were thrown out of employ. These, impoverished and furious, rose tumultuously against their employers; in some instances, machinery was destroyed; in others, bands of half-starved men paraded the streets, demanding rather than imploring relief. Even in the country, parish relief could not meet the demands which were made upon it, and men grew desperate. Incendiarism was rife; and farmers, ere they started to market, loaded horse-pistols and pocket-pistols, and saw to their priming. No one could tell what was to happen next. But through it all, there stood farmer Bearcroft's wheat-stacks. Every night he kept up a watch over his homestead, and his stacks were safe. People around him were wanting bread. There was corn enough in those stacks for ten thousand loaves and more; he could have sold his corn at a large profit, but he would have a larger. So there the stacks stood.

Months passed away, and years. The thatch on the stacks became brown and ragged. One generation after another of sparrows built their nests in them, and fattened on what they could pilfer from the stor below. Mr. Bearcroft's wheat-stacks became a proverb and a by-word. Meanwhile, the loud murmurings of the people had, for that time, ceased. Plentiful harvests had followed each other in succession. Bread was cheap—comparatively; and work was to be had by those who would work.

But there the stacks stood; and there they should stand—Mr. Bearcroft had said it.

It was a hard struggle, though, for him to keep his word. He didn't exactly prosper. His fields, it is true, brought forth as plentifully as his neighbours', his harvests produced as good a return as theirs; but these old wheat-stacks—they seemed to cast a blight upon the farmer's well-doing. He did not become poor; but he did not, as some of his neighbours did, increase in riches. "Things were standing still" with him, he said; and he felt this. He hadn't been used to it.

At one time, he wanted to set up a son in business; at another, to portion off a daughter. And he did both; but they were "hard lines," he said; and he cast longing looks at his weather-beaten wheat-stacks; but no, he would not be off his word, though he had long ago repented its having escaped his lips.

Bravely the old wheat-stacks stood, or seemed to stand, the assaults of age. Better-built stacks were not to be seen in the whole of Blankshire. But though they stood well, they showed their antiquity. They could not help doing that. There seemed no hope that they ever would come down. The strange man of the market seemed to have got his wish. Mr. Bearcroft never would sell his hundred measures of wheat.

Not too fast! We shall see.

It was winter—another hard winter; how many years after the first winter of my story, I cannot say, and it is of but little consequence. There was another panic, and with greater reason than before. The harvest had been a sadly scant one; and the markets were going up with fearful rapidity. What wheat had been gathered in was shrivelled and poor. People were putting themselves and their families on short allowances of bread, and were thinking what should they do before another harvest.

"It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," thought Mr. Bearcroft. "Good old wheat, like mine, is worth more than such stuff as this harvest has produced; and I shall get my price yet. Nothing like patience; the old wheat-stacks will pay good interest for my capital after all, and I shall keep my word too. I wonder what that old croaker, Smith, will say now."

So Mr. Bearcroft put into his pocket the old sample bag which, for years, had lain snug in a pigeon-hole of his old-fashioned bureau, mounted his horse, and was once more in the market. I do not know how many times he again went to market on this errand, nor how many biddings he obtained for his old wheat before he got one to his mind, nor what proportion it bore to the price of new wheat; but an offer he got at last, and it was at the price which years before he had determined to have, even if he kept those particular stacks standing "twenty years." Half-chagrined was Mr. Bearcroft, I fancy, that, through the intermediate years, he had been obliged to part with the produce of the several harvests at profits so insignificant. Ah! if instead of units, he could now have counted his wheat-stacks by tens, what a rich man he should be! A happy man was Mr. Bearcroft, as he rode homewards that afternoon! Perhaps, however, not exactly happy, but self-satisfied and self-gratulatory. He had done a

good thing for himself. He was not a particularly hard-hearted man; he did not wish that his neighbours should suffer; nay, he would have been glad to see them prospering; but he was more concerned still about "taking care of number one." So he looked with half-shut eyes and half-averted glances at the poverty and want which stared him in the face. He wouldn't believe that it made so very much difference to people in general whether they had cheap bread or dear bread. It made a difference to *him*, he knew; but that was a different thing. And so it was.

The old wheat-stacks never looked so pleasant in his eyes, even in their young days, as they looked on that afternoon, as he passed them in the dusk. To-morrow he would begin threshing; the threshing machine, hired for the occasion, would be ready ere the old brown thatch could be removed from the first stack. The morrow came, and every man on the farm was in request. The stacks were to come down at last; and a hundred quarters of wheat were to be ground into flour, and made into loaves—ten thousand, and more. Now every one knows the terror of farmers—mildew and rats. Mr. Bearcroft had not been unsuspicious of the possibility of these scourges visiting his dearly cherished stacks, and had occasionally made what he considered a competent examination of his hoarded treasures. But security had produced over-confidence, and for some time his vigilance had been relaxed. We must not, however, anticipate.

As Mr. Bearcroft stood watching at a little distance, with twinkling eyes, the labours of his serving men, a shout of mingled terror and amazement smote upon his ear;—then ensued a hurried scramble, then an absolute retreat, amidst clouds of filthy dust, and then—

"What in the world possesses you? what are you after?" shouted the astonished farmer, hastening to the spot.

"Rats, master, rats; nothing but rats—swarms upon swarms of great big rats, master. Dear heart! master, don't go near; you'll be eaten up alive!"

"Rats! impossible. Don't tell me about rats."

"We can't help it, master; it mayn't be possible; but it is true."

"I tell you, not a rat could ever have climbed up those pillars and over the stone coping at top," exclaimed Mr. Bearcroft. But at that moment, driving back the words against his very teeth, rushed forth a very legion from the disturbed wheat-stack.

Wheat-stack! A foul corrupt mass of animal and vegetable putridity rather. It was time for even the rats to leave it, so rotten was it, and so impoverished by over-population, that their cry must soon have been, "A new home, who'll follow?"

An examination of the other stacks showed that in them, too, though not in all to the same extent, the process of devastation and decay had been going forward. Mr. Bearcroft had outstaid his market. His cupidity had over-reached itself. His cherished grain had become deteriorated to a point which rendered its sale at anything far below the current market price, hopeless and impossible. To make a long story short, glad he was—for his obstinacy had at last got its crowning lesson—to

clear his barn of the mass, and sell the stock as a damaged lot.

Mr. Bearcroft was from that day a wiser and, we will hope, a better man. Experience had dearly taught him, and in his place on the corn-market he learned to practise the lesson, that while every farmer is entitled to have his fair profit—and often by holding his stock of corn serves to equalise prices and to economise the consumption of grain—yet there is a price beyond which public duty, no less than private advantage, renders it desirable that he should not hold out.

REASON AND FAITH.

"REASON and Faith," says an old divine, "resemble the two sons of the patriarch. Reason is the first-born; but Faith inherits the blessing." We should represent Reason and Faith as twin-born; the one in form and features, the image of manly beauty; the other of feminine grace and gentleness; but to each of whom, alas, is attached a sad privation. While the bright eyes of Reason are full of a piercing and restless intelligence, his ear is closed to sound; and while Faith has an ear of exquisite delicacy, on her sightless orbs, as she lifts them towards heaven, the sunbeam plays in vain. Hand in hand the brother and sister in mutual love pursue their way through a world in which, like ours, day breaks and night falls alternate; by day the eyes of Reason are the guide of Faith, and by night the ear of Faith is the guide of Reason. As is wont with those who labour under those privations respectively, Reason is apt to be eager, impetuous, impatient of that instruction which his infirmity will not permit him readily to apprehend—while Faith, gentle and docile, is ever willing to listen to the voice by which alone truth and wisdom can effectually reach her.—*Rev. Henry Rogers.*

MONKEYS.

MANY a hearty laugh have we enjoyed in observing the grimaces of young Jocko, as, clothed in a red coat and seated on the back of a bear, or on the top of an organ, he tucked buns and biscuits into his cheek pouches till they would retain no more, and then, with a knowing half-serious look, seemed to ask whether we did not admire his sagacity in laying up for "a rainy day." Young and old were equally amused when he took off his cap and bowed his head in acknowledgment of favours received; and the exhibitor—a tall old man, in cocked hat and loose coat—laughed, and showed his toothless gums, in anticipation of the supplies which the gazing throng would probably vote to him.

We trust, therefore, that our readers' sense of propriety will not be outraged, if we act the part of the monkey exhibitor for once. And first of all, we introduce to their notice an army of ringtailed monkeys in the act of crossing a stream—for they would rather go into fire than into water; and if unable to leap over, will bridge it. Captain Reid was an eye-witness of a performance of this kind. One—an aide-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—he says, ran out upon a projecting rock; and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the arroyo. At length they all collected round a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part

of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost ran out upon a limb; and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped down, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore paws on the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was adroitly executed, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most conical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbours, would be dashed against the opposite bank, & soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled himself in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the

anything he is required without beating; for if his fears be entirely removed, he is the most insolent and headstrong animal in nature. Witness a few of his pranks. When a traveller enters the wood where the monkey and his companions are the sovereigns, he is considered to be an invader of their dominions, and all unite to repel the intruder. At first they survey him with a kind of insolent curiosity. They leap from branch to branch, follow him as he goes along, and make a loud chattering, to call the rest of their companions together. Hostilities now commence, first by grimaces, then by threats, followed by a direct onset. Breaking withered branches from the trees, they sling them at the invaders of their dominions.



In the contest which ensues, if one be wounded, the rest assemble round him, and put their fingers into the wound, as if desirous of sounding its depth. "If the blood flows in any quantity, some of them keep it closed, while others get leaves, which they chew and thrust into the opening; however extraordinary this may appear, it is asserted to be often seen, and to be strictly true. In this manner they wage a petulant unequal war; and are often killed in numbers before they think proper to make a retreat."

Abroad, they are fond of frequenting the neighbourhood of bazaars. A traveller watched one, which he calls a bandar, and which took his station opposite to a sweetmeat shop. He pretended to be asleep, but every now and then softly raised his head to look at the tempting pipes, and the owner of them, who sat smoking his pipe without symptoms even of a doze. In half an hour, the monkey got up as if he were just awake, yawned, stretched himself, and took another position a few yards off, where he pretended to play with his tail, occasionally looking over his shoulder at the coveted delicacies. At length, the shopman gave signs of activity, and the bandar was on the alert; the man went to his back room, the bandar cleared the street at one bound, and in an instant stuffed his pouches full of the delicious morsels. He had, however, overlooked some hornets, which were regaling themselves at the same time. They resented his disturbance, and the tormented bandar, in his hurry to escape, came upon a thorn-covered roof, where he lay stung, torn, and bleeding. He spurted the stolen bon-bons from his pouches, and barking hoarsely, looked the picture of misery. The noise of the tiles which he had dislodged in his retreat brought out the inhabitants, and among them the vendor of sweets, with his turban unwound, and streaming two yards behind him. All joined in laughing at the wretched monkey; but their religious reverence for him (for monkeys in India are more or less objects of superstitious reverence) induced them to go to his assistance;



new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared!

But here is another monkey: he will scarcely do

they picked out his thorns, and he limped away to the woods quite crest-fallen.*

Major Rogers, who was spending a short time with a friend in India, had been out shooting, and returning had reached within a mile or two of the bungalow where his host and hostess awaited his arrival to dine, when, passing by a pleasant river, he thought a bath would be a most renovating luxury; so he determined to take one, sending home his servants with an intimation that he would shortly follow. So stripping, and placing his clothes very carefully on a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer and had swum to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys overhauling his entire wardrobe. One was putting his leg through the sleeves of his shirt; another was cramming its head into his trousers; a third was trying to find if any treasure were concealed in his boots; whilst the hat formed a source of wonderment and amusement to some two or three others, who were endeavouring to unravel its mystery by ripping the linings and taking a few bites out of the brim. As soon as he regained his mental equilibrium (for the thing was so ridiculous that it made him laugh heartily) he made with all haste towards the shore; but judge of his perplexity when he saw these mischievous creatures each catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off at full speed into the jungle. All he heard was a great chattering as they, one by one, disappeared, the last one lugging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping it up by getting between its legs. Here was a pretty state of things, under a broiling sun! And here he stayed till the inmates of the bungalow, beginning to suspect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of body and mind which we may conceive to be more easily imagined than described.

We cannot conclude without noticing those mischievous creatures belonging to the tribe of monkeys, called mottled baboons, which appear to be under a sort of natural discipline, performing whatever they undertake with surprising skill and regularity. Their



robberies seem to be the result of well-concerted plans. If about to rob an orchard or a vineyard, they set to work in a body. A part enter the inclosure while one is set to watch. The rest stand without the fence; and form a line reaching all the way from their companions within to their rendezvous without, which is generally in some craggy mountain. "Everything

thus disposed, the plunderers within throw the fruit to those that are without as fast as they can gather it; or, if the wall or fence be high, to those that sit on the top; and these hand the plunder to those next them on the other side. Thus the fruit is pitched from one to another all along the line, till it is securely deposited at head-quarters." During these proceedings, they maintain the most profound silence; and their sentinel continues on the watch extremely anxious and attentive; "but, if he perceives any one coming, he instantly sets up a loud cry, and at this signal the whole company scamper off. Nor yet are they at any time willing to leave the place empty-handed; for if they be plundering a bed of melons, for instance, they go off with one in their mouths, one in their hands, and one under their arm. If the pursuit is hot, they drop first that from under their arm, and then that from their hand; and, if it be continued, they at last let fall that which they had hitherto kept in their mouths."

We were in the habit of visiting a family where a common monkey was a pet. On one occasion, the footman had been shaving himself—the monkey watching him during the process—when he carelessly left his apparatus within reach of the creature. As soon as the man was gone out of the room, the monkey got the razor and began to scrape away at his throat as he had seen the footman do, wften, alas! not understanding the nature of the instrument he was using, the animal cut its own throat, and, before it was discovered, bled to death. A friend of ours possessed one of these creatures, whose disposition seemed very affectionate; if it had done wrong and was scolded, it immediately seated itself on the floor, and clasping its hands together, seemed to beg earnestly to be forgiven. Mrs. Lee also tells us of one belonging to her eldest daughter, which seemed to know he could master the child, "and did not hesitate to bite and scratch her, whenever she pulled him a little harder than he thought proper. I punished him," she adds, "for each offence, yet fed and caressed him when good; by which means I possessed an entire ascendancy over him." The same writer also gives an interesting account of a monkey which a man in Paris had trained to a variety of clever tricks. "I met him one day," says she, "suddenly, as he was coming up the drawing-room stairs. He made way for me by standing in an angle, and when I said, 'Good morning,' took off his cap, and made me a low bow. 'Are you going away?' I asked; 'where is your passport?' Upon which he took from the same cap a square piece of paper, which he opened and showed to me. His master told him my gown was dusty, and he instantly took a small brush from his master's pocket, raised the hem of my dress, cleaned it, and then did the same for my shoes. He was perfectly docile and obedient; when we gave him something to eat, he did not cram his pouches with it, but delicately and tidily devoured it; and when we bestowed money on him, he immediately put it into his master's hands."

Monkeys watch over their young with great assiduity, and appear to educate and train them upon a given plan. They not only (says Bingley) procure every possible comfort for their little ones, but they also preserve amongst them a due share of discipline, and seem even to hold them in subjection: they appear to watch their antics with great delight; but if, while wrestling with each other, they become violent or malicious, they immediately spring upon them, seize their tails with one paw, and administer correction with the other; nor if the young ones elude the parents' grasp will they make any show of rebellion, but rather approach in a wheedling and caressing manner as if seeking reconciliation.

* Lee's Anecdotes of Animals.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

It is by no means an uncommon thing, when some portion of ground which has been long unbroken, has been turned up by the plough and exposed to the air and sun, to find it soon covered with plants which man's hand never placed there, and which are not to be met with in any other part of the field, saving that which has recently been broken up. Where have these plants come from? is the question that puzzles many a simple farmer. The botanist, however, explains the mystery. They had their seeds deposited in the ground, probably, ages ago. For want of circumstances; however, favourable to their development, they never germinated, and but for the turning up of the soil would have continued to remain in a dormant state.

Now there is something very like this going on in the world of busy life. Numerous individuals have hidden talents, and latent qualities of good and evil, unknown to their friends around them, and sometimes unsuspected even by the parties themselves, till suddenly an unexpected emergency arises, and the buried quality is called into action. A lucifer match looks a quiet enough object; but once let it come into contact with the sand paper, and latent fire and light are developed.

These remarks are very apropos to the individual whose biography is now lying before us. It is a biography strongly tinged with politics; but these we shall most studiously avoid, and make our paper one which, we trust, all classes may read with pleasure. It is with Lord George Bentinck as a specimen of hidden ability, unexpectedly called out, and not as a politician, that we have here to do.

It is far on in the morning, and the scene is the hall of St. Stephen's. Rival orators have been for hours discharging their musketry and artillery at each other. It is in fact a grand field; night; and, although, exhausted nature, craves repose, no member ventures to leave his post; a division is impending, and ministry and opposition alike can spare no stragglers. On such an occasion, as this some eight years ago, there might have been seen entering the house, and stealing to some back-bench, an honourable member who has come to record his vote without troubling himself to listen to the speeches. He is tall, his face is oval, his complexion clear and mantling, and the forehead lofty. His dark brown eye flashes as he goes along, with a glance brilliant, acute, ardent, imperious. Who can this singularly fashioned man be? It is, reader, Lord George Bentinck, just returned from Newmarket, the Goodwood races, or some coursing match at Melcombe. He has a fashionable white paletôt over him; but if you look close, you may see underneath it a scarlet hunting coat. Do not expect a speech from him. He evidently considers the whole thing little better than a bore. Speak to him about Flying Dutchman, or some such sporting celebrity of the day, and he will be animated; but politics are with him at a discount. He comes, because it is division night, to record his vote; that done, he will hurry off, probably to his club, and make some arrangement with his groom about matters relating to horse-flesh. Such, or nearly so, according to his biographer,

had been Lord George Bentinck for many a long year. He was in parliament, that is, his name stood as M.P. in the court calendar, and other publications of that kind, but he was thoroughly out of it so far as regarded any active interest in its working details. A leading man on the turf—the maintainer of a handsome stud of horses—a bold speculator on a race, a dashing rider perhaps at a steeple chase—all this he was, but little more. In early life, it is true, he had been Canning's private secretary, but even then he had sickened of politics. He was the scion of a ducal house, whose name had stood high in the political world; the nephew, too, of Lord William Bentinck, famed for his talented administration as Governor-General of India; but notwithstanding these antecedents, he had chosen to be what is known as “a sporting gentleman;” and at the time our narrative opens, seemed as little likely to be the leader of a great political party in the British senate, as is the individual who writes this article to be grand vizier to the sultan of Constantinople.

We must now, however, shift the scene a little onwards. It is still the same hall of St. Stephen's, and the year is 1845. A crowded house is listening with breathless attention to a great minister, now no more, as he expounds his new commercial system. Sir Robert Peel—for it will be seen that we allude to him—approaches, by degrees, nearer and nearer the point at which he is to make a distinct declaration of his policy. Yet, as if dreading the outburst of the storm which he knows is sure to follow, he delays coming to the point. Sir Robert's appearance, however, as he stood forth on this memorable evening, must be drawn by a livelier pencil than our own.

“This remarkable man, who in private life was constrained and often awkward, who could never address a public meeting or make an after-dinner speech without being ill at ease, and generally saying something stilted or even a little ridiculous—in the senate was the readiest, easiest, most flexible and adroit of men. He played upon the house like an old fiddle. And to-night the manner in which he proceeded to deal with the duties on candles and soap, while all were thinking of duties on something else; the bland and conciliatory air, with which he announced a reduction of the impost on boot fronts and shoe leather, while visions of deserted villages and reduced rentals were torturing his neighbours, were all characteristic of his command over himself and those whom he addressed.” At last the momentous announcement came; the reserve was thrown aside; and the new commercial flag was soon hoisted at the mainmast of the ministerial vessel.

We have alluded to the lucifer match remaining cold until it came into contact with the sand paper; to the seed remaining torpid until the upturned clod exposed it to the quickening influence of sun and air. These similes are types of what took place that evening in Lord George Bentinck's mind. He entered the house a fox-hunter and a man of the turf; he left it a statesman, with powers developed—in their first stage at least—of which no one had conceived him to be the proprietor. After the minister had made his statement, a member rises, with a somewhat awkward and embarrassed manner, and makes a short inquiry. His question occupies a few lines

only in the reporter's note book. That timid speaker is Lord George Bentinck, breaking the ice; these few lines are the first small instalment of those long five-column speeches stuffed full of statistics and figures, which are afterwards to make the fingers of the weary men in the gallery ache.

Lord George Bentinck, it appears from his biography, gathered around him after that evening a party, who, wanting a leader, clung to him, charmed by his boldness and confidence. Yet how is he possibly to get on in his new office? It seems he cannot even speak. During the previous parliamentary recess, he had prepared a bundle of facts, and knowing his own inexperience, had tried to induce a friendly barrister to commit them to memory, and deliver them in a speech in the House of Commons. The barrister, however, had declined the office; so his lordship must prepare to speak himself, as best he can, or let the new affluat that he feels within him die away again. Not a very promising state of things this, for a leader of a party, certainly. The important evening, however, comes at last; but his biographer must again speak a little:—"Bentinck was obliged to rise. After having been at his post for a month, never leaving the house even for refreshment, he had to undertake the most difficult enterprise on which a man can well embark, with a concurrence of every disadvantage which could insure failure and defeat. It would seem that the audience, and the subject, and the orator, must be equally exhausted; for the assembly had listened for twelve nights to the controversy, and he who was about to address them had, according to his strange habit, taken no sustenance the whole day; it being his custom to dine when the house was up, which was often very long after midnight, and this, with the exception of a slender breakfast rigidly restricted to dry toast, was his only food in the four-and-twenty hours."

The speech, thus delivered, was a remarkable one—remarkable for its ability, and more remarkable still—when the circumstances of the speaker are considered. The whole house seemed to have acknowledged this, by the patience with which it listened to it for some three or four hours after midnight.

We must shift the scene, however. At the West-end of London, there is a remarkable auction room. Sales to the extent of tens and hundreds of thousands pass through it annually; the commodity sold being horseflesh; not, however, in a dead, but in a living and breathing form. In that auction room, all the news and intelligence respecting the race-courses of England perpetually circulate, and everything calculated to influence the fortunes of the turf is speedily known. Our London readers will guess that we refer to Tattersalls', the spot where many a fortune has been lost and won, where many a precious hour and day of inestimable time have been squandered, and where many a man, too, has had cause to rue that he ever abandoned the paths of honourable industry for speculation and gambling. In the halls of Tattersalls, then, there was one morning a strange rumour afloat. One of the monarchs of the turf has abdicated—like another Charles V., too, in the full blaze of his power and reputation. Who this ex-monarch is our readers will have pretty well guessed.

It is Lord George Bentinck. His abdication, too, is a complete one. His racing stud is sold for half its value. Ariel, Pantaloon, Highflyer, Volatile, Titania, and some twenty other high-mettled racers, are knocked down for an old song. Jockeys and grooms stand aghast at the strange mania which, as they think, has befallen the noble lord; but his mind is made up. He has quitted the race-course for one of another kind. He has committed himself to ambition as his course—a premiership perhaps is the goal.

We cannot follow Lord George Bentinck through his short career, without breaking that strict neutrality as to politics, which we intend to preserve in this article. Curious pictures of statesmen and their strifes, and of men and things in our own day, are given by his biographer; but from amidst the mass we select one sketch, that of the late Sir Robert Peel, as he appeared after the fag of a debate:—

"It was about this time that a strange incident occurred at the adjournment of the house. The minister, plunged in profound and perhaps painful reverie, was unconscious of the termination of the proceedings of the night, and remained in his seat unmoved. At that period, although with his accustomed and admirable self-control he rarely evinced any irritability in the conduct of parliamentary business, it is understood that under public circumstances he was anxious and much disquieted. His colleagues, lingering for awhile, followed the other members and left the house, and those on whom, from intimacy of official relations with Sir Robert, the office of rousing him would have devolved, hesitated from some sympathy with his unusual susceptibility to perform that duty, though they remained watching their chief behind the Speaker's chair. The benches had become empty, the lights were about to be extinguished; it is a duty of a clerk of the house to examine the chamber before the doors are closed, and to-night it was also the strange lot of this gentleman to disturb the reverie of a statesman."

Lord George Bentinck had been formally installed as leader of the opposition, and in this capacity he brought forward various measures. He was destined, however, to feel the disappointment which awaits man in so many objects in life, and which are so hard to bear, unless the spirit within is supported by the consolation that duty has been performed. Lord George Bentinck had scarcely quitted the turf, when intelligence reached him that one of his horses had won the grand cup, which, to a sportsman like him, was a prize of as much value as would have been the parsley crown to a competitor in the Grecian games of old. But we must leave Mr. Disraeli to describe this interesting scene:—

"A few days before, (it was the day after the Derby, May 25th,) the writer met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the bookshelves, with a volume in his hands, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions after all his labours had been negatived by the committee on the 22nd; and on the 24th his horse Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue without distraction his labours on behalf of the great interests of

his country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake, to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him and nothing to support him, except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan:—

"All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it!" he murmured.

"It was in vain to offer solace.

"You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned out.

"Yes, I do; it is the blue ribbon of the turf."

"It is the blue ribbon of the turf," he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at the table, he buried himself in a folio of statistics."

It is a common impression, particularly among some of our working men, that our leading political characters have an easy time of it; that when in office they have nothing to do but to talk and draw a large salary for uttering big words. We need not say that this is a gross delusion. As we ascend the social scale, we find that labour in increased proportion is exacted, and that wealth and dignities are often but the sweeteners which are thrown in by Providence, to counterbalance the strain of body and mind that are generally attendant upon elevated positions. This was well exemplified in Lord George Bentinck's case. The labouring man, toiling for twelve hours, had an easy lot in comparison with his. "His work," says his biographer, "was supernatural." It is very difficult here to convey a complete picture of the laborious life of Lord George Bentinck during the sitting of parliament. At times, he would be occupied eighteen hours in close succession—hard, grinding toil, too.

It would be quite foreign to our purpose, as we have already said, to enter into any details of the political career of Lord George Bentinck. It is enough to mention that he had his full share of disappointment and chagrin. Having broken with his party he had ceased nominally to be their leader, while the chief measures he brought forward had suffered a defeat. Still, in the interim, great powers had been developed; and whatever might be his passing chagrin, his talents were maturing, and gave him an inward assurance that, whenever the proper moment arose for his party to acquire the reins of political power, he might calculate upon having one of the highest places in any cabinet that might be formed. His biographer was, at all events, much impressed with the great change which had passed upon him in the course of a few sessions. The man who, from distrust of his own powers, had found it necessary to solicit a barrister to deliver his speech for him, now commanded the ear of the House of Commons, and had become a practised debater. From being an obscure fox-hunter, he was the leader of a great party. From being a loungeur in parliament, an idler in the midst of its exciting vortex, he had been transformed into an almost supernatural worker in it, devoting eighteen hours a day, at times, to the public service. His biographer parted with him in 1848, at his family mansion, Harcourt House, one of the last of those old buildings erected in an age of stately manners; with wings, court-yard, carriage portal, and huge outward walls, like those

which the town reader may see in Piccadilly, next the Burlington Arcade. Lord George Bentinck was about, at the close of a session, to repair to the country and meditate schemes of fresh ambition. In the prime of life, and in the full possession of his newly developed faculties, we may surely expect to hear of him soon. He promises fair for many a year to be one of the leading notabilities of St. Stephen's.

It is still the year 1848; only a few weeks have elapsed since the interview with Lord George Bentinck and his biographer, at Harcourt House, took place. The month is September, and the scene again is London. The day is a dark, cold, and drizzling one, and in the direction of a dingy street in the parish of Marylebone, opposite a small building, now a chapel, but once a parish church, a funeral procession is wending its way. A vault has been opened in that chapel. It is the vault of an old family, and in its gloomy cavities have been deposited successively the remains of many a titled son of earth. The vault receives this morning another tenant; his name is Lord George Bentinck. What! he whom we left so lately in the full tide of ambition? so full of health and energy? Even so.

"The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

The great leader of the opposition—the possessor of the newly discovered talents—has ended for ever his earthly career, and has winged his flight into the eternal world, there to become conversant with its solemn realities. Many lessons have we had in our day of the mutability and uncertainty of earthly things; but few events preach so thrillingly of death coming like a thief in the night, and of the need of watchfulness for that hour, as the sudden call of Lord George Bentinck into the world of spirits. But his biographer must record this event:—

"On the 21st of September, after breakfasting with his family, he retired to his room, where he employed himself with some papers, and then wrote three letters—one to Lord Enfield, another to the Duke of Richmond, and the third to the writer of these pages. That letter is now at hand; it is of considerable length, consisting of seven sheets of note-paper, full of interesting details of men and things, and written not only in a cheerful, but even in a merry mood. Then, when his letters were sealed, about four o'clock, he took his staff and went forth to walk to Thoresby, the seat of Lord Manvers, distant between five and six miles from Welbeck, and where Lord George was to make a visit of two days. In consequence of this, his valet drove over to Thoresby at the same time, to meet his master. But the master never came. Hours passed on, and the master never came. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck, and called up the groom who had driven him over to Thoresby, and who was in bed, and inquired whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back, as his lord had never reached Thoresby. The groom got up, and accompanied by the valet, and two others, took lanterns, and followed the footpath which they had seen Lord George pursuing as they themselves went to Thoresby.

"About a mile from the abbey, on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water meadow from a deer park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking stick. His hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling. The body was cold and stiff. He had been long dead.

"A woodman and some peasants, passing near the spot about two hundred yards from the gate in question, had observed Lord George, whom at a distance they had mistaken for his brother, the Marquis of Titchfield, leaning against this gate. It was then about half-past four o'clock, or it might be a quarter to five, so he could not have left his home much more than half an hour. The woodman and his companions thought 'the gentleman' was reading, as he held his head down. One of them lingered for a minute looking at the gentleman, who then turned round, and might have seen these passers-by, but he made no sign to them.

"Thus it seems that the attack, which was supposed to be spasm of the heart, was not instantaneous in its effects, but with proper remedies might have been baffled. Terrible to think of him in his death-struggle without aid, and so near a devoted hearth. For that hearth, too, what an impending future!

"The terrible news reached Nottingham on the morning of the 22nd, at half-past nine o'clock, and, immediately telegraphed to London, was announced by a second edition of *The Times* to our country."

Our drama—for surely the narrative has all the force and interest of a drama—is ended. We leave the reader to ponder over the lessons which it is calculated to teach. If any heightening of the moral is required, it will be found in remembering that ere many months were over, the great statesman whom Bentinck so fiercely and pertinaciously opposed, was also hurried by a sudden, accidental death into the eternal world.

Events such as these are well calculated in the reflecting mind to reduce earthly pursuits to their true proportions. One thing is needful, above all others—the care of the immortal spirit. The first, the great questions that demand an answer are—Am I born of the Spirit? Am I justified in the sight of a holy God by a living faith in Christ? And am I evidencing the reality of my belief by a life of Christian excellence?

A FAMILY SKETCH; OR, HOW DOES VICE GROW?

ONE fine day, a summer or two ago, we found ourselves standing, in the dusk of evening, beneath the gloomy walls of a large gaol, which serves as a receptacle for the detected criminality of one of our midland counties. The assizes were being held in the town, and the shrill flourish of trumpets, mingled with the distant rattle of carriage-wheels and tramp of javelin men, announced that the judges were just leaving court. Our mind was in a moralizing mood. We were walking, after the lapse of years, in the neighbourhood of

our childish days. We remembered how, on many occasions, we had seen a cumbrous and melancholy looking vehicle enter the town, and how, on following it to the gaol doors, we had beheld a sad train of handcuffed prisoners led inside, the refuse of a manufacturing metropolis about twenty miles off; some haggard with age, others in the prime of youth, but all guilt-stricken, and deeply marked with the indelible features of vice. Then it occurred how, on many a fine spring morning, when nature all around was unfolding the bud of radiant promise, we had seen these dark portals, overhung with fetters, emit a convict crowd, while, close at hand, stood the stage-coach, guarded by grim-looking men, which was to convey them for ever from the scene of their crimes, and, perhaps, at some earlier and more happy period, of their innocence too. Above all, we remembered how often we had averted our fearful glance from the sombre platform overhead, whose bell seemed always tolling, in strains of despair, "the wages of sin is death." Filled with such thoughts, we asked mournfully, whence can arise these streams of pollution which inundate society? where do those crowds who, in early life, become candidates for transportation or the scaffold, receive their schooling? The inquiry suggested to us one story of woe, as instructive as it is sad; every word of which is, alas, too true, and which, as far as it can be told, we will tell to the reader.

It is now almost forty years since John B. and Charlotte R. commenced their married life. They were both the children of parents who occupied an humble station. Charlotte's father was a man of great worth; but, unfortunately for her, he died when she was yet a child, leaving the training of his numerous family to the care of their surviving parent. It is possible that her religious culture was, in some measure, overlooked; but it is certain that, as Charlotte grew up, her conduct was such as would have filled her father's heart with grief, if he had not been beyond the reach of sorrow. Long before it was prudent to think of marrying, she listened to the overtures of a young man, whose character might have suggested an additional reason for delay, and, in a short time, they were united. Their nuptials were neither hallowed by prayer, nor sanctioned by a parent's blessing. Deceived in each other, and brought face to face with the realities of life, the flickering sentiment which they had mis-called love, soon waned away, the outward forms of piety were abandoned, and, destitute of any asylum in religion from the trials which began to thicken around them, they found their solace, the one in the taphouse, and the other in useless reproaches. When any difficulty presented itself, the husband, instead of looking it manfully in the face, and endeavouring, with exercise of firm faith in an ever-watchful Providence, to overcome it, threw himself into a month's round of dissipation. Often have we heard from the door of their cottage—several times stripped of its contents by the hand of law—the fierce voice of the drunkard, and caught glimpses through its dim windows of the wretched and disconsolate wife.

We will not weary the reader by minutely relating the household occurrences of eighteen years; during that time how much had happened! Each

event, perhaps, had been trivial in itself, but the aggregate of events had left a very perceptible effect upon the minds of Charlotte and her husband. Affliction had made them obdurate, and their inmost feelings were becoming more and more depraved. Yet conscience had not quite lost its sway, and sometimes, in a fit of remorse, they would again be found in the house of prayer. But their conduct was beginning to bring forth its worst effects upon their children. Of these, Providence had given them twelve, the eldest of whom was a boy, named after his father, and the second a girl, who bore her mother's name. The boy was now approaching manhood, but he was idle and dissipated. He had received the rudiments of learning at a day-school, and was also sent to a sabbath school; but the good impressions derived from these sources were quite obliterated by the example which was set before him at home; he grew up a vagabond and confirmed sot. Their third child was a son, and he too, in a few years, entered man's estate. He had derived from domestic training no fixed principles. At first, he seemed steady, and awoke a hope that he, at least, would furnish a corrective influence to the younger members of the family, now rapidly rising up. This hope was strengthened when he married the daughter of his employer, and established himself in a flourishing business. But the expectation was sadly delusive. He had no conception of domestic duties; he spent his evenings in the ale-house; dissipation was followed by want, and very soon he was lodged in goal for deserting his wife and family.

But the eldest daughter—what course did she pursue? She, too, had entered upon life. Whether wisely or not, we will not stay to determine, her parents had apprenticed her in a dress-making and millinery establishment. A profession of this kind might have been harmless to a girl of a different disposition, or if she had been properly treated at home; but in this instance it at least tended to produce the worst consequences. She was naturally fond of dress; her companions were gay, and she was anxious to vie with them. Instead of endeavouring, with proper parental indulgence, to supply her reasonable wants, and, at the same time, kindly admonishing her to beware of the vanities of dress, her parents treated her harshly, gave her no gentle counsel, and took little care even to render her appearance decent. Piety would have counteracted the effects of such treatment; but, alas! her spiritual interest had been neglected. She had never been taught that the fashion of this world passeth away, or outreated, in the language of motherly affection, to seek those things which are above. The result we know not how to tell. We might describe how she first wandered into the paths of open sin, giving her name to degradation and her soul to ruin; but the first lapse, however vividly portrayed, would convey no adequate conception of the train of terrible vicissitudes which followed, or of the depth of infamy in which she still lives—corrupted and corrupting. Mantle her, shades of fittest silence! Let no echo of her name be heard! But may omnipotent grace effect what human pity is powerless to produce, and bring another Magdalen to the feet of Jesus.

We have said—corrupted and corrupting: one

illustration shall suffice for the meaning which may be hidden under such simple words. She had a sister—her parent's fifth child. She was sent from home at an early age, instructed, before leaving it, that her adieus were final. A place of service had been provided, and there she *must* stay. And long she did stay: Seven or eight years she continued in the same family, and, as she had been rescued early from the contaminating influences of home, her character appeared, at the commencement of youth, singularly amiable; her disposition and manners evincing a simplicity which enhanced her natural attractiveness. At the end of the period just mentioned, a change in the family where she had resided rendered her situation very irksome. She complained of hardships, and resolved to leave; but the fear of not being received kindly at home, and the difficulty of procuring another situation, induced her from time to time to remain. At length she could bear it no longer; and one day she fled, like Hagar, from the face of her mistress, and went home. Where should she have gone? Who were her natural protectors? Where can a child find a refuge, if not at a parent's door? This, however, was shut against her. She found the edict still in force which blindly, inexorably, criminally proclaimed that she could find no shelter there. One asylum yet was open—her sister's; and thither, in a fit of desperation and chagrin, she bent her steps. Piety, had she happily known its power, would have raised an impassable barrier in this fatal path. Religion would have said No, and taught her to pronounce it, when vice held out to her its glittering allurements. She would then have seen that patience and submission are best, and that no hardships which may be thrown in our way are any excuse for sin. But she was a stranger to religion; her parents had never taught her the value of her soul; had never taught her the divine maxim, that it is better to submit to tortures and death than do anything to risk its ruin. Undeterred by such thoughts, she sought an asylum in the abode of vice, and for years she flouted by the pathway of life, a gaudy but blasted flower. She is now dead. The simplest narrative of that, to her all-important, event would seem, perhaps, to verge on the improbabilities of fiction. We therefore refrain from giving details which would serve no useful end; suffice it that she was caught up in the whirlwind of an unhappy passion, and ended her life by poison. Her father was summoned to her bedside, and there, the first time probably for many years, he knelt by his dying child, supplicating a pardon for her sins and for his own. A few hours, and her body reposed in a cold, unhonoured grave. Her soul—oh, that sovereign Mercy may have heard that prayer; but if not, in the skirts of whose garments will her blood be found?

We have mentioned the fifth child, but there was a fourth—a son, whose career must be briefly delineated. During his boyhood he remained nominally at home; but, from what has already been narrated, it will be readily supposed that this conferred upon him no moral benefit. His religious principles systematically neglected, he soon became thoroughly depraved, and it was easy to recognise in his yet juvenile features the linea-

ments of cunning, laziness, and crime. In order to get finally rid of him, his parents persuaded him to emigrate, and, with the assistance of a few friends, they procured for him a passage to Australia. For several years very little was heard of him. He had carried with him, through the kindness of a Christian friend, a bible and several religious books, and it was hoped that entire absence from his old companions might, by the divine blessing, be the occasion of a pleasing change. At length, to the surprise of his parents, he returned. He had grown tired of Sydney, and had worked his passage back. It was soon, however, but too apparent that exile, with its reflections, had produced no salutary effect. He was still more dissolute, and added to his former bad qualities a still greater measure of hardihood and daring. Yet, strange to say, he wished to marry. The experiment of a family with a profligate head was to be repeated in him. This step might have been taken; it often is, and thus successive waves of pollution sweep through the land; thus vice perpetuates its influence from age to age. In this instance, the evil of such a step was prevented, though by one of scarcely less magnitude. The young person to whom he wished to pay his addresses happily had pious connexions, who effectually dissuaded her from giving him the slightest encouragement, and soon after she made choice of another, whose excellent character entitled him to the preference. Instead of accepting the rebuke as a motive to improvement, he sought revenge. "Here, too, we shall rein our pen. The simple fact is enough: he attempted her destruction, and its full consummation was only foiled by the merest accident. Arraigned before the tribunal of his country, a jury, the foreman of which had formerly taught him in a Sunday-school, returned a verdict of "guilty," and the merciful sentence of "death recorded" alone rescued him from the highest penalty of the law.

In the above narrative we have simply told a few unvarnished facts which have happened within our own knowledge, and we can unhesitatingly vouch for the accuracy of every syllable. If our object had been to harrow up the feelings of the reader, we might have told much more which we consign to oblivion; or if to give vice the dignity of a historical record, we might go on, and fill up the domestic sketch of which we have given the outlines. But our object is very different from either of these. We trust it will be felt that *the family* is the birthplace of society, the character of which is determined by the influences which reign there; that the foundation of a virtuous household must be laid in the piety of those whose union creates it; and that religion alone can furnish a discipline by which the sinfulness of our nature can be effectually restrained. If this brief narrative teach any who are entering into life the necessity of prudence in forming those engagements which terminate only with the grave, or make any parent more deeply sensible of the solemn trust reposed in his keeping, or lead any sincere philanthropist to trace the evils which wound society to man's wicked heart, and to find the consequent remedy in those divine influences which make us "new creatures in Christ Jesus," our end will be gained—our fervent wishes will be fulfilled.

MANUFACTURE OF INDIA-RUBBER.

A GREAT part of the usefulness of india-rubber depends upon the process known as "vulcanizing," whereby textures of which it forms a part are exempted from the action of heat and cold. This process has hitherto been performed by the mixture of sulphur and lead, or of sulphur alone, with the rubber. A discovery recently made in this country, by Mr. Burke will put an end to the contests between patentees of various processes, by introducing a new process, which is simpler and cheaper than the old ones, and, dispensing with the use of sulphur, as it does, avoids the unpleasant smell caused by that substance. Though patented in England, this new process has already been employed in America.

The discovery may be succinctly described as follows. We condense from the language of the inventor. Mix 15 parts of golden sulphuret of antimony with 100 parts of India-rubber, and when thoroughly "masticated," as known to manufacturers, the articles are to be made up and then submitted to heat in a boiler under pressure at a temperature varying from 260° to 280° Fahrenheit.

A manufacturer has shown us specimens made by mixing a much larger portion of golden sulphuret of antimony with the same quantity of rubber named above. The product is exceedingly elastic, tough, and beautiful in appearance, while it is perfectly free from the smell of sulphur. At the same time, it has no appearance of bloom, which is a point of the first importance.

The heating of compounds of rubber in a boiler under pressure was first introduced from England into the United States some three years ago. Since then, the manufacture of rubber goods has more than doubled in amount. This new discovery, by which antimony takes the place of sulphur, will extend still further this branch of American industry, than which none has received more attention from scientific men.

The same inventor describes a new kind of cloth in these words:—"The second part of my invention refers to the manufacture of water-proof cloths or garments, known as single textures, and consists in removing the shiny or polished appearance of the surface thereof, which is very generally objected to from its resemblance to common oiled or painted cloths. In order to effect this improvement, I mix with caoutchouc, either prepared as above or not, from ten to fifteen per cent. of ground silk, cotton, or wool (after the manner of flock), and dissolve it in a suitable menstruum, or I mix the flock with the caoutchouc when dissolved. With this solution I coat the surface of the cloth, which has previously been prepared with the water-proof composition in the ordinary manner of such manufacture, and thereby impart to the water-proof surface an appearance greatly resembling woollen cloth. This cloth may be afterward put through the heating process, and another cloth or fabric cemented thereto as a lining, if required."

BAD BOOKS AND EVIL COMPANY.—Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

Remarkable Instances of Memory.

GROTIUS, LORD GRANVILLE, AND OTHERS.—The memory of Grotius was so retentive that he remembered almost every thing he read. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses after once reading them. Lord Granville knew the Greek Testament, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of the Revelation.

Borri, of Milan, was considered a prodigy for his retentive and comprehensive memory. When the works of Labienus were burnt by the common executioner, Cassius Severus was present, and cried out, that they must burn him also, for he possessed the contents of all the books in his memory.

THE YOUNG BRAHMIN.—"I have lately witnessed," says an Indian missionary, "a remarkable instance of a wonderfully retentive memory in a young Brahmin from Rammal. Three days ago, a gentleman wrote a sentence in English (of which language the Brahmin knew nothing) containing thirty syllables; each syllable was numbered in order. All the syllables, with their numbers, were told him, not in their proper order, but skipping from three to twenty, then to six, and so on. When the whole sentence was finished, the Brahmin, arranging the numbers in his head in regular order, told the sentence, word for word. To-day we wrote him a sentence in English, of sixty-nine syllables, and proceeded in telling him the numbers, as before. While this was going on, I wrote a sentence in Hebrew, containing fourteen syllables, telling the numbers in the same skipping manner; while this was proceeding, he repeated to us the sentence which he had heard three days before; and when the numbers of the new English and Hebrew sentences were finished, he told us both of them in regular order, as if he had read them from a book. This was certainly a prodigious memory, and astonished us all.

COOKE, THE TRAGEDIAN.—Of strong memory, few examples will compare, in force, with that of Cooke, the tragedian; who, it is said, committed the *entire contents* of a daily newspaper in the space of eight hours!

VOLTAIRE AND THE ENGLISHMAN.—An Englishman, at a certain time, came to Frederic the Great of Prussia, for the express purpose of giving him an exhibition of his power of recollection. Frederic went to Voltaire, who read to the king a pretty long poem which he had just finished. The Englishman was present, and was in such a position that he could hear every word of the poem, but was concealed from Voltaire's notice.

After the reading of the poem was finished, Frederic observed to the author, that the production could not be an original one, as there was a foreign gentleman present who could recite every word of it. Voltaire listened with amazement to the stranger, as he repeated, word for word, the poem which he had been at so much pains in composing, and, giving way to a momentary freak of passion, he tore the manuscript in pieces. A statement was then made to him of the circumstances under which the Englishman became acquainted with his poem, which had the effect to mitigate his anger, and he was very willing to do penance for the suddenness of his passion, by copying down the work from a second repetition of it by the stranger, who was able to go through with it as before.

PORSON AT SCHOOL.—Professor Porson, when a boy at Eton school, discovered the most astonishing powers of memory. On going up to a lesson one day, he was accosted by a boy in the same form—"Porson, what have you got there?" "Horace." "Let me look

at it." Porson handed the book to the boy, who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Porson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed *Carm. l. x.* very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said, "Porson, you seem to me to be reading on one side of the page, while I am looking at the other; pray whose edition have you?" Porson hesitated. "Let me see it," rejoined the master; who, to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Porson was ordered to go on; which he did easily, correctly, and promptly, to the end of the ode.

LOUISA WEST'S MEMORY.—Miss Louisa West, a girl fifteen years of age, at Georgetown, Kentucky, committed to memory, accurately, the whole New Testament in six weeks, at the same time attending to her other domestic duties.

ASTONISHING MENTAL FEAT.—A remarkable instance is related, by Dr. Matklin, of a man who waited on the Greffier Fagel, to display his wonderful memory, offering to give any proof of it that might be required. A newspaper was lying on the table, and he was requested to read it through, and then repeat it verbatim. He accordingly did so, without omitting a single word, from the title to the imprint at the end. The Greffier Fagel expressing his astonishment, "Oh," said the man, "this is nothing; shall I now repeat the same backwards?" "It is impossible!" replied the Greffier. "By no means," said the other, "if you have patience to hear it." He then, without the least hesitation, repeated every separate article, beginning at the imprint and ending at the title.

WIT VERSUS MEMORY.—Thomas Fuller wrote the History of the Worthies of England, a performance of great merit, and many other valuable works. Astonishing things are reported of his memory. From once hearing a sermon, he could repeat the whole of it verbatim. He undertook, in going from Temple Bar to the further end of Cheapside, to tell, at his return, every sign as it stood in order, on both sides of the way, repeating them either backwards or forwards, which he performed exactly. He was a learned, industrious, lively writer, but rather fond of punning. He was a very corpulent man; and once, as he was riding with a gentleman of the name of Sparrowhawk, he could not resist the opportunity of passing a joke upon him. "Pray what is the difference," said he, "between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" The other answered this satirical question as follows: "An owl is fuller in the head, fuller in the body, and fuller all over."

BISHOP JEWELL.—The famous Bishop Jewell had, by application and industry, so improved his retentive powers, that he could readily repeat any thing that he had written, after once reading it over; and therefore usually at the ringing of the bell he began to commit his sermon to heart, and kept what he learnt so firmly, that he used to say, if he were to make a speech promeditatedly before a thousand auditors, who were shouting or fighting all the while, he could repeat the whole of what he had designed to deliver. Many barbarous and hard names out of a calendar, and forty strange words, Welsh, Irish, etc., after once reading, or twice at the most, with a short meditation, he could repeat, both forwards and backwards, without any hesitation. Sir Francis Bacon reading to him only the last clauses of ten lines in Erasmus's paraphrase, in a confused and dismembered manner, he, after a small pause, rehearsed in the right way, and without a single mistake.

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A RAMBLE TO FOUNTAINS ABBEY

WHAT traveller, who has become familiar with the West Riding of Yorkshire—especially if inclination or ill health have induced him to make a temporary sojourn in that agreeable watering-place yeleft Harrogate—is not already acquainted with the localities of Studley Park and Fountains Abbey? Certainly, if the love of fine scenery and hoary antiquities should happen to be combined in the same individual, it is difficult to conceive of

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an excursion in which both may be more amply gratified—especially if the excursionist happened to be a prisoner escaped from

“The smoke and stir of the dim spots
Which men call”

(to vary Milton's application) Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester, Bradford, or by any other manufacturing appellative! After all, for those who have been accustomed to imbibe that pestiferous compound of hydrogen and carbon which constitutes

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the atmosphere of most large towns, there is no laughing gas like fresh air; and if the West Riding has abundance of the bane, it has also of the antidote. No air is more dry and pure than that which sweeps over its mountain scenery.

The ruins of Fountains Abbey stand contiguous to the park and grounds of Studley, near Ripon, with which they have become incorporated, though the day was when Fountains was the feudal possession to which all lands around bore only the relation of ecclesiastical fiefs. The property is now held by Earl de Grey.

The entrance to the park at Studley is majestic. Look up that fine avenue of noble trees which flank the rising road leading up to the mansion, like a guard of honour waiting to give you welcome! Take a draught here, traveller, of what Wordsworth calls "the spirit of the season!" Do you mark that broad deep shadow which stretches itself like dark carpeting beneath those noble trees? Observe the numerous deer calmly reposing in the sultry day, or, alarmed by your approach, trotting off their antlered forms to a position of greater security. And now that we have reached the top of this ascending avenue, turn yourself round and take a glance at the noble prospect behind you. The cathedral of Ripon, at two miles distance, nobly fills in the background of which the park of Studley is the forefront. How well the double western towers of that building meet the eye at this point! Perhaps you are impressed by a remarkable resemblance between this cathedral and the grand York Minster. You are right; Ripon was the prototype of its superb rival. But what a difference between the lancet window of the early English style, naked of ornament and extremely cold in its general character, and the florid and gorgeous decorations which overwhelm you by their magnificence, on the corresponding facade of York! Ripon and Fountains Abbey were once closely connected; and Thurstan, archbishop of York, was in a large degree the founder of both. Tradition speaks of an underground connection existing somewhere still, between the two erections. But almost all cathedrals have some similar tradition attached to them, and we may well be slow in trusting to such sources of information, unless corroborated by more unexceptionable evidences.

And now, turning aside from the road which leads to the mansion at Studley, we make our way under a grand over-arching avenue of trees, to the entrance to the pleasure-grounds. Above and around us is a glorious specimen of the suggestive original of the nave of our Gothic cathedrals. The analogy is close, and, allowing for the difference between the original vegetation and its stone imitation, complete. But if there be many points of resemblance, there are more of contrast. Art cannot copy that "long-drawn arch" which seeks no aid from uniformity, but combines so wonderfully unity with variety. Still less can it imitate in its cold chiselled stone, the lines of beauty instinct with the life of green and clustering leaves. And when did any fumes of the richest frankincense, Sabaean though it were, approach the deliciousness of the slightly but sweetly perfumed air, rich with the odours of hidden flowers and vegetable fragrance? What "storied window," however "richly light," can throw across the floor a pat-

tern like to that network of shadow which lies under our feet? Or how can the noblest strain of the cathedral's organ, though we may love it well, rival the breeze which swells along those natural arches, every seritone of it vibrating upon the poetical soul! Nature! omnipotent nature! there is not a tone of thy voice, there is not a dimple on thy cheek, which does not bear testimony to the Divinity of thy unseen Author!

We will here leave our neophyte to roam at his pleasure among the ornamented grounds of Studley Park. He may wish to follow the serpentine windings which make a small area appear of imposing dimensions; he may delight to look, through artificial openings formed in the hedges, at statues of Hercules, Anturus, or the dying gladiator; or to see a mere ribbon of a river spread out into sheets and cascades of ornamented water; or to pay his respects to the appropriate illustrations of filial piety, as they are gathered into a bright-looking Grecian temple; or to mark the artifices by which an octagon tower is made to assume an altitude which the laws of gravity and architecture proclaim to be impossible; or he may admire, when he shall have reached a certain elevated alcove, the theatrical trick which, by suddenly opening some closed shutters, shall abruptly introduce him to the first view, and a grand one it is, of Fountains Abbey. We take a shorter road to the spot, which we shall reach by our route long before him.

Reader, does your heart thrill at the sight of an ancient ruin? Do you delight to catch the varied tints which disport themselves among the half-buried stones and tottering arches of time-worn structures? Have you the artistic eye which can detect more beauty in the edifice now pervaded by an open atmosphere, than ever it possessed in the days of its most splendid artificial illumination? Do you delight to live over again, in your imaginative combinations, days of a past history—to place yourself side by side with revivified ancestors—to think as you suppose them to have thought—to learn lessons from their ignorance or frailties—to lift

"The shroud which time has cast
O'er buried hopes?"

then no place will prove more rich in materials for your purpose than the ruin within the precincts of which we are standing.

In a deep sequestered valley, shut in by considerable hills, which mix the landscape with the quiet of the sky, and at the base of which flows a small and very inconsiderable rivulet, called the Skell, stand the remains we have come to visit; those, namely, of Fountains Abbey, heretofore one of the largest monastic structures in England, and at this day a group of ruins which have no equal in their extent. We will not specify the pains which have been taken in repairing and restoring; we need only say, that what has been done has been accomplished so judiciously as to leave everything veritable, while it has attempted in some degree to arrest the progress of decay. The general view embraces a noble tower, foursquare, rising majestically and rivalling the hills in height; surrounded by enormous masses of ruin, and displaying a combination such as a painter's eye loves to dwell upon. But the scene is not alone interesting as a landscape. It exhibits, in a comparatively

complete form, all the appurtenances which belonged to an ancient abbey of the largest class—cloisters, refectory, dormitory, kitchens, mills, locutoria, dungeons, infirmary, chapter-house, and church—illustrating many a page of history, and recalling scenes which prompt wonder and pity by turns. The architecture is that of the feudal period; the construction having been begun, and, of course, the plans formed, about 1132, which year was the last of the criminal and treacherous reign of Henry I., and immediately before the troubled one of his successor, Stephen. There still exists in the immediate vicinity a grove of yew-trees, under which, it is related, the body of Cistercian monks, who were sent over to England by St. Bernard, took up their residence whilst the abbey was in process of erection, and the evidently great antiquity of these trees renders the supposition extremely probable. Sad times were those for Old England! The intolerable oppressions of the feudal system held men bound "in affliction and iron." Britons had not yet learned the great lessons which led the way to civil liberty and religious intelligence, though the alphabetical instruction in such subjects was soon to commence; and the ecclesiastical intolerance and despotism of the church of Rome was rapidly culminating to its zenith and speedily showed its influence in the disastrous contest between Henry II and Becket. Form and ceremonial overlaid and crushed out the energies of spiritual religion, and the system which appealed at every turn to the eye preserved little which could waken up the heart. Soon after its establishment, Fountains Abbey rose into great importance and influence, and sent out branches of its order in many directions in its neighbourhood. However retired and secluded its situation, it did not yet escape the desolation of the times; and in the year 1146, nearly all the then existing edifice was destroyed. A new building of greater splendour immediately rose upon its ruins, and Fountains became so rich as to contribute a considerable sum towards the ransom of Richard I., and to be a prey to the extortionate cupidity of his successor, King John. At this time, it possessed estates extending over the whole district for many miles around it.

The order of Cistercian monks was a stricter form of the Benedictines—a class greatly promoted by St. Bernard, who, with many errors, was one of the brightest stars of the church of Rome.

As we enter these buildings on the western side, we see by the bank of the river the ancient mill, built so as to avail itself of the water power afforded by the stream, and immediately adjoining an extensive eleemosynary, where once existed a large apparatus for the daily feeding of the poor. An archway conducts the visitor from this point to the cloisters—a prolonged gallery, consisting of two lines of low arches, uniting in a row of pillars, which ran down the middle, and extending in grand perspective to a length of 270 feet. Here the black-robed monks might be seen pacing at the appropriate hours, seldom permitted to address each other, and when they did, only upon prescribed subjects, and interdicted from all which might excite laughter. Each brother was required always to have his head inclined, and his eyes fixed downwards. The imaginative visitor seems to mark with pain some countenances sharp

with the rigours of an ill-judged asceticism, and perhaps many more dark with the impress of stolid ignorance, not without physiognomies of hypocritical vice.

Towards one end of this striking gallery, there still remains a large cistern, somewhat resembling the laver of the Jewish temple, probably used for ablutions. The story above constituted the dormitory, a very spacious apartment, now unroofed and in decay, where the brethren slept under the superintendence of a dean, fully dressed and ready to rise when the canonical hours demanded their devotions. A door from the side of the cloister leads to a quadrangular court, within which perhaps the monks, like other prisoners, beguiled the tedium of their lives by the cultivation of such flowers as are adapted to a warm and genial enclosure. From the quadrangle we reach a large and well-proportioned chamber, the ancient refectory, where, at the hour of dinner, which was ordinarily at noon, but on fast days at 3 P.M., the monks partook of their repast. Immediately adjoining are the remains of the great kitchen, which, whatever the strictness of the rules of St. Benedict regarding diet, are constructed in a manner which suggests a generous hospitality, and the duties of which were performed by the brethren themselves. The refectory still exhibits the stone gallery in which, during meals, an appointed monk read selected passages of Scripture, or, more generally, those undiscerning legends which fed the superstition and deadened the pity of a dark and gloomy age; and sometimes those narratives passing under the name of the "wonders of the world," which exhibited so singular a mixture of the information learned from the Crusades, with the fictions of a bloated credulity. Close by are the dungeons of the abbey, where refractory monks experienced the terrors of four stone walls, partly underground, with the society of such reptiles as delight in damp and darkness.

Another side of the quadrangle of which we have spoken, is occupied by the chapter-house, where the business of the society was transacted and its punishments awarded. Some of these consisted in suspension from the table, and in being forbidden all intercourse with the brethren, whilst others included severe penalties, such as whipping, incarceration, and expulsion. Beneath the walls of this cloister were laid the once mitred heads of many of the abbots. Only two inscriptions remain:—

"*Hic requiescit Dominus Johannes I., Abbas de Fontibus, qui obiit viii. Decembris.*"

"*Hic requiescit Dominus Johannes II., Abbas de Fontibus.*"

Adjoining are some buildings conjectured to have been an infirmary. Over the chapter-house was the scriptorium, in which, under the direction of the armarian, were executed those books which made, in their day, the nearest approach to printing, and sold at high prices; they now sell at still higher ones, as articles worthy to be placed in the cabinets of the curious.

We enter the church, one of the most majestic and imposing masses of ruin of which, perhaps, it is possible to conceive. True, it is now unroofed and desolate; and he who would form any

Conjecture of the beauty of its once richly painted windows, must grope among the ruins for fractured pieces of its broken glass; or if he would estimate the richness of its tessellated pavements, must infer it from the slender specimens yet preserved. But a glance from end to end—along the lines of its now vacant windows foliaged with rich ivy, or across the area surmounted by its giant tower, and open to the windows of heaven—is electrical. The architecture is of the richest and lightest pattern; the walls were decorated by the most highly finished marble ornaments; the church exhibited in its day the utmost magnificence of external ritual; and when the monks, clad in the white robes with black hoods which formed the costume of their devotions, passed in the pompous procession, or muttered, in a tongue unknown to the vulgar, the sublime prayers mingled with the superstitious interjections of the ancient church, whilst the altar blazed with lights, and incense filled the air, it is no wonder if Fountains Abbey was “the cynosure” of the whole vicinity. But they are gone—those majestic ceremonies, that decorated shrine, those gorgeous accompaniments; and they have left us, thanks to the God of the Bible! all that has been worth retaining. Once, when we were visiting the abbey, a party from Stonyhurst was collected around the high altar, chanting in deep sonorous voices the “*Oratio nobis*,” to which those walls had once been accustomed to echo. The effect was startling; but it only provoked the thanksgiving that England now possessed a purer faith. May she look upon it as her noblest treasure, and glorify by her use of it the Providence which has made it hers!

Very recent discoveries have laid open a part of the ruins never explored before: and by removing large heaps of rubbish, which had been carted on one side to clear the church, have exposed the abbot's house to modern view. Here were discovered remains of pottery; bones of beef and venison; the last supply of coal left when the abbey was dismantled; tokens and ornaments of various kinds, with other matters precious in the eyes of the antiquary, but an enumeration of which would prove tedious to the general reader. Fountains Abbey was dismantled by Henry VIII, not without discoveries that its inhabitants had ceased to live by the rule of their order.

So passes away the magnificent, the rich, the powerful!

“The past is but a gorgeous dream,
And time glides by us like a stream,
While musing on thy story;
And sorrow prompts a deep Alas!
That, like a pageant, thus should pass
To wreck all human glory.”

A MODEL COMMERCIAL ESTABLISHMENT.

We subjoin the following extract from one of the most interesting and useful works which has appeared for many years, and which we have unqualified pleasure in recommending to the speedy perusal of all our readers. The work is entitled “The Suc-

cessful Merchant: or, Sketches of the Life of Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill, Bristol.” It is a book written in a singularly lively and happy manner, and one too which no attentive reader can take up without finding himself benefited by the perusal.

You might often have seen driving into Bristol, a man under the middle size, verging towards sixty, wrapped up in a coat of deep olive, with grey hair, an open countenance, a quick brown eye, and an air less expressive of polish than of push. He drives a phaeton, with a first-rate horse, at full speed. He looks as if he had work to do, and had the art of doing it. On the way he overtakes a woman carrying a bundle. In an instant the horse is reined up by her side, and a voice of contagious promptitude tells her to put up her bundle and mount. The voice communicates to the astonished pedestrian its own energy. She is forthwith seated, and away dashes the phaeton. In a few minutes the stranger is deposited in Bristol, with the present of some pretty little book, and the phaeton hastes on to Nelson-street. There it turns into the archway of an immense warehouse. “Here, boy; take my horse, take my horse!” It is the voice of the head of the firm. The boy flies. The master passes through the offices as if he had three days' work to do. Yet his eye notes everything. He reaches his private office. He takes from his pocket a memorandum-book, on which he has set down, in order, the duties of the day. A boy waits at the door. He glances at his book, and orders the boy to call a clerk. The clerk is there promptly, and receives his instructions in a moment. “Now what is the next thing?” asks the master, glancing at his memorandum. Again the boy is on the wing, and another clerk appears. He is soon dismissed. “Now, what is the next thing?” again looking at the memorandum. At the call of the messenger, a young man now approaches the office door. He is a “traveller;” but notwithstanding the habitual push and self-possession of his class, he evidently is approaching his employer with reluctance and embarrassment. He almost pauses at the entrance. And now that he is face to face with the strict man of business, he feels much confused. “Well, what's the matter? I understand you can't make your cash quite right.”

“No, Sir.”

“How much are you short?”

“Eight pounds, sir.”

“Never mind; I am quite sure you have done what is right and honourable. It is some mistake; and you won't let it happen again. Take this and make your account straight.”

The young man takes the proffered paper. He sees an order for ten pounds; and retires as full of admiration as he had approached full of anxiety.

“Now, what is the next thing?” This time a porter is summoned. He comes forward as if he expected rebuke. “Oh! I have got such a complaint reported against you. You know that will never do. You must not let that occur again.”

Thus, with incredible despatch, matter after matter is settled, and all who leave that office go to their work as if some one had oiled all their joints.

At another time, you find the master passing

through the warehouse. Here his quick glance descries a man who is moving drowsily, and he says a sharp word that makes him, in a moment, nimble. There, he sees another blundering at his work. He had no idea that the master's eye was upon him, till he finds himself suddenly supplanted at the job. In a trice, it is done; and his master leaves him to digest the stimulant. Now a man comes up to tell him of some plan he has in his mind, for improving something in his own department of the business. "Yes, thank you, that's a good idea;" and putting half-a-crown into his hand, he passes on. In another place he finds a man idling. You can soon see that of all spectacles this is the one least to his mind. "If you waste five minutes, that is not much; but probably if you waste five minutes yourself, you lead some one else to waste five minutes, and that makes ten. If a third follow your example, that makes a quarter of an hour. Now, there are about a hundred and eighty of us here; and if every one wasted five minutes in a day, what would it come to? Let me see. Why, it would be fifteen hours; and fifteen hours a day would be ninety hours, about eight days, working time, in a week; and in a year, would be four hundred days. Do you think we could ever stand waste like that?" The poor loiterer is utterly confounded. He had no idea of eating up fifteen hours, much less four hundred days, of his good employer's time; and he never saw before how fast five minutes could be multiplied.

Turning from this energetic merchant to the establishment of which he is the head, you are astonished at its magnitude and order. "What business do you call yours?" would be your natural inquiry. "General Provision Merchants." And, verily, they do seem bent on making general provision. The warehouse is one hundred and eighty feet long, by three hundred and fifty at its greatest depth. You pass from office to office, from yard to yard, from loft to loft, and from loft to cellar, till you wonder how all this has been brought under one roof. Then you are led across the street to commence a similar process, on a smaller scale, in a bonded warehouse. Even though you have travelled a good deal, you may find the tour of that warehouse a curious and instructive journey. Here you come upon a region of loaf sugar, where it is stored up, pile upon pile, as if seven years of saccharine famine had been foretold. There you light upon a tract of sugar tierces, before which you cease to wonder at the piles of loaf.

"What!" you say to yourself, "are all these tierces to be melted away in tea-cups?" Then, thinking such masses must move off slowly, you ask, "How much does each tierce weigh?"

"Ten hundred weight."

"And do you sell many of them whole?"

"We sold two hundred and fifty last week."

Here, you come upon a territory overgrown with tea-chests; there, upon a colony of casks replenished with nutmegs, cassia, and all spicery. Again, you are environed with piled-up boxes of fruit; then, with a vast snowy region of flour. Presently, you are in a land of coffee; then, in a realm where treacle reigns alone, parading itself, in hogshhead after hogshhead, and dozens of hogshheads, till you see there is more treacle in the world than you ever

thought before. Now, you are wandering in a wilderness of cheques; then, on lofts which groun under mountains of peas. Here, tobacco abounds; there, bacon. And, as if to mock your surprise at the large store of articles which rank among the necessities of life, you find a heap of canary seed, which, in a barn, would look respectable for a heap of corn. As you prosecute your journey, here you are in stables with stalls for forty or fifty horses; there, in a carpenter's shop; again, amongst a band of coopers. Below, you find a troop of wagoners lading their capacious carts, and unloading off to distribute the contents to steam-boats and railways, in an array that would do no discredit to a military commissariat. In one office (through which you must needs pass to get into the warehouse), you have a clerk whose business is simply to learn your errand, and to direct you accordingly. In another, you have a salesman, surrounded by all manner of samples, and cheerfully at the service of any customer for cash. In another set of offices you have a large array of clerks. In each department you find a head man with his troop under him. Here, they are breaking up tierces of sugar, and mixing the different kinds. There, they are weighing flour. In this corner, you find a man before a solid heap of currants, which stubbornly retains the form of the cask, belabouring it with an instrument uncommonly like a fork in a stable yard. Here, they are with an order-book, making up the items of an order. There, they are weighing and packing. In a central position, an inspector is placed in a counting-house glazed on all sides, from which he can look out on the whole stream of business, as it passes to and fro. In another place, you find a monster coffee-roaster in full play. Again, you are in a room where some half-dozen kinds of tea are ready to be tasted by one of the principals. Presently you light upon a band who are hidden behind a drapery of flour bags, and, thus secluded, are repairing such bags as have suffered in the service. Near these, you see three boys seated at an anvil, hammering old nails straight. This, you are told, is one of the first steps in the establishment. On entering, a boy is set to this work. If diligent here, he is promoted to serve under the master bag-mender. If he do well there, he is made a messenger. And then, his future position in the house, depends entirely on his ability and application. "But," you are very likely to ask, "what are these old nails, which the boys are beating straight?"

"Oh! they are the old nails picked up about the concern."

"And, are there old nails enough picked up about the concern to keep three boys employed?"

"Not constantly."

As you pass through the different scenes of labour, you find the men moving with great regularity. Every one is at work, yet there is no haste. You receive an impression of activity, rather than of bustle. You naturally inquire, "What are your hours of business?"

"The men come at six; some of the clerks at half-past seven. We leave just when we have done; the clerks about four; the porters at from five to half-past."

"When you have done; what do you mean by that?"

"We always do the day's work within the day; and we are at liberty to leave when it is done."

You would, perhaps, wish to know more about this doing the day's work within the day; but for that you must wait till we reach another chapter. At present, we are only looking round the premises and gathering general impressions.

It is a great pleasure to go through a stirring house of manufacture, or of commerce, and see clean attire, healthy complexions, and cheerful looks. Sometimes, one is agreeably surprised to find how fit this is the case, even when the occupation and the atmosphere are very unfriendly. But the great warehouse in Nelson-street, Bristol, is exempt from the difficulties which some kinds of business present to cleanliness, cheerfulness and health. There you see scarcely a face that raises a suspicion of drunken or disorderly habits; scarcely an attire but seems comfortable, according to the grade. You meet with many whose men tells you explicitly that they are thoughtful, intelligent men. And several who pass in white apron and cap, strike you at once as having the expression that indicates a mind to which the comforts and the virtue of piety are habitual. And keep your ear open as you may, you will not catch an oath or an unseemly word.

In your course round the premises, you visit with one large room, which contains no merchandise, and has no air of business. A long range of neat forms are its sole contents, except a table at the head. On the table lie "Fletcher's Family Devotion" and "Wesley's Hymns." "What," you ask, in some doubt, "what is this place?"

"This is our chapel. A large number of men breakfast on the premises; and before breakfast half an hour is allowed for family worship. Then the men assemble here for that purpose."

Family worship here! you are ready to exclaim, surely it would be wise and good, if a family feeling could be shed over such a vast establishment, and the hearts of the men be saved from feeling, in the haste of business, that all relations but those of commerce were forgotten. Some sacred link ought surely to hallow the intercourse of those whose lot it is, day after day, to toil side by side. How often it seems to be taken for granted, that when the business of the day is begun, in a large concern, all family scenes and all religious thoughts must wait till the day is over?

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF IRON IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

No inconsiderable sensation at present exists in this midland county, renowned for its squires and spires, its shoemakers and graziers, owing to the discovery of metallic wealth beneath the surface of its rich cornfields and verdant pastures, quite unknown to the owners and occupiers of the soil, a few months ago. Let us put our readers upon a false scent, and imagination recurs to the treasure-hunting grounds of Australia and California, we may as well at once state that iron, and not gold, is the product in question. Enterprising capitalists are looking forward to profitable investments in the quarter referred to; speculative lawyers are dreaming of long bills consequent on the enrol-

ment of share-holding companies; farmers are thinking of taking refuge from the miseries of their trade in smelting-houses and forges; needy landholders are anticipating paying off mortgages, and meeting marriage settlements, with a delightful facility hitherto unknown; and the vision is entertained by some of the most sanguine minds, that eventually, ploughs, corn-ricks, and ox-stalls, will be largely superseded by monster chimneys and roaring furnaces.

There have indeed been wonderful changes in the aspect of the physical landscape, produced in various parts of England, owing to the development and working of subterranean mineral stores. From the height of Dudley castle hill, the modern visitor looks over a wide extent of country, at night illuminated by the glare of a thousand fires, resembling a grand centre of volcanic action. There, however, in olden time, the lordly owner of the dwelling spurred his horse through an unoccupied solitude, or a natural forest, abandoned to the bear, the red deer, and other animals of the chase. The woodland character of this district in ancient times, as well as of other parts of the country, now deprived of timber and the scenes of magnificence, is shown by the number of names of places relating to trees, and especially to the oak, while the distinction is claimed for South Staffordshire of having been selected for the winter residence of the arch-druid of England, at a place since ignominiously, and not inappropriately, called Knave's castle. Almy a dell, too, of Yorkshire and Lancashire, overgrown with trees and brushwood in the times of the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, seldom penetrated, except by the hunter or the hermit, and rarely disturbed in its silence, otherwise than by the cry of the kite and the splash of the torrent, has had its original features completely altered by becoming a site adapted for industrial employ, and accommodating a busy population. It would only then be a new edition of an old fact in our annals, if the grim features of an iron-making locality were to be impressed upon the pastoral banks of Northampton, the new coke-hearths obliterating the green sward, and clouds of smoke darkening the atmosphere. But though the anticipation of any such change is perfectly premature, the recent discoveries of iron ore in that locality may be expected to have an important effect upon the iron manufacture of the kingdom, while adding to the value of estates in that county, and opening a fresh branch of remunerative employment to the population.

In early times our iron was principally obtained from the weald of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. The ores in that district, oxides and silicates in the greensand formation of the cretaceous system, are still abundant. They only ceased to be available upon fuel for smelting becoming scarce; and the cheaper method being discovered of performing that operation with pit-coal, a mineral not to be found in the weald, but occurring in juxtaposition with ironstone in other localities. In the modern epoch, the hematites, or red iron ores of the carboniferous limestones, so called from their colour, though there are varying shades, have been worked to a great extent in Lancashire, the Forest of Dean, and Somersetshire. But the chief supply of the metal, equal to nineteen-twentieths

of the whole, has been drawn from the argillaceous or clay ironstone of Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and South Wales. This ore, though comparatively poor, has the amply compensating advantage of being found in great abundance, and of having a geological position in the coal measures, where it alternates in beds with layers of coal and other materials, so that the two minerals are often worked simultaneously, both products being raised to the surface through the same shaft. The vast extent of our resources, in relation to this most important of all the metals, may be appreciated from the calculation, that the beds cover an area of 4068 square miles in England, 1700 miles in Scotland, and 227 miles in Ireland; making a grand total of 7995 square miles. But, more recently, new stores of the product have been disclosed in connexion with the oolitic formation, which stretches from the south bank of the river Tees across the entire island, through Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Rutlandshire, Northamptonshire, and Oxfordshire, to Dorsetshire, being prolonged on the opposite side of the channel into France. It was at Middlesborough in the North, a few years ago, that a workman noticed a continuous deposit of iron at the bottom of a small spring. Calling attention to the fact, a portion of the stone was smelted, and the bed, fifteen feet thick at the outcrop, was found to contain 30 per cent. of iron. It has been rightly observed, and must be regarded unquestionably as a law of Providence, that the materials for the use of man, which are stored in the bosom of nature, have been developed at the exact times when the progress of society has most required them, and when other improvements have rendered them generally available. Of the truth of this remark we have a striking illustration in the case before us; for the extraordinary demand for iron, caused by the construction of railways, and other social requirements of the age, instead of leading to an increased price, has been met by the coincident discovery of new sources of supply, while without such facilities for the transport of the ore to sites favourable for smelting it as are afforded by railways, the revelation of these fresh stores of the metal would be comparatively useless.

The leading facts in relation to Northamptonshire are briefly as follow:—In the year 1854, iron ore of extraordinary purity and richness was found on the estate of Major-General the Hon. E. Arbutnot, near Thrapstone, from whose communication to the "Mining Journal," April 3, 1852, we gather the annexed interesting particulars. On this estate, the ironstone is found on the slope of a hill, and in the adjoining valley opening to the north-west, through which a small stream passes. It lies generally about four feet from the surface, the superior stratum being a rich light clay. The ore is not a solid rock, but occurs in nodules from 8 oz. to 6 lb. or 7 lb. weight, the produce being on the average about 48 per cent. of pure iron. In another part of the valley, which is about one mile and a half long, at the foot of a steep hill, there was subsequently discovered, close to the surface, masses of almost pure iron, weighing from half a pound to half a ton, so free from alloy as to become liquid and almost fit for use in the common forge of the village blacksmith. On a shaft being sunk in the upper part of this hill,

various strata of oolitic limestone and clays were penetrated, and a rock of ironstone was reached fifteen feet in thickness. A sample of the ore obtained in the district, assayed by Messrs. Johnson and Matthey, of Hatton-garden, in December last, gave 48 per cent. of iron, with a small portion of lime; another sample of a red oxide contained 51½ per cent. of pig-iron of the purest quality; a third specimen, assayed by Mr. Pantery, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, produced protoxide of iron, 73·84; lime, ·98; insoluble matter, 6·13; loss 19·5 = 100. It is stated to be the opinion of geologists and ironmasters who have inspected the district, and examined specimens of the produce, that the best ores are precisely identical with those found in India, in the valley of the Jura, and in some parts of Sweden, which are employed in the manufacture of the finest steel. It would be an important advantage, both in a public and private point of view, if our home produce should supersede the necessity of having to import from Sweden and Russia the finest steel iron, for which a very high price is paid. The remarkable statement has been made in relation to the Thrapstone estate, that from ploughing, draining, and other surface works, which have penetrated to a greater depth than where iron is now found in every direction, it is positively known, that the mineral could not have been so near the surface three years ago. Without a thorough sifting of the evidence upon which this opinion rests, it can neither be admitted nor disputed, though we do not startle at the fact itself, for the slow upheaval of mineral masses is a known event of the current epoch, and may be referable to the agency of the earth's electric currents. In the other parts of the county, landowners have been examining their properties, and, as the general result, the metallic wealth of Northamptonshire appears to be established beyond all question. It is singular, that this is only a re-discovery; for remains of extensive workings of the ore, carried on in ancient times, have been observed in Rockingham forest and other places; and, at his recent lecture at the Society of Arts, Mr. Blackwell, of Dudley, produced a specimen of half-calced iron which had been found in one of them.

It is seldom that men are satisfied with their measure of success. It often betrays them into visionary schemes entailing loss, instead of the hoped-for further profit. We have heard a rumour, that in consequence of the discovery of ironstone in Northamptonshire, it is again considered a feasible speculation to search there for coal, in order to establish the iron manufacture in the county. Such an enterprise, conducted in the oolite formation, is directly opposed by all sound geological principles, and can only issue in failure, disappointment, and useless expenditure. Many in that part of the kingdom have had mortifying experience upon this point; and a brief allusion to it in this paper will be pertinent to its subject, and not uninteresting, as showing the futility of researches commenced in opposition to all scientific views, and sanctioned only by ill-informed, though well-meaning, persons.

Leaving Northampton by the Old North road, the traveller may see, or might very recently, at a little distance to the right, on the rising grounds of

Kingsthorpe, a tall chimney surrounded with out-buildings, the exact resemblance of a working colliery in everything but work. The chimney once sent up a column of smoke, but has long been without that appendage. The buildings formerly covered in a steam-engine, but that has also vanished. They were occupied by workmen engaged in sinking a shaft, who have likewise taken their departure, the deserted tenements remaining a brick and mortar memorial of the folly of commencing a search for coal in the very heart of oolitic deposits. It happened that a person, employed to sink a well near the spot, bored through a bed of clay, which resembled, in its aspect, the blue *chunch*, or clay, frequently overlying coal. On this ground, the similarity of one bed of clay to another, a fact of the most common geological occurrence, the undertaking was advised by some uneducated workmen from Staffordshire, though competent scientific individuals, as Mr. Smith, the father of English geology, and Mr. Richardson, then of the British Museum, expressly denounced it as a mistaken enterprise. A joint-stock company was formed; a large amount of capital subscribed; the chimney rose; the steam-engine was erected; and shafts were sunk to the depth of 80 or 100 yards: heaps of blue clay rewarding the labours of the excavators, and flattering the speculators with hope of the darker-coloured mineral speedily making its appearance. At last, the discovery of coal was positively announced: specimens of it were even exhibited; shares rose with a sudden bound in the market; the managing committee became expectant millionnaires; and an ox was to be roasted in the market-place in honour of the great event. But the truth quickly oozed out, changing the aspect of affairs. It seems, that a reward having been offered for the first piece of coal procured, the workmen combined to get the prize, and decamped with it, having effected their purpose by burying a lump from the surface, at the bottom of the shaft. This unlucky incident, with the exhaustion of the funds, the impossibility of raising fresh supplies, and the irruption of a powerful spring into the works, terminated the adventure towards the year 1840, after an expenditure of 20,000*l*. An unfortunate shareholder, puzzled by a shaft full of water being the result of the labour of years, signalized his knowledge of physical geography and resignation to an inevitable loss, by supposing that they had "pricked through to the sea," thus tapping the ocean at the antipodes! After such experience, the Northamptonshire public will do well to look after their ironstone; and if promising appearances are maintained respecting its abundance and quality, it may then become a question, whether it will be the cheapest method of rendering it available, to transport the ore to the fuel, or bring the fuel to the ore. As yet, there is little reason to apprehend any change in the characteristic features of the landscape, or to look for carbonic fumes pervading the atmosphere, the sulphurous odour of calcining iron superseding the smell of hay and turnip fields, the song of birds being exchanged for the whizzing of steam, and the blows of the forge hammer supplanting the strokes of the flail.

The establishment of the iron manufacture in any locality depends, not only upon the readiness

with which the ironstone itself can be procured, but also upon the requisite supply of the fuel and limestone necessary for the smelting of the ore, and its conversion into malleable metal. Hence its seat is liable to change whenever any one of the three raw materials is either used up, or can be procured at less cost elsewhere. Allusion has been made to the existence of the manufacture in the south-eastern counties; the weald or woodland of Sussex, Surrey, and Kent. No one at present travelling through that district of quiet sylvan scenes and open downs, devoted to the cultivation of hops, cereal produce, and sheep-breeding, would imagine for a moment that secluded nooks, with

"Downy banks damask'd with flowers,"

had ever been in contact with less placid sounds than the bleating of flocks, the bee's wandering hum, the streams murmuring in their flow, and the leaves rustling in the breeze. Yet here, for centuries, were bellowing furnaces, and noisy flashing mills, with huge iron hammers beating the tenacious products of the forge, the hideous clang reverberating through the woods. The iron trade in Sussex can be distinctly traced to the middle of the thirteenth century, but its vigorous era commenced with the rise of the Tudors to the throne. It continued in great prosperity to the time of the Stuarts, and maintained a lingering existence to an advanced date of the eighteenth century. Our records mention a payment, in the year 1290, to Master Henry of Lewes, for the iron work of the monument of Henry III, in Westminster Abbey; and from other notices we learn, that the ponderous products manufactured near the Sussex coast were conveyed to London by water, no doubt owing to the impassable state of the roads. It was at Buxted, in this county, that the first cannons cast in England were made, by Ralph Hoge, in 1543, the thirty-fifth year of Henry VIII. In the reign of queen Mary, a native of this village, Richard Woodman, an ironmaster, was burnt at Lewes, with nine other Protestant martyrs. He stated, in one of his examinations before the bishop of Winchester, alluding to his business:—"Let me go home, I pray you, to my wife and children, to see them kept, and other poor folk that I would set aworke, by the helpe of God. I have set aworke a hundred persons, ere this, all the yeare together."

Wood, converted into charcoal, being the only fuel then known that could be employed for the smelting of the ore, an extended iron manufacture made rapid havoc with the timber of the weald and of the forests in general, till the legislature became alarmed lest materials for ship-building should be wanting in the land. Several restrictive measures were therefore passed in the reign of Elizabeth, one of which enacted that no new iron-works should be erected within twenty-two miles of London, nor within fourteen miles of the river Thames, nor in the several parts of Sussex near the sea therein named; and finally, a more stringent act prohibited the erection of new iron-works at all in Surrey, Kent, or Sussex, ordering also that no timber of the size of one foot square at the stub should be used as fuel at any of the ancient sites. In the reign of James I., attempts began to be made to smelt ironstone with coal, in which Dud Dudley, the founder of the noble family of Dudley

and Ward, distinguished himself; but they were not crowned with success until more than a century had elapsed. In the interval, owing to the restrictions laid upon the consumption of wood, there was a steady diminution in the quantity of iron produced, although every year witnessed an increased demand for the article. The great depression of the native manufacture appears from the fact that, while in the year 1620, there were about 300 blast-furnaces in operation, producing 180,000 tons annually, the number had dwindled down to 59 furnaces, with an annual produce of 17,350 tons, in the year 1740. The necessary supply had therefore to be procured from foreign markets, immense importations taking place from Spain, Sweden, and Russia. The successful application of mineral fuel to the process of smelting, by mechanical contrivances producing a more powerful blast, revived the languishing branch of national industry; but arrested it finally in Kent and Sussex, transferring it to those localities where coal and iron strata are in close proximity to each other. The clashing hammer's occupation gradually went away till its din was altogether silenced; furnace after furnace ceased to glare and smoke till the last fire expired; and now the country is surrendered to the hop-grower, the shepherd, and the agriculturist. Earnhurst, in western, and Ashburnham, in eastern Sussex, were the last seats of the manufacture. But the balustrades around St. Paul's cathedral, cast at Lamberhurst furnace, remain a noble monument of it; and some Sussex families owe their opulence and distinction to the iron-works of their ancestors, while the prosperity of others rose and fell with their handicraft. Riverhall, a fine mansion, still bearing traces of former grandeur, was built in the reign of queen Elizabeth, by Nicholas Fowle, the proprietor of a furnace and forge in the neighbourhood; his son obtained from James I. a grant of free warren over his numerous manors and lands in Wadhurst, Frant, Rotherfield, and Mayfield; his fifth descendant and male heir lost the property, and kept the turnpike-gate in Wadhurst; and his seventh descendant, bearing his name, Nicholas Fowle, emigrated to America as a day labourer in 1839, carrying away with him the royal grant of free warren as a family relic.

It will not be out of place to register a few leading events in the history of the iron manufacture of the United Kingdom, and to glance at its present extension.

- 1558. 1 Eliz. Act to restrict the felling of timber for iron furnaces.
- 1603. James I. Iron mines began to be worked in Ireland.
- 1620, etc. James I., Charles I. and II. Unsuccessful attempts of Dudley and others to employ pit-coal as fuel for smelting.
- 1700. Extinction of iron-making in Ireland for want of timber.
- 1743. Iron made with pit-coal in Coalbrook Dale.
- 1715. Iron first made in America in the provinces of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.
- 1710-1718. Quantity of iron annually imported into England from foreign countries (almost all from Sweden, and Spain) averaged about 17,000 tons, and the duty upon it about £35,000.
- 1737. England imported annually about 15,000 tons from Sweden, and about 5,000 tons from Russia, at the price of about £10 per ton.

1737. England made annually about 18,000 tons of bar iron.

1740. Number of furnaces in England and Wales reduced to 59.

1755. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, first leased as a royalty.

1760. Blowing cylinders first erected at the Carron works, Scotland.

1769. Importation of iron from Russia alone 34,000 tons.

1769. James Watt, of Glasgow, takes out a patent for his improved steam-engine.

1775. Messrs. Bolton and Watt's improved engine begins to be generally used.

1788. Manufacture of pig iron in Great Britain 68,300 tons.

1799. Blaenavon-works in Monmouthshire commenced.

1806. Total number of furnaces 233, annual make 254,206 tons.

1830. Total number of furnaces 300, annual make 678,416 tons.

1839. The state of the iron trade stood as follows:—

Districts.	Furnaces in blast.	Annual make.
South Staffordshire	108	838,730
North Staffordshire	10	28,600
Shropshire	24	80,000
Rest of England, except Forest of Dean ..	49	138,840
South Wales and Forest of Dean ..	125 ..	532,180
North Wales	12 ..	28,080
Scotland	50	105,000
Total	378	Tons 1,347,790

But in 1851, the iron manufactured amounted to 2,500,000 tons; of which 750,000 tons were made in South Wales; 775,000 tons in Scotland; 600,000 tons in South Staffordshire and Worcestershire, and 400,000 tons in other districts; one-third of the produce being employed in castings, and two-thirds in malleable manufactures. In order to obtain this extraordinary quantity, it is a reasonable calculation, that 7,000,000 tons of ore, 2,700,000 tons of limestone, and 13,000,000 tons of coal had to be extracted from the bowels of the earth; while in addition, to steam power, the labour of from 650,000 to 700,000 individuals, directly or indirectly employed, was required. These statistics sufficiently illustrate the gigantic scale upon which the manufacture is conducted; the immense demand for the article, at home and abroad; and the value which Providence has stored in an unattractive mineral substance, scarcely distinguishable by the vulgar eye from an ordinary stone upon the roads. Nor ought it otherwise to be regarded than as a proof of wise and bountiful design, that the valuable ingredients are so combined with the worthless in the ore, and so deposited in nature as to tax the utmost ingenuity and industry of man to develop a useful product, for hereby the opportunity is afforded him, with high incentives to use it, actively to exercise his powers and improve them by cultivation. Four hundred specimens of British iron ore appeared in the Great Exhibition, emphatically the gems of the country, immensely more precious than the pearls and diamonds which formed the "wealth of Ormuz and of Ind," as furnishing occupation, with the means of subsistence, to hundreds of thousands of the population, while contributing to the social advance and foreign commerce of the kingdom, by the endless variety of important objects to which hardwares are applied.

DEATH OF OLD CHUNEE, OF EXETER CHANGE.

Some sights there are that melt the soul with truth,
 E'en though the gazer's heart be never so bold;
 Some tales, so full of terror and of truth,
 They blanch the cheek and make the blood run cold.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY summers and as many winters having succeeded each other since the death of old Chunee, there are probably thousands among the readers of the *Leisure Hour* to whom the occurrence is altogether unknown. True, the tale has been told, but such as have heard it will not object to the old fact with a new face; for the story is of startling interest, and those to whom it is novel are not likely to begin reading it without hurrying on to the end.

Old Chunee was a noble elephant of our acquaintance, exhibited for many years in Exeter Change in the Strand, a building long since pulled down. How often have we pitted and petted him! and how frequently have we stood by when his keeper has fed him and oiled his hard dry hide, standing on a ladder placed against him, and using his brush like a mason whitewashing the side of a cottage! We had used to visit the rattle-snakes, and Nero the lion, and the other wild beasts of the menagerie, but longer than with all the rest we lingered with old Chunee. While we make these remarks, his image appears before us.

Africa is famous for elephants, as well as for monsters of all kinds; lions and leopards, panthers and hippopotami, crocodiles, boa constrictors, and inhuman men; to wit, Guezo, king of Dahomey, described by the *Times* newspaper the other day, as a brutal savage living amidst his eighteen thousand wives and his pannikins of rum, with little other employment than that of cutting the throats of the weaker tribes around him. Old Chunee, however, came not from Africa.

It was in the year 1810 that Chunee, on his arrival from India, was purchased for the sum of nine hundred guineas. Four years after he became the property of Mr. Cross, the then proprietor of the menagerie at Exeter Change. Strangers to London should know that Exeter Change, occupied by shops below, and by a collection of wild beasts above, had a public thoroughfare through the lower part of it. After the business of the day was done, the folding gates at each end of the Change were closed. Again and again have we, in passing through the thoroughfare, thought what a confusion would take place should Chunee, with his enormous weight, break through the flooring above our heads.

Chunee was very playful; and when he had grown to such a size as to require a larger den, many a trick did he play the carenter while at work in constructing his new abode. A prick or two with his gimblet was often necessary on the part of the latter personage, to keep his huge companion in order. We are prepared for playful tricks in quadrupeds of a smaller size and lighter make, but there is something exceedingly ludicrous in the antics of so huge an animal as an elephant. We could almost as easily imagine Dr. Johnson playing at leap-frog, as an elephant indulging in sport.

It is well known that elephants, whether wild

or tame, have annual paroxysms of excitement, during which they become exceedingly dangerous. During one of these, Chunee, usually so docile and playful, threw down his keeper, and flung away a pitchfork that was thrown to the fallen man to defend himself with, as though it had been a straw. Mr. Cross saved the keeper's life by striking Chunee on the head with a shovel, and dragging the man out of the den. The common Indian practice is to allow the elephant to roam in the forests till his paroxysm is over. Mr. Cross had recourse to medicine; but twenty-four pounds of salts, a like amount of treacle, six ounces of calomel, with a bottle of croton oil, and other things, had no effect on Chunee. The marrow of beef bones was much more efficacious. No trifling degree of ingenuity was necessary to coax Chunee to take such an amount of medicine.

As years rolled on Chunee's paroxysms grew longer; and in February, 1826, so violent and ungovernable did he become, that the most serious alarm was entertained on his account. Any wild creature in a state of excitement is formidable, but so huge an animal as a elephant in a state of fury must be terrible indeed.

Mighty in bulk, implacable in ire,
 With sinews strong as brass, and eyes on fire,
 All common means of safety are but vain:
 What bands can bind him, and what force restrain?

On Sunday the 26th of February, it being necessary to act with energy, calomel was given him in gruel, equal in amount to six hundred of the doses usually prescribed to a human being. He now became doubly suspicious when food was offered, nor would he touch warm ale on the following day, till his keeper had taken some himself from the bucket and drank it. Both the warm ale and the calomel were useless.

Monday and Tuesday passed away; but on Wednesday it was clear that, enormous as the amount of medicine taken by Chunee had been, it was necessary to increase it. Every means was resorted to without success, for his suspicions were always awake. Buns, of which he was fond, were offered him by a strange boy, and in one of them was concealed a quantity of calomel. Chunee took them and ate them, with the exception of the calomel bun, but this in a moment was crushed beneath his ponderous foot.

Poor Chunee's troubles were now coming thick upon him. Could he have roamed with companions in Indian forests amid ebony, areca, betel-nut and bread-fruit trees—could he have wandered for a season among palmyra and tallipot palms, and trampled a romantic pathway through crackling canes, creepers, and tassel grass—he might have returned the same docile, obedient, and playful animal that he had been for many years; but confined as he was in his narrow dwelling-place, nothing but evil awaited him. Chunee's den was supported by a foundation of bricks and timber. This was, indeed, necessary to sustain his enormous bulk. But though the foundation was so secure, it had frequently struck us that the front of the den was hardly strong enough to endure the determined rush, should it ever be made, of an animal whose weight was said to be equal to five tons. The time had now arrived when this was

to be tested. No doubt that Chunee in his day had made a hundred rushes against the front of his den; but in these instances he had only been partially excited.

About ten o'clock, in a moment unlooked-for and at a time when no provocation had been offered him, Chunee made a desperate plunge at the barrier before him, breaking away from its socket in the massive cross-beam above, the end of the hinge story-post to which the gates were hung. All was now danger and consternation; for the iron-clamped gates were no longer secure, and a second rush might be made by the infuriated beast before any steps could be taken to strengthen them. Much tact and gentleness were required to soothe the excited animal, and much energy to intimidate him from making a second assault. If anything more than another added to the difficulty and embarrassment of this season of alarm, it was the absence of Mr. Cross. Mr. Tyler, however, a friend of his, acted with much promptitude and judgment, and under his direction a massy piece of timber was placed in front of the den to support the broken story-post, though this by no means rendered the barrier secure. It would be difficult to say how a den could be rendered secure that contained an infuriated elephant, ten feet in height, and of enormous bulk and strength.

On Mr. Cross's return, he saw at a glance the imminence of the danger. The carpenter, always a favourite with Chunee, had lost all control over him; and had any other person attempted to repair the den, his life must have been sacrificed. There was no other alternative than the death of Chunee. Mr. Cross, having taken his resolution, proceeded at once to Mr. Gifford, a chemist in the Strand, and procured four pounds of arsenic, feeling almost as much ashamed of himself in bearing it back with him to the menagerie, as if he had contemplated a murder. Mingled with oats and sugar the deadly bait was offered to Chunee, but he altogether declined it. What wondrous powers of perception for self-preservation are locked up in the hearts of the brute creation!

By this time Chunee had become much more furious, his eyes glaring with a red and burning light, and when to soothe him oranges were offered, he dropped them, one by one, placing his foot upon them. Mr. Cross, in great agitation, now procured half an ounce of corrosive sublimate, mixing it with conserves of roses; but Chunee treated this as he had treated the oranges. Wound up almost to desperation, Mr. Cross now resolved to make use of fire-arms. No other course remained.

The anxiety and excitement of Mr. Cross being hardly endurable, he hurried off with his brother-in-law Mr. Herring, a bold man and a good shot, to Surgeon's-hall, Lincoln's-inn-fields, to see the skeleton of an elephant, that they might know better how to use their guns. Unfortunately, no skeleton of the kind was to be found. They next went to Mr. Stevens, a gunsmith in High Holborn, and procured from him three rifles, and the aid of one of his assistants. Leaving Mr. Herring to prepare the rifles for service, and directing him to act, with Mr. Tyler in every necessary way till he returned home, Mr. Cross hastened to Marlborough-street to consult Mr. Joshua Brookes, the anatomist. This gentleman was delivering a public lecture.

No matter, the case being too urgent for etiquette or delay, Mr. Cross broke in upon him to obtain the necessary information.

On returning to Exeter Change, Mr. Cross finding that Chunee had become more violent, again sallied forth for assistance. At Somerset House he applied for military aid, but the sentry dared not leave his post. A corporal and private, however, were prevailed on to repair to the menagerie, Mr. Cross taking on himself all responsibility on their account. Application was next made to Bow-street for arms, but without success; Mr. Cross then ran to the office of Sir W. Congreve, where he was again disappointed. He found some old howitzers in the neighbourhood of Somerset-house, but they were useless. Without loss of time he went on board the police-ship lying on the Thames, and after that rowed across the river to the Surrey side, where he obtained a swivel with a few balls; but before he reached Exeter Change, the tragedy of the death of Chunee was concluded.

In the absence of Mr. Cross, Chunee's violence so far increased, that Cartmell, Newsam, and the other keepers, were constantly employed with their long pikes in checking him in his attacks against the front of his den. Mr. Tyler and Mr. Herring having resolved on the use of the rifles, urged on Mr. Clarke, who occupied the Change below, the absolute necessity of directly clearing it of people and closing the gates, that in case the elephant broke through the floor, no lives might be lost. Three rifles were then loaded, and Mr. Herring and Mr. Stevens's assistant took their stations in the menagerie prepared to fire, the keepers standing behind them with their long pikes. To act efficiently under such unusual circumstances, no common degree of steadiness and self-possession was required.

It is one thing to hunt the elephant in the ghaut, the jungle, or the forest, when well mounted, well armed, and well supported by companions; but another to be cooped up with a scarcity of weapons, almost in the same den with him, and to have just cause to fear that on the first fire the enraged animal will plunge headlong against the insufficient barrier, bring it down with a thundering crash, and fall himself with it through the flooring at once to the ground, accompanied by many of the wild animals of the menagerie.

As was expected, the moment Chunee was wounded, he made a furious rush forward, shivering the side bar next to the story-post, and greatly weakening the gates. The frantic rage of the bleeding elephant, the fearfulness of his assault, the crash of the timbers, the menacing cries of the keepers, and the loud and clamorous call for rifles, altogether rendered the scene terrific in the extreme.

On went the work of slaughter, and as fast as the rifles could be loaded they were discharged. Chunee tried, by turning his back to the front of his den, to keep his head from the bullets; but he was fired at through a grating in the rear of his den, and thus cut off from every place of refuge. His consternation and his rage were unbounded. It was pitious to see the poor brute madly running round his den in the extremity of his distress, in the vain endeavour to avoid the fatal balls that met him on every side, and even more pitious to hear his shrill cries of intense

agony; but that was not a moment for the indulgence of kindly emotions. Stern, persevering, and unrelenting hostility was the only course that could safely be pursued. The dangerous animal was doomed, and mercy and necessity alike called for his swift destruction.

Chunco fell, for the first time, when he had received about thirty balls; but was soon up again. Not less than eighty balls were buried in his colossal frame when he again fell, and as by this time the two soldiers had arrived from Somerset House, and Cartmell had armed himself with a sword made fast to the end of a pole, a more effective attack was made upon him. Fortunately the keepers, while Chunco's head was turned to the rear of the den, lashed the shattered gates with strong ropes and chains; a precaution which proved to be of great advantage.

The crisis was now at hand. Though Chunco had received near a hundred and twenty balls, life was yet strong within him, and no one could tell how the tragical event would terminate. A ball from the rifle of Mr. Herring entering the ear of the agonised animal, seemed to rouse up all his remaining rage; for turning suddenly round, he made a more furious charge at the gate than ever. Had it not been for the lashing of the ropes and chains, it must have given way. The crashing of the timber, and the shaking of the whole building, were terrible. For more than an hour had Chunco sustained the sanguinary conflict, but still no respite was given him, and rifle after rifle was aimed at his ears and his gullet. At last his mighty strength was subdued. More than a hundred and fifty shot had been expended in his destruction, and he sank down quietly in a position as if taking his slumber. Alas!

Not the crash of the thunder that slumber might break,
The stillness of death was the token;
The red fountain of life had been drain'd in the strife,
And the big heart of Chunco was broken.

' SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

ANDREW MARVELL AND LORD WM. RUSSELL.

WHEN travelling in Switzerland, and walking on the edge of some magnificent glacier—for example, creeping down the rocky ledges of the sides of Montanvert to the Mer de Glace—we have been struck, as everybody is, with the marvellous contrasts in adjacent objects; for while standing in this region of everlasting winter, touching, or almost touching, with his foot the thick-ribbed ice, the traveller can pluck a beautiful nosegay out of the rhododendrons which there grow in beds of rich pink bloom, in these borders of far-spread frost and snow. This frequently occurs to us now as an image of what we see, and of the associated thoughts which occupy our minds as we ramble about London. Poverty and wealth, vulgarity and refinement, ignorance and learning, wretchedness and joy, vice and virtue, crime and integrity, profaneness and religion, death and life, here come into close neighbourhood, and stand arrayed face to face in irreconcilable opposition, on the sides of our pathway. Illustrations of such a kind, belonging to the present, are yielded in abundance; in

like manner, they come before us as we dwell upon the past.

Do you not sometimes pass through the region around Drury-lane and Covent-garden? It abounds in associations of profligacy. The haunts of the depraved lie there in nearest neighbourhood. Its history tells of licentious wits and abandoned rakes, from the days of the Stuarts downwards. Sad reflections come over us, not only as we speculate on the probable future of those who now in that vicinity pursue their career of sinful pleasure and degrading revelry, but as we think of the present state; in the invisible regions of another world, of many who long since figured there, and have left their names imprinted in the annals of the spot in infamous notoriety.

But passing away from those miserable beings, we meet hard by, as an example of the contrast hinted at, the shade of one of the most pure and incorrupt of our old English worthies. In Maiden-lane lived Andrew Marvell. Cast on times when bribery scarcely knew any bounds, when most men's political consciences had their price, and could be bought by the government, if only gold enough were paid, this remarkable man was proof against all the tempting offers which were made him to belie his convictions and betray his country. There he was, in that very Maiden-lane; in humble lodgings, just going to pick the remains of a bone of mutton, without a guinea in his pocket, in fact, on the point of sending to a friend to borrow one, when my lord treasurer Danby ascended the stairs with a message and bribe from Charles II. His lordship was Marvell's schoolfellow, and thought that it only required a little tact to win over this poor but formidable statesman. He professed to wish a renewal of their old acquaintance, and on leaving slipped into his hand an order on the treasury for 1,000*l*. As the courtier was stepping into his chariot, Marvell called after him: "My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called: "Child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" "Tis so; very right, child; go away. My lord"—turning to the treasurer—"do you hear that?" Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided: there's your piece of paper; I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one.

A memorable picture that of sublime integrity, worthy to be often looked at and thought upon. "A good conscience is a perpetual feast," was one of the maxims we used to write in our copy-books at school. It comes in here as an appropriate legend, to be inscribed under the historical painting which our fancy has already sketched and coloured. Marvell's conscience supplied him daily with a banquet better than Lord Danby's thousand pounds could ever have purchased. Enjoying that, he could put up with the broiled mutton-bone. Had he put that away, he knew that the costly viands of Whitehall or St. James's would have been to him as the apples of Sodom—mere bloom-coloured

ashes. Let every man and boy who reads these lines, think of that fine scene in the Maiden-lane of the seventeenth century, the next time that any temptation whatever solicits him to sell his conscience.

It would only be carrying out into further application this principle of contrast, to pause to look at another shadow of a bygone age, whose haunt is hereabouts. Voltaire, who looked what he was, "so witty, profligate, and thin," after his release from the Bastille, where he had been imprisoned for libel, came over to England and lodged in Maiden-lane, at a *perruquier's*, whose house exhibited the sign of the white perruque; and there, it is said, he was once borne home in triumph by an English mob who, after obstructing him in the street, through curiosity awakened by his foreign and otherwise odd appearance, were thrown into raptures of admiration by an eloquent speech he made to them in English, on the steps of a doorway.

But we must hasten on, in spite of the interruption of a motley group of associations which crowd upon us just now—as the people about the Frenchman; for our purpose is not to tarry in Maiden-lane and talk of Voltaire, or even Marvell; parting from the latter, however, so soon, only because the scanty records of his life furnish us with no other incidents that can be connected here by any local tie. We are on our way to Lincoln's-inn-fields, and a melancholy shade there standing in the midst beckons us on.

But before we look at him, let us for a moment look round upon the place, and give a passing thought to other memories. Here we are in what were called in distant days of yore, when London was only creeping out a little way on this side Temple-bar, the Ticket-fields. Buildings were springing up about here in the time of James I, and the monarch, like his predecessors, frightened at the growth of the metropolis, tried to put a stop to the architects and bricklayers; but, in defiance of royal proclamations, they would have their way. The square, we are told by some, was planned by Sir Inigo Jones, and was designed to agree in its dimensions with the base of one of the Egyptian pyramids—a circumstance enough to lead away our unruly thoughts to the banks of the Nile, there to muse under the shadow of these wondrous works of art, of which the device in planning the square gives so distinct and gigantic an idea. In the immediate neighbourhood, on the north side, between the fields and Holborn, there ran in ancient times a range of tenements, long since exchanged for stables, and once well known by the name of Whetstone's park, so called from the proprietor, a famous vestryman of St. Giles's in the time of Charles I and the Protectorate. It was among the most infamous of the infamous haunts whither the thieves and reprobates and vagabonds of the days of the Stuarts were wont to repair: so that, like spots already noticed in this paper, Lincoln's-inn-fields is edged with associations dark and revolting. But here—and it is to bring out the contrast on which we touched at the beginning, that we mention Whetstone park—even here, with this scene of moral abandonment in the background, stands out to view a character which will ever be regarded by his country as one of the noblest impersonations of moral heroism.

To place before us this remarkable man, and the affecting circumstances under which his name will for ever remain associated with Lincoln's-inn-fields, we will transport ourselves into the seventeenth century, and fancy ourselves standing at the end of Queen-street, on the morning of 21st July, 1683.

The trees and shrubs remaining in the neighbourhood look all the fresher for the sharp showers which fell last night. Summer skies and summer air, as if in mockery of woe, are looking down and breathing over the preparations for death, which busy workmen have been building up in the midst of the now increasingly mansion-girdled square. From the windows of the surrounding houses multitudes are looking on the byed area, where a scaffold stands in death-like loneliness. A wide space is kept around, guarded by pikemen, with bright steel caps and polished breast and back pieces, and long slender weapons, forming rows of palisades about the ghastly instruments of execution which occupy the middle. Lincoln's-inn supplies its full quota of spectators, and the wall which separates the lawyers' courts from the public square is surmounted by not a few who are eagerly watching for the tragedy at hand. Lord Russell has been accused of treason, tried at the Old Bailey, and condemned to die, and is now on his way from Newgate hither, along Holborn-hill.

Unhappy but noble-minded Russell! He has long been a patriot; a true and earnest one, if not the wisest and most eloquent. Things have long been going on badly in the high places of old England. With a heartless monarch, and a licentious court, and a corrupt ministry, and a free constitution despised and trampled on, what else could be expected? To add to other troubles, the dark prospect of a popish successor to the throne, on the death of Charles, has filled all sincere protestants with dismay—Russell among the rest. So he has been thinking much about what could be done for the rescue of English liberty from the perils which threatened it. With zeal outstripping discretion, he has suffered himself to listen to schemes for the overthrow of tyranny by force, as in the civil wars; but that he ever pledged himself to the execution of such schemes, much less that he ever entertained any purpose of compassing the death of the king, no proof whatever can be offered. A Rye-house plot indeed has been much talked of; men have been charged with meeting there to attack the king on his way to Newmarket; but it is certain that Russell, though accused of connexion with it, is perfectly innocent of any such design, and has not had the least to do with the dark conspirators. On the trial, no evidence at all sufficient to convict the patriot was adduced; a great deal of it being vaguely given, and much consisting of mere hearsay. But the forms only, without the spirit, of English justice presided on the bench and guided the proceedings of the court; so that the mind of the monarch and his ministers being known to desire it, the crimination of the accused was beforehand certain, however innocent the man might be. Accordingly, Russell, feared by Charles, hated by James, and maligned by courtiers who could not understand his virtuous patriotism, has been found guilty of treason, and sentenced to perish on the block.

His condemnation occurred several days ago,

since which period his friends have been using every means to save his life. Large sums of money have been offered, and other projects devised for the purpose. Even the idea of rescuing him by force has been entertained. One friend, Lord Cavendish, has offered to assist his escape, by taking his place in prison, and exchanging with him his clothes. But the only thing the noble sufferer himself has done, has been to write to the king and the duke of York, and to offer to live beyond the seas in any place which the royal pleasure might appoint, pledging himself also no more to take part in English politics. All, however, has been vain; and, as an aggravation of his punishment, it has been proposed by the duke that Russell should die in Southampton-square, at the door of his own residence—a proposition which the king has had humanity or prudence enough to reject. While in prison, most of his time has been spent in retirement and religious meditation. He received the death-warrant with calmness, and is anticipating his departure with Christian hope. Six or seven times he has been in his chamber on this the last morning of his life, engaged in prayer; and on parting with Lord Cavendish, earnestly has urged on him the importance of personal piety. Winding up his watch, he observed he had done with time, and was going to eternity. Asking what he should give the executioner, and being told ten guineas, he said with a smile: "A pretty thing to give a fee to have my head cut off."

But the coach, with all the array of judicial death, is now turning round the corner to Little Queen-street, and he remarks:—"I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater." A tear falls from his eye as he speaks; and while some among the crowd weep and others insult, though touched with tenderness at the commiseration of his friends, he shows no resentment at the conduct of his enemies. He is singing psalms, saying he hopes to sing better soon. He looks upon the dense multitude, observing, he expects to meet a nobler assembly ere long. And now the coach enters the fields, while the concourse moving their heads towards the spot, like tree-tops waving under the winds, watch, with eager eyes, the slowly advancing procession. As the broad space, so familiar to him in his young days; opens before him, and houses are seen associated with the recollection of early gaieties, not unpolluted with the vicious habits of the age, he sorrowfully exclaims:—"This has been to me a place of sinning, and God now makes it the place of my punishment." With him in the coach are Drs. Tillotson and Burnet, his faithful attendants and spiritual advisers in his gloomy cell at Newgate. And now the sable train stops. The condemned nobleman, with his clerical friends and the sheriffs and other officers, stands at the scaffold's foot. They slowly ascend the steps, and when all are assembled on the fatal eminence, the devoted one calmly paces round the black-covered platform, looking upon the crowd. He then puts in the hands of the sheriffs a long paper, verily declaring, at the same time, that it has always been far from his design to plot against the king's life or government. He prays that God would preserve both and the Protestant religion, and wishes all Protestants may love one another,

and not make way for popery by their animosities. In the paper delivered, he declares that he is a member of the church of England—that he wishes all would unite against the common enemy—that churchmen would be less severe, and dissenters less scrupulous—that he has been ready at all times to venture his own life for his country and his religion, but has never been moved "to anything with relation to the king's life"—that he was earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way, in his opinion, to secure both the king and the Protestant religion—that he forgives his enemies, though he thinks his sentence hard—and that killing by forms of law is the worst kind of murder.

The last moment approaches. That form, now vigorous and healthy, is in a few more instants to lie still and pale in yon black coffin. The soul, now looking, though those eyes uplifted to heaven in thought, is, when the beating pulse has throbbled a little more, to pierce beyond the shades which hide the future and eternal, and to be with God. Reverently he kneels down to pray. Many hearts are praying fervently with his. There is a pause. Dr. Tillotson now engages in intercession for his dying friend. The sufferer unfastens the upper part of his dress, takes off his outer garment, lays bare his neck, and then places it on the block without change of countenance. He lifts up his hands, but there is no trembling. The executioner touches him with the axe to take sure aim, but he does not shrink. Faces, like the leaves of forest trees, are all around, looking on with trembling emotion. But his friends at this moment turn aside their eyes. We do so.—It is all over. The headman has done his duty with two strokes, and Russell's soul is gone where vindictive passion can never follow him.

Thus he fell; and we feel with Charles James Fox, that his name will be for ever dear to every English heart. When his memory shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, "it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation." His deportment was what might be expected from one who knew he was suffering, not for his crimes, but his virtues. He was connected with the world by private and domestic ties, and "the story of the last days of this excellent man's life fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history that more powerfully excites our sympathy, or goes more directly to the heart."

How grateful is it, after picturing the sad scene which Lincoln's-inn-fields exhibited in 1683, to look upon the quiet, pleasant, open square now, with its garden of trees and shrubs and flowers, covering the space set apart for the tragedy of Lord Russell's execution. As we rejoice in our present freedom, we feel as if the drops of the patriot's blood had been as precious seeds from which have grown up those liberties that now "blossom as the rose." Through God's blessing, the day when despotism prompted men to perilous enterprises and then crushed them for longing after liberty, is gone by, we trust for ever.

Blagdenbury-square is not far from Lincoln's-inn-fields. Southampton House occupied the whole north side of it. "It was a large building," says Strype, "with a spacious court before it, and a curious garden behind, which lieth open to the

fields, enjoying a wholesome and pleasant air." It was erected for Thomas Wriothesley, earl of Southampton, whose only daughter and heir Lord Russell married. This was the never-to-be-forgotten Lady Rachel, with whom he lived in that very house, in the enjoyment of a domestic lot which rarely falls to the share of mortals. With the history just noticed fresh in our memory, we cannot help thinking of her devotion and heroism—of her sitting in the Old Bailey court under the bar where her noble husband stood a prisoner, taking notes and assisting in his defence—of her casting herself, bathed in tears, at the feet of Charles, supplicating the life of her beloved lord—of her calm converse with him in prison when his fate was fixed—and of the scene of the last night, so touchingly described in Burket's journal. "At ten o'clock my lady left him. He kissed her four or five times, and she so kept her sorrows to herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. After she was gone, he said: 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him, and said what a misery it would have been to him, if she had not that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life."

Walking through Bloomsbury-square, with the associations just indicated in our minds, we cannot but see the shade of the calm, heroic, gentle, saintly wife, and now widow, of the martyred lord. She passes by in her mourning weeds, her amiable countenance bedclouded only with sorrow; or we see her sitting in her little closet, at her desk, in the mansion of her father, on the anniversary of the sad day in July. We see her writing:—"I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; all company and meals I could avoid if it might be. Yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this same hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them: this makes my heart shrink." Again she says:—"I hope this has been a sorrow I shall profit by. I shall, if God will strengthen my faith, resolve to return him a constant praise; and make this the season to chase all secret murmurs from grieving my soul for what is past, letting it rejoice in what it should rejoice, his favour to me, in the blessings I have left, which many of my betters want, and yet have lost their chiefest friends also." Once more:—"God knows my eyes are ever ready to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart which I shall carry to the grave, that quiet bed of rest. My friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love? Those who have tried the insipidness of it, would, I believe, never choose it. Mr. Waller says:—

'What know we of the blest above,
But that they sing, and that they love?'

and it is enough; for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suitableness in humours to creatures, what must it be to the clarified spirits to love in the presence of God."

Here she died in 1723, and here we must leave Lord William and the Lady Rachel, with the happy thought, that long since they have been reunited in that happy world reserved for all who, regenerated by the Holy Spirit, have been reconciled to God by a living faith in the atonement of his Son. Their remains slumber in the beautiful old church of Chenies, Buckinghamshire, the mausoleum of the Bedford family. We shall never forget our feelings as, we, one bright summer's day, visited that hallowed spot, and paused over the tomb of that honoured pair, whose love and sorrow have enraptured their memory in all sympathising hearts, while their heroism has exalted them to a bright place in England's history. And well, too, do we remember the broken lily sculptured in pure white marble over the grave of the first wife of him who now so honourably bears the name of Russell. A touching memento that of life's crushed joys, and a monitory symbol to every reader of the frailty of all earthly good.

THE PREACHER AND THE ROBBERS.

A Methodist preacher many years ago was journeying to a village where he was to dispense the word of life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle reins, another presented a pistol and demanded his money, the third was a mere looker-on. The grave and devout man looked calm and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? did you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?" The question startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, one said, "We have no time to answer such questions; we want your money."—"I am a poor preacher of the gospel," was the reply, "but what little money I have shall be given to you." A few shillings was all he had to give. "Have you not a watch?"—"Yes."—"Well, then, give it to us." In taking the watch from his pocket, his saddle-bags were displayed. "What have you here?" was the question again. "I cannot say that I have nothing in them, but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen also."—"We must have them." The preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demand made. Instantly the preacher began to unbutton his great coat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking, "Will you have my great coat?"—"No," was the reply, "you are a generous man, and we will not take it." He then addressed them as follows: "I have given you everything you asked for, and would have given you more than you asked for. I have one favour to ask of you."—"What is that?"—"That you kneel down and allow me to pray to Almighty God in your behalf; to ask him to turn your hearts, and put you in the right way."—"I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ringleader of them. "Nor I either," said another of them. "Here, take your watch, take your money, take your saddle-bags; if we have anything to do with you, the judgment of God will overtaken us." So each article was returned. That, however, did not satisfy the good man. He urged prayer upon them. He knelt down; one of the robbers knelt with him, one prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin, and said it was the first time in his life that he had done such a thing, and it should be the last. How far he kept his word is known only to Him to whom the darkness and the light are both alike.

Poetry of the Flowers.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

The Wall-flower—the Wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the tower,
Like sun-light over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time:—
To beauty give the flouting rose,
The Wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Gray Ruin's golden crow!
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown:
Thou manifest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decay'd;
And fillest up each envious rent,
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower! dost shed above
'A sweet decaying smell.'

In the season of the tulip-cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze!
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnet sits and sing.

Sweet Wall-flower—sweet Wall-flower!
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee;
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer-skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay;
The rose is summer's guest;
Blind are thy charms when those decay—
Of flowers, first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree;
But Wall-flower, loyal Wall-flower!
Thou art the flower for me.

NOTE.

THE TULIP.

'Tis beautiful, most beautiful! most splendidly it shines,
Rich in its glowing colours, and its softly pencill'd lines;
Most lavishly doth Nature in gay profusion shower
Her gifts of gorgeous beauty on this bright and stately
flower;

But scentless is this lustre, and soon beneath the sway
Of summer's warm dominion, it will wither and decay;
And then we seek those lowly flowers, which leave a balmy
breath
Of sweet and innate fragrance, when their leaves are closed
in death.

When frowning o'er the sultry sky, the thunder cloud is
shed,
Deneth the storm and gushing shower the tulip hangs its
head,
While from the wild life violet, or sweet Egyptian weed,
A fresher burst of fragrance to its fury will succeed.
So the innate worth of love, and the loveliness of mind,
Are better far than outward beauty, fashion, grace com-
bined:

The step of time, the hand of care, the last will soon efface,
But the memory of the first, on death will not erase. S. M.

FIELD FLOWERS.

Ye Field Flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true:
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I doubt upon you;
For ye wait me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell;
Where I thought, delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes!
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lake,
Can the wild water-lily restore!

What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion or agony of fear
Had scath'd my existence's bloom;
Once I welcomed you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
Now I wish you to grow o'er my tomb. CAMPBELL.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:—
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Horns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily:—
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

Offe there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

DR. HEDDER.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The Daisy, fresh from nature's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.
For who but He who arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the Daisy's purple bud,

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spun,
And out the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within,
And fling it unrestrain'd and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God? DR. J. M. GOOD.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

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AN INCIDENT AT THE HOTEL DE RAMBOUILLET.

I.

In the centre of Paris, within a walk of the Palais Royal, stood the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the supreme court of taste, indeed the Holland-house, if we may so say, of France during the seventeenth century. It is difficult to fancy the influence exerted by the society which assembled in that celebrated mansion, without being thoroughly

acquainted with the state of France towards the beginning of what has been termed the *grand siècle*. The wars between Protestants and Catholics had for many years divided the country into hostile parties, and given to it the appearance of a camp rather than of a civilized nation. But when the powerful genius of Henry IV swayed the sceptre, and, for a moment at least, forced back into the sheath the sword of the league, the want was felt of a focus where the scattered embers of taste, politeness, and literature could gather themselves

together and diffuse both light and life throughout France. Catherine de Vivonne, who, when only twelve years old, had married, in 1600, Charles d'Angennes, Marquis de Rambouillet, undertook at this period to open her house to a select society, comprising all the notabilities both of the court and of the town. Her position in life, her fortune, her education, enabled her to accomplish that object; and she found besides most influential aids in her daughters, especially Julie, who became afterwards duchess de Montausier, and Angélique, subsequently married to the count de Grignan. The Hôtel de Rambouillet, then, was decidedly the great attraction in Paris. It divided with Versailles the empire of fashion and of moral authority, and decrees issued from a court where Corneille, Balzac, and others, reigned, were of course received universally as so many oracles.

On the evening, the transactions of which we are now registering, a large party had assembled at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. To the favoured being who could obtain his *entrée* there, the sight of the splendid drawing-room, filled with beauty, wit, and rank, must have been indeed entrancing. There was the princess of Condé, accompanied by her daughter, who became afterwards so well known as the duchess de Longueville; Madame de Cornuel sat close to Mademoiselle Paulet; Mademoiselle de Scudéry was explaining to Madame de la Fayette the outline of one of her new works. Around the ladies twelve or fifteen young noblemen, richly dressed, were discussing the merits of the last new sonnet, whilst a little apart from the rest another group seemed earnestly engaged in conversation. The sober attire of the personages we are now alluding to, sufficiently showed that they were either clergymen or literary characters; but although they were apparently considered in the Hôtel de Rambouillet as stars of the third magnitude, yet they felt sure of their real influence, and knew that from their genius and talents France was one day to derive a great share of her glory.

"Do you know," said one of this group, addressing his neighbours, "I am afraid we frightened away the young genius who was introduced to us to-night."

"Frightened away, indeed," replied the party addressed; "you may safely say that; but it was you, Monsieur Corneille, who disappointed him by calling out that it was too late to begin his discourse."

"Besides," added the marchioness de Rambouillet, coming forward, "I do not think it right that any exercise connected with religion should be entered upon in a frivolous and trifling manner. After all the witticisms of Monsieur de Balzac and the madrigals of our friend Ménage, we were not, you must confess, quite prepared for a sermon. Do you not think so, Monsieur Corneille?"

The distinguished French poet—for it was no other than he—bowed assent.

"It was well arranged after all, I think," continued the marchioness, "that the trial of his powers should be suspended till to-morrow. If report speaks true, we shall then have no ordinary gratification, for same proclaims him to be a young man of astonishing mental precocity."

The conversation now assumed a general turn.

It was carried on by the different groups until about half-past twelve o'clock; the party then broke up; a nobleman of the highest rank who was present, having given the signal for departure, by calling for his sedan-chair.

That our readers may understand the subject to which the above conversation had reference, we must now explain that, in the course of the evening, a new visitor had been introduced to the brilliant circle of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, attired as a young ecclesiastic. Modest in his manners and bearing, he would have probably remained unnoticed amidst the glittering throng, had not the party who introduced him whispered to the marchioness that, youthful as he was, there lurked beneath his retiring exterior talent of the most commanding order; and that already in the provinces he had thrilled his audiences by a sublime and lofty eloquence. Literary excitement and novelty were the passion of the frequenters of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. A specimen of the young ecclesiastic's powers was, therefore, eagerly desired. After some solicitation the youth had yielded to the request, and a circle had begun to be formed, when, as we have seen, he was interrupted by one of the audience declaring the hour to be too late. It was agreed, therefore, that on the following evening the young orator should, on a theme to be chosen by the company, deliver the wished-for discourse. Strange as the conception must be to our English notions, the idea was in harmony with the taste of the period, and the audience, be it recollected, was a French one.

II.

We must now ask our readers to accompany us to a little room in the college de Navarre, a young man is walking hurriedly across it. By the light of his solitary lamp, one might have perceived three chairs, a bed, a table—all laden with books and papers. The cold night-wind moaned through the chimney, as if making a vain effort to light up the dying embers; papers flew scattered in every direction, and the leaves of the books seemed turned over by an invisible hand. The youth had forgotten to close his window, and to keep up his fire. There are some moments in which the animal man really exists no longer; the soul shakes off its fetters, and for a while dwells with the invisible.

After a long pause—"Would it were to-morrow!" cried he impatiently: "twenty tedious hours more! Had they allowed me to proceed, it would now have been ended; but to-morrow—between this and then, I shall have had time to see the danger, and the prospect of addressing so brilliant an audience will be sure to unman me. I shall tremble—stammer; it was most unwise of me to consent so readily."

After having thus spoken, he sat himself down in great agitation. His imagination drew vividly before him all the scenes of the evening; the saloon with its flood of light, a galaxy of beauties, a perfect crowd of lords and wits. He fancied he could see all the eyes fixed upon him; sarcastic smiles playing about the features of his auditors, and authors holding themselves ready to criticize him if he succeeded, and to crush him if he failed.

There was, it will be perceived, in that young man, a too eager desire for human glory and renown. The best years of his student-life had been marked by a number of triumphs. At the college of Dijon, his native city, no competitors could stand against him. Recently, when only seventeen years old, he had maintained before the college of Navarre at Paris, a philosophico-theological disputation, which was still talked of by all the *litterati* of the metropolis. The famous Nicholas Cornet regarded him as one of his ablest pupils. Notwithstanding, therefore, much that was really excellent in his character, success had had but too much the effect of elating and intoxicating him. It was under the influence of this feeling, perhaps, that he had agreed to give a specimen of his powers at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the disappointment at the postponement had been proportionately great. We must not think, however, that our young hero, for so we may term him, had quite devoted himself to the worship of glory, nor that in entering his profession his dreams were of rich prebends, and high ecclesiastical preferment. No; there was in him much that was highly commendable, and—corrupted though it was by the working of the false system to which he belonged—something, we would fain hope, that deserved the name of true piety. But, as we have said, his better principles were at the present moment too much influenced by the workings of the passion for human glory and applause.

Twelve o'clock struck at a neighbouring belfry, and a puff of wind had just extinguished the abbé's lamp. The darkness roused him from his reverie; he began to feel cold and comfortless; and, as if his mind were at last giving way under the influence of fatigue, he felt almost mechanically upon the bed. But, excited as he was, full of all that had happened and of all that the future had in store, he could not sleep. Fantastic images floated around him. Rousing himself at last by a strong effort from his excited state, he re-lighted his lamp and read for a short period. He breathed also an earnest petition for deeper humility, and that the undertaking which he had in a moment of rashness entered into, might lead to good, and minister benefit to those who should listen to him. With a mind calm and refreshed, he retired to rest. Sleep at last visited his eyelids, and the morning had considerably advanced when his slumbers were broke by a messenger whose livery announced him to belong to the Archbishop of Paris, bearing him a summons which required him without delay to wait upon that elevated prelate. Leaving our young hero in a state of surprise at this unexpected mission, we must now again shift the scene.

III.

Let us transport ourselves into the study of the Archbishop of Paris. Comfortably settled at his fire-side, the old prelate was talking to one of his secretaries.

"By-the-by," said he, after a pause, "have you sent word to the young abbé?"

"Yes, my lord; he ought to be here by this time."

"I hope he will not miss his appointment. I have long wished to see for myself if he is what some persons represent him to be. Still, I do not want him to fancy that I am anxious to see him. He stands more in need, I am told, of humility than of self-confidence. We shall soon find that out, however. Go and order the usher to introduce him the moment he arrives."

The secretary left the room, and the archbishop, probably not undesirous of giving his apartment a learned look, took down from the shelves of his library two or three thick folios, which he began to turn over with the awkwardness of a man unaccustomed to patristic heaviness. The dust lay thick on the old, pig-skin bindings, and evidently the venerable authorities, both of the Greek and the Latin church, had enjoyed under the archiepiscopal roof lengthened and undisturbed repose. Romish prelates in those days did not always find it convenient to enjoy their ease. They might be discovered amongst the agitators of *La Fronde*, speechifying from the top of a barricade, or making sure that their pocket pistols had taken the place of their breviary.

The study door was opened, and the prelate hurriedly resumed his seat. It was, as will have been anticipated, our young abbé who entered.

When he received the archbishop's message, he immediately suspected that some rumours of his intended discourse had circulated abroad. The frequenters of the Hôtel de Rambouillet had, no doubt, compromised him with his ecclesiastical superior; and he was summoned, he presumed, to receive a lecture on his ambition, and a remonstrance upon the irregularity of his intended proceedings.

We may easily imagine with what uneasiness the abbé took the seat which the archbishop pointed out to him. The opening of the conversation realized all his fears. "I have heard, sir," began the latter, "that you intend this evening, at Madame de Rambouillet's, to preach an extemporaneous sermon. I need not remark how unusual—how contrary to order—"

Here the culprit turned quite pale, and seemed ready to sink under the looks of the prelate.

"I do not mean to say," continued the prelate, "that I absolutely prohibit you from making the attempt."

The young abbé evidently revived a little.

"But have you duly weighed the consequences and measured all the difficulties? A discourse in a drawing-room! a discourse after the madrigals, sonnets, and epigrams, which every night are poured forth like a torrent in the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Whatever you say will be considered by the majority of your hearers in the light of a mere literary exercise; and if you do not scandalize some, you may excite their smiles or call forth a witticism."

"I acknowledge, my lord," replied the young abbé, "that I did not think sufficiently of what I was undertaking; and even now, if your lordship wishes, what has been promised can be left undone."

"Young as you are," rejoined the prelate, "you have, I am told, already addressed public assemblies, and with success too, if what I hear is correct."

This remark, coupled as it was with an acknowledgment of his merit, roused in the young abbé all his wonted confidence. The conversation gradually became less formal; and as one topic led to another, the talent, the imagination, the learning of the youthful student could not but produce upon his superior the strongest as well as the most pleasing impression. It was evident that bright as were all the stars which shone at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, few among them could be compared to the young candidate, for promises of sterling excellence. The archbishop questioned him on a variety of subjects, and no one topic did he touch upon but he immediately received an apposite answer. A passage from Augustine was quoted, which gave rise to a short discussion. The prelate tried to support his own opinion by texts, chapters, and paragraphs. But the contest was useless. His adversary, with the most consummate skill, opposed chapter to chapter and paragraph to paragraph. At each new answer he discovered new resources—gave evidences of fresh powers. The archbishop was charmed.

"Go, my young friend," he added, at the close of the conversation, "fulfil your promise to the marchioness de Rambouillet. You have now my entire permission to do so."

Our young friend made a low obeisance to the prelate, and left the palace in much better spirits than when he entered it.

When he was gone, the archbishop's secretary immediately ran into his master's study; he was very eager to know what could have been the subject of the long and apparently animated conversation which had just taken place between his master and the youthful visitor. The young man seemed extraordinarily moved as he passed through the hall, and M. Grandchamp—such was the secretary's name—feared lest something disagreeable should have occurred. He soon, however, saw how ungrounded were his surmises.

"Grandchamp," said the prelate, "come here; all that I have heard concerning this youth is perfectly true. Really, I am so surprised, so thoroughly surprised, that I can hardly fancy that I have been talking to a mere stripling, so to say."

"A student," remarked the secretary, "a student who is not near old enough to receive ordination."

"My dear Grandchamp," answered M. de Gondy, "it is no use calling him a student. Why, I am not ashamed to confess that he has read more of the Fathers than I have done in all my life. He a student! He is fit to be the master of all the French clergy, and if his life be spared, there is not a prelate on the bench whom he will not cast into the shade."

"O my lord!" observed Grandchamp, doubtfully, "surely you forget M. Fléchier."

"There is in this young orator all Fléchier's imagination, without any of those quibbles which disfigure his noblest productions. But," continued the archbishop, "the best way to convince yourself of all the talent which I have discovered in that young man is to come with me this evening. I shall go *incognito* to the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Let me have my carriage at six o'clock."

IV.

Preparations of the most unusual character were being made at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Instead of rout-seats, tapestry hangings, chandeliers, and music-desks, the servants seemed extremely busy getting ready a species of pulpit rather roughly concealed under a vestment of green cloth. About a hundred and fifty straw-bottomed chairs, brought from the neighbouring church and arranged in three rows in the *salon de compagnie*, produced a singular contrast with the richness of the furniture and the reminiscences of the place itself. For the passers-by, for the neighbours, for all that numerous class of persons who live upon gossip and small talk, the events of the evening we are now about to review, must have appeared a curious problem.

At an early hour, the hundred and fifty straw-bottomed chairs were occupied by the choicest company in Paris. Curiosity was their governing motive. They wished to see what would be the result of an idea so novel, so out of the way; but we must confess that when they took their seats, the impression they generally entertained was that of thorough contempt. With those *beaux esprits*, madrigals, epigrams, sonnets and the other puerilities of literature, were the only things deserving of serious attention. The prince of Condé had brought with him all his friends, and a secluded seat was occupied by the Archbishop of Paris, whose secretary, Grandchamp, felt perhaps quite as anxious as any of the party to witness the result.

It had been arranged that the young orator's powers should be tested by a subject selected by the company present. The whole arrangement, it must be admitted, was at variance with that reverence for sacred things which should have prevailed; but our narrative is not a matter of fiction, but is based on an actual occurrence.

As soon as all the company had assembled, M. de Montausier went round and collected about sixty small pieces of paper neatly folded up, and containing each a topic. The selection having been finally made, a lady read out the beautiful verse from the book of Ecclesiastes, "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*" This, it appeared, was to be the theme.

The young orator had left the room; he was recalled. He took the scrap of paper, and as he did so, his hand trembled. But hardly had he cast a look at it, when marks of evident emotion showed themselves in his features. Some thought that fright had overcome him; those, however, who observed more carefully, judged differently. Fear had entirely vanished. He felt sure of himself; he had already appreciated all the treasures of wisdom, of warning, of reproof, contained in the subject. Glory and nothingness—pride and ruin—pleasures of the world and the dismal loneliness of the tomb—a series of contrasts both sublime and terrible; such was the plan which unfolded itself to his view, and which he was now to develop before that magnificent company of rich, polite, and intellectual hearers. What a subject! could he have made a better selection if the choice had been left to him? Although a quarter of an hour was allowed for preparation, he went immediately

to the temporary pulpit and unhesitatingly ascended the steps.

The preacher was wise enough not to abandon himself from the beginning to the emotions which agitated his heart. A century later, a critic wrote to the effect that the fire of an exordium is a fire lit with straw. He never wrote anything more strikingly true. As the audience had not given great attention to the sublimity of the text, it would have been dangerous to startle them at once by the exposition of the main idea which it suggests. The youth, therefore, began in the most simple manner. "Religion lays open before us the depths of our misery; it aims at convincing us that nothing in this world really deserves our care and our anxiety; all our earthly business then, should be viewed only in subordination to the great business of eternity." Such is the sketch of his introduction. Nothing brilliant, nothing flowery, nothing done for the sake of *éclat*, and yet every one felt struck and affected. The voice of the orator was calm, grave, majestic; his action, graceful and dignified. By degrees, curiosity gave way to attention, and attention to interest. The orator, as he surveyed the congregation assembled before him, saw that he had arrested their attention, and might have said, like the greatest captain of modern times, when seeing the success of a skilful manœuvre, "They are mine!"

In simple and majestic language, he painted the emptiness and hollowness of the pursuits which mortals follow as their chief end in life. It was, however, when he described death as terminating the day-dreams in which the majority of mankind waste their existence, that he became truly sublime, and showed how just and true were those prognostications which had been formed of his powers of eloquence.

"Human life," exclaimed the young orator, glancing round at his now enchained audience, "human life, my friends, resembles a road which ends in a frightful precipice. Our destiny is fixed—we must proceed. Advance! advance! An invincible power, an irresistible force impels us forward, and we must continually advance to the precipice. A thousand pains, fatigues, and disturbances vex us on the road. If we could but avoid the terrible precipice! No! Advance! You must run on; such is the rapid flight of years. On the way we occasionally meet with some objects that divert us, a flowing stream, a passing flower; we are amused by them, and we wish to stop. Advance! advance! We see that everything around us tumbles down—a frightful crash! an inevitable ruin! All is enchantment and illusion; we are still hurried on to the frightful gulf. By degrees, everything begins to fade, the flowers seem less lively, the colours less fresh, the meadows less gay, the waters less bright; everything decays; everything falls away. At length the spectre of death rises upon us. We begin to be sensible of our near approach to the fatal gulf. We touch its brink; one step more; horror now seizes our senses; the head turns; the eyes wander! still we must advance!"

In similar strains the orator continued. We shall not follow him through the whole of his discourse. When he had concluded, it was a singular spectacle to look round the apartment. There sat

the high-born, the rich, the beautiful, the witty, the fashionable, trembling beneath the uncompromising eloquence of that hitherto unknown young man. As if the angel of death was wielding before their eyes his glittering weapon, they felt an indescribable awe. The preacher belonged unhappily to a church which knows how to paint the terrors of the law—the penalty of death and sin; but fails to point out the remedy, "Being justified by faith we have peace with God." Still the preacher's discourse had so far answered its end. His giddy audience was solemnized. A deep silence had prevailed from the beginning to the end of his address. Many were in tears. Some were even ready to tear from their persons the fashionable gowgaws which they felt to be the insignia of worldliness and vanity. The assembly was hushed as the young preacher descended from his pulpit and passed into an adjoining apartment. Then all felt free to breathe, and to express their admiration.

"Who," said a nobleman present—but who had entered later than the others—"who is this remarkable young man? What is his name?"

"Benigne Bossuet," was the reply.

"Then I predict for him a reputation as one of the first of France's pulpit orators."

Posterity has affirmed the truth of that prediction. Benigne Bossuet, in his subsequent career, more than fulfilled all those pledges of his genius which he gave on that memorable evening, in the apartments of the marchioness de Rambouillet. He is known to all readers of French literature as one of France's most eloquent sons.*

THE GREEN VAULT OF DRESDEN.

At the time of the Great Exhibition, one of our metropolitan journals, in describing its wonders, alluded to "the green vault of Dresden," as having, previous to the Crystal Palace, been among the greatest marvels of modern travel. We subjoin a brief but interesting notice of this singular collection of curiosities, given by Mr. Hinton, in his recent "Tour through Holland and North Germany," a publication, we may add, which abounds in felicitous sketches—like that now subjoined—of continental scenery and life.

At eleven we were conducted by our commissioner to the treasury of valuables known as the Green Vault, constituting, in fact, the ground floor (not the basement) of one of the royal palaces. Here are eight rooms full of the rarest and most beautiful works of art, and gold and gems beyond computation; a wilderness of beauty, were it not that an inspector accompanies each party of six, and points out what is most worthy of notice—a feature both agreeably and usefully distinguishing this from some collections we had seen elsewhere. A large number of the works of art here deposited

* The incident which we have sketched above, took place in the manner now stated; the eloquent passage we have quoted is also Bossuet's own, and has long been admired as a sublime specimen of pulpit eloquence. A slight anachronism has, however, been committed, in transferring it to the scene just sketched.

are from the hand of Dinglinger, who seems to have been the very prince of jewellers, and to have met with a patron worthy of him in Augustus II, surnamed the Strong. The vases of half precious stones—agate, jasper, carnelian, and onyx—are altogether exquisite; some of rose quartz, however, would have added to the beauty of the collection. The rock crystals also are splendid, but what is not? Here is the earliest of looking glasses; a small plate of inlaid glass in a most gorgeous frame, and a covering for it consisting of—what would you think? Silver plated with gold; so precious was looking glass in those days. The earliest of watches is here; and while sufficiently elegant, it is certainly large enough to be not improperly called, as a watch sometimes is familiarly called, a turnip. The masterpiece of Dinglinger is a representation of the court of the Great Mogul, the whole wrought in gold enamelled: here are one hundred and thirty-eight figures, each of exquisite form and expression, and the entire piece occupied the artist and sixteen men for eight years. Verily, the race improves. No eight years' labour of sixteen men, to say nothing of the skill of the artist, will ever be spent on such a bauble again while the world stands. So, at least, I prophesy.

The collection of gems is magnificent beyond description; it is far finer as a whole than the same department in the Great Exhibition. No diamond is there, however, equal in size, though several are superior in brilliancy, to the Koh-i-noor; nor is there a blue diamond equal in magnitude to Mr. Hope's; but there is a fine green diamond, of large size, which is unique. The emeralds are very fine, but they are exceeded by the Duke of Devonshire's. The Bohemian garnets, the specimens of Saxon and Brazilian topaz, and the oriental pearls, are all beautiful. And there they lie, in orders of knighthood, collars, and chains of honour, mocking the poor state of the princes they belong to, and so bitterly mocking it, that even the fashion of displaying them on state occasions is going into desuetude. It is an affecting infliction of the social and political state of the community, that upon any alarm of an *éméute*, these valuables are hurried off, under military escort, to the fortress of Königstein. They were so in the wars of Napoleon, and they were so in the conflict of 1849.

These two exhibitions had so far wearied us, that we were glad to get into a drosky, and take a ride. We went by the new and handsome orangery, and to an insignificant bust of the late king, placed in the suburbs; but it interested us more to see the spot where the French battery stood, when Napoleon ordered the firing of the shower of balls, by one of which Moreau fell. We afterwards drove to the Great Garden—the Hyde Park of Dresden, but without the Serpentine—in which stands a very pretty little palace never used as a residence, and returned refreshed to dinner.

At four o'clock we went to the Armoury, formerly called the Rust-Kammer, but now the Historical Collection, which is contained in the north wing of the handsome but somewhat fanciful building, called the Zwinger. In approaching this edifice, we passed through the principal

scene of the revolutionary struggle of 1849. The fronts of the houses still show many marks of cannon balls, and the ravages of the fire are far from being repaired. The site of the Opera House, which was burnt in that seven days' conflict, is indeed covered with new and handsome houses; but a considerable part of the Zwinger itself stands in ghastly ruin, and presents its roofless and blackened walls as in unheeded lamentation.

In the first room of the armoury is furniture—not arms—of the fifteenth century; the articles are elaborate and splendid, and the style is just that after which fashion is evidently pining in the nineteenth. A cabinet of Martin Luther's, presented to him by his friend, the elector John Frederic, is there, with the sword he wore when obliged to appear as a knight; also an old communion cup of ebony and silver, and other relics of the great reformer. Then come the knights of the same era, with their tilting lances and accoutrements, and after these the same personages arrayed with weapons of war. Each knight is on horseback, fully accoutred, and the suits of armour are those which were actually worn by sovereigns and warriors of the greatest celebrity. The whole forms an imposing exhibition, after the manner of the old armoury in the Tower of London, but leaving it far behind. It is very well arranged, and is kept very clean. Seven men are constantly employed in the preservation of the relics from rust, so much more fatal is time than force. Some of the harnessings, both of man and horse, are ornamented with a degree of richness which defies description; they may almost literally be said to be covered with jewels and gold: but of a much more touching interest than these, are two knights arrayed in black cloth, their horses also caparisoned with the same, because they have met in mortal encounter, and are pledged to pursue each other to the death. After these men of gallantry and strife are passed, is a chamber of fire-arms, which is curious as exhibiting the progress made by these instruments of death. The earliest mode of obtaining a spark for igniting the powder, as we were shown, consisted in drawing a file, or piece of jagged iron, sharply against a piece of fire-stone, or pyrites, tightly, screwed down upon it; then came the match-lock, in which a piece of tow was kindled; after this the flint and steel, which our guide ascribed to the French; and now, after several hundred years, the percussion cap has superseded all these contrivances. The greatest curiosity exhibited to us in this department, however, was a pistol of the earliest make, constructed to hold at once, and to fire successively, six charges. The functionary who conducted us stated that the principle of this construction approached very nearly to that of Colt's revolver; the design of it is clearly the same.

We were now shown into a room of crimson hangings, and of singular shape. "An interesting object," said our demonstrator; "a Turkish tent, captured at the siege of Vienna, and all the arms in it are Turkish, taken on the same occasion." And truly it was an interesting object; spacious, lofty, and commodious, for the Moslem warriors. The tents of the present day are humble indeed in the comparison; they have the important advantage, however, of forming a more portable baggage.

Among the various articles contained in the concluding room of the series, I shall specify three—an old hat, a cast, and a horse-shoe. The old hat belonged to the late king, and is clearly a wide-awake. It seems that some memorial of every sovereign must be blended with the shadowy greatness of the past, and go down to the admiring generations to come, and so the hat of the late monarch is duly placed in a glass-case in the armoury; I think, however, it might be advantageously put in the same case with the hat of Peter the Great, a little three-cornered, flat article, with which his Saxon Majesty's wide-awake forms certainly an amusing contrast. The horse-shoe has not the merit of being entire, it is broken. "It is the celebrated horse-shoe," said the guide, "which Augustus the Strong broke between his fingers." "How do you know that?" said Dr. Steane. "We have written testimonies of it," rejoined our guide: but the testimonies were not forthcoming, and somewhat of incredulity seemed to remain with us, yet perhaps unjustly. The cast is that of Napoleon, taken by his physician at St. Helena, after death. It has the rudimental features of his countenance, but not, I think—how should it have?—the living expression. I may add that the boots, which Napoleon wore at the battle of Dresden are also here; not that his wardrobe was left behind, but as these boots had got very wet, one of them was cut in order to get it off, and so they became a prey to this omnivorous depository. The satin shoes which Napoleon wore at his coronation are in the same case with these old boots.

THE NATURALIST IN JAMAICA.

As the voyager approaches Jamaica, admiration and wonder are excited by the lofty range of the Blue Mountains, which run uninterruptedly throughout the island. The aspect of the country is, however, extremely different on the opposite sides of this range. On the north, the surface rises gradually from the shore by undulating hills, separated by spacious valleys, watered by numerous rivulets, and clothed with groves of pimento. The scenery on the south side is much bolder; the shore is skirted by abrupt precipices and inaccessible cliffs; and towards the interior, the hill ranges are more abrupt and less fertile; while between them and the foot of the central chain are extensive savannahs and richly cultivated plains. The eminences are clothed from their base to their greatest altitude, with the deep verdure of primitive forests; and a peculiar charm is given them by playful cascades dash from rock to rock, or fall, in one sheet of water, into the deep and sombre ravine.

The climate of Jamaica, like that of other islands of the west, differs greatly from that of the east. The thermometer ranges there, throughout the year, between 70° and 84° Fahrenheit. But the heat in the towns and lowlands would be most distressingly intense were it not for the trade-winds which, fresh from the sea, reduce the temperature in the hottest part of the day; and the land-breeze which, during the night, comes from the mountains, diffusing an influence still more soothing and benign. Only those who have experienced them can describe the invigorating power of these winds, and the delightful elasticity and buoyancy which they impart to the frame. The languor and restlessness ordinarily associated with a tropical cli-

mate are here dispelled in the morning by the balmy mildness of the air; while, with a mind at peace, the night is a season of pure and tranquil delight.

In the rainy season, principally in the month of August, and more rarely in July and September, there sometimes occurs a terrific phenomenon. It comes on either in the quarters, or at the full or change of the moon. If it come on at the full moon, the sky is very turbulent, the sun is usually red, a deal calm prevails, the hills are free from the clouds and mists that usually hover about them, while in the clefts of the earth and in the wells there is a hollow rumbling sound like the rushing of a great wind—all portents of the approaching hurricane. At night, these prognostications are continued: as the sun has appeared surrounded by a great hurr, so the moon has the same appearance, nor are the stars free from it as they shine forth apparently much larger than usual. The north-west sky has a black and menacing look; and the sea emits a strong smell and rises into huge waves, often without any wind. At length, the crisis comes: the wind itself forsakes its usual steady easterly stream, and shifts about to the west, from whence it sometimes blows, with intermission, violently and irregularly, for about two hours at a time. In its rage, it is productive of terrible calamity, destroying at one stroke the labour of many years, and frustrating the highest hopes of worldly success, even when they seemed beyond the reach of failure. There is, in fact, a sudden and violent storm of wind, accompanied by rain, lightning, thunder, and a furious swelling of the sea. Under this dreadful combination of elements, whole fields of sugar-canes have been whirled into the air, and scattered over the face of the country. The strongest trees of the forest have been torn up by the roots, and driven about like stubble. Windmills have been swept away in a moment, and their works, fixtures, and ponderous machinery, of many hundred weight, wrenched from the ground and battered to pieces. Houses often afford no protection; for the roofs are torn off at one blast, while the rain, which, in an hour has risen five feet, rushes in upon them with irresistible violence. Even edifices built of stone have been shaken to their foundations, and hurled into ruin.

The earthquake in Jamaica is a still more terrific catastrophe. It is preceded by a general stillness of the air, and by an unnatural agitation of the waters of the lakes and the ocean. There is a deep rumbling noise, like that of a carriage over a rough pavement, or else a tremendous explosion, resembling a discharge of artillery, or the bursting of a thunder-cloud; and then the ground is heaved perpendicularly upwards, or rolled from side to side. Single shocks seldom last longer than a minute, but they frequently follow one another, at short intervals, for a considerable length of time. As they occur, large chasms are made in the ground, from which are sometimes discharged smoke and flames, but more frequently stones and torrents of water.

Let us now look at some of the vegetable products of the island. A wondrous aggregate of them appears in a forest which it is, sometimes, no easy task to penetrate. For withes, in great numbers, twine about the trees and about each other, many of them armed with spines; long prickly cacti trail here and there; while lianas, resembling lines, strings, or ropes, hang down in loops, or wave to and fro, extending often from a lofty bough nearly to the ground, without a branch or a leaf till near the extremity, where the cord commonly divides itself into three or more slender ones. Frequently, the bushes, and smaller trees are so numerous and close as completely to choke the ground, which, from its being sometimes loose and strong, the

pedestrian finds it difficult to traverse. Yet, what a spectacle is presented when a way onwards is made! Trees, small and large, are studded with parasites, some of them orchids, but chiefly wild pines. How curious is the one called "the old man's beard." It is very small and slender, yet forming great matted bunches, with wiry stems, often hanging down like tufts of human hair. Hard by, perhaps, is a long spike of flowers, of crimson and purple hues, a beautiful plant in the blossoming season. Another, still more productive, throws out a long, branching spike of crimson and yellow flowers; while this is surpassed by one large flower, of a rich crimson hue and polished surface, with its natural reservoirs of water placed at the bases of the leaves.

Nor is this a solitary instance. Mr. Gosse, the naturalist, was one day walking in the midst of this luxuriant tropical vegetation, when he observed a living twisted stem, formed like that of the common grape vine and about as thick as a man's wrist, hanging down from one tree to another. With a stroke of his heavy knife his companion cut it in two, and putting one extremity to Mr. Gosse's mouth, bade him drink. A copious supply of fluid instantly flowed from it, which he could not have distinguished from pure cold water. This tree is the water wither. A junk of a yard long, it is said, will yield a pint of fluid; and lives have been saved by the seasonable supply of this plant, when a traveller has lost his way in the woods, and become faint with thirst.

The calabash trees in the island are very numerous; rich with their gourd-like fruit, so easily adapted to vessels for domestic purposes. But trees abound here beyond enumeration. None is more imposing in stature and magnitude than the silk cotton tree. When young, it is covered with a green bark; but when of adult age, the bark is of a hoary grey hue, sometimes almost white. It is not uncommon for it to reach the height of 80 or 100 feet in naked majesty, before a

single branch is sent forth; or for it to attain the altitude of 150 feet. The young leaves appear about the end of May. Meantime, the green pods have formed, ripened, and burst, liberating a quantity of fine, silky, filamentous down, of a pale brown colour.

"A beautiful contrivance connected with the growth of the bamboo," says Mr. Gosse, "has been frequently



BAMBOO.

noticed, but I may be excused for mentioning it again, for its interest; especially as in my own independent observations, it had excited my admiration. Any one looking at a dense bamboo clump, the polished rigid stems standing like a foot, or even less, apart, and each bristling with stiff branches shooting out horizontally in every direction, would ask, "How is it possible for fresh stems to rear themselves through such a labyrinth of crossed and re-crossed branches? Surely their side shoots would catch some of these horizontal rods before the stem was well out of the ground, and either be broken off while young and tender, or be irreparably distorted. Yet, we never saw such a distortion; each stem bears its shoots of horizontal branches, and each branch finds its place among its fellows, adding to the maze, and apparently to the impenetrability. The contrivance, however, which obviates all difficulty is most simple." The new stem shoots up from the root stock and attains its lofty stature before a single lateral branch has budded. In this simple form its sharp top and polished surface find no difficulty in threading the crossed branches; and when once its elevation is gained, the lateral branches find their horizontal course no less unrestricted."

Another vegetable curiosity is given us on the same high authority. "Eminently characteristic of a tropical shore is the dense belt of mangrove bushes with which it is in many places lined. To a European it is a strange sight to see a grove of trees actually growing out of the sea, and his admiration is not diminished when he examines more closely the structure of these singular plants. The extensive morass at Crab-pond Point, a



CALABASH TREE.

flat of fetid mud over which the tide flows daily, is closely covered with mangroves. The trunk of every tree springs from the union of a number of

attentively on other spots. The reptiles, however, demand a moment's notice. "The stranger walks into the dwelling-house," says Mr. Gosse. "Lizards,



CNEMIDOPHORUS, OR TRILLED LIZARD.

slender arches, each forming the quadrant of a circle, whose extremities penetrate into the mud. These are the roots of the tree, which always shoot out in this arched form, often taking a regular curve of six feet in length before they dip into the mud. The larger ones send out side shoots which take the same curved form, at right angles; and thus, by the crossing of the roots of neighbouring trees, and of the subordinate roots of each, a complex array of arches is produced, on which one may securely walk for hundreds of yards, probably in some places for miles, about eighteen inches above the mud or above the surface of the water when the tide is in. The average thickness of these natural bows is about an inch, and if stretched straight, they would hardly support the weight of a man; but their vaulted form greatly increases their strength, and though, they frequently swerve a little under the foot, I never knew one to break.

"On the branches overhead, depending from the tips of the twigs, we see the no less curious seeds. Each is a long club-shaped body with a bulbous base, and a slender point more or less drawn out. They germinate and grow while attached to the parental twig; those which hang near the water gradually lengthen until the tip reaches the mud, which it penetrates, and thus it roots itself; those which depend from the higher branches, after growing for a while, drop, and then sticking in the mud throw out rootlets from one end and leaves from the other. In the process of growth, the roots gradually assume the arched form, and raise the common centre, or base, of the trunk considerably above the soil. The foliage of the mangrove is dense and leathery, and the aspect of the swamps in which it grows, sombre and dismal to the extreme."

But we must not linger on these curiosities; nor on the sugar-cane of Jamaica, its spices, or its fruits. Animals too are numerous; but we must look at them

lizards still meet his eye. The little creatures are chasing each other in and out between the jalousies, now stopping to protrude from the throat a broad disk of brilliant colour, crimson or orange, like the petal of a flower, then withdrawing it, and again displaying it in coquetish play. Then one leaps a yard or two through the air, and alights on the back of his playfellow; and both struggle and twist about in unimaginable contortions. Another is running up and down on the plastered wall, catching the ants as they roam in black lines over its whitened surface; and another leaps from the top of some piece of furniture upon the back of the visitor's chair, and scampers nimbly along the collar of his coat. It jumps on the table;—can it be the same? An instant ago it was of the most beautiful golden green, except the base of the tail, which was of a soft light purple hue; now, as if changed by an enchanter's wand, it is of a sordid sooty brown all over, and becomes momentarily darker and darker, or mottled with dark and pale patches of a most unpleasant aspect. Presently, however, the mental emotion, whatever it was, anger, or fear, or dislike, has passed away, and the lively green hue sparkles in the glancing sunlight as before."

Of the birds we can take only one; but then its powers are most extraordinary. "The many-voiced mocking-bird," Mr. Gosse tells us, "is the nightingale of the western world. Abundant in almost all situations, from mountain-peak to sea-shore, but especially common in the orchards and about the homesteads of the lowlands, the voice of the mocking-bird is heard throughout the year, even when other birds are silent, and all through the day; and that not by ones or twos, but by dozens and scores, each straining his me-



MOCKING-BIRD.

ludious throat is outdoing his rivals, and pouring forth his full expressive strains in all the rich variety for which this inimitable songster is so famous. Wilson has truly observed of this delightful bird, that "the

car can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment.' If all the birds of Jamaica were noiseless, except the mocking-bird, the woods, and groves, and gardens would still be everywhere vocal with his profuse and rapturous songs. In those brilliant nights, when the full-orbed moon shines from the depth of the clear sky with such intensity that the eye cannot gaze upon the dazzling brightness of her face, shedding down on plain and sea a flood of soft light sufficient to enable one to read an ordinary book with ease in the open air,—how sweet, how rich, how thrilling are the bursts of melody that rise from the trees around, the serenades of wakeful mocking-birds! Nothing to be compared to it have I ever heard in England; the night-song of a single bird, however fine may be its execution, is no more to be put into competition with such a chorus, than the performance of a single musician, though a master, with that of a band. Nights so lovely are seen only in the tropics, and the music is worthy of the night."

BUTTERCUPS IN LONDON.

On a late visit to Covent-garden-market, where I arrived at the dawn of day in the month of April, amid the confused hubbub and monotonous din of the busy population, my attention was arrested by the tall and weather-beaten figure of a hoary-headed man, who leaned patiently against one of the square pillars of the piazza. Though he was not exactly "the oldest man that ever wore grey hairs," he had plainly long outlived the threescore and ten years assigned by the Psalmist as the usual limits of mortal existence. Though but a few white locks clustered sparingly around his bald forehead, yet his frame was not bowed by a long life of labour, nor the fire of his eye grown dim; the brown hue of health yet mantled in his furrowed cheek, upon which dwelt the expression of patriarchal tranquillity and repose; and an air of semi-abstraction marked his aspect, as though his thoughts were not altogether centred upon the motley and ever-moving scene around him. He stood in simple and quiet dignity, presiding over a large basket of buttercups—early buttercups, which, yet moist with the sparkling dews of night, he had gathered in the fields or hedge-rows, and brought upon his back to the market for sale.

"Strange merchandise!" thought I to myself. "Buttercups! who will be likely to buy buttercups, which anybody may go and gather for nothing in the fields? Surely the old man must be in his dotage!" And I passed on, not without a feeling of compassion for the simplicity of a man of his years, who could imagine that he would find a market for buttercups in the very centre of civilisation and refinement. There was something, however, in the vivid flash of the old man's eye, as his glance met mine for a moment—and it may well be that there was something in the dewy golden bowls of the buttercups too—which impressed the spectacle he presented upon my memory after I had turned away, and brought him at intervals again and again before my mind's eye.

As I strolled pleasantly among the floral beauties of the parterre and the hot-house—the graceful arums, the delicate and fragile monthly roses, the modest and luxuriant pansies, and the brilliant

exotics, which even in early spring render Covent-garden the paradise of commerce, the images of the buttercups and their grey-haired guardian recurred many times, and ever with added force, to my imagination. By-and-by I began to doubt whether I had not done the old man an injustice in the estimate I had formed of him—whether, in fact, I was not myself the simpleton, and he the wiser man of the two. "Buttercups!" I again mentally ejaculated, "what are the associations connected with them, and what are the images they present to the Londoner pent up in the murky wilderness of brick? Is not the buttercup the first flower plucked by infant hands from the green bosom of bountiful mother earth? Are not the sweet memories of infancy and childhood, which are the purest poetry of man's troubled life, all floating magically in its little golden cup? Who does not remember—and who, remembering, would willingly forget?—his first ecstatic rambles in the yellow fields—yellow with buttercups, when he pulled the nodding flowers, and held the gleaming calyx beneath his little sister's chin, enraptured at the ruddy reflection from the flower; and then, with look demure and solemn, submitted his own face to the same mysterious experiment? Who does not remember the ravage he committed in the golden meadows, while he was yet a tottling plaything hardly higher than the tall grass in which he was half-buried, when, had he had but the power, he would have culled every flower of the field, and garnered them up for treasures? And how many thousands and tens of thousands are there among the weary workers of London, to whom these associations are dearer by far than any which could be called into existence by the most rare and gorgeous products of combined art and nature which wealth could procure?"

Simpleton that I was—I had set down a profound practical philosopher for a mere dotard. The old man knew the secrets of the human heart better than I did. He was well aware that to the industrious country-bred mechanic, caged, perhaps for life, in the stony prison of the metropolis, the simple flower which brought once more within his dark and smoky dwelling the scenes and memories of infancy, would present attractions to which a penny would be light indeed in the balance; and that he should therefore find patrons and purchasers, as long as he could meet with men who had hearts in their bosoms and a few penny-pieces in their pockets.

These were my speculations; and having now completely altered my opinion of the buttercup-merchant, I resolved, before I left the market to see the patriarch again, in order to ascertain, if possible, whether I had at length come to a right conclusion with regard to him. A couple of hours had elapsed ere I returned to the spot where I had first seen him. He had not deserted his post. The sun had risen high, and was shining warily upon his brown face, now animated with a look of joyous satisfaction, which I attributed to the success of his morning's speculation. His basket—an old wine hamper cut down—was empty, and he held out the last bunch of buttercups in his hand, and proffered them to me, having sold, he said, "three score odd" that morning.

Whether I bought the last bunch of buttercups

it imports the reader nothing to know. I must confess to an affection—whether it be a disease or not, let the nosologists declare—which conjures up visions of hedge-rows sparkling with blossoms, and of embowering shadowy lanes; through gaps in which the green fields glimmer brightly. This affection, when an attack of it comes on, sometimes leads me to do odd things—things far more strange than lugging home a bunch of buttercups half as big as my head. Still I am not going to confess. I do declare, however, that I was not sorry to find that there were so many simpletons to be met with in London, before seven o'clock in the morning, as to buy up half a hundred weight of buttercups at a penny a bunch. Among so many sharp fellows who speculate upon the animal appetites, the vices, and the sordid propensities of mankind, it was refreshing to find one who, like the purveyor of buttercups, founded his claim to remuneration upon the indwelling poetry of human nature, and the love of natural beauties which survives in so many persons, debased and tainted and corrupt though they be by temptation and by sin.

OUR WINTER OF 1862.

THE winter of 1862, though not the mildest that has been known in the memory of that oft-cited authority, the "oldest inhabitant," is entitled to rank high in the catalogue of unwinterly seasons, as far as our experience has been concerned, and well deserves a memorial in our pages. Frost set in at a somewhat early period, covering the shallow ponds with a coating of ice, sufficient to tempt the youthful skater to venture on its surface, though not strong enough to divest the enterprise of peril. But, before the diversion of the juveniles had fairly commenced, or had extended to the manly portion of the population, the ice-king abandoned his throne; in a day or two, the ponds were again liquid. December, January, and February, the winter months, passed with the temperature never descending below the freezing point, except at a few intervals. The Christmas of real life answered in no degree to pictorial representations of it, sketched to figure in the illustrated journals, which, duly appearing at the appointed time, so widely departed from the realities of nature as almost ludicrously to contrast with them. There were no trees bending their boughs beneath a burden of snow; no fields carpeted, or houses bespattered, with the same material; no long icicles depending from their roofs. Snow fell, indeed, at one period, in some abundance along our eastern coast, and in great amount on the Highlands of the North; but the vast area of the kingdom scarcely received sufficient to conceal its grass and pebbles. Rain descended in torrents, accompanied with tremendous gusts of wind; and but for the copious showers of January and February, the drought of the succeeding months would have been far greater. Such was the winter of 1861-62 in England; but while its features to us were unusually clement, they were more than ordinarily stern in other quarters.

Experience shows, that a season varying considerably from its usual state over an extensive area, is balanced by a coincident deviation in

another district, situated in an opposite direction. The Danes have observed that, when Iceland has mild winters, there is greater intensity of cold at Copenhagen. In 1790-1, the winter was very mild in Europe, and more than commonly rigorous in North America. The winter of 1794-5, when the armies of the French republic overran Holland, was extremely severe in Europe, and as mild in America. The same occurred in 1809-10. In February, 1828, when the temperature was remarkably genial in America, the cold was more than ordinarily excessive at Irkutsk, while in Europe in general the season maintained its standard character. In the December of the following year, there was intense cold at Paris and Berlin; it was marked at Kasan on the eastern border of Europe; moderate at Irkutsk in the heart of Asia; while an unusual warmth prevailed in America. In January 1837, the temperature was high in Europe, and low across the Atlantic. So more recently, the winter of 1851-2, which laid a gentle hand upon us, visited the United States with a hard grasp, far exceeding usual experience. It may be concluded, therefore, that the same quantity of heat is always distributed over the earth's surface, although unequally; and year after year, the mean annual temperature of particular places exhibits little variation, a greater degree of heat or cold in one season being compensated by a reverse atmospheric state in another.

Towards the close of the winter months, our weather became remarkable. Soon after the middle of February, strong easterly winds commenced—the common drawback of our spring, chilling the frame, and retarding vegetation by a piercing cold, consequent on blowing over a continent still marked with the influence of winter. They are seldom, however, continuous through any lengthened interval, breezes from the warmer region of the south-west alternating with them. Taking the months of February, March, and April for a period of twenty years, ending 1846, the number of days during which easterly winds prevailed at London in each month, was as follow, as registered at the Royal Society:—

	N.E.	E.	S.E.
February	33	32	20
March	48	20	19
April	40	36	21

But during the corresponding interval of the present year, for upwards of sixty successive days, the direction of the wind has been indicated by the abbreviations, N E; N E by S; E N E; N by N; E; N by S; N S E; S E by E; and S E; some slight interruptions excepted. Thus our proverbially sickly climate recently acquired somewhat of a permanent character, till we rose in the morning, expecting out-of-doors a cold salutation from the eastern breeze, as a thing of course. In other respects the weather was splendid. There was glorious sunshine. For hours together scarcely a wisp of cloud could be discerned in the sky, while by night the atmosphere was remarkably transparent. The stars shone out from their far-away spheres with peculiar clearness and lustre; and Venus glowed with vivid brilliancy in the western heavens. But a biting wind and warm sunbeams are not favourable to health. Diseases

of the respiratory organs were, consequently, prevalent; bronchitis and pneumonia acquiring prominence in the registration tables of fatal disorders in the metropolis.

Steam was not to be controlled by atmospheric influences; and steamers ploughed their way up the Channel, as proudly as ever, neither hissing, screaming, or groaning the more because the wind was right ahead against them. The case was far different with sailing vessels. Homeward-bound merchant-men, laden with foreign produce, were unable to make the passage of the Channel, or completely locked out of its mouth, till whole fleets collected, and were kept beating about for weeks, while within a few days' ordinary sail of home. The crews, meanwhile, made fearful havoc with the stock of provisions on board, calculated only to last for the usual term of their voyages; and were in several instances reduced to an almost starving condition. The crew of a vessel, which subsequently reached C'rookhaven, had to live on cocoa-nuts for nearly three weeks. Upwards of 200,000 tons of cotton for the Liverpool market were, at one period, supposed to be afloat near that port, unable to make it. Labourers on shore, and their families, to be numbered by thousands, employed in unloading vessels at the various dock establishments, were involved in the greatest distress for want of work. No register tells how often and closely the anxious merchant, pilot, and porter, scrutinized the weather-index, to ascertain the slightest symptom of relenting on the part of the easterly wind, the most protracted and, in nautical language, "hard-hearted" that has been known for years. But the affairs of foreign commerce, and of those on shore to whom it gives industrial employment, were not the only interests affected. We must now notice another feature of our recent experience, intimately connected with the preceding, and in fact its natural consequence.

*West and south-west winds, sweeping over the vast Atlantic ocean, and bearing along with them the great masses of aqueous vapour perpetually rising from its waters, are specially to us the agents of humidity, and may be called our rain-bringing winds. On the contrary, easterly winds are commonly dry, being chiefly exposed to the influence of a continental surface, which yields a comparatively small amount of moisture to the evaporating forces. They, moreover, forbid the humidity derived from the outlying ocean from gaining access to us. Hence, coincident with their prevalence, there was an absence of rain, except in an almost inappreciable quantity. Drought, usually a word confined in its application to the phenomena of summer, emphatically characterised the recent early spring; the copious showers common to the season having been entirely wanting, and slight sprinklings; few and far between, alone experienced. The torren ts which marked the opening weeks of the year, gradually subsided; the last day of regular wet over any considerable area was the 18th of February; and from that period, through March to the close of April, all over the kingdom the interval may be called a rainless one. The report from Manchester showed, that not three-tenths of an inch of rain fell for upwards of two months.

In Lochaber, of all districts in the Highlands the most subject to abundant spring rains, "wet

March" and "showery April" were for once complete misnomers, not a drop falling for a period of nine weeks. It was not unusual to see persons going half-a-mile for a pail of water, in a country where, in ordinary seasons, a stranger would not trust himself, unless wrapped in a water-repeller, or guarded by an umbrella of formidable dimensions and strength. In Skye, at the base of the Coollin hills, whose high peaks permit few clouds to pass unbroken, and where the drip is almost incessant, there were no rain-clouds to be arrested by the mountains and to discharge themselves in showers.

The effect of the drought upon vegetation, with cold winds, frosty nights, and hot bright suns by day, may readily be apprehended. Grass became "short," to use agricultural language, and all kinds of "keep" scarce. The aspect of such localities as the downs of Kent and Sussex, with that of commons in general, was autumnal rather than vernal. The herbage was dry and brown; whole acres exhibited scarcely a trace of green; and in some districts, for want of food and water, the weakness of the cattle was apparent to the passenger. In France, the graziers, having exhausted their winter food, were compelled in many places to dispose of their stock on the most disadvantageous terms, while severe night frosts, alternating with days of glaring sunshine, irreparably injured many of the vineyards from Montpellier to Bordeaux. At home, household convenience and industrial occupations were seriously affected by the want of water. The Manchester water-works' committee, to meet the deficiency experienced in the suburban townships, had to purchase 20,000,000 gallons from the proprietors of the Peak forest canal reservoirs, giving for the quantity the sum of 1,500*l*. Water-mills on minor streams came to a stand, the brooks running low, or altogether failing. Many of the burns in the Highlands disappeared entirely, such, at least, as derived no supplies from the mountain lachs, which were not diminished to any appreciable extent. In the lake district of England also, the smaller streams dried up, entailing the destruction of a large quantity of fish. In the dry bed of a rivulet falling into Derwentwater, a hole of scanty dimensions, retaining a portion of the stream, was found crowded with trout, which were transferred uninjured to an adjoining river. It is strange to read particulars of this kind so soon after the occurrence of the terrible Holmfrith deluge.

There is another class of events to be referred to, of a different nature to the former, but closely linked to them, as the effects of a common cause. In the tropical districts of the new world, where dense herbage clothes the surface, and the grasses rise almost to the height of trees, extensive conflagrations, inadvertently kindled, are of common occurrence, when the combined influence of drought and heat has rendered the vegetation highly combustible. Immense volumes of smoke, borne by the winds to a distance from the scene of ignition, cloud the atmosphere, veil the sunlight, and originate the "dark days" of North America. We have recently had some kindred experience, though on a vastly inferior scale. Commons, heaths, and peat mosses, rendered exceedingly dry and easily ignitable by the long showerless season, were

burning for days and weeks. Carelessly exposed to the action of the devouring element, the shrivelled grasses and parched ligneous products combined with the winds to promote rapid and widespread combustion. South Lancashire, where such tracts of country are specially conspicuous, presented several spectacles of this description. Linton Common, to the south of Manchester, was thus fired; as were also the moss lands to the south-west, in the neighbourhood of Altrincham, with Carrington Moss, Ashton-upon-Mersey Moss, and Parkington Moss, where the homesteads of the farmers were with difficulty preserved from destruction. Travelling by the railway between Manchester and Liverpool, the passenger might see the country consuning in the distance; and near the Astley station, where the fire seized upon Botany Bay wood, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, the conflagration was formidable. Fed by the plantation of fir, alder, birch, and other trees, the flames rose to a considerable height. Thousands poured out of the adjoining towns to watch their progress, as they had done, not long before, and not far away, to trace the course of the flood, and mark its ravages in the secluded valley of Holmfirth. Deep trenches, cut in previous years for draining purposes, limited the advances of the fire in some directions; and they were further restricted by workmen clearing the surrounding spaces of fuel. Besides the damage to property, the destruction of game was immense. Twenty hares were observed roasted in a heap. Numbers were seen on spots environed by the ignited tracts, apparently in terror awaiting their fate, or vainly attempting to flee from it. Pheasants and partridges, in their breeding season, suffered themselves to be burnt upon their nests, rather than desert them. Some rose on the wing, and fell back into the burning moss, either from suffocation, or because their scorched pinions were unequal to the task of flight.

In the vicinity of Liverpool, the dry heaths of Prescott, Bickerstaff, Rainford, and Ormskirk, were similarly ignited by the excessive thoughtlessness of labourers, with the like results; and in the east of the kingdom, the Helme Fen, Huntingdonshire, was for three days blazing like a furnace. The surface there consists of a deep stratum of light vegetable soil, which the drought had deprived of moisture; and is largely clothed with a growth of strong grass, reeds, and sedges. To clear a portion of the land for agricultural purposes, the dry herbage was set on fire on Friday, April 23rd; but the author of the operation was speedily astonished and terrified by the result—a furious conflagration spreading in all directions, and for a time defying all control. At night the scene became appalling, and the neighbouring families dispersed to seek shelter, or obtain assistance. On Saturday, the flames extended nearly six miles. The very earth itself burnt fiercely. Piles of turf prepared for fuel, and intended for sale in various parts of the country, added to the strength of the fire, and accelerated its progress. Hundreds of acres of the growing crops were consumed. On Sunday, the ravages of the destroyer were not arrested, though labourers in thousands were now employed in endeavouring to extinguish the ignited mass. Though a district commonly

possessing a superabundance of water, the drought had dried up many of the drains and ditches constructed to carry off the usual surplus. It was not till Tuesday morning that mastery was obtained over the ravaging element, when a tract of land, seven miles in length, by one in width in some places, on the borders of the once-famed Whittlessea Mere, exhibited an uninterrupted black mass of ashes as a memorial of the havoc. In France, scantily as the events of that country are now permitted to transpire, it is known that political exasperation has found vent, in firing wilfully the dry timber of its vast woodlands, destroying the forests for leagues, from the department of the Haut Rhin to the Pyrenees.

At length, in the last week of April, the long looked-for and anxiously desired atmospheric change arrived, though at the time of our writing these remarks, in May, it is too soon to presume upon having parted company with cold and drought for the season. Yet so far, the change has been salutary and effective. The shifting of the wind enabled the merchantmen detained at the mouth of the Channel to wear up; and an enormous fleet in a very brief interval passed the port of Plymouth. The scene in the Thames and at the docks soon became animated almost beyond precedent, owing to the rapid influx of foreign-going shipping. In two days, upwards of a hundred vessels of all sizes entered inwards at the Custom-house, or were reported off Gravesend; of which, fourteen were from the East Indies, China, and the Mauritius; eight from South America, five from the West Indies, three from the Australian colonies, three from North America, and two from the west coast of Africa. In the afternoon of the last day of April, the view of the river from Brunswick wharf, Blackwall, crowded with first-class vessels, was magnificent in the extreme. More than a hundred sail also entered the Mersey from foreign ports, independently of coasters, in a day and a half, the great majority being from the United States, freighted with cotton. Their descent soon after the westerly breezes set in, and with gentle showers refreshed the thirsty meads. In the locality where we happened to be, the scene was somewhat remarkable, owing to the rain, the dry earth, warm sun, and saturated atmosphere. Roads, streets, fields and gardens reeked with vapour, and, as seen from the Sussex downs, the appearance of the landscape answered to the description, though, in another sense, "the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

The meteorology of the last two months has furnished our countrymen, who never go out of their native land, with a sample of a continental climate, more permanent in its phases than our own. Probably they will agree with us, in preferring an April after the old fashion, with showers and sunshine in quick succession, to one so cold and parching as the last, though with days of glare and nights of glitter.

CONTENTMENT.—A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if, in the present life, his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF GENERAL VICTORIA.

ONE of the most remarkable instances of heroic fortitude anywhere on record occurs in the annals of the Mexican war of independence. That contest, as some readers may probably recollect, commenced in 1810, and, after having been to all appearance totally suppressed, was unexpectedly brought to a successful issue in 1822. The first leader of the rebellion was Don Miguel Hidalgo, who, after a short but victorious career, was taken prisoner in 1811, and ended his life, on the scaffold. Undeterred by this blow, the cause of the insurgents was next taken up by Don José Maria Morelos, one of Hidalgo's college friends; and, under the direction of this extraordinary man, a spirit of discipline and valour was breathed into the native creola and Indian population, which enabled it for a considerable time to cope successfully with the bravest troops of Spain. It was in February, 1812, when the forces of Morelos lay entrenched at Cuantla Amilpas, a few miles from Mexico, in hourly expectation of being attacked by an overwhelming force under the royalist general, Calleja, that a young man named José Maria Fernandez crossed the lines, and demanded permission to serve as a volunteer under what he deemed, the banners of his country. He belonged to a noble family; his father possessed large estates in the interior; he had himself embraced the study of the law, and was just about to enter upon practice at the bar, when he resolved to exchange his gown for the sword. He had long mused upon the questions which were the cause of the struggle, and, fired with the enthusiasm of youth, had determined, at all risks, to side with the popular cause the moment he perceived it headed by a competent chief. Such a person he saw in Morelos. He hesitated no longer. The patriot camp was within twenty-two leagues of the capital, but the road thither was occupied by the troops of government, and the utmost precaution was necessary to avoid falling into their hands. By diligence and address, however, he overcame all obstacles, and reached Cuantla in time to share in the dangers of the attack which presently followed.

We are concerned with the progress of the war only so far as it is connected with the career of this young man, and shall therefore allow several years to pass by without notice. During this interval the sword had slain its thousands. Fearful scenes of massacre and destruction had recalled the days of Pizarro to the affrighted imagination of multitudes who still called themselves the children of Montezuma. Often had the recesses of the mountains echoed at midnight with shrieks of mortal agony, as cargoes of victims from some neighbouring fortress arrived at the spot where they were to find their last and lonely home. O horrid war! is there a greater plague beneath the sun? One perhaps, but only one—that principle of sin of which it is the fruit. Morelos was now dead. He had found the fate of his friend Hidalgo. The two had fallen beneath the stroke of the greatest of all conquerors, and their hopes had descended to the guardianship of other hands. José Maria Fernandez, now General Victoria, stood almost alone, the future Washington of his countrymen.

He saw the tide of triumph turn against him. Disciplined valour had everywhere put down the irregular enthusiasm of the native population. The arrival of fresh troops from Spain enabled the viceregal government to maintain communications throughout the country. In addition to this, the prudent offer of a free pardon to all who would abandon the cause of the insurgents, drew from his side all but a very few of his most faithful adherents. With these, however, he still maintained a stand, taking refuge from the overwhelming forces of the enemy in the mountainous districts in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz. But at length even this slender force could not possibly remain united. Every day increased the vigilance of their pursuers. Even now it was in his power to purchase peace and honour by submission. The rival general chivalrously offered him, on the faith of his government, a high rank in the Spanish service, if he would only lay down his arms. To this step no persuasives could entice him, and as a last resource, dismissing his followers, he betook himself, unattended by a single individual and provided with nothing but a little linen and a sword, to the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains. Two Indians, whose attachment could hardly suffer them to separate from their master, received in tears his parting words. They urged him to let them know whereabouts he intended to take up his abode, in order that they might inform him if any favourable change should occur in the prospects of the country. "Yonder," he exclaimed, pointing to a mountain at some distance, which was particularly rugged, and surrounded by forests of vast extent, "you some day may find my bones."

Immediately on losing sight of his faithful friends, Victoria bent his way towards the most inaccessible part of the district he had pointed out. For some time he procured supplies of food from various companies of Indians, who strove to penetrate his retreat, but even this precarious intercourse soon became impossible. Small detachments of the enemy were out daily, in all directions, to hunt him down; and if it was ascertained that he had received aid from any village, it was burnt to the ground. Any one suspected of having relieved his wants was instantly put to death. His former friends were now afraid to meet him. The Indians fled from him with terror. His presence deepened the silence of the wilderness, save that it caused it the oftener to be broken by the murderous shouts of his pursuers. During more than six months they were continually at his heels, and his escapes were often almost miraculous. Sometimes he lay concealed on the ground among the thick shrubs and creepers which abound in the woods of Vera Cruz, and so near the enemy that their imprecations fell distinctly on his ear. Once he suddenly fell in with a detachment, and only effected his escape by swimming over a deep river, which they were unable to cross. At length the troops employed to capture him were fairly tired out, and in order to induce government to desist from the pursuit, they forged a tale respecting a body having been found, which had been identified as that of Victoria. The story was believed. Victoria's death was duly chronicled in the gazette, and he was left in peaceful possession of his mountain solitudes.

But the termination of the pursuit brought no end to Victoria's sufferings. He was still an outlaw to any who might find him, and dared not appear within the precincts of society. He depended for food entirely upon the spontaneous products of the forest, and what he could kill with the only weapon he had in his possession. While summer lasted, he managed pretty well, but his condition was horrible in winter. Then the refuse of wild beasts was a luxury. "I have heard him," says Mr. Ward, formerly British chargé d'affaires at Mexico, "repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses and other animals that he happened to find dead in the woods." He frequently went four or five days without taking anything but water. For two years and a half he never once tasted bread, or saw the face of a human being. His clothes were torn to pieces, and his skin cruelly lacerated, by the thorny underwood through which he had to make his way; and the only covering he possessed was a cotton wrapper which he had found near some Indian huts, when hunger had driven him to approach them nearer than usual.

He had now been more than three years a fugitive, and was universally regarded as dead, when an unexpected change occurred in the prospects of Mexico. The cause of the revolution had hitherto failed, chiefly because the disciplined creole troops had been induced to range themselves against it. The royalist forces were now under the command of General Iturbide. This ambitious man had for some time past been meditating no less a step than that of declaring against the government, and establishing himself on the imperial throne of Mexico. At the moment when he contemplated the change, his ulterior plans were not made known, and it was believed that he had sincerely espoused the cause of the people. There were two persons to whom this event was most welcome—the two Indians who were the last companions of Victoria. Was he alive? How should the news be conveyed to him? At all events they would try.

With joyous, yet trembling hearts they set off for the distant mountain. They took with them a supply of food, and on approaching its precincts, they separated, in order to conduct the search the more expeditiously. For six weeks they traversed the woods, adding to their stock of provisions by the chase, searching every track in the summits of the mountain, but without success. At length as they were abandoning the enterprise, one of them discovered, on passing a ravine, the print of a foot, which he knew to have worn a shoe, and therefore to be that of a European. He waited two days upon the spot; but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his stock of provisions almost gone, he suspended on a tree near the place four little maize cakes, and set out for his village, intending to return in a few days.

His plan succeeded admirably. Two days afterwards Victoria crossed that spot, and perceived the maize cakes. His first impulse was to devour them; the next to consider how they came there. At that moment he had been four days without food, and more than two years without tasting bread. Whether they had been placed there by a friendly or hostile hand, he could not determine;

but, assured that the person intended to return, he concealed himself near the spot, that he might be ready to act as circumstances should dictate. In a short time the Indian returned, and Victoria, recognising the face of a trusty friend, rushed from his hiding-place towards him. But what a spectacle did he exhibit! His body wasted to the bones, covered with hair, clothed only with a cotton wrapper, and supporting its strides with a rusty sword. The man fled from him in dismay, but his general's well-known voice recalled him. In a few hours Victoria was conducted to an Indian village, which at once became a scene of frantic joy. The news spread like lightning on all sides, and troops of his old followers hastened to range themselves under his banner. But the hour when his constancy could benefit his country had not yet come. Iturbide fought for the attainment of his own selfish ends, and did not want the aid of a patriot. Again Victoria had to find an asylum in the mountains, but not long. The plans of the usurper proved abortive. A few months demonstrated the impossibility of success, and he resigned his power into the hands of congress. This step was hastened by the second re-appearance of Victoria at the head of a numerous force, and on the 11th of May, 1823, the ex-emperor was allowed to find an asylum in Italy. This change placed Victoria at the head of the executive power; and on the convocation of a new congress, he received a fitting tribute of gratitude, by being installed in the presidential chair.

Constancy in suffering; unflinching adherence to principle; the superiority of those pleasures which spring from an approving conscience to all the enjoyments of sense;—let us learn these lessons from this brief narrative; and if we act in harmony with them, we may become, without shedding a drop of blood, or girding ourselves with carnal weapons, or figuring on the historic page, heroes as real, and perhaps as great, as the Chief of Mexico.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

NOTHING worth having is got by sin; nothing worth keeping is lost by serving God.

He that makes light of little sins is in the ready way to fall into great ones.

Remember there is a witness everywhere, and a book in which every action is recorded, and from which no record is ever blotted out except by the precious blood of Christ.

Continually seek the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit.

Sincere repentance is never too late; but late repentance is seldom sincere.

Truth is to fact what the impress is to the seal—the exact transcript.

To live and not to learn is to loiter, and not to live.

He that bringeth himself into needless dangers, dieth the devil's martyr.

Idleness.—There is no ailing so troublesome as having nothing to do.

A well-spent day prepares for sweet repose.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

Anecdotes of the Electric Telegraph.

"**THE BRIDGE IS GONE!**"—The following matter-of-fact romance is from the pen of Edwin Burritt, the learned blacksmith. We have seen it variously stated: in some instances, to the effect that human agency alone was instrumental in saving the train, and in others, that it was by the telegraph in the hands of human agents. Feeling naturally inclined to give the latter all the credit of the achievement, we proceed to notice its power of deliverance:—"During a storm and violent gale, the long railway bridge across the Connecticut, between Hartford and Springfield, was lifted up by the wind, and thrown into the river beneath, two hundred yards in breadth, swelled at the time to a dreadful height by an unusual flood of rain. The line here was crossed by this bridge, elevated fifty feet above the stream, after an abrupt curve had been passed. On came a train, the engine blowing off its head of steam, breasting its way nobly against the gale, which almost threatened to check its progress, the hot iron hissing furiously in the falling rain. The passengers withly congratulated themselves on their comfortable situation, thinking of the blessed homes and the firesides which they soon expected to reach. No one knew or even suspected that the bridge was gone. For two years, by day and by night, the trains had passed and repassed, until safety had obliterated the thought of even the possibility of danger; but no bridge was there to receive them, and the long train, with its precious freight, rushed on towards the precipice of destruction. It was not customary to stop at this place, excepting to check the speed for the landing of passengers; but the people there had learned, through the instrumentality of the telegraph, the loss of the bridge, and kept a sharp lookout for the approaching train. It came; the word is given, and they are safe. Every heart leapt from its place, and the head swam giddily with fear as the thought came of that fearful leap in the dark; and long will the passengers remember that dreadful road, and the friendly yet fearful cry of 'THE BRIDGE IS GONE.'"

THE TELEGRAPH "TOO FAST."—Labouring, as the victim of this following instance of supervision appears to have done, under an evident mistake, the case was one of those mistaken applications of power, which go to prove that even a telegraph may sometimes be a little "too fast." One day, at the Chelmsford station of the Eastern Counties railway, just as the train was about to start, a person applied for a third-class ticket for Witham. Having obtained it, in the hurry of the moment, he got into a first-class carriage: this was observed by the clerk standing near him, who telegraphed to Witham a description of the man's person, as well as the circumstance. The passenger, after a short period, discovered his mistake, and on arriving at the next station, removed into the proper carriage, thinking the mistake would escape detection. When he reached the Witham station, for which he was booked, he was informed that he had to pay an extra 1s. 3d. At this, he naturally felt surprised and chagrined; but when informed by what magic means the information had been communicated, he cheerfully paid the sum; more, perhaps, as a tribute of his wonder at the telegraph, than from a sense of the justice of the sanction or of his own individual delinquency.

THE FASCINATING FRENCHMAN.—The telegraph had only been completed from London to Liverpool a few days, when its power as a police agent was exemplified upon an interesting scale. One eventful Saturday,

day, a droll-looking, dark-complexioned little Frenchman took up his abode at the Trafalgar, in Bath-street. On the following day, another gentleman, a Yankee, took up his quarters at the same hotel, to sojourn there until the ship *Patfish Henry* shipped cable for New York. The "strangers" soon became intimate, ate and drank together, and were inseparable companions. Little or nothing was known of the Frenchman, except that he was without any wardrobe, beyond that which he wore. Frequently he complained of the non-arrival of his *trousse* from London; uttering ever and anon an interjectional growl against the railway company, whom he saddled with its mysterious misadventure. This, with strange inconsistency, he urged as a plea for his shortness of cash. His friend, however, philanthropically supplied his wants, and paid his bill for him. As he was about to cross the Atlantic, he wished to cash some Bank of England notes, under the impression that gold was more serviceable in America. Accordingly, he went to one of the Liverpool banks, and with him his constant friend, the Frenchman, who persisted in following his benefactor wherever he went. The notes were refused on the ground that the bank was short of gold; and the owner of them returned with the Frenchman to their hotel, and replaced them in his portmanteau in his bedroom. On the following day, the man of money wishing to see the lions of Liverpool, and the embryo beauties of Birkenhead, invited the Frenchman to join him; but the latter, as will be seen from the sequel, had more reasons than one for staying at home, and of departing, by an affectation of indolence and ennui, from his usual habit. In an hour or so, the absentee returned, and found that the Frenchman had fled; after having broken open his portmanteau, and taken therefrom a 50*l.* note, one 20*l.*, and three 10*l.* Beneath lay a bag of fifty sovereigns, but this had been overlooked. The thief had left Liverpool by the express train for London; but full descriptive particulars of the Frenchman and the fraud had preceded him, by the hue and cry of the telegraph; and he was collared and taken in custody while presenting his benefactor's notes at the Bank!

FRANKLIN'S ELECTRICAL FEAST.—In 1748, just a century ago, Dr. Franklin and some friends proposed to hold an "electrical feast" on the banks of the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia. It appears that Franklin and his party were chagrined that they had hitherto been unable to produce anything from electricity of use to mankind; and the hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments were not so agreeable, it was planned, somewhat humorously, to put an end to them for the season, by a party of pleasure on the banks of the Schuylkill. The following were among the feats proposed at this philosophical banquet. Spirits were to be fired by a spark sent from side to side, upwards of half a mile, through a wire in the river. A turkey was to be killed for the dinner by an electric shock, and roasted by the electrical jack, before a fire kindled by the electrified bottle. Finally, the healths of all the famous electricians of England, Holland, France, and Germany, were to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under a discharge of guns from an electrical battery.

ELECTROPHONIC TELEGRAPH.—Professor Jacobi, of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, has communicated to that body an invention, composed of ten keys, ten different accords, and ten conducting wires, by which the letters of the alphabet may be expressed by sounds.

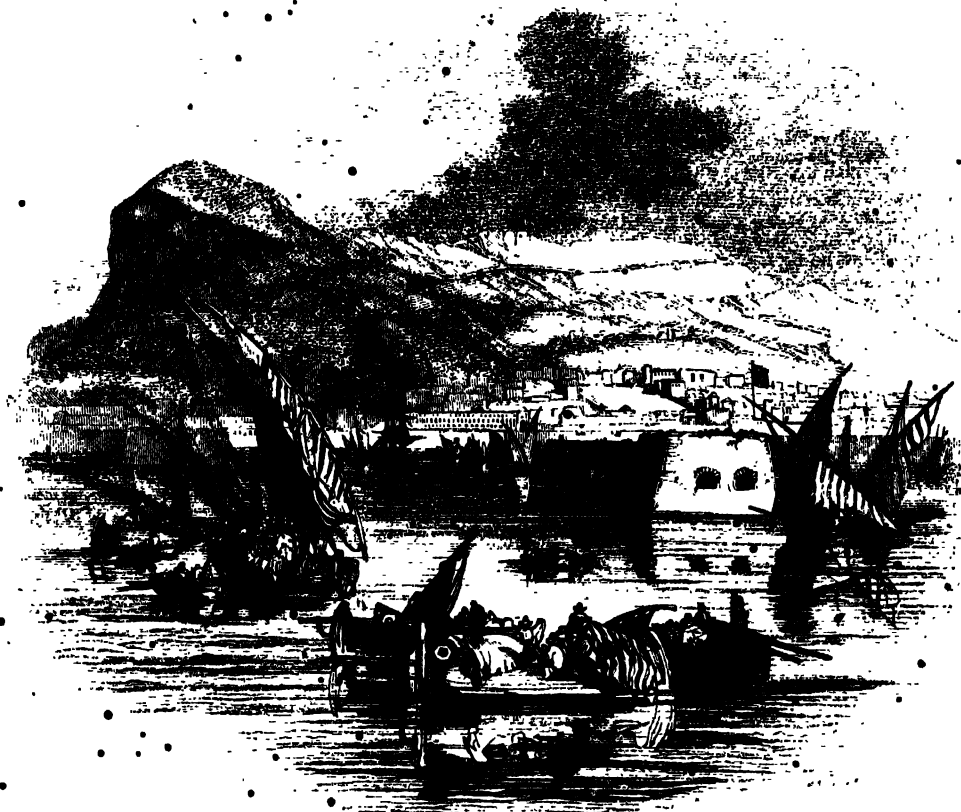
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BOOK AND TOWN OF GIBRALTAR.

A SLIGHT ADVENTURE WITH SPANISH SMUGGLERS.

At the close of the year 1850, I embarked from Jaffa on board an English schooner, of small tonnage and still smaller accommodations, that had been loading Syrian wheat for the markets of either Cork or Plymouth; whichever port the fickle winds might happen to waft us to. A long sojourn in the East, and a familiar acquaintance with fever in its most pernicious form, had induced my medical

advisers to recommend a sea voyage; and a love of home, added to a much-cherished desire to be an eyewitness of the wonders of the then widely spoken of Exhibition, pointed out England as the most desirable spot for renovating a nearly broken-up constitution, and for mingling once more with the delights of civilized towns and sensible companions. Accordingly, with a sallow face and a bottle of sulphate of quinine—the inseparable companion of my travels—I took leave of the Holy Land, and lent a hand in getting up the anchor and sheeting the sails home.

The schooner being fairly under weigh and making good progress through the waters, I descended into the small and badly-lit cabin, which was to be my home for many days to come, there to draw an inference from the features and conversation of my companions, as to the probability of my having a pleasant or a disagreeable voyage. The close, damp, confined smell of that gloomy cabin—too low to stand upright in—too slippery and greasy to sit with comfort in—too dark to see to read in—too full of lockers filled with miscellaneous stores to hope for rest or quiet in—all these things foreboded sad inconvenience and perpetual trouble; and such forebodings were amply verified. The accommodation for passengers consisted of two berths of about five feet long, and one and a half broad; in some parts two feet, in others only a foot, high. Here mattresses, etc., were spread at night; but in the morning they were rolled up, to admit of free access to the bread lockers. The space between these two berths was the sitting apartment, with a small table rivetted to the centre, and a small hatch under it, through which the cabin boy was perpetually disappearing in search of cabin stores. Round the table in a semicircle ran some lockers, which served as seats, greasy with old age and continual pawing. Off the cabin was the captain's state room, which had much the appearance of a dirty handbox, full of indescribable odds and ends. How he ever found anything he put away, or ever found room to put anything away at all, was always a puzzle to me. A small glass skylight admitted the light in fine weather, and the sea to a very inconvenient extent when it was rough. The schooner was called a clipper, which term signifies, I imagine from the experience I gleaned, a vessel that has never a dry spot on her decks, from stem to stern, be she before or on a wind.

Well, so far so bad; but this is not one-hundredth part of what we had to undergo. The berth opposite to the one allotted to me was occupied by a shipwrecked captain, who had lost his vessel in a gale at Jaffa. His mate and an apprentice were also passengers; but, as there was no room for them aft, they slept with the sailors, and only came down into the cabin at meal hours. This ogre of a man, as I may fairly term him, who had, as he himself declared, been the unluckiest of mortals from his youth up, was always prognosticating something unpleasant to us all. When the wind was fair, he argued that it would not last; when foul, that it had set in for a fortnight. A squall with him was the forerunner of a gale; a gale was to increase to a hurricane; while on a really stormy night, the smallest evil he predicted was the shifting of the cargo, and the sudden disappearance of vessel and all beneath the waves. Our own captain was a timid but very consequential little man, and one that paid great deference to the suggestions and ominous bodings of his passenger.

Besides all this, we had in good earnest very dismal weather the whole voyage home, and this was nothing but what was to be expected in the depth of winter. The mate and the men were perpetually wet; the cabin boy, who was also cook, led a life in comparison to which that of a slave must be quite enviable. The fire in the galley was always being put out by the sea; the mate growled for his

coffee, the captain for a dry shift of clothes, and the unhappy boy had to bear the brunt of all. He was punched by the men, cuffed by the mate, roared at by the captain, and never slept, I should think, for whole weeks together, for more than twenty minutes on a stretch. I need not here refer at length to the miseries I suffered in being cooped up with such unseemly beings; the disgusting meals, the loathsome table-cloth, the incessant alarms, both false and well-founded; wet men, with dark lanterns, rushing into the cabin at all hours of the night, to see how the time went, or in search of a block, or a marline spike, or a pump tack, or some requisite for the frequently occurring casualties. Suffice it to say, that we had a rich variety of mishaps, and all the ogre's predictions were verified, except the total loss of the vessel and its hands. We sprung a leak; the cargo shifted slightly; the sails were torn all to tatters; there was hardly a sound rope left in the rigging; the mainmast had sprung; the skylight was washed away; a poor fellow had fallen overboard in a calm, and was drowned; and, as we neared the Straits of Gibraltar, nightly adventures took place with outward-bound vessels, each one of which seemed bent upon our utter destruction, coming so close upon us in the dark of the night as to cause the greatest confusion and dismay.

Thus had we been knocked about and tossed mercilessly on the ocean for upwards of a month, when at last the winds grew more propitious, and twenty-four hours' fair weather brought us in safety into the bay of Gibraltar—a kind of half-way house to all ships on their voyage from the Mediterranean. We had no sooner passed the rock than the wind chopped round again and blew a perfect hurricane in our teeth. Now was a favourable opportunity to recruit the exhausted strength of the crew by repose and wholesome provisions; but the master was too much afraid of his gripping owner at home, who regularly taxed his meagre bills each voyage, to dare to incur the expenses attendant on the anchorage—such as harbour and other dues, etc. We had, consequently, the mortification to see whole fleets of homeward-bound vessels lying snugly at anchor off the forts, patiently abiding a shift of wind which might render the navigation of the Gut practicable, whilst we ourselves were cruising about day and night in fruitless attempts to stem the tide which sets in from Târif, like a sluice.

One night, after we had been about a fortnight at this kind of work, beating tack and tack up the narrow passage, the wind falling us entirely, it was found requisite to let go a bower anchor, so as to keep the vessel from drifting. Scarcely had the cable been yeered out, before we were boarded by one of those desperate Spanish smugglers, who, in spite of the fate sure to attend their detection, make it a frequent practice to visit homeward-bound vessels becalmed in the Gut, to supply them with fresh meat, fruit, vegetables, bread, etc., all which they sell at an exorbitant price; as well they may, considering the risk incurred. Now my readers must remember that all vessels from Turkey and Egypt are furnished with unclean bills of health, and hence all communication with them is strictly forbidden, both by the British government at Gibraltar, and by the Spanish government.

Though steamers are continually passing and re-passing, and Spanish gun-boats cruising about on the look-out, these hardy braves set all laws at defiance, and manage, in spite of all consequences, to hold incessant intercourse with homeward-bound British vessels, from which, as may be readily conceived, they derive no small emolument. To be fired upon was an every-day occurrence with them; and one sinister-looking fellow, the chief of the gang that boarded us, had no less than fourteen bullet wounds in his body, all which he showed us with the greatest exultation. The captain, who had no scruples in breaking the quarantine regulations, gave the smugglers to understand that, if we were detained next day by contrary winds, they were at liberty to bring off a certain quantity of beef, fruit, vegetables, etc., the whole of which was to cost about twenty dollars, or five pounds sterling. They perfectly understood the offer, although given in broken Italian, and cheerfully promised to be punctual in the fulfilment of the captain's wishes. Intelligence of the expected good cheer soon got wind amongst the crew, and fired as they were of sea diet, they impatiently awaited the return of the boat. Where a captain sets the example of breaking the law, his crew are not likely to be very particular on the subject. The captain himself, however, as subsequently appeared, having the dread of his owner before him, inwardly hoped that a breeze might spring up and carry off the vessel before the return of the smugglers should compel him to disgorge the twenty dollars. The smugglers, however, did return; their boat was laden, too, with many such things as a half-starved sailor yearns for.

Meanwhile, a fair wind sprung up, and all hands were busily employed weighing the anchor, just as the smugglers' boat reached the vessel's side. The Spaniards made frantic gesticulations to our captain to heave to; but nothing would induce him to do this. Finding this to be the case, they made fast the painter of their boat to the main-chains, and, springing upon deck, vociferated loudly for payment; and the captain, pretending not to understand what they said, referred them to me, as a party who understood the tongue. Accordingly, on me they fastened, like angry wolves upon their prey. My arguments to prove my innocence in the transaction were useless. One ruffian was handling his dagger in a most unpleasant manner, and, little doubting but that he would make good use of it if I held out, I was obliged to make a precipitate retreat to the cabin. I had hardly reached it, and secured the cabin door after me, when I heard a violent scuffle ensue on deck. The mate and men, who had been too much occupied at first to observe what was going forward, rushed aft, on seeing one of the Spaniards dive down the cabin ladder after me. In his rage to gratify his revenge, the chief smuggler placed ten dollars in the captain's hands to obtain his permission to fire a single shot at me through the skylight. I need not say that such a proposition was replied to by the immediate forcible expulsion of the Spaniards, who were bundled unceremoniously into their boat. The vessel speedily distanced them; but just as I reached the deck again the loud report of a pistol, aimed at me, rung in my ears, and the splinters from the companion hatch, which the ball had

struck, flew high up in the air. So nearly was I becoming a victim to the mean trickery of the worthless captain, and to the insatiable revenge of the Spaniards!

The whole adventure was calculated to leave the impression strongly on my mind that, if we venture to do what is improper, as the captain manifestly had done in breaking through the harbour regulations, and encouraging these reckless men, we can never be sure of the consequences. The smallest deviation from what is right may entail the most serious and painful results upon those who yield to it.

A VISIT TO THE WESTERN GAS-WORKS.

If the London pedestrian wends his way to Kensal Green, he can scarcely fail to observe the tall chimney and dome of the works of the Western Gas Company. This establishment is in the immediate vicinity of the cemetery, and the grounds also abut on the Great Western Railway. It is especially deserving of notice from the completeness of all its arrangements, and particularly as being the first in which Cannel coal was employed on a large scale; the illuminating power of the gas, thus obtained, being seventy-five per cent. greater than that made from common coal. Crossing the canal which bounds the establishment on one side, and where barges are disembarking the coal used in the factory, the visitor finds himself at the entrance gate; where, if armed with the requisite authority, he will be received by the officials and conducted to inspect the various interesting and complete arrangements of the works. Immediately before him will be seen the retort-house, which is a handsome structure of red brick, with stone dressings, built in the form of a polygon of twelve angles. It is 166 feet in diameter, and is constructed so as to afford ample scope for the growing requirements of the factory. To the left of the retort-house is the gas-measuring house, and also the gas-holders; to the right are the offices of the company; while in various directions around the premises are those heaps of coal and refuse which so plainly indicate the character of the work here prosecuted. But we must stay a moment before entering the building, to observe the principles on which gas is procured for the purposes of illumination.

When the schoolboy fills the bowl of a tobacco pipe with coal, stops it up with a little clay, and puts it in the fire, the whole theory of gas-making is presented. In a few moments smoke issues from the end of the pipe; and if a candle be applied, it will take fire, and continue to burn for some minutes. This smoke is gas, and an extension and elaboration of the process constitutes a gas apparatus. Whenever coal is subjected to what is termed by chemists *destructive distillation*, that is, when it is heated red hot in close vessels, it yields a variety of products, which, so far as our present purpose is concerned, may be classed in three divisions: first, permanent gases; secondly, vapours which are condensable into the liquid and solid state by cooling; and thirdly, the fixed or residuary matter which remains in the vessel in which it is produced. The chief object of the processes performed at gas manufactories is,

to separate these substances from each other, and so to purify the gaseous products as to render them fit for combustion.

If then, instead of the tobacco pipe which represented the process on a small scale, a number of cast-iron cylinders are employed, the gas, in its impure condition, may be obtained in abundance. The retorts, as they are called, which are thus used, are usually between six and seven feet in length, and a foot in diameter; from five to eight being set in brick-work, and so arranged as to be effectually heated by one fire. Each retort has a mouth-piece which projects from the front of the brick-work, and from which rises an upright pipe three or four inches in diameter, which conveys the gases produced by the distillation, to the "hydraulic main." Each retort has also a cover, which is secured in its place by screws, and rendered airtight by lime luting. The process of filling the retorts with coal is very striking. When the distillation in the covered retorts is completed, the coke is dragged out with long rakes into iron barrows, and water being thrown upon the glowing mass, it is wheeled away. Immediately, a number of grimy and emaciated men, naked to the waist, advance with cylindrical shovels of the same length as the retort, laden with coal, which are pushed into the retort, turned over, and instantly withdrawn; it being necessary to employ such expedition that the door may be closed before the gas already made can escape. The retorts are charged about every four hours. The hydraulic main is a long horizontal pipe about a foot in diameter, into which the pipe from each retort dips, and is generally half full of tar and water which the gas leaves in its passage. The fuel employed in heating the retorts, is principally the coke produced in gas-making.

But the gas produced by the retorts is very different from the fine and invisible fluid employed in our streets and houses; it is a thick oily smoke, which requires various processes of purification to render it fit for use. Oil, water, tar, and various noxious gases must be separated. It was early found a matter of no great difficulty to get rid of the first three of these ingredients; for it was only necessary to pass the gas through water, and to allow it a sufficient time to repose, when all these impurities were deposited. The gas was made to enter a large square cistern, and by an arrangement of shelves or partitions it had to traverse the water several times, and was thus freed of its impurities, which were drawn off from the bottom of the vessel by means of a stopcock. This part of the apparatus was called the *condenser*; because in it the more volatile vapours were brought to the liquid state, and were collected in an appropriate receiver, while the gas which entered in a heated and rarefied state was rendered cool and dense.

The gas, as produced at the Western Company's works, is conducted from the hydraulic main to what are called the ammoniacal towers, which are four in number, being three feet in diameter and fifteen in height. Near the top of each tower is a perforated plate or shelf, on which a stream of liquid ammonia is pumped, which descends in a shower upon the gas, and frees it from some of its deleterious properties; and this process is repeated. The gas then passes to the steam towers, which are charged with steam at the temperature

of 212° ; the gas and steam are mixed in these, and then pass off at the top to a condenser, which again separates them. The sudden action causes still farther precipitation.

The presence of various impure gases was long a cause of embarrassment, and still requires the greatest attention and ingenuity to remove, from the intimate association of their nature with that of the coal-gas itself. They were also more injurious in their effects than either oil or tar; for not only did their presence materially affect the clearness of the light, but a large quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen was produced. This gas, which is a compound of hydrogen and brimstone, has a very nauseous smell, and is so detrimental to health, that a mixture of one-tenth in the air we breathe is stated to be sufficient to cause death; and in very small proportions it occasions intolerable headache. The only means by which this evil could be effectually remedied, was the discovery of some substance which should possess an affinity for sulphuretted hydrogen, without at the same time affecting the coal-gas. Lime was found to supply the desideratum; and Dr. Henry of Manchester suggested the best means by which it should be employed. This was to mix the lime into a semi-fluid mass, which was called "cream of lime," through which the impure gas is driven, and is purified of its deleterious ingredients. The lime, either dry or used as a cream, is placed in a cylindrical vessel; and to prevent the lime from falling to the bottom, an agitator was introduced, which is an upright shaft with large flat pieces of wood or metal standing out perpendicularly from it, not unlike a chocolate-mill; the agitator is kept constantly revolving on its shaft, while the flat leaves pass through the whole mass of cream, keeping it well mixed.

The lime purifiers at the Kinsal Green works are four in number, three being in constant use; they are of large dimensions, thirty-five feet long and sixteen wide. They are divided longitudinally into four compartments; in each of which there are several shelves or sieves loaded with slacked lime three inches in depth. The gas being admitted at the bottom of the first purifier, passes through these beds of lime in its upward ascent; it is then conveyed to the second and third purifiers, and goes through a similar process. So complete is the clearing of the gas thus effected, that the last is almost superfluous; it is then conducted to the gas-holders.

In order to know whether or not the gas is pure, it is tested by a solution of acetate of lead, which is colourless. It being a property of sulphuretted hydrogen gas to produce a brown precipitate with any salt of lead, if any of this gas be mixed with the coal gas which is placed in contact with the colourless solution, it will show itself by turning the liquid brown. The usual way of testing is to open a stopcock fixed for that purpose in some part of the pipe which leads the gas into the last purifying vessel, and to put a paper dipped in the solution into the small stream of gas which then issues out. If only one 20,000th part of the bulk of gas should be sulphuretted hydrogen, it will tell of its presence on the test paper.

Each chaldron of coals submitted to distillation yields on an average about twenty-four gallons of

tar, ammoniacal liquor, and other condensable products, and 12,000 feet of purified gas; while there remains in the retorts a chaldron and a quarter of coke. About a bushel of lime is required for the purification of such a quantity of gas.

The lime thus saturated has a very nauseous smell, and was for some years a source of great annoyance to the neighbourhoods of gas-works. When allowed to evaporate, or even to run through the common sewers, the surrounding atmosphere was polluted with its exhalations. At length legislative enactments prohibited its exposure; and it has been a common practice to evaporate the water in reservoirs under the heated retorts, and to employ the lime as a cement to fasten on the stoppers of the retorts so as to prevent the escape of the gas. The proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen originally present in the gas varies with the quality of the coal employed; in this respect, the employers of Cannel coal enjoy great advantages.

After passing through the lime the gas may be considered pure. It is then in a state to be measured, and this is accomplished as it passes to the gas-holders. Various contrivances have to be adopted for this purpose, by which the pressure upon the gas in the main and service pipes is adjusted; so that when a number of burners are suddenly extinguished or lighted in any part of the district which is supplied, the change is intimated at the works so as to prevent either excess or deficiency of supply; or, in other words, to prevent the lights which remain from flaring up on the one hand, or being nearly or quite extinguished on the other. This is effected by a nicely adjusted gasometer connected with the service main; and which, by its rising or falling according to the pressure of the gas within the main, points out the necessity of opening or shutting the valve by which the gas is admitted from the gasometers. This regulating instrument has a vertical rod connected with it, which carries a pencil made to act upon a paper cylinder properly ruled and divided, and which is made to rotate upon its axis by means of a time-piece; so that every change of pressure which takes place during the night is shown by the aberration of the line.

The gas-holders in the Western Company's works are two in number; the larger is 135 feet in diameter and twenty-five deep; it contains 357,858 cubic feet of gas, and weighs 150 tons. Its motion is regulated by a cast-iron kerb at the bottom, and it rises by the buoyancy of the gas without further counterbalancing. The crown is formed of iron plates rivetted together. In some of the larger establishments, the number of gasometers is very great; there are in the works of the Chartered Gas Company at Westminster twenty-one, the average contents of each being 30,000 cubic feet.

The gas having been made and prepared for combustion, its regular and due transmission from the gasometers to the places of consumption is a matter of great importance. As it must always be conveyed to the distance of several miles, and sometimes over a very large extent of surface, it is essential, in the first place, that the pipes should be of the right size, or there will be the incurring of unnecessary expense, or a danger of being exposed to a deficiency of supply. Without entering fur-

ther on this department of the subject, it may be worthy of remark that a pipe of ten inches diameter is estimated to be capable of transmitting 50,000 cubic feet of gas per hour.*

The main-pipes are usually of cast-iron joined together with socket-joints, in lengths of three yards. As a considerable quantity of water is carried off by the gas in a state of vapour, which is afterwards condensed in the pipes, some arrangement must be made for its collection and occasional removal; and accordingly, in laying the pipes, care is taken to give them a regularity of declivity towards certain points, where siphons, close vessels, and cocks are placed to receive and discharge the collected water. The receivers which it may also be necessary here to provide afford the best indication of the sound or leaky state of the system of mains, for it often occurs that water enters from the external surface into the pipes. In instances where the pipes are perfectly sound, it has been shown that half-a-mile of gas mains, three inches in diameter, do not deposit more than a quart of condensed vapour or water in a year; on the other hand, where the mains are leaky, the water of the reservoir requires to be pumped out, particularly in wet weather, as often as once a fortnight.

The importance of a correct and economical arrangement of the mains for the conveyance of gas may be gathered from the fact, that the London Gas Light Company furnish gas to a prodigious extent both in Middlesex and Surrey; and yet by the mode in which they are laid, aided by the power of their works, they are enabled to supply gas at Highgate Hill, though seven miles distant from their works at Vauxhall, with the same precision and in the same abundance as in their own immediate vicinity.

It is worthy of remark that it has been shown by experiment, that every burner should have its full supply of gas, as a greater light will thus be obtained without a proportionate increase of consumption. The experiment was made with an argand burner of three-quarters of an inch in diameter; a sufficient quantity of gas was turned on to give a light equal to that of a mould candle, the consumption then amounting to a foot and a half per hour. The light was then increased till it equalled four candles, but notwithstanding the light was quadrupled, the consumption of gas was not even doubled; it was only two feet an hour, or half a foot a candle; while in the first trial the light of one candle consumed a foot and a half or three times as much. Hence it is evident that it is more economical to diminish the number of burners than the supply of gas; and it has been suggested that a plan might be devised by which one or more of the little holes with which a burner is perforated might be closed when the light is to be diminished, instead of lessening the supply of gas to the mass of the flame.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.—There is nothing terrible in death but what our sins have made so; and even now death has no terrors of which faith in Christ cannot strip it.—God has no sons that are unlike himself.—Keep good principles, and they will keep you.

* Peckstone, in his work on "Gas-lighting."

CONSPIRACY OF THE GLOCKS.

In an American publication we find the following talented sketch from the French of Poussier. How far it is the narration of an actual fact may admit of doubt. It unquestionably, however, correctly illustrates the stern, inflexible temper of Sixtus, who, on the day of his coronation, ordered three youths of good family to be hanged for the offence alluded to in this paper—carrying fire-arms contrary to his edict.

When Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara under the title of Sixtus v, he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life, smoothed the wrinkles from his now proud forehead, raised his magnificent eyes—heretofore cautiously veiled by thick brown eyelids—and made the astounded nobles aware that, in place of a docile instrument, they had before them an inflexible master. Many great nobles resided in Rome, and these the new pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to their teeth. Sometimes a noble's "following" resembled an army rather than an escort; and it frequently happened that, when two such parties met in a narrow street, a violent struggle for precedence would take place, and blood be freely shed by those who had had no previous cause of quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which it still retains—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus v resolved to put down this practice, and seized the opportunity of an unusually fierce combat taking place on Easter-day, within the very precincts of St. Peter's.

Next morning an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble, without exception, from being followed by more than twenty attendants. Every one also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry, any sort of fire-arms (pocket-pistols being especially mentioned), should thereby incur the penalty of death. At this notice, Pasquin joked and the nobles laughed; but no one dared to indulge in bravado, until the following incident occurred.

Just after the promulgation of the pope's orders, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new pontiff; and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met the reception due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents and courage gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father; and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honour to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula. On the evening after his arrival, he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late, when the gay guests began to discuss the recent edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and amongst them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sobered by sleep, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to

forego their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the pope. Although a feudatory of the holy see, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus v would probably think twice before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and it is not every day that one can enjoy the pleasure of putting a pope in a dilemma. Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed bravely to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle.

Such audacity could not go unpunished. Without a moment's hesitation the pope summoned his guards, and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. War might be declared on the morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the life and liberty of his son; what cared Sixtus? He was resolved to restore but a corpse.

The news spread quickly; so much audacity on one side and so much firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican; and, falling at the feet of the pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded his nephew's cause. He spoke of the youth of the culprit and the loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the holy see. Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome—might he not fairly be supposed ignorant of the new enactment? then he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his holiness to offend; and, finally, he was closely related by blood to the late pope, Paul III.

The pope's reply was cruelly decisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction; a criminal is a criminal, and nothing more. The Viceregent of God on earth, my justice, like His, must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The cardinal bent his head, and retired.

Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the governor of Fort St. Angelo. To him, he gave imperative orders, that precisely at twenty-four o'clock* that evening, his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off.

The governor returned to the castle, and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. He could not bring himself to believe that he, the heir apparent of the duke of Parma, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude. Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a latchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders.

Meantime, Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He

* In Italy the hours are reckoned from 1 to 24, commencing at sunset.

consulted with his friend, Count Olivares, ambassador from the court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers. Two precious hours remained.

"Our only plan," said the cardinal, "is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome. Meanwhile, do you occupy Angeli's attention."

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and, moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed hour, as if by magic, Time changed his noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St. Peter and St. Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the cardinal's authority secured the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivares, in his quality of ambassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance assured him that the clock was going right; that is to say, that it was quite wrong. Already the inner court was filled with soldiers under arms, and monks chanting the solemn "Dies Irae." Everything was prepared save the victim. Olivares was with Angeli, and a scene commenced at once terrible and burlesque. The ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

"My orders, he said, "are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock, all will be over."

"But the pope may change his mind." Without replying, the terrible Angeli walked impatiently up and down the room, watching for the striking of his clock. He called: a soldier appeared. "Is all prepared?" All was prepared: the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the hour.

"'Tis strange," muttered the governor. "I should have thought—"

"At least," interrupted Olivares, "if you will not delay, do not anticipate." And monsieur resumed his hasty walk between the door and the window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful tongue of the clock still refused to utter.

Despite of the delay, however, the fatal hour approached. Ten minutes more, and Ranuccio's fate would be sealed.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch, and his eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that anerring timepiece, Ranuccio was already executed.

"What seek you?" asked his holiness.

"The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least, let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors."

"Did he die like a Christian?"

"Like a saint," cried the cardinal, trembling at a moment's delay. Sixtus traced the following words:—"We order our governor of Fort St. Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese." Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the cardinal.

Arrived at the castle gates, Farnese, agitated between hope and fear, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant note of the "De-Profundis." He rushed towards the court. Was he too late?—had his stratagem succeeded? One look would

decide. He raised his eyes—his nephew still lived. His neck bare, and his hands tied, he knelt beside the block, between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased; the cardinal flew towards the governor. Ere he could speak, his gestures and his countenance lied for him.

"A pardon! a pardon!" exclaimed Olivares. The soldiers shouted. The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The governor read and re-read the missive. "The body of Ranuccio Farnese!" he repeated; "the criminal's name would suffice. Why these words, 'the body of'?"

"What stops you?" cried the cardinal, at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew.

"Read!" replied Angeli, handing him the pope's letter.

"Is that all?" said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. "Look at the hour; it still wants two minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his holiness more than a quarter of an hour since."

The governor bowed; the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given up, to his deliverers. A carriage with four fleet horses waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their master's cause.

HOW TO CHOOSE A HOUSE.

"FIRST catch your hare," says the cookery book; and before choosing a house, it is necessary that you have some choice. A working man, especially, is too often glad to get any house at all near his work, and to pay for very poor quarters twice the per-centage which the richer classes pay for their homes. Nor while trade and manufactories are so shifting as they are, both with regard to prosperity and locality, and while the working classes find so many other natural impediments to co-operation even for so laudable a purpose as that of procuring healthy homes, is it easy to see a safe and practical mode of redressing this great evil. Until the consuming classes, and especially those who are "easy" in their circumstances, are convinced that it is not only a religious duty, but a profitable investment, to take care that the working classes are well lodged—until they are assured that there is a money, as well as a moral profit in sanitary measures, we fear there is little hope of seeing the poor man comfortably and healthily housed. Many things, however, prove that this good time is coming, and perhaps in our time.

It is indeed astonishing, how little choice there is of tolerable houses suitable to any rank in life, except the middle classes—the most comfortable, and, as De Foe says in Robinson Crusoe, all things considered, the most moral and happy of all classes of society. The other year the Houses of Parliament had their tenderest sympathies elicited by architects, on account of the destitute and crowded condition of the Royal family in Buckingham Palace; and from her Majesty down to the meanest of her subjects, every class complains of want of

proper house accommodation. Even for the middle classes, healthy and commodious dwellings are comparatively rare; nor could it be expected to be otherwise, since the science of public health, of which house-building is a part, is but in its infancy. Chemistry, taken in its widest signification, may be said to be the parent of modern sanitary science, and chemistry is but an infant of half a century old. It was only the other day that Sir Humphry Davy was risking his life to find out the properties of nitrous oxide, and of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen; and his brother and condutor in many of the great chemist's experiments, Dr. John Davy, is still, as a late paper of his in the Entomological Society shows, engaged in working at this subject of the gases injurious to health.* Long may he live in his happy seclusion among the beautiful Cumberland Lakes, to add to that store of sanitary knowledge to which, in his various works on medical topography, agricultural chemistry, and general science, he has already so much contributed, and to link the present generation of public-health reformers to that in which the salutary movement, now annually accelerating with railway rapidity, was first begun!

Even for the comfortable middle classes, we say, which, as very large in number, and capable, from the comparative independence of their circumstances, of shifting from place to place, must command the largest choice, the house accommodation of the nineteenth century is not good. But, doubtless, *for them* it will speedily be better: they are rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the value of being healthily lodged, and they have the means of procuring it. Why should not every house, if not built fire-proof, be supplied with water constantly laid on at high pressure, for every room, from the cellar (if, in a soberer generation, cellars shall be required) to the garret; and thus obviate henceforward all danger from fire, and provide the requisites for cleanliness of person and clothing in every apartment? Why should not every house possess, along with the necessary pipes for conveying cold water, a set to convey hot water from a stationary boiler behind the kitchen grate, to the household bath? Warm, cold, shower, and douche baths—all the modes of applying water necessary for health or desirable for comfort—might be provided in a very small space; and, if set about *at first*, in the right way, at a very trifling expense: if, indeed, that ought to be placed to the score of "expense" which, in a year or two, in doctor's bills alone, not to mention the additional capacity of the bathers for work, bodily or mental, would be amply repaid. In every street plan, or block of buildings, constructed under sanitary rules, this provision ought henceforth to be insisted on. Though no advocates for soaking rich shopkeepers for seven hours a day in wet sheets, we strongly advocate the "water cure" here spoken of; and believe, as the rational employment of pure water is better understood and more employed by the well-fed and sedentary classes, "going through the sheets" and drinking twenty tumblers of cold water in succession, will be abandoned to dyspeptic novelists and heavily fed hypochondriacs.

Nothing need be said with reference to the

sewerage of the middle classes: their public attention (though not yet that of the working classes) is thoroughly awake on this subject. It is now well known by them that the man who allows an open sewer near his door, is guilty of slow suicide; and that the frequenters of the gin-palace are not more surely destroying themselves, than the man who voluntarily resides near an open drain, slaughter-house, or other source of putrefaction and mortality.

How to choose a house! The middle classes, with the few words above uttered, we may leave to themselves; for most of them know as well as we do, what is needed for a healthy residence. In large towns, however, we may say, in conclusion, that it would be well that this class, as a class, should turn its attention to the securing of free openings and currents of fresh air round large blocks of new buildings, and in the vicinity of crowded streets: to the providing of open spaces for recreation and the growth of grass and trees—not *many* miserable crowded "squares," wherein vegetation sickens and dies—but rather *one*, with ample space and verge enough for nature to breathe. It is desirable also that in towns, those quarters where occupations prejudicial to health are carried on, or where markets requiring the supply of commodities whose refuse is perishable and dangerous, should be kept separate from districts where occupations or trades not involving the necessity of exposing refuse detrimental to health are conducted. These latter always will be more generally, for convenience sake, diffused throughout, all the streets; yet even in reference to many of them, a much more convenient plan than the present might, with benefit to every one, be made. The arrangement of butcher and vegetable markets, and of trades whose operations or refuse are bad for the public health, is a branch of social economics well worthy the attention of the public-health commissioners, and on this arrangement, present and prospective, will depend much of many a man's wisdom in "choosing a house."

With a few words to the working man on the subject, we conclude, for the present, our remarks on this important topic.

One of the first things a working man should look to, after, nay rather before, he has considered the locality with reference to its nearness to his work, is to see that no sewer runs beneath the rooms he is to occupy; that no open sewer or ditch is very near; that abundance of water is easily accessible; that the rooms are in size proportioned to the number of his family; and that all the windows open from the top. We are directing attention just now solely to conditions of physical health. But, besides this, it is necessary for the honest working man to look round the neighbourhood wherein he is choosing his house, with a view of avoiding the sources of moral as well as physical contagion. A cheap, nay a good house, will be dearly purchased by exposing his boys and girls to familiarity with gross and debasing scenes; and how difficult will he find it to avoid this! How difficult a branch of sanitary science is this of moral contagion! and what disinfectant, save that of the universal diffusion of religious truth, shall we find for the universal miasm of vice rising on all sides amid society?

* See a paper in the above society's Transactions for 1831.

Let the working man, we repeat, first of all look to the sewerage of his house. On no account let him take his family into a house with a sewer below the floor, or even an open sewer, or grate leading into one, *near* his door, unless the whole is often kept flushed out and running free. Even in good "rows" and streets in towns, and very decent habitations in the country, we have known innumerable cases of disease and death from this cause alone. In a worthy family living in a tolerably good cottage in a healthy country district, there have taken place, during the last four years, many attacks of infantile disease, and two deaths of children; the father has had six weeks of fever, and is much enfeebled; the mother, originally a hale hearty woman, has, from frequent diarrhoea and the indigestion consequent on it, grown thin, weary, and heartsick of life; the family, from being one of the most reputable among the working class, is rapidly sinking into the slough of pauperism; and all this is absolutely owing to a miserable stinking sewer-grate opening at their cottage door. It was placed there for the "convenience" of the occupants of the cottage to throw out their refuse, and the poor woman herself, who has suffered so much from it, would be almost sorry to have it closed up, seeing that she would have to go a dozen yards with every dish of dirty water thenceforward to throw it into the river—the beautiful clear river running within a dozen yards!—that emblem of purity, activity, and murmuring cheerfulness, teaching its daily and nightly lesson of purity, activity, and cheerfulness in vain! We do not tell the working man—for there is no time just now—of the multitude of fevers which have been proved, in great towns, to have sprung from the neighbouring open sewers and stagnant drains; of their disappearance immediately on the drains being closed and purified;—but we mention this single case of a sewer-grate in a country town which has broken down the health and independence of the parents, and will perhaps soon break down the virtue of the children of a worthy family; and remind them, that the same result may easily follow in their own case, should they not be careful in choosing a house.

Next to the sewers, the working man must look to the water and the windows. In the country he should closely examine the pump; see that the water is abundant, and that it does not percolate through the churchyard, or drain through the refuse of a tampt; in large towns and cities he should make it a prime object to have the water laid on unlimitedly, and at such a pressure (if he can help to obtain that) as would put out any fire which might arise. Co-operative societies among working men for the attainment of objects of this kind would have very great influence, and a committee for every great town, and for districts in less populous parts, whose object should be the improvement of the house accommodation of their "order," would do more than all the efforts—well meant and honourable as these are—of princes and benevolent noblemen. Our excellent Prince Albert, for example, is labouring in this cause (honour to him for that and many other efforts for the advancement of the good and the true!); but then his model block of four cottages is to cost 480*l.*, and few working men can afford to pay a fair per-centage on that.

Then we were told a few years ago that the duke of Northumberland was building cottages which only cost him 10*l.*, stone, carting, and labour, we presume, because they were "sound gratis," not being counted. These two extremes do not help us much. What is wanted—and it would be a good thing to offer a premium for it—is a cottage built on sound principles of health, and suitable for a working man's family, at a cost of sixty or seventy pounds, where the materials are to be obtained at the average cost. As wages and the cost of living go, even in these cheap times, from four to eight pounds per annum is as much as he can pay for house rent; and if this includes plenty of fresh water and air in the house, and facilities for carrying the refuse out of it, the rent is well spent indeed. We are convinced that this is perfectly attainable in most places, either in the town or the country; and in these days of hollow bricks, glazed tiles, and benevolent architects, we hope it will soon be attained.

Meantime, let the working man be assured that the worst-saved money—except that from the beer tap and gin bottle—is that saved from his rent. He would be much wiser to pay two or three pounds more than the average, per annum, for a house with pure air and plenty of water, than to get one for a low rent without these essentials. We believe that something will have to be done to induce the working man to pay a little higher for better accommodation, as well as to lead the builder to concentrate advantages in the working man's house at a lower rent than hitherto. Let the honest artisan—till time and the progress of knowledge shall bring, not only good houses, but workmen who know what a good house is—strive to elevate his class by choosing the best possible lodging he can afford, assured that in so doing he is laying out his money to the best advantage. Mechanics' institutes should diffuse practical information on the subject.

A "ground floor"—horrible damp old phrase!—unless excavated and boarded, should be shunned like a pestilence, which, indeed, it often harbours and spreads. Scrofula, cholera, and typhus haunt these ground floors, with the damp oozing up between the flags or rotting timbers, and mildewing the decaying walls, in spite of closed doors, a stifling atmosphere, and incessant cookery at large fires. How many children have we seen perishing, living miserable lives, dying soon and painfully, of a "ground floor"! How many mothers recovering slowly after their confinements, and babes snatched away after a few weeks of moaning existence, in which from the hour of birth their constitution was fighting a retreating battle with the powers of death and darkness which haunt the "ground floor"! Alas! the "Massacre of the Innocents" is going on at a fearful rate in every town and village of England; and the mothers of the working classes, more especially in this the most touching and trying crisis of their lives, are suffering and perishing, at a rate that is frightful to contemplate, of "ground floors," and other unwholesome dwellings.

And this leads us to remark on the little attention that is usually paid to the bedroom, not only by the working classes, but by tradesmen, and, indeed, with few exceptions, by all other classes of society. Any garret, closet, or darksome den is thought good enough by the poor artisan and his wife to

sleep in; and even in houses where we see abundance of rosewood and French polish in the drawing-room, we find the mistress of the mansion labouring perhaps under a lingering illness which of all remedies chiefly requires fresh air, boxed up in a close room, half as large again as the bed, and *that* surrounded by dense and closely drawn curtains, as if for the purpose of shutting her up in her own exclusive atmosphere, and manufacturing her own private black-hole of Calcutta for herself. When the science of health becomes more generally understood, the present ideas of the importance of the sitting and sleeping apartments will be reversed; and the bedroom, in which we rest, breathing for many hours in succession the air of the spot—the room in which we spend the lingering periods of sickness, and in which we enter and leave this world—the apartment in which we hang over a dying parent or child, or see, watching for months by our sick bed, the partner of our life growing paler and thinner day by day—the “sleeping” room, for there the sleeps of life and death come over us—will be considered, as it is, the most important room in the house; the real room of “ceremony.” For are not birth and death the highest and most solemn ceremonies of all?

If in an open airy bedroom is seldom, from ignorance, setn among the rich, it is from that and other causes almost never found among the poorer classes. The fact is, that fresh air is not an article thought of or provided for in the budget of necessities of one working man in a thousand, and least of all does he think of providing it for himself or his family when asleep. Warmth is thought of; draughts are carefully shut out; but, to judge by the close places in which a large portion of the inhabitants of this country immure themselves and families during the night, one would think they looked on the sleeping body as hibernating, or that sleep is, as the poets say, a sort of death, and that the body is best placed, for the time, in what undertakers call “a shell.” In any properly constructed cottages for working men, the size of the bedroom, and especially of the mother’s room, for the reasons above hinted at, will have to be much increased; for, in our opinion, a very large amount of the suffering of the working mothers of Great Britain, and of the mortality of the first (many times the most mortal) year of life, is owing to the unwholesome apartments to which during the times of childbearing and nursing they are confined. Where there is—as too often is the case—only one room for the whole family, and the family perhaps is large, the discomfort of the husband and the risk of the mother and child are greatly increased; and when that one room is on the “ground floor,” of which the drainage and ventilation are bad, who can be surprised that worn-out and wasted mothers of thirty, and rickety children, are the result? If, as is sometimes the case, it be necessary for the working man to go into a house or cottage recently built, he should try to have the plaster made of quickly drying materials—such as are easily provided by every builder who chooses—and to have any white paint that is used made of zinc, and not of lead. It is much to be desired, however, that the prettily veined and durable larch and red pine, unpainted and only varnished, were more used for the interiors of houses.

For the rest, the nearer the town artisan is to the house of God and the mechanics’ library, and the further from the gin-shop; and the nearer the villager is to his allotment, and a quiet place to bathe; the better for the physical health of himself and his children.

BELLE MORRIS; OR, THE IDLE TONGUE.

It was evening; the latest clock in the town of C— had struck nine, and the peal of bells from one of the old church towers was welcoming in the hour of rest to many a glad social gathering beside the home-hearth. The bells did not, however, peal merrily to all. There is in most souls a sympathy with sounds; and the associations which a simple peal of bells awaken in different hearts, are as various as the circumstances of those who hear them.

In a small house just without the town of C—, the pale mournful-looking face of a widow was leaning on her hand, as she paused in her work to catch the stirring intonations of those distant bells. She had heard them when a little child at her mother’s knee; she had heard them in the winter evenings of her early married life, as, sitting by her children’s cradle, she had sung soft lullabies in their ears; and now she is a widow indeed, and desolate—desolate but for her trust in God, and for the rich treasure she possesses in the love of her only son. But hark! the bells are forgotten in the sound of his well-known foot-fall; he rings, and she, so sad but a moment ago, runs almost as blithely as a girl to open the door, and to welcome him home.

“I thought you late, dear,” she said, in answer to his anxious inquiring look.

“O mother! tears again. It is as I feared; this return to your old haunts has the very effect I might have guessed. The power of memory is too strong, and I know you will never be happy at C—.”

“Don’t say so, Allan; don’t say so: only give me time. It is scarcely two months since we came, and I am not often so sad as I feel to-night;” it was nothing but that peal of bells which I used to listen to, some fifteen or twenty years ago, by the many little cradles which death has made vacant. That is all; and I asked myself—Where are the dreamers now?”

“Here is one left to comfort and to cherish you.”

They sat down to their simple repast, and the son related such incidents of the day as he thought might amuse his mother and dissipate her melancholy.

A Mr. Morris came in too, from the large house over the way, where he lived with his son and daughter and half-a-dozen grandchildren. He was a very old friend and school-fellow of her husband, and she had always a welcome for him in her little cottage; so that, altogether, the evening ended more cheerily than its commencement foreboded.

But I must not forget to relate Mrs. Lester’s previous history. She had recently returned to her native town, after an absence of nearly ten years. Her husband had been in prosperous circumstances of business in C—; but, like many others, not content with doing well, and wishing to

do better, was ruined. But for his mistake in removing to London, there was nothing discreditable in his failure. He was the victim of an unprincipled partner in a concern of which he was very ignorant; and about six months before the date of this story, he had died insolvent. There was no home for the widow in London; she had known little joy there. Child after child had been laid in the narrow grave, and in the great city she felt that she had nothing but those graves to leave. So, with the only son that was left to her, she returned, Naomi-like, in her widowhood to her native town, where he soon obtained full employment as a teacher of music and languages, and where she was not without friends and consolations.

"I wish you would go and see poor Mrs. Lester sometimes," said the grandfather of whom we have just spoken. "She spends such lonely evenings. I could but think last night, when I returned from her sad and stripped hearth and heard your joyous laughter, how little we have hitherto performed the good neighbours' part to her."

"I am sure I will go in and see her and welcome," said Belle, the eldest daughter, "if she is not very morish."

"That is to say, if it require no self-denial, you will not object to make the experiment." Belle blushed.

"Oh, I am sure, grandpapa, no one can say Belle is selfish," said her younger sister; "only she is very merry."

"No, Belle is not selfish," said one or two more. Grandpapa nodded his head, but it was not a nod of assent. The conversation now turned on an affair which the young ladies had recently received from their aunt, who had held up a certain family in the neighbourhood to them as a pattern of industry and activity in good almsdeeds and philanthropic exertions.

"Well, indeed! I am sure I wish aunt could know what I know of the Misses Barlow. Patterns they are truly, to hold up to us! I hope we don't quarrel as they do. I hope we don't, as soon as we are on the threshold of our home, leave our charity behind us."

"They are wonderfully generous out-of-doors, but dreadfully mean within," said a second.

"Yes, with all their profession of religion," said Belle. "I don't think myself good enough to make any; I am always afraid of those very high professors."

There was a visitor at the table; a pleasant-looking person, dressed in the plain garb of the "Friends," or Quakers, whose age might be either twenty-five or thirty. She was an old acquaintance rather than an intimate friend of the Morrisses, and had for several years paid them an annual visit at Christmas, which this year had been extended. She was a great favourite with the young people; and it was often remarked by the elders, that scandal and gossip did not run quite so rife in the home circle upon these occasions. Not that she preached much to the young people; but she set them the example of never speaking ill of any one, and of always believing the best until the worst was proved. At the last remark of Belle—that doctrine in which non-professors of religion take comfort—the gentle voice of the "Friend" was heard:—

"It is certainly a very sad thing to profess that which we do not feel, Belle; and a very wrong and sinful thing to pretend to that which we have not; but did it never strike thee that there may be equal sin in not making ourselves possessors of that to which I suppose thou alludest, and which is open to all?"

This quiet reproach, uttered in a gentle, low, conscience-reaching tone, was heard by all, and the little party relapsed into silence.

"We should be much happier, Belle," continued the "Friend" after a pause, "if, instead of spending so much time in discovering our neighbours' faults, we sought out the bright points of character which most possess in some degree. There is no better proof of our unlikeness to our great Master, I think, than our tendency to 'rejoice in iniquity.' He never rejoiced or triumphed over evidences of fallen nature."

A word spoken in season, how good it is! A check was given to scandal, and the conversation became rational and harmless. The grandfather's wish that Belle should call on Mrs. Lester, was fulfilled. She called that day, and was so pleasantly received that, on the following evening, the young girl took her netting and modestly offered to sit with Mrs. Lester until Allan's return. By and by this evening visit was longed for by the solitary neighbour, as the happiest but one of the occurrences of the day, which was that which brought home her only son.

Weeks passed on. The "Friend" still remained; but whether her presence, becoming a common thing, lost its effect or not, we cannot say; tale-bearing and detraction were almost as high in favour with the Morrisses as ever.

Now, the reader must not fancy these Morrisses an extreme case of a very prevalent and, I fear, growing evil in society. The march of intellect, as it is called, the immense variety of scientific and literary and philanthropic objects which exist, and which afford such infinite variety of subjects for discussion, do not yet appear to have checked the habit which young persons and even some old ones indulge in, of picking holes in their neighbours' virtues. If there is a charitable deed mentioned in the family circle, how common it is to hear, "Yes, oh yes! very kind, but he can afford it." "If a person, as in the supposed case of the Barlows, be commended for activity in a good cause, there comes in that detracting and suspicious "but"—that veil which scandal throws over the good deeds of a neighbour: "Yes, but they have plenty of time;" "but they do it to please Mr. —, the minister;" or, "they forget that charity should begin at home;" and so forth. It was this very spirit of detraction that caused grandpapa to dissent from the verdict in favour of Belle, and to keep to himself a very decided opinion that his lively, clever, and beautiful grand-daughter was selfish, and could not bear either to give or to hear given the meed of praise to another. Mrs. Lester, however, was long in finding all this out. She did sometimes think that Belle was a little too satirical in her sketches of human nature, and once or twice suggested that faithful portrait painting was a little more lady-like and Christian-like than caricature; but Belle went on notwithstanding, and it never entered into the simple widow's heart,

that she herself might not escape the lash of Belle's satire; that, even in her harmless and solitary life, her actions and her words might be misrepresented and misconstrued.

They were talking, during one of these frequent evening visits, of old china; and Belle expressing her admiration of a small piece that was on the chiffonier, Mrs. Lester rose, and, opening a closet in an adjoining room, showed the wondering girl a collection of rare and valuable porcelain, which, with two or three handsome pieces of family plate, were evidently treasures of no small value to the poor widow.

"Yes, these are relics of better days," said she, as she closed the door, and, putting the key into her basket, sighed heavily.

"What a pity to keep so much beautiful china locked up, Mrs. Lester! How handsome it would make this room look! and you have such plenty."

"It is better not, my dear, I think; it might be misinterpreted." At that moment Allan's step was heard, and Belle, hastily tying on her bonnet, ran off.

There was no sympathy between Belle and Allan—that was certain. He did not tell his mother so, but he often thought he would rather see her alone than in the company of that chattering young lady. However, it cheered his mother, and she needed cheering. Her sight was failing from tears more than from age; her health also was too delicate to admit of her going out, except on very fine sunny days, and their circumstances did not admit of company or of visiting.

"So it would be selfish to breathe my dislike of Miss Morris," thought Allan; "which, after all, may be very ill-founded, as it is, I am sure, ill-natured and ungrateful."

Not long after the exhibition of the china, a note came addressed to Allan, bearing the seal of one of his most influential employers. It was not near the quarter, so it could not be a cheque. The poor mother was quite in a fit of wonder and curiosity until her son's return. He came at his usual hour with his usual smile, and with, if possible, more love to his mother than ever; and when the slippers were on and the fire stirred, he opened the note and began to read. She watched him with interest, and as he lifted his gaze from the paper, their eyes met. He read her anxiety; she his discomfort. In a few moments his fine high brow crimsoned, his bright eye flashed, and looking angrily up, he said—"It is false."

"What is false, Allan? A man, speak! What is in that letter?"

"Had I known what it contained, mother," said Allan, still keeping it back, "I would not have opened it in your presence, and you should not have known its contents, at least not all. As it is, you must hear them; hear them patiently if you can. The letter is from Mrs. Barker." He began to read.

"Dear Sir,—My respect for the memory of your late father, my interest in your welfare, and my sympathy with your misfortunes, induced me to confide to you the instruction of my only daughter in music. I believe the confidence was ill-judged, as I find it to have been misplaced. Reports have reached me, which I doubt not have good foundation, of such a nature as at once shakes that con-

fidence, and obliges me to state that I could not, in justice to my dear girl, as her only guardian, allow you to continue her instructor. I had hoped that her extreme youth and your own good sense would have been a guarantee for the propriety of your conduct, but I find I am mistaken. I enclose a cheque for the quarter's salary, and remain, etc.,

"MARY BARKER."

If you could have seen the mother and son by their sad hearth that night, you would for ever have feared and hated detraction, of which this was the mouthful result.

"It is not so much the loss of the engagement, mother, as the imputation, that annoys me."

"Well but, my dear son, you never did make any love to Miss Barker, did you?"

"Make love, mother, no! and never felt any love. If ever I bestowed a thought on her at all, it was that I wished she had a better ear and a better taste for music."

"But some one has evidently insinuated that you have."

"Impossible, mother! they must have been guilty of the grossest invention; there was never any ground for the report."

"Scandal-mongers do not always want foundations; or, at all events, they are contented with very slight ones for their erections; but what can be the cause of this I am at a loss to discover. Of course, you will call and explain."

"I don't think it is worth while. I am too conscious of innocence to care to defend myself."

They parted; but there was little rest on either pillow that night, and it might have softened a harder heart than that of the tale-bearer's, to hear the broken petitions of the widow that He who was the Father of the fatherless would arise, and plead her boy's cause, and bring forth his righteousness as the light.

Allan went early the next morning to a school in the country, about 10 miles from O—, where he was accustomed to attend weekly in his capacity of teacher. His mother sat, at home, and was revolving plan after plan in her anxious heart, for making her son's character clear, when Belle and her sister looked in, to ask if they could do any shopping for her, and whether she would come in to tea that evening, as they were going to be quite alone, and as Miss Perry, the Quaker lady, was shortly going to leave them.

"No, my love, no: I cannot visit, least of all to-night. You must give my respects to your mamma, and say I cannot; I am not in spirits for it, and that is the truth."

Belle saw that there was something more than usual pressing on Mrs. Lester's mind, and asked her if there was any cause for her present state of distress.

"There is cause enough, my love; Allan has lost a friend. We have but few, and could ill afford it. Some mischief-maker has been whispering untruths into Mrs. Barker's ears, and she declines his services for her daughter."

Had poor Mrs. Lester's eyesight been as strong as formerly, she could not have failed to notice the change in Belle's countenance as she gasped out—"What report? I don't understand you."

"Some one has evidently been telling her that

Allan aspires to her daughter's hand. Her pride has taken fire; and, without inquiring into the truth, she believes the slander, and turns Allan off."

How soon the young ladies found out that it was time to be gone, after this! and leaving Mrs. Lester to her sorrow, they went out to shop, but this morning not to gossip.

"Fanny, I am dreadfully frightened about this report. I fear it is that mischief-making Anne Burt that has repeated what I said in joke to her."

"And what did you say?"

"I only told her that I saw Miss Barker and Mr. Lester looking tenderly over some music at a shop, and—oh yes! I did say that—I did repeat some of my conversation with Mrs. Lester one night. Oh, I am so uneasy! I hope it will never come round that it was I. I wonder if Mrs. Lester suspects me."

"Suspect you? no! We may be quite easy, because you see we do not ever visit with the Barkers."

But Belle was not quite easy. She had not a hard heart, though a heart threatening the ossification which such indulgence in gossip, and such inconsideration to persons' feelings, invariably induces. She was but nineteen, and she really loved the afflicted widow as well as a girl given to slander could love. She finished her shopping and returned home. A note was on her dressing-table: it was from Mrs. Lester.

"Dear Miss Morris,—I am very sorry to trouble you so often with my concerns; but if you would come in this afternoon and write a letter for me, I should be very grateful. I have passed an almost sleepless night, and I can scarcely see anything to-day through tears. I could not write a legible letter, and I want to write one to-day. Your affectionate,
MARY LESTER."

Poor Belle! This was a trial she did not anticipate, but she could not refuse. At dinner the subject of the dismissal was brought up, and she felt sick and faint. Miss Perry looked at her, she thought. Did Miss Perry suspect her? No, Miss Perry was not in the habit of suspecting persons; she only looked at her pale face.

"Most cruel, heartless mischief-makers!" continued Mr. Morris, indignantly; "they have actually told Mrs. Barker that Mrs. Lester has a closet full of rare Dresden and other foreign china and splendid plate of incredible value, whilst many of her late husband's creditors dine off common earthenware, and are forced to content themselves with Albata and Britannia metal. I wonder what foundation there is for that report. It has poisoned Mrs. Barker's mind, I fancy, as much as the other gossip, for her late husband was, I suspect, a sufferer through poor Lester."

"Do you know the history of that china?" said Mr. Morris, son; "because, if not, I can tell you. Mrs. Lester has, I believe, a few dozen cups and platters, a bowl or two, a silver waiter, and a tea service, which poor Mrs. Franklin, her sister, purchased at the sale of Lester's household effects, and left her in her will. Knowing the value that they had in Mrs. Lester's eyes, she entreated her to accept them as her parting gift. Mrs. Lester consulted me only last week as to the propriety and

honesty of keeping this china and plate; and told me that, if she could find a purchaser, she would gladly sell it, that she might not feel she held that which was not her own."

Belle nearly sank from her chair. It was she who had told of the secret hoard of plate, with comments little to her credit, and if ever she despised herself, it was now. The hour was come for her to go to Mrs. Lester's.

There was the pen and ink all ready, and the widow, now calm, though paler than usual, was waiting for her services. She took the pen, and mechanically prepared to write from her friend's dictation. It was a touching letter—touching from its very simplicity, and as Belle wrote, her tears fell fast. They were attributed to sympathy, and she wrote on. "Who has poisoned your mind against my son I cannot tell."

"Have you written that, Belle?"

"No, ma'am, I cannot; it seems like writing a lie. I am the cause of this. I have been the mischief-maker, Mrs. Lester; but I never thought of this." She laid her head on the table, and wept bitterly. She felt in her self-abhorrence and remorse as though she could have fallen at the feet of her whom she had injured, and burying her face in her hands she continued to sob out her broken confession.

There was a struggle in the widow's heart. It was the wrong done to her son that made the struggle a hard one, and she said somewhat reproachfully, "How could you, Belle? how could you?"

The little servant girl at the moment announced a call. It was Miss Perry come to take leave of Mrs. Lester. There was no drawing-room into which to usher callers, and the quiet "Friend" stood before them almost as soon as she was announced.

Belle did not raise her head, and there was a silence of some moments, broken only by the sobs of the unhappy girl, until Miss Perry said, softly laying her hand on the bowed head:—

"I think I can guess the cause of this sorrow. Look up, dear Belle; tell us all that thou hast said, and let us, instead of sitting down to weep, try to remedy the evil. Look up, there are none but kind friends here."

Belle looked up; and with as much composure as she could assume, told the whole truth. She told of her ungenerous suspicions about the china and the plate, of her repeating to Miss Burt the incident she had seen in the music-shop, and the remark that she fancied Mrs. Lester had made one evening, but which she acknowledged that she had exaggerated, as to there being more unlikely things than that Allan should marry Miss Barker.

"Oh, Belle, Belle! let me recall that conversation. Do you not recollect that you said, 'It was rather a dangerous position for Allan to become a teacher to so young and beautiful a girl?' and that I replied, 'Yes, there might have been danger once, when Allan's position in society was different, but that now I had no fear for him.' Do you remember that?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What then was your version?"

Belle could scarcely remember; but she thought she said that Mrs. Lester had remarked "there were

more unlikely things than that, and that she thought Allan good enough for any one."

There was another pause, broken at last by the clear voice of Miss Perry.

"I can scarcely wonder at thy grief, dear Belle; but what a blessing that reparation is in thy power."

"Reparation!"

"Yes, my dear."

"But how, Miss Perry?"

"By acknowledging to Mrs. Barker that this is all thine own invention—that the report about the china was not only exaggerated and distorted, but that thou canst give a full explanation, as I think thy grandfather proved to thee at dinner-time. Dear Belle, do not weep so bitterly. I assure thee I see more cause for rejoicing than for tears. This will be a good lesson to thee—a bitter, but still a good one. Be comforted, Belle, and go quickly, ere thy sorrow passes off, to the Barkers' house. Go; and instead of thy friend's letter, take thine own admission of thy fault."

"I cannot—I am ashamed."

"Hush, Belle! the shame is in the scandal, not in the acknowledgment of it."

"She will despise me; I can never hold up my head in C—— again."

"Not I hope as a tale-bearer, but as a charitable girl thou mayst. Go."

"Will you go with me? I do not even know Mrs. Barker, and she is so proud, so harsh—every one says so."

"Report, as thou mayst have discovered, is not always to be relied on; but come, I will at least go to the door with thee."

The kind-hearted widow looked as if she longed to spare the penitent this humiliation; but there was something in Miss Perry's countenance that closed her opening lips, and she contented herself with pressing them on the poor girl's brow in token of reconciliation, gently whispering:—"It will soon be over, Belle; and it will make me very happy."

It was well that the walk was not a long one—well that Miss Perry had urged on Belle the necessity of immediately repairing her fault, for her heart failed her more than once; and on the very doorstep, she said, looking imploringly in her friend's face, "Indeed, I cannot;" but there was no relenting in that calm face, which said as plainly as eyes could say, "Indeed, thou must." She went in, was ushered into the drawing-room, and in five minutes more the lady of the house appeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GO TO WORK!

SUCH is the brief but significant admonition which Nature utters aloud in every human ear; an admonition, in fact, which the God of Nature has put into her mouth, and which she is ever and anon repeating to all the dwellers upon earth. She reminds us by a thousand unmistakable signs, that everything within her domain is at work, and that therefore we have no right to stand still. She shows us that every atom and particle of the material world is in a state of constant activity—that change and modification of some sort or other

goes on unceasingly, and that nothing does or can remain at rest. The ground we tread; the air we breathe; everything we touch, taste, or handle; the very bones, muscles, and fluids which make up our frames; all are passing in an unceasing progression to a new organic condition. Action, action! is the living voice of unsentient matter. There is not even a possibility of standing still: each passing moment contributes something towards a new complexion to the face of the material universe: the very processes of decay and death are but new constitutions and elements of vitality and activity. If these things be so, then what a disgraceful anomaly is laziness!

Having nothing to do is the very worst excuse that could be preferred for doing nothing. To have nothing to do is a disgrace to a reasonable being; to love it is a vice, and to persist in it is a crime. Whether we are deprived of employment by circumstances adverse to us, or are in no need of it through the possession of a competence, we are morally bound to find or to create a vocation for our activities and faculties. Every man ought to have a leading aim of some sort, and indeed every man whose mind is not morbidly afflicted, has such an aim! Pre-eminence in some department or other of the great social fabric—usefulness to mankind in some walk of industry—these are what every sane man proposes to himself at some period of his life; and these are what a great many more would achieve than do achieve them, were they to listen to the injunction at the head of this paper, and go to work. All that you have to do is to take good care, in the first instance, that your aim is a laudable one, and then with heart and soul in the work, in dependence on God's blessing, to set about the prosecution of it with vigour and perseverance. Everything that has yet been accomplished, that was at all worth the doing, has been accomplished by earnest work; and turn your attention to whatever department of labour you will, whether of brain or hand, you may depend upon it, whatever the croakers may say or think to the contrary, there yet remains infinitely more to be done, which has to be done, and which will be done too, than has ever been got through yet. Lazy people don't believe this—they think that all which is worth doing has been done already; but the wise workers know it for a truth beyond gain-saying, and they evidence their faith in it by their work. The lazy die and are buried, and no man misses them; the workers live on in their works, and, in a true sense, possess the earth long after the earth holds their lifeless clay. Their monuments are around us, and above us, and under us, and we honour them for their work's sake, whether we will or not. Let us glance for a moment at some few of the world's workers, and see what men before now have done for themselves and their fellows simply by going to work.

More than five hundred years ago a shepherd boy, shoeless, shirtless, and ragged, might have been seen of a morning leading his long-legged sheep to pasture in the pleasant vales in the neighbourhood of Florence, on the banks of the Arno. He might have spent the days and years of his life in lounging on the sunny side of a bank, when he was not engaged in the duties of his humble lot. Instead of that, he went to work. With a piece

of chalk, when he could procure a piece by any means, he commenced the study of outline on the surfaces of such flat stones as fell in his way; and when no one would bestow a piece of chalk, for he had no money to buy any, he drew with a pointed stick in the soft sand. He never quarrelled with his tools, as indifferent workmen do; he had none to quarrel with; but he had a will and a determination which mocked at the want of them, and without them he built himself up to his great design. A few short years, and the once ragged shepherd boy is the intimate of the Pontiff Benedict IX, for whom he paints noble pictures and excellent designs in mosaic for St. Peter's Church. Better still, he is the cherished friend of Dante and Petrarch. The traveller in Italy pauses with a thrill of admiration and surprise, before the famous tower of Santa Maria del Fiore, and does silent homage to the genius of the ragged shepherd boy, who *went to work*, and transformed himself from an unlettered peasant to the world-famed painter, sculptor, and architect, Giotto the Florentine.

● A stone-mason in the little village of Passagno, in the Venetian territory, had a rather delicate boy, who, being too young to assist at his father's trade, was suffered to wander about and do pretty much as he pleased. The child having made up his mind to become a sculptor, *went to work* in his own way, and with lumps of clay, raw turnips, slices of melons or pumpkins, or dabs of wax—anything in short which he could easily cut or mould into shape, he reproduced the forms of nature in miniature models with a skill which soon began to attract notice. A lion which, at the instigation of a cook who had stood his friend in the matter of turnips, he modelled in butter, for the decoration of a nobleman's dinner-table, attracted the attention of the lord of the village, who placed the little modeller under the tutelage of the greatest sculptor of the age. At the present moment the world is full of the renown of the stone-mason's son. Every potentate of Europe has aspired to the possession of his works, duplicates of which have been executed by men themselves renowned,—while myriads of miniature copies are the household ornaments of admiring nations; and their manufacture and sale afford a livelihood to thousands of his fellow-countrymen; who, as they wander through the streets of our cities, whatever collection of images they may carry upon their heads, are pretty sure to comprise within it a Magdalen or a Psyche by CANOVA.

A labouring man in Banffshire, Scotland, sent his little son to work with a farmer, who employed him in keeping sheep. This little fellow had the spirit of work in him so strong, that he could not be idle without misery. At home he had taught himself to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother, and before he was nine years-old had manufactured model water-mills and a wooden clock. When out with the sheep, having no books but the bare hills and the sky, he took to studying the stars, with which he made himself so well acquainted as to astonish all who knew him. A gentleman, out of kindness, taught him a little arithmetic, and lent him books. From reading one of these, guided by the description alone, he actually made a globe, sufficiently accurate for the working of problems.

Very few years elapsed ere the farm labourer was transformed, by his own earnest work, into a sound practical philosopher. He laboured on and carved his way to fortune and to fame, both of which he worthily won and wisely enjoyed. He published numerous works on various subjects, and contributed more to the diffusion of astronomical science among the people, perhaps, than any writer before or after him. If, not having mastered the study of mathematics as few but professors do master it, you would yet understand the principles of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, you cannot do better than to have recourse to the popular explanation of Newton's theory, which is the work of JAMES FRERGUSON, once a farm-labourer on the moors of Scotland.

Sixty-five years ago a person passing near the military station at the Barrière Poissonnière, in the outskirts of Paris, might have seen a young soldier assisting a market gardener in the cultivation of his plants, now digging, now watering, now weeding, and again gathering the crops from the ground, and packing the fruits in baskets for the markets of Paris. This young fellow was the son of an ostler; and having lately joined the army, was lying with his comrades in the neighbouring barracks. He had made a resolution, however, to rise in his profession, and had set himself to work to accomplish his object. His first want was books for the purpose of study, and to supply this he hired himself out during his leisure hours to a market-gardener, for whom he laboured half a day for five pence, until he had realized a sufficient sum to purchase the volumes upon which he had set his mind. This done, he set to work with equal diligence to study them, and uniting a practical attention to the details of his profession with personal bravery in the field, he rose by degrees to the command of an army; and though he died at the early age of twenty-nine, he left a name behind him which will demand and obtain honourable mention so long as the wars of Napoleon are matters of history. The voluntary labourer of the gardener died as GENERAL ROCHE.

About a century ago there resided, in a small town in Lancashire, a barber, whose shop was the weekly resort of crowds of poor weavers, to whom a cheap shave was a desideratum on a Saturday night. From the conversation of his regular customers the attention of the reflecting barber was drawn to the details of their profession, and ideas came rushing into his mind connected with the facilitation of the textile process. He did not content himself with dreaming over fancied discoveries, as many speculative geniuses do; but set himself to work to realize the truth or falsity of his impressions by actual experiment. In spite of his own want of skill as a handicraftsman, and in spite too of numberless obstacles thrown in his way, he succeeded in reducing his inventions to practice, and realized a princely fortune. He received the honour of knighthood from the hands of George III. He was not only prosperous himself beyond his most sanguine expectations, but he was the source of prosperity to thousands of others, and of comfort and competence to millions. He died at the age of sixty; and left to the grateful remembrance of his country, whose commerce he was the cause of indefinitely extending, the honoured name of SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

In a very lowly cottage in the north of England, not fifty years ago, a sturdy labourer might have been seen at work of an evening, by the light of a single candle, repairing old and worn-out clocks, the ricketty property of his needy neighbours. Late into the night the plodding genius protracted his work, though he had been pursuing the severest toil through the day in the darkness of the mine. It was not for himself that he plied this additional trade, but for the welfare of his infant son, for whom he thus sought to obtain the means of education, the want of which he had himself grievously felt. But no man can ever seriously strive for the advantage of another without in some way promoting his own welfare: and thus it happened in this instance. The industrious application which supplied the means of education for his darling son, developed the mighty mechanical genius of the father. From mending old clocks he went on to effecting improvements in old machines and engines, and then, as the importance of his practical knowledge became recognised by men of capital, who supplied the necessary funds, to the manufacture of new ones, upon new and improved principles. He rose rapidly into notice and repute; and when, soon after, the great railway idea got firm hold of the public mind, he stood forth, the Man of the Hour, fully prepared and qualified in every respect to carry it into execution. He it was—the unlettered day-labourer of the mine and the quarry—who first laid a solid pathway of iron across the quaking bog upon which the traveller feared to set his foot, and thus solved the disputed problem which has issued in covering the land with a network of iron roads. He lived to realize wealth in abundance, and a reputation wide as the world; and what perhaps was still more gratifying to his kindly heart, he lived to see that son for whose education he had toiled so painfully by the light of his farthing candle, an honoured and titled member of the British senate. What man is there, who, as he sends, with a flight as rapid as the raven's, at the tail of the iron steed, does not now and then recall to his mind the name of **GEORGE STEPHENSON**?

We might multiply these examples to the extent of an entire volume, so numerous are the instances upon record of men, and women too, who by sheer force of energy of character have found out their proper work and done it nobly. But we have brought a sufficient number of witnesses to the bar to prove the value of the doctrine which we wish to inculcate, and which is briefly this:—That all dwellers upon earth are placed here to do something; that it is our own business, and not the business of any other person, to find out our own vocation; and, having found it, then, with all the vigour and perseverance of which we are capable, honestly and prayerfully to “go to work.”

THOUGHT NEVER DIES.—“It is a terrible thought,” says a recently deceased writer, “to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading current of sound: not a prayer lisped, that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.”

SMITHFIELD AND ITS TOURNAMENTS.

WITH the exception of the Tower, and of the old palace and abbey of Westminster, there is no spot in London, the history of which is so chequered, or which has witnessed scenes of such deep and varied interest, as Smithfield. Here, in the days of our Norman sovereigns, the citizens and apprentices contended in their manly exercises; here were held those gorgeous tournaments, when the vast area was a scene of glittering armour, streaming pennons, and balconies covered with cloth of gold; here was the Tyburn of London, where the most atrocious criminals expiated their crimes on the gibbet; here perished the patriot Wallace, and the gentle Mortimer; here were held the trials by duel, so famous in history; here, at the dawn of the Reformation, took place those terrible *autos da fe*, at which our forefathers earned their crowns of martyrdom; and, lastly, from the days of Henry II to our own time, here were annually celebrated the orgies and humours of Bartholomew fair, immortalized by the wit of Ben Jonson, and by the pencil of Hogarth. Many remarkable tournaments are recorded as having taken place, at Smithfield, especially during the reign of Edward III. Here that warlike monarch frequently entertained with feats of arms his illustrious captives, the kings of France and Scotland; and here, in 1374, towards the close of his long reign—when the charms of Alice Pierce had infatuated the doting monarch—he sought to gratify his beautiful mistress by rendering her the “observed of all observers,” at one of the most magnificent tournaments of which we have any record. Gazing with rapture on her transcendent beauty, he conferred on her the title of “Lady of the Sun,” and taking her by the hand, in all the blaze of jewels and loveliness, led her from the royal apartments in the Tower to a triumphant chariot, in which he took place by her side. The procession which followed consisted of the rank and beauty of the land, each lady being mounted on a beautiful palfrey, and having her bridle held by a knight on horseback. A still more magnificent tournament—for invitations had been sent to the flower of chivalry at all the courts of Europe—was held at Smithfield in the succeeding reign of Richard the Second. The opening of the festivities, which lasted several days, is graphically painted by Froissart, who was not improbably a witness of the gorgeous scene he describes. “At three o'clock on the Sunday after Michaelmas day, the ceremony began. Sixty horses in rich trappings, each mounted by an esquire of honour, were seen advancing in a stately pace from the Tower of London; sixty ladies of rank, dressed in the richest elegance of the day, followed on their palfreys, one after another, each leading by a silver chain a knight completely armed for tilting. Minstrels and trumpets accompanied them to Smithfield amidst the shouting population; there the queen and her fair train received them. The ladies dismounted, and withdrew to their allotted seats; while the knights mounted their steeds, laced their helmets, and prepared for the encounter. They tilted at each other till dark. They all then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet, and dancing consumed the night, till fatigue compelled every one to seek repose. The next day the warlike sport recommenced; many were unhorsed; many lost their helmets; but they all persevered with eager courage and emulation, till night again summoned them to their supper, dancing, and concluding rest. The festivities were again repeated on the third day.” The court subsequently removed to Windsor, where King Richard renewed his splendid hospitality, and at their conclusion dismissed his foreign guests with many valuable presents.—*Jesse's London.*

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BELLE'S INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BARKER.

BELLE MORRIS.

CHAPTER II.

BELLE was at a greater loss than she had anticipated, how to open her case to Mrs. Barker. Her appearance, possibly, created surprise in that lady's mind; but Mrs. Barker was a woman of the world, and unaccustomed to give expression to her feelings in the presence of strangers. She, therefore, politely received the unexpected guest, and waited until her pale quivering lips should declare

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the purpose of her visit. • But those lips for some time were sealed.

"Dear me," thought Mrs. Barker, "I wish the girl would speak. I suppose it is some begging errand; one need be made of money."

To relieve the embarrassment of her visitor, and to bring out the subject, she spoke of the weather, of the slippery streets, and of the little news of the day; to all which Belle assented in a whisper scarcely more audible than the beating of her agitated heart.

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"Madam," at length ejaculated the poor girl, with a desperate effort, "I have taken the liberty—I am come to call on you—to say that I fear to own that I am the cause—that is to say, I fear I am the cause of Mr. Lester's having lost his situation."

Mrs. Barker was a woman of most inflexible justice herself, and little disposed to make allowance for another. She, therefore, answered with a cold stern tone, that she always knew the town of C—to be a most gossiping place; but she had hoped, considering the very great caution and reserve with which she acted towards her neighbours on that very account, that she should have steered clear of all gossips and mischief; but she would thank Miss Morris to explain herself. She could scarcely conceive what interest or what concern Miss Morris could have with her (Mrs. Barker's) affairs, and that she thought, indeed, Miss Morris must be mistaken.

Belle then related the facts nearly as they had occurred. She said that she had seen Miss Barker looking over music in a shop with Mr. Lester, and that she had told Miss Jane Burt so; that she had repeated a conversation between herself and Mrs. Lester, perhaps not quite correctly, in which she had given Miss Burt the impression that young Mr. Lester was in love with Miss Barker; but that she was sure Miss Burt had greatly exaggerated the matter if Mrs. Barker had taken so serious a view of it.

"Be kind enough to repeat the original conversation—the first edition—Miss Morris, without your additions and alterations, if you please," said the proud lady, coldly and severely.

Belle could scarcely remember, she said.

"I will wait your time, Miss Morris; try and recall it," said Mrs. Barker, setting herself firmly against the back of her chair, and looking on with folded hands and a fixed determined expression of countenance.

"I believe, ma'am, I said one night to Mrs. Lester, that I thought it very likely Mr. Lester would fall in love with Miss Barker."

"I do not so much want to hear what you said, Miss Morris, as what Mrs. Lester said."

"She said, ma'am, that once there might have been danger, but not now; that though her son in himself was good enough for any one, she knew him better, and trusted him better, than to suppose that he would forget that he was now a poor music teacher, paid to give lessons in music, not expected to make or to offer love. This, so far as I remember, ma'am, is what Mrs. Lester really said."

"And now, can you remember what you told Miss Burt that she said?"

This was harder work; but there was no sign of relenting in that dark eye, and Belle, gathering her courage, continued:—"I told Miss Burt that I really believed Mrs. Lester thought her son good enough for Miss Barker—that I thought she had a great deal of pride left with all her poverty; and then I mentioned about the china, and about Mrs. Lester's high notions."

"And that part about the china and plate was an invention of your own, Miss, I presume?"

"Not exactly, ma'am. I misrepresented the fact, but I did not know the true state of the case

then. I do now. That china was a dying gift to Mrs. Lester from her sister, who bought it at the sale. She has been making arrangements to part with it for the benefit of her creditors; this I only knew last evening."

"Have you anything more to observe, Miss Morris?" said Mrs. Barker, without a touch of tenderness or pity in her voice or manner. "I have heard of many a case of light and thoughtless mischief caused by a talkative and inconsiderate girl; but I never heard of such malicious, unamiable, and insincere conduct before; and I trust that this is a rare case in one so very young."

Poor Belle! her heart was in the state of a little stream in the winter season. A few rays from the sun, and the ice would melt and the course would be free and smooth again; but let the sun hide his head behind the murky clouds, and in a short time the frost is harder and sharper than ever. So now, a soft word, a gentle compassionate tone, a scarcely expressed thought of pity or of love, would have melted the young girl's hardening soul, and would have brought her, not to an extorted expression of regret alone, but to a full and entire unbosoming of herself of every word and thought relative to those whom her evil speaking had injured. As it was, the cold inflexible manner of the lady had done its work, and Belle arose with a feeling of injury and offence; with little penitence, though with much shame and humiliation, she replied:—"I have nothing more to say, madam; good morning."

Miss Perry was waiting for her in the street. There was enough written on Belle's countenance to excite an apprehension in her mind that all was not as it should be; still she was quite unprepared for the ebullition of temper that ensued when they arrived at home. Miss Perry, however, did not lecture Belle on her conduct, knowing how little effect mere words have upon an angry and ruffled spirit; but retiring to her chamber, she took the poor girl's case to Him, at whose voice alone she knew the storm of passion would be stilled.

She pitied Belle. She, who was so loving and so peaceful, so careful of wounding the feelings of another, so slow to believe evil, so credulous of good, was not half so hard a judge as those who were themselves less scrupulous in their conversation. She made no allowance for the sin—her views of that were clear and unyielding; but for the sinner, after the example of her Master, her heart was full of tenderness and compassion. Accordingly, when Belle was tossing on her pillow that night, excited and restless from the remembrances of the past day, Lucy Perry stole noiselessly into the room, and sitting down by her bedside, took the hand that lay upon the coverlet, and kissing it softly, whispered:—"Let me be thy friend, Belle."

"I need a friend, Miss Perry. In this little gossiping place, don't you believe that, by this time to-morrow night, the story will be in every one's mouth, and I shall be a marked person? I shall be called a gossip and a mischief-maker, and be as much hated and feared as Miss Burnett, the old maid in Frederic-street, who has got the nickname of Miss Tattle all over the country."

"Without asking how Miss Tattle got that name, my love, I think I can venture to promise

thee that thou wilt not have it, unless thou desirest it."

"Oh, Miss Perry, if I could but think so, I would never gossip again."

"That is too much to promise, and too much to expect, dear Belle. An old habit is not so easily broken; but tell me how thou dost expect to cure it."

"I don't know; but I am resolved never to talk of any one again, either good or bad."

Miss Perry shook her head.

"There is a source for every spring, Belle: hast thou discovered the source of these bitter waters of evil speaking and idle words?"

Belle did not reply.

"No fountain sendeth forth at the same time salt water and fresh; and dost thou think, my dear, that out of the fountain of an evil heart, thou canst prevent the streams that flow from thence being otherwise than defiled and corrupt?"

She then repeated the beautiful description which St. Paul gives of the fruits of the Spirit, and of their contrast with those of the flesh. Her comments were very few, but she did not leave her weeping friend until she had breathed into her ears the message of reconciliation.

It was a long night to Belle. Again and again, she repeated those words from which there was no appeal—"All the law is fulfilled in one word, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Then there started to her remembrance that mournful catalogue of the sins of an unrenewed heart—"hatred, variance, emulation, strife, and envyings." This is what Miss Perry meant by the water of the impure stream; and whilst she thought on these things, her weary eyelids closed and she slept.

Miss Perry left the next day, and Belle was to prove the weakness of that strength in which she trusted. She found none so little disposed to be charitable to her faults as the very sharpest of her backbiting acquaintances; and she could not but observe that it was the *discovery* of her exaggeration, not the sin of evil speaking itself, that led her friends to shake their heads and to preach on the impropriety of such slanderous conversation.

Mrs. Lester was very kind and very forgiving, but she could not restore to her manner the cordiality which was gone from her heart; so that by degrees the evening visit was discontinued, and Belle felt relieved when it was no longer expected. In process of time, the matter itself faded from the remembrance of the little world of C—. Allan Lester did not accept the situation of teacher to the young lady, which her mother again offered to him, as he felt that he could not do so without a feeling of awkwardness and restraint.

Belle was checked, but not reformed. Miss Perry's visit came round once more. There was little difference between the gossiping Belle of last year and of this, except, indeed, that she was a little more prudent.

There was a working party gathered round the long dining-table one night, at the house of a lady in the town. It was a social evening, devoted by several of the ladies to working for a bazaar that was to be held for the benefit of the Sick Poor Society of C—. There was a great deal of kindness of heart in many of those fair young workers.

There was more than one who gave, not of her abundance, but of her necessities, her contribution of money and of time for those who needed daily bread. It was a pity, however, that, whilst the fingers were so nimble in *works* of charity, the tongues should be so busy in *words* of bitterness and evil speaking.

The grand subject of conversation was of course the coming bazaar; and to have heard the rivalry and envy which these ladies entertained one of another, you would almost have supposed that the setting up of tables was a matter of individual interest and profit.

Miss Perry was there that evening. She worked for some time very industriously, and then withdrew to a little table, where she alternately conversed with an aged lady of the household and, unobserved, made notes in her pocket-book. The party consisted for the most part of very young persons, and it seemed to Miss Perry a duty incumbent on her as an elder, to point out to those thoughtless minds some little spots in these "feasts of charity."

She did not, however, make any allusion to the nature of the conversation on the present occasion; but a fortnight afterwards, when the same company met at the house of another lady in the town, a sealed letter was brought into the room, with the request that it might be read to the young persons by the president of the little party.

Its contents were as follows:—

"My dear friends—No one likes a listener; but then the listener not unfrequently makes a bad and unamiable use of what he hears. I was, as you might have remarked, a listener at your working meeting the other night; and the result of those silent observations I now send you, with the assurance that when you have read my letter, and perhaps destroyed it, the object of the listener will have been fulfilled; which was, not to carry your remarks dishonestly from house to house, sowing mischief and discord thereby, but to return them to you, untouched and unaltered, that you might see, in black and white, the sum and substance of an evening's thoughtless chat.

"I had not been seated many minutes amongst you, rejoicing in the industry and goodwill of so many young labourers in a good cause, when something grated on my ears, like a most unwelcome and unmusical sound. It was the voice of envy. 'Oh, dear,' said one fair speaker, 'that beautiful doll which Miss Whitaker has dressed, is not to come to our table after all.' I asked her, and she said, 'no; it was promised to Miss Atkins.' 'Yes, Miss Atkins has coaxed the Whitakers into giving her all their contributions. How mean!' 'Well, I don't care who gets the most if Miss Atkins do not; but I fancy, in spite of the doll and the Whitakers, we shall beat her after all.'

"A text of scripture occurred to me then, which I cannot perhaps do better than repeat—'Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honour preferring one another.' A long discussion then ensued between two friends on my left hand, as to the most suitable dress for the occasion of the bazaar. I cannot profess to give accurate notes of this dialogue, however; though I may, perhaps, give my verdict in favour of a garb, the merits of which did not come under consideration—a garb

not much in fashion, but very lovely and becoming nevertheless, and sanctioned by high authority—even the raiment of humility.

"A very lively girl at the further end of the table, but quite a stranger to me, was giving an account of a domestic occurrence which had lately taken place in a neighbouring family, where it appears she had been a visitor. 'This family had been, according to her representation, guilty of so many acts of meanness and insincerity, that it is to be hoped the young visitor will never repeat her visit; or, if she do, that she will be extremely scrupulous not to publish to the world the scenes enacted in the sanctuary of home.' They are, it appears, high professors of religion; yet have no compunction in keeping their servant hard at work all Sunday and absent from a place of worship. But I forbear sending notes of this part of the evening's gossip. It could do no good, and it might do harm to perpetuate or recapitulate such idle slander. It is rather strange, however, that the listener should have been a visitor at that house herself, and yet that she should not have observed Sabbath desecration to the extent that the speaker described. To her I would suggest the divine injunction, 'Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' It struck me very forcibly that evening, how mean and cowardly a thing is detraction, or tale bearing! It affords the maligned no possibility of self-defence; it is like an attack on an unarmed man, and little cause has the victor to pride himself in his success. It was grievous, too, to see young hearts thus early poisoned with suspicion.

"Had I been a stranger in C——. I think I should not have entered the shop of Ball, in the Market-place, without some hesitation after the account a most eloquent speaker gave of the dealings to be expected there. She maintained that this said Ball had two prices; that she saw him press on a lady in her carriage a dress, for which he charged her 25s., when she had seen a farmer's wife served with one precisely like it (I think she said off the same piece) for which he only took 20s. It is rather singular that this very tradesman showed me two pieces of lama the last time I was in the shop, of very similar pattern and different material, in order that I might compare the two manufactures, and see to what great perfection this particular kind of fabric was brought, and how nearly it imitated the superior foreign material. Is it not possible that the dresses served to the lady and to the farmer's wife were as different in quality as in price? At all events, 'Charity thinketh no evil.' But, unhappily, great talkers and fast talkers seldom stop to think at all, and the impulses of a misguided heart, without principle to direct them, are frequently bad and mischievous.

"I will not continue my notes. I feel that you are already weary of the repetition of that which, at the time it was uttered, seemed to you so exciting and interesting. Oh, surely He who gave us the great gift of speech, has a right to expect of us a better use of that sacred interpreter of human thought.

"Yes, all shall give account of every wrong;
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue."

'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Suppose some unfriendly listener to have repeated

a few of the remarks which I have thus recorded; what dissension, what heart-burning, what malice, and what pain, they might have caused!

"Yet, after all, that is not the point I have in view." It is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment; but surely not a small matter to be judged by Him whose words saith—'Speak not evil one of another, brethren.' This little record of an evening's gossip may bring the blush to more than one cheek—the burning shame to more than one heart. How, then, will you bear the revelations of that great day when the idle words of every hour in your life shall be declared, and the hidden motives that prompted those words shall be brought to light?

"In conclusion, count me not as an enemy, because I have thus plainly told you the truth; but believe that the prayer has arisen for each one of you, that you would apply to the Great Searcher of hearts, that the words of your mouth and the meditations of your heart may be henceforward acceptable in his sight, and that ye may from this time have fervent charity one to another. Your sincere friend,
"LUCKY PERRY."

There was very little conversation of any kind after the letter was closed. One or two of the little party felt angry with the writer; one or two thought it great nonsense, and an absurd scrupulousness common with such peculiar people as the Friends, but not incumbent on others; a few, and amongst the number was Belle Morris, pondered the counsel in their hearts, and took it with them into their closet, to pray that it might be graven deeply on their soul. A great point is gained, a great step is taken in the journey of the human heart towards the ways of wisdom, when self-examination is solemnly entered upon. Man does not think, will not think, honestly, seriously, and collectedly, of the fact of his accountability to God. When Belle began to think, she began to pray. She now felt that which she had admitted, but which nevertheless she had not hitherto believed, that it was her heart that was in the wrong; that to speak kindly and act kindly towards all, she must think kindly and feel kindly towards them. Now, this was not natural to her; she acknowledged that. What then was to be done? She must take that heart, with its envying, its backbiting, its uncharitableness, its bitter spirit and tendency to sin, to Him who was manifested to take away our sins. Nothing was to be done with it—that was certain—in human hands. Bitter lessons, faithful reproofs, lost friendship, cooled affection, all these had failed; but her bible told her that He who had seen her vain attempts to combat with her mighty foe, was waiting to create within her the new heart and the right spirit.

At this stage of the history, we may leave Belle Morris. It is not so much her history, indeed, that we would write (for, alas! hers is too common a one to be very interesting), as to bring out of this, her common experiences, some useful lessons for the reader.

Do not think lightly of idle words; they may, and in all probability will, do you harm in the eyes of your fellow-creatures, and bring sorrow and remorse to your soul. Evil speaking may sever friends, it may injure character, it may engender

distrust and suspicion where love and confidence had existed; but it will, if unrepented, most assuredly bring you shame and condemnation in that great day when the judgment shall be set and the books opened.

It is a great evil, but it has a certain remedy. The remedy which is applicable to every ill of the heart will not fail here. Only take the case to the Great Physician, and you shall be healed.

"Thus touch'd, the tongue receives a sacred cure
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure;
Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech;
Pursues the course that truth and nature teach;
Where'er it winds its salutary stream,
Sprightly and fresh enriches every theme,
While all the happy man possessed before,
The gift of nature or the classic store,
Is made subservient to the grand design
For which Heaven form'd the faculty divine."

COWPER.

THE WORKING MAN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THIS LITERATURE.

THE past and the present offer a wide contrast as regards the literature of the people. Books have now become almost indispensable in social life, and they find their way into the most humble dwellings, enlivening the hearths, and casting intellectual wealth and joyousness around the abodes of the poorest; but during the dark ages, the great mass of the people were comparatively strangers to such blessings. The mechanics, and even the burghers among our forefathers, were almost a bookless and unlettered race. The working men were not only reduced to a vassalage of the body, but also to a vassalage of the mind. They were taught to look upon learning as a dangerous thing, or as something which alone appertained to monks and clergy. Few were the efforts made by ecclesiastics to disseminate knowledge among the people; and when we do observe any indication of such a purpose, it stands out as a prominent and unusual fact, and only serves to prove the rarity and singularity of the occurrence. In searching into the old annals of our country, we have discovered few indications of a book literature in the dark ages, accessible to the working classes. What few secular books were then compiled, were evidently intended by the scribes for royal and wealthy patrons, and were not written to suit the capacities and tastes of the national mind. Such instances as we have been enabled to trace, we shall endeavour briefly to enumerate.

The Anglo-Saxon church ever maintained in relation to the see of Rome a certain degree of independence, but the Norman ecclesiastics were actuated by a servile-obedience to the papal authority; and on comparing the efforts of the Saxon and Norman churchmen to diffuse some rays of knowledge among the laity, the former appear to much advantage. Here and there a learned and pious Saxon, imbued with some love of truth, ventured to translate portions of the scriptures into the language of the "common people," and to compile elementary works for the instruction of the laity. Of our early bible translators and religious poets, Caedmon, Aldhelm, Guthlac, Bede, Alfred, and

Elfric, are the most memorable: but in addition to the labours of these men, other fragments of early bible versions have been preserved in our national libraries, as pleasing memorials of the efforts of pious Saxons to lead the people out of darkness into light.

But besides these paraphrases and translations of scripture the Anglo-Saxon laymen possessed some works of a general nature. Several religious pieces in the vernacular tongue have been saved from the ravages of time; and essays on grammar, arithmetic, and natural history, are found in the collections of antiquaries. These are generally crowded with absurdities and fables, but some are here and there enriched with a pious sentiment.

The literature most popular with the labouring classes in the old Saxon times was that which they gleaned from the minstrels. Minstrels were the popular instructors, and their songs and recitations may be said to have constituted the sole intellectual food of the working man. The ballad effusions of our forefathers were written for the humbler classes; they expressed their wishes, their pleasures, and their grievances. Most of them have long since perished; for being unrecorded by scribes, they were treasured up only in the memories of the toiling poor. Some were written on rolls and scraps of parchment, and were carried about in the satchels of the strolling minstrels, or hung against the walls of the working man's home. Their form rendered them peculiarly liable to destruction, and only a few fragments of this literature of the working men in the olden time have been preserved. They formed in their day the charms of many a rustic meeting, and sometimes enlivened the hours of bondage and toil. These popular effusions in Saxon times were seldom of an immoral nature; there were some, it is true, purposely designed for the licentious revels of the ale-house, but the efforts of some good and pious Saxons were directed to the improvement of ballad literature. Aldhelm, as early as the seventh century, wrote ballads in a religious tone, which were duly appreciated by the people, became household words with the working classes, and were fondly preserved among them by oral tradition for many generations. King Alfred mentions a ballad of Aldhelm's which was in his time often sung about the streets. William of Malmesbury tells us that this prelate, anxious to instruct the poorer classes in their religious duties, composed a number of little poems in the ballad form; and that after mass, in the disguise of a minstrel, he would station himself on a bridge over which the people had to pass, and, by a judicious mingling of sacred with lighter topics, succeeded in gaining their attention and instructing them in the great truths of religion. The ballad indeed was often thus employed, and deep and important truths were sometimes sung on Sabbath evenings to eager and attentive crowds. The minstrels finding that these religious pieces were sometimes listened to with pleasure by the more thoughtful among the working men, chose anecdotes of bible history as the groundwork of their ballads. Some of these were purely historical, in others a moral lesson was inculcated; but too often it was grossly vitiated by mythological fable and superstition; and as the church became more corrupt, the stories from the Old and New Testament were dis-

carded for the legends of saints and the miracles of the monks.

But these scanty efforts towards a popular literature made in Saxon times became even less in the days of the Norman rule. The ecclesiastics, acting more immediately under the direction of the pope, were far from being anxious to diffuse any rays of knowledge among the lower classes of society. From the Conquest to the thirteenth century, we have but few evidences of the existence of a vernacular literature. The Norman poets sometimes wrote in the Romance language; but their effusions were generally designed for the entertainment of the wealthy, and were unintelligible to the great mass of the people. The influence of a corrupt church soon became apparent; the pious old religious poems of the Saxons were discarded, and the Sabbath evenings of the Norman barons were spent in listening to immoral jests, to fables, and licentious tales. William of Waddington, a poet of the thirteenth century, speaks of the general taste of the rich for these pernicious effusions, and tells us that such works were usually read on *Sunday evenings*! After the Conquest there were two languages in England; the higher classes, being the conquering people, spoke Norman French, whilst the lower classes, being the subjugated people, retained their Saxon dialect. Thus the ecclesiastics adhered to the use of the orthodox Latin, the courtly *trouvères* wrote in the Romance language, and the poets of the people composed their ballads in the good old vernacular Saxon. In Latin, there are some remarkable productions preserved which may properly be regarded as belonging to a popular literature. They were written by some "clerkly" author; but they breathed the wishes, and spoke of the grievances of the poorer classes: they are usually in the form of political songs, and are remarkable for the severe manner with which they expose the vices of the age, and animadvert upon the corruptions of the Romish church. In Norman French, several curious elementary works have been preserved. The *Bestiary*, *Livre des Creatures*, and *Image du Monde*, with the religious works of *Groseteste*, are among the more curious. But the literature of the working man was remarkably barren; save a few metrical lives of saints of the reign of Edward I, and some monkish homilies and legends, we have nothing written before the middle of the thirteenth century, which could have been at all accessible to the people. The fact of there being two languages in England tended to extinguish that sympathy which ought to exist between the rich and the poor, and served materially to depress the exertions of native intellect. An author could only hope for reward or advancement by a gross adulation of the great; and a work written in the language of the common people was in itself a proof of the disinterestedness of its author. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, a poet named Robert de Brunne translated the "*Manual of Sins*," a work of *Groseteste's*, into the English prevalent in his day. He designed it expressly for working men, and considering that the bible was locked up in a dead language, and kept as a sealed book to the laity, the quaint old rhymes of Robert de Brunne must have been acceptable to the pious among the working classes. He says:—

"For working men I undertook,
In English tongue, to make this book;
For many are of such manner,
That tales and rhymes will gladly hear."

This was written in 1303; for further on he says, that

"The years of grace fell then to be
A thousand and three hundred and three,
In that time turned I this
In English tongue out of Frankis."

And in the prologue, he adds:—

"I made nought for ho discours,*
Nor for seggers* nor harpers,
But for the love of simple men
That strange English cannot ken."

The same author also wrote a rhyming chronicle, which he tells us he composed, not for the "lered," but for the "lewed," that is, the ignorant. The strolling minstrels, however, still addressed themselves to the masses, the burghers, the franklins and the villans, and the ballad continued to be the favourite.

These popular effusions sometimes excited the anger of the powerful. In the year 1124, Henry I condemned a poet named Luc de Barra to have his eyes torn out for writing a defamatory ballad against him; and Edward I, in 1275, passed a law to suppress a literature which was becoming formidable. Ballad singers and tellers of fables were prohibited from reciting their rhymes on pain of imprisonment. This did not check the growth of popular opinion, and so bold did the minstrels become, that they sung their pasquinades in the very shadow of the monastic walls, and in the precincts of the court. In the reign of Henry VI, a political ballad, severely reflecting upon the measures of the king, was stuck upon the gates of the royal palace.

The most popular pieces of the fourteenth century are those satirical poems known under the titles of "*Piers Plowman's Vision*," and "*Piers the Plowman's Creed*." The first was written by Robert Longland, a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. It consists of a series of "visions" which the author imagines to have seen whilst sleeping on Mulvern hills in Worcestershire. It is written in the language of the working classes, and is particularly severe upon the avarice and corruptions of the monks, and the absurdities and superstitions of popery. It represents the social and religious deprivations of the industrious classes; and the fidelity with which the author depicted these grievances accounts for the great popularity which it acquired among the people. This is evident by the number of copies still preserved, in spite of the efforts made to suppress it; and the fact of these manuscripts being usually written in an inferior style of penmanship, and destitute of elaborate illuminations, prove that they were prepared by the scribes for a humble class of readers. "*Piers the Plowman's Creed*" was a subsequent production. It is still more severe upon the corruptions of Rome and the vices of the clergy. The author pretends to be ignorant of his creed, and, anxious to be instructed, he applies successively to the dif-

* Story tellers or reciters.

ferent orders of friars. He first seeks the advice of the Minorites, who abuse the Carmelites; but, priding themselves upon their own sanctity, declare that they alone can save him. He then goes to the Dominicans, and talks with a friar, who cries out bitterly against the Augustines. He seeks the Augustines, but they rail at the Minorites. He leaves them for the Carmelites; but the Carmelites are as bitter against the Dominicans, but for money promise him absolution and salvation without any creed at all. Disgusted at their want of charity, he leaves them with indignation, and wandering along he meets a poor ploughman, to whom he relates the result of his inquiries. The peasant answers by denouncing the corruptions of the monastic orders, and bitterly deplores the miseries which they inflicted upon the working classes. The writer of this poem was evidently a follower of Wickliffe, and the principles which the creed sometimes develops are expressive of those wishes and desires which found utterance at the Reformation.

During the insurrection which occurred in the reign of Richard II. the most extreme political doctrines were advocated, if we are to credit Froissart and Knyghton. A people kept so long in ignorance, aggravated by bondage and wrong, were scarcely competent to form correct notions of political justice, or to restrain their demands within the bounds of reason. The movement, however, awakened the national mind; and it is a curious fact that the first political tracts written for dissemination among the working classes, belong to that period. Curious little scraps of exhortation and advice were written out and scattered among the people, to be read to the crowds by one more clerkly than the rest. They were composed in a semi-ballad form, and although retaining the appearance of prose, they have a rhyme running through them, and are not entirely destitute of some words of good advice. As relics of a popular literature, a few extracts may prove interesting. The following is from one called "Jack Miller's Letter":—

"Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. • He hath grounden small, small; the King's son of heaven, he shall pay for all. • Look thy mill go aright, with the four sails and the post stand in steadfastness. With right and with might, and with skill and with wit. Let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might, then goeth our mill aright. But if might go before right, or will before skill, then is our mill mis-aright."

Another writes:—

"Jack Carter prays you all that ye make a good end of that ye have begun, and do well and even better and better, for at even men praiseth the day. For if the end is well, then all is well. Let Piers the Plowman my brother dwell at home,* and I will go with you and help to get your meat and your drink. That ye none fail, look that Hobbe the Robber be chastised for injuring of your cause, for ye have grent need to take God with you in all your doings."

The next is a little scrap bearing the signature of John Ball, a priest of St. Mary's, and a violent leader of the insurrection; it runs:—

* This allusion is another indication of the great popularity of the vision and creed of Piers the Plowman.

"John Ball, Saint Mary's priest, greeteth you, all manner of men, and bids them in the name of the Trinity stand manly together in truth, and help truth, and truth shall help you. Now reigneth pride and covetousness, and lechery without shame, and gluttony without blame. Envy reigneth with treason, and sloth is taken in great season. God help us, for now is time."

Shortly after the period to which these tracts are to be attributed, the English language, assuming a more settled form, became more generally employed. Chaucer elevated the language of the people by preferring it to the language of the court. But he did not write for working men; his books were too expensive to find their way among them, yet the truths which he uttered became infused into the ballads of the people, and found homes, as truths ever will, in the minds of thinking men, and tended to foster and nourish that spirit which Wickliffe had awakened, and which was to effect the ultimate deliverance of England from popery and corruption.

But at best, these things at which we have glanced formed but a poor literature for the working man. A few ballads and poems were better than nothing at all, for they helped to keep alive the desire for knowledge, but they offered scanty food wherewith to satisfy the intellects of a vast body of the people. We have become so familiar with an abundant literature, that we cannot imagine a bookless age. But in the olden time books were seldom found save in the habitations of the rich, or chained to the monastic shelves. They sold for enormous prices. Even in the fourteenth century, thirty shillings were given by the monks of Bolton Abbey for a copy of Peter Lombard's Sentences. John of Wheetampsted gave 5*l.* for a Boethius, 6*l.* for a book of Cato, and 4*l.* for a Gorbaw upon Luke. • William Montague, earl of Salisbury, gave one hundred marks, or upwards of 66*l.*, for an "historical Bible." • The Grey Friars in London, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, paid about 60*l.* for a copy of Lym's Commentary. If the reader will multiply these prices by sixteen, he will gain some idea of the amount which these sums represent in modern currency. • A shilling of that time was equal to sixteen shillings of to-day. But these prices were rendered thus high by the richness of their exterior; monks often valued the beauty of the manuscript more than the spirit of the book. They elaborately illuminated its pages, bound it in costly tablets of gold and silver, and sometimes inlaid the covers with gems and relics. They used no effort to make books popular; they had even no dim perception of the idea of a cheap literature; they never entertained the wish to transcribe little tracts for working men. Books need not have been so dear; the scarcity of parchment was not, as some have affirmed, the cause of the scarcity of books. The monks had no wish to make learning "common," but used every effort to shut out light from the people, and to close up all avenues of secular instruction. Many of the books above referred to are described in the old monkish registers as being "in chains." Indeed, the olden time may emphatically be termed the age of fettered literature.

God's threatenings are a hedge against presumption, and his promises a fence against despondency.

ELECTRIC ANIMALS.

In addition to the electrical power with which every living being is supplied, many animals present the phenomenon of so large an accumulation of this fluid that they are enabled, at their pleasure, to give electric shocks to any bodies coming in contact with them. That the torpedo possessed this power was well known to the ancients; for Pliny informs us that when touched with a spear, "it paralyses the muscles, and arrests the feet, however swift;" while Aristotle adds, that it would benumb "men as well as the fishes which served for its prey." And Anthero, a freedman of Tiberius, was cured of the gout by means of its shocks. Appian, too, gives a distinct description of it; yet Francis Bacon, in the early part of the seventeenth century, speaks of this power merely as "an ancient tradition"—a specimen of half-assured credulity, which falls strangely from the pen of one who gravely informs us that he judges the making of gold "to be possible, but the means [hitherto propounded] to effect it, full of error and imposture!" who recommends scarlet cloth as infallible in the cure of gout; and who declares that his warts were charmed away by a woman who was "farre from superstition!"

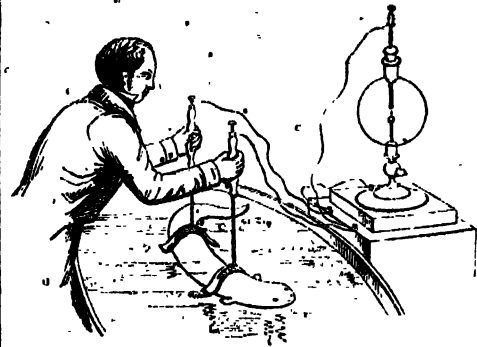
Fifty-two years after the death of Bacon, some excellent engravings of the electric organs of the torpedo were published, which exhibit the progress natural science had made during that interval. In our own time, the great Exhibition of 1851 has furnished some very complete models of the whole of these organs, which were beautifully manufactured in wax from the most careful dissections.*

Europe boasts of several species of the torpedo, which principally occur in the Mediterranean. Humboldt enumerates five distinct species which are electrical; namely, *T. raia*, *T. narke*, *T. unimaculata*, *T. marmorata*, and *T. galvanii*.

The *T. raia* is usually regarded as the type of the family, and as such must occupy our chief attention. Dr. Hunter found that the electric organs of this fish were placed on each side of the cranium and gills, occupying all the spaces between the upper and lower surfaces. Each organ consists of perpendicular columns, reaching from the upper to the under surface of the body, and consequently varying in their length according to the thickness of the part of the body in which they are placed. The figures of these columns are irregular hexagons or pentagons, sometimes even approaching a quadrangular or cylindrical form. The number varies greatly with the size of the fish: on one very large individual, Dr. Hunter counted the amazing number of 1182 in each organ. The nerves inserted in these organs arise, by three large trunks, from the posterior part of the brain, and, thence passing into the organs, are infinitesimally ramified until they are lost to human ken. It is somewhat singular that organs analogous to those of the torpedo raia, have been discovered by St. Hilaire in other species of the ray family which do not possess any electrical powers.

A variety of experiments have been made, which clearly prove the shocks to be given at the pleasure of the fish; and also, that the frequent action of the organs is obnoxious to its life. The possession of one organ only is sufficient to produce the shock; and Mr. Todd asserts that "when the nerves and organs are cut, the torpedo loses the power of giving a shock, though it appears much vivacious and lives longer than those in which this change has not been produced"—a hint which might be valuable to those whose "nerves" are the only great trouble of their lives.

Dr. Davy succeeded in communicating distinct magnetism to a needle by means of a torpedo, but failed in obtaining any igniting power, or even the slightest spark from it. Within the last few years, however, this has been achieved, at the Adelaide Gallery, where an electric eel set^{off} fire to and destroyed a piece of silver paper in a glass cylinder. One end of the conductor was attached to the paper and the other to the eel, and thus the paper was consumed.



The animal seldom gives a shock unless previously irritated; and before anything is felt, a convulsive movement of the pectoral fins may be observed. When near death, the shocks are not given at distinct intervals, but resemble a continued battery of small shocks.

The Spaniards apply the name of *Trembladores*—tremblers—indiscriminately, to electric fish; and it is curious that the electric fish of the Nile is termed *Radd*, which signifies the same thing. One species which inhabits the Loire and Garonne, and which is called by the surrounding peasantry *La Tremble*, is eaten, after the electric organ has been carefully removed. The flesh also of the electric eel (*Gymnotus electricus*) is also used as food in America, after the same precaution has been taken; while the *Silurus electricus*, the *Roach*, or thunderer, of the Arabs is much sought by the Egyptians as an esteemed article of food.

This last-named fish, which sometimes bears the name of *Malapterurus electricus*, is distinguished from all the true siluri by the absence of the rayed fin on the back, and also by its having no prickles to the pectorals, of which the spines are entirely soft. It abounds in the Nile, the Niger, and the Senegal, usually measuring about twenty inches in length. Its electric organs are far less complex than those of the different species which have been examined, being simply composed of a reticulated mass, filled with an albuminous gelatinous substance, intersected by nerves, and lying immediately below the skin, over the whole surface of the body. It is destitute of scales; a peculiarity which is ascribed by Humboldt to all the electric fishes, and which is also observable in the whole of the Siluridae, a circumstance which might lead us to infer that further examination would very probably discover some, greater or less, portion of electric power in their organization.

The Surinam eel, or *Gymnotus electricus*, is found in the greatest abundance in the Orinoco, as well as in its tributaries. It is the largest known electric fish, being occasionally twenty feet in length, although three feet is perhaps the average size. In this fish, the electric organs occupy the whole extent of the under surface of the body, and consist of parallel plates separated by thin layers of mucilage, while the skin is constantly covered with a mucous substance, which, as Volta has shown, conducts electricity twenty or thirty times better than pure water. The gymnote is of a

* In the department of Tuscany.

fine olive colour; the under part of the head is yellow, mingled with red; two rows of small yellow spots run along the body, and each of these spots contains an excretory aperture, from which oozes the above-mentioned conductor.

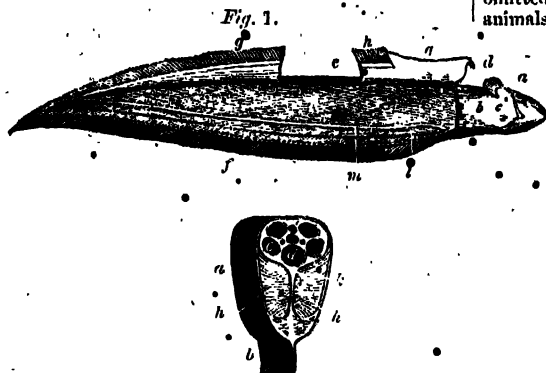


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1. exhibits the whole of the two organs on each side, the skin being removed as far as they extend: *a*, being the lower surface of the head; *b*, the cavity of the belly; *c*, anus; *d*, fin; *e*, back, where the skin has not been removed; *f*, fin which runs along the lower edge of the fish; *g*, *h*, skin turned back; *i*, *h*, lateral muscles of the above fin removed, and carried back with the skin to expose the small organ; *k*, large organ; *l*, small organ; *m*, substance which divides the large organ from the small.

Fig. 2. is a transverse section of the eel, exposing at one view the parts of which it is composed: *a*, the external surface of the side; *b*, under fin; *c*, one of the cut ends of the muscle of the back, the other three are also seen on the engraving; *d*, cavity of air-bladders; in the centre appears the body of spine; above it is the medulla spinalis; and right and left are the large artery and vein; *h*, *h*, cut ends of the two large organs; *k*, the partition between the organ.

Several of these fish have been imported into Europe, for the examination of different naturalists, and have become very scarce on the voyage. There is now, or was lately, a remarkably fine specimen in a tank at the Polytechnic Institution, which is as contentedly at home as its brethren in America are untamed and turbulent. Humboldt and Bonpland, finding the small streams, and even the stagnant pools, in some parts of South America abounding with small gymnotes, enjoyed an opportunity of luxuriating in shocks, which a man must be a very keen naturalist thoroughly to appreciate! The first of these philosophers having placed his foot on the body of a fresh animal, experienced a more severe shock than he had ever received from a Leyden phial, and which produced a very satisfactory amount of pain in every joint for the remainder of the day, and of which he appears to speak with decided enjoyment! When he and his companion held a fish between them, they occasionally found that one of them received a shock which the other did not feel, thus making it appear that the eel is able to direct its charge at pleasure to the point in which it is most irritated; sometimes discharging from its whole surface, and sometimes from particular parts only. It seemed most disposed—naturally enough—to bestow its shocks when irritated by touching the pectoral fins, the lips, the eyes, the gills, or the organs themselves. The

moment of the discharge may be perceived by a slight wrinkling of the skin.

Well known, and often quoted, as is the following graphic account given by the venerable Humboldt, it is yet too interesting, despite its savageness, to be omitted when we are treating expressly of electric animals, and we must therefore give it intact:—"The

Indians having brought about thirty wild horses, forced them to enter a pool of muddy water surrounded by fir-trees. The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs, makes the fish issue from the mud, and excites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses. A contest between animals of so different an organisation furnishes a very striking spectacle. The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely; and some climb upon the trees, the branches of which extend horizontally over the water. By their wild cries, and the length of their reeds, they prevent the horses from running away, and reaching the banks

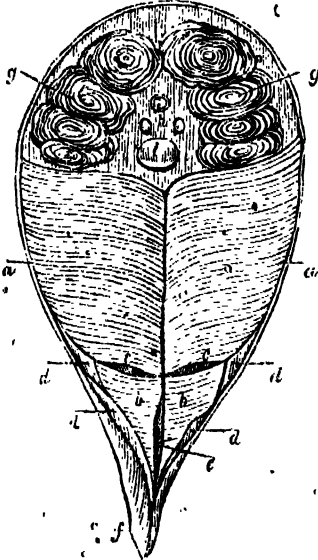
of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by the discharge of their electric batteries. During a long time, they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the invisible stokes which they receive from all sides, in organs the most essential to life, and stunned by the force and frequency of the shocks, disappear under the water. Others, panting, with mane erect and haggard eyes expressing anguish, raise themselves and endeavour to fly from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water; but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric shocks of the gymnoti. * * * In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel, pressing itself against the belly of the horses, makes a discharge along the whole extent of its electric organ. The horses probably are not killed, but only stunned. They are drowned from the impossibility of rising amid the prolonged struggle between the other horses and the eels." When the weary gymnoti begin to disperse, and the poor terror-stricken horses appear less frightened, the fish are taken by means of small harpoons fastened to long cords. When these cords are very dry, the Indians feel no shock in raising the eels.

This mode of defence with which the eel is endowed has been taken advantage of by the Indians, who, when they wish to ford a river in which it abounds, drive in mules or horses to receive the first and repeated discharges of electricity; well knowing that the fish requires long rest and abundant nourishment after such a struggle, so that for some hours men may pass unmolested. Yet this very means of preparing themselves a passage through the rivers, has caused the entire abandonment of a once general route in the neighbourhood of Uritica, on account of the numerous mules which were annually sacrificed in crossing the fords. The gymnotus, however, is by no means a destructive animal, but merely employs its instinct of self-defence, and the stunning power with which it is endowed, for the purpose of enabling it to escape the fangs of the alligator, and any other danger, or for the securing of its prey.

A curious fish, called the *Tetradon electricus*, was first discovered by Lieut. Paterson, in the cavities of the coral rocks in Johanna, one of the Canary isles; and it has also been since met with in the American seas. It is a very powerful electrifier, as its first

captor found by experience; for, having taken one in his hand, he received so severe a shock as to oblige him precipitately to drop his prize. This fish has a long projecting snout, and is about seven inches in length by two and a half in breadth; the back is brown, the sides yellow, the under parts of a sea-green, and the fins and tail of a dingy green hue, while the whole body is spotted with red, green, and bright white marks; the eyes are very large, and the iris of a brilliant red, tinged with yellow, on its outer edges; so that the fish, as may be imagined, is a remarkably pretty one.

The annexed sketch represents a section of the terminal portion of its body, containing the electrical apparatus in its natural situation.



a a, the upper and larger pair of electric organs; *b b*, the lower pair; *c c*, two muscles, dividing the upper from the lower pair of electric organs; *d d i d*, four external lateral muscles; *e*, a single muscle inserted into the fin; *f f*, eight dorsal muscles, imbedded in fat and cellular tissue, and having a concentrically laminated structure; *h*, the spinal column; *i*, the swimming bladder, which is of an elongated form and of great length, measuring from two to nearly three feet.

The *Trichurus electricus*, or *indicus*, which is found in the Indian seas, is another of those fishes which has an electrical power; as is the case with several others which have not yet been sufficiently studied or described to be here enumerated. Mr. Maxwell mentions his catching an electric fish, resembling a cod, which weighed thirty pounds. The sailors present declared that "the fish must be haunted," yet the natives [of Congo] gladly received and devoured it. In short, there can be little doubt that great numbers of the inhabitants of the deep possess similar powers wherewith to stupify their prey; and that the study of them will every year bring to light some fresh species.

On the dry land, there is an individual amongst the family of centipedes, which shines out in the mild autumn evenings, and which is frequently passed by under the impression that it is a glow-worm. But, upon examination, it will be found that the phosphorescence is not emitted, as in the last-named creature, from one particular spot, but proceeds from the whole surface of the body; thus perfectly revealing the

shape of the animal. "This seems," says Rhynier Jones, "to depend upon some luminous secretion that exudes from the surface of the body; a supposition rendered more probable from the circumstance, that the luminous matter will adhere to the fingers of any person who may seize hold of it, while shining; causing them to shine, as if rubbed with phosphorus, for some seconds afterwards." This scolopendra, which bears the name of *Goeophilus electricus*, is able to give a pretty smart electric shock, often indeed sufficiently strong to make the young zoologist drop the prize he may just have secured. This electric power serves the same purpose as that of the torpedo, namely, the securing of its prey.

On turning to the true insects, we find that several of them have, in a greater or less degree, similar powers. Amongst those so endowed, we may mention the wheel-bug [*Reduvius serratus*]. Major-general Davies tells us that, having taken one of them in his hand, he experienced a shock as if from an electric jar, which he felt as high as his shoulder; on dropping it he found six specks on his hand where the six feet of the animal had stood. There is also an electric beetle, one of the common *Elateride*, mentioned by Yarrel, which greatly startled him when he touched it suddenly; while Captain Blakeney was so much affected by the shock received from a large hairy caterpillar of a kind common in South America, that he lost the use of his arm for some time, and his life was even endangered.

When so many eminent naturalists have declared the means whereby the jelly fishes "sting" or benumb the flesh, to be past all power of discovery, it may seem presumptuous in us to suggest whether the so-called sting be not in reality a shock of electricity. The observations of Humboldt would, we submit, appear to favour this solution. He says: "Sometimes on galvanising the medusae, the phosphorescence appears at the moment when the chain closes, although the exciters are not in direct contact with the body of the subject. The fingers, after touching it, remain luminous for two or three minutes. Wood, on being rubbed with a medusa, becomes luminous, and after the phosphorescence has ceased, it may be rekindled by passing the dry hand over it; but when the light is a second time extinguished, it cannot be reproduced." The poet Gray, in a note appended to his sea-side "Amusements," seems to have had a similar idea when he remarked that the medusa, "if handled, have the effect of a nettle, and the stinging is often accompanied or succeeded by a more unpleasant feeling, perhaps in a slight degree resembling that caused by the torpedo." Be this as it may—be the cause known or unknown—we cannot but gaze, in wonder and admiration, on the power with which an animal of such apparently low organization is gifted; an animal which, if taken out of its native element, and left to dry, melts as it were, and evaporates, leaving no trace except a glossy surface—a sort of impalpable and glistening film—on the spot where it was laid; furnishing, by its very disappearance, an exquisite proof of the care bestowed by our Creator on the formation and adaptation of form to habit in all his creatures.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

THE WATERMAN.

UNDER this designation the reader will naturally look for an active young fellow, who plies a pair of oars upon the broad surface of the Thames. No such thing. If the "jolly young waterman" of a

generation ago, yet survive and feather his oars upon the bosom of the river—which we are inclined to doubt—it must be beyond the limits of the bridges and the range of the half-penny, penny, and two-penny steamers, which would peril the safety of his wherry and the lives of his fare. No; the jolly young waterman of the days when George the Third was king, has been effectually banished from the London river; and in his name an old waterman, not particularly jolly, has made his appearance in the London streets. He is the presiding genius of that unpleasing conglomeration of mud and mire, of decomposing straw and rusty hay, of oats and chaff, of ruined and ruinous vehicles, of asthmatic and broken-kneed horseflesh, of oscillating pendulous nose-bags, and of brown-coated unshaven cabmen, redolent of beer and tobacco and rotten-stone and candle-grease, which all together go to make up a cab-stand. Of all these ill-compounded and heterogeneous elements, the waterman is the solitary permanent item. The wind may scatter the hay, straw, and chaff; the sun may dry up the mire and mud, and a sudden shower may dissipate the drivers to the four points of the compass; but he, like a courageous general, remains firm and unmoved at his post, and sticks to his half-dozen tubs of water, probably for the simple reason that he has nowhere else to go. It is from these tubs, each of about a gallon capacity, and from which the miserable hacks that drag the lumbering cabs over the London stones slake their burning thirst, that he derives his designation of "waterman." He is the depository of some moist species of authority over the tubs aforesaid, and he carries a key in one of his perplexingly numerous pockets, which admits him to a pipe in a recess in the wall, where he levies unlimited contributions upon the New River Company.

In personal appearance, the waterman is quite a unique specimen, and not to be mistaken for a member of any other fraternity. To describe his costume would be of no avail. He wears no particular costume, but an assemblage of all the costumes of which he can get possession. He is so covered on and covered in with garments of every sort, that his individuality is not to be got at. He is an animated collection of coats and waistcoats and neck-ties of every conceivable colour and cut, and all, like himself, in a state of considerable dilapidation. It is doubted by some whether he really lives anywhere else than on the stand, because he is never observed to go home. He is noted for irregular hours, and for sleeping at any time in the day, or the night either, along with the nose-bags, in the insides of cabs, with his feet sometimes resting upon the pavement. In summer time, he snores at his ease, through the sunny afternoons, when the cabs are standing still, upon the bench in front of the public-house, and starts into activity again by the time the evening parties demand the services of his friends the drivers, and his own.

The waterman gets his living in a very fractional way. He has no settled stipend, but receives a copper from every cabman who drives off the stand with a fare. In return for this, it is his business to open the door of the vehicle, and close it after the customer has taken his seat, and while doing this he tries all he can to levy an additional contribu-

tion from the fare, in which attempt he is for the most part successful. Sometimes it happens, when his stand is in the suburbs, that he rears a brood of chickens, which grow up under the horses' feet, and are sold for the spit, if they escape, for a sufficient length of time, from being kicked to death by the horses, run over by the wheels, or hunted and eaten by the dogs and cats of the neighbourhood. In addition to these avocations, he cleans knives, polishes boots, and scours pots for the publican, and makes himself, as it is termed, generally useful either in the stable or the cellar.

Among his companions the cabmen, the waterman partakes of the character both of a butt and an oracle. He is always older than they—being invariably a man rather stricken in years. He is a good judge of horseflesh, especially of that peculiar species which flourishes on a cab-stand, and knows what the "wettany sarjun" would do in such and such a case. His conversation with his companions is a kind of audible short-hand, not very intelligible to the uninitiated; and you may listen to it a long while, if you choose, without being much the wiser. He finds it to his interest to put up with their jokes, as well practical as verbal, without complaining, as he is mainly dependent upon them for his income. They treat him, however, upon the whole, with consideration, as he is virtually a watchman as well as a waterman, and frequently has the charge of the whole stand, while the drivers who should be upon their boxes in readiness for customers, are amusing themselves round the tap-room fire or in the skittle-ground of the adjoining public-house. In their merriment, he is a very modest and submissive participator. When the festive cup goes round, it comes to him last, and he pledges the health of the cabmen in the dregs of the tankard. He pays no scot, and has no score chalked up on the landlord's slate; not that his credit is bad, so much as that his ready money is so scarce that he dares not venture on credit. He is always in good odour with the landlord of the tavern nearest the cab-stand, because he is so obliging and ready with his good offices. By dint of his officious services he contrives to constitute himself in a manner the waste-butt of the establishment. Stale-beer and stale-bread and fleshless joints of meat become his as if by right of inheritance, and he feasts on the fat of the land—after others have done with it. He is generally a peaceable and quiet subject, with a civil word for every body, and a supplicatory one for himself—which, by the way, he never forgets to prefer when an opportunity offers. If he meet with a repulse, it is no more than he is used to; he can retire within himself, and in the folds of his multitudinous garments collect his courage with the anticipation of better success next time.

It is thus that the waterman gets his living. Unfortunately, it is pretty much in the same way that the poor old fellow frequently gets his death. He has a foolish faith in the multiplicity of his wrappers, and in the altitude of his wooden clogs. He throws an extra sack or two over his shoulders in the foggy slushy days and nights of winter, and buries his hard fists in a cashiered pair of boxing gloves; and if the frost is severe, he will wind a hayband round his legs, and potter about among his icy tubs, buoyed up with a vision of yet another

and another copper, in the face of a storm which sends younger and stronger men than he cowering to their firesides. Then, stern and angry winter comes at last, and seizes him by the throat and prostrates him in a moment on the cold pavement; and then a brace of his old friends hoist him into the nearest cab, and give him a gratuitous ride to the nearest hospital; and then our old friend the waterman is suddenly transformed into a decided and hopeless case of some dreadful disease with an ugly dog-latin name, come in the very nick of time for the instruction of a medical class; and then—and then—and then farewell, old waterman.

A SOAR THROUGH THE HEAVENS.

SIR W. HERSCHELL has penetrated to the limits of the Milky Way, and sent his almost illimitable sounding-line far beyond into the vast abyss of space, boundless and unfathomable. And do you inquire the depth of this stupendous stratum of stars? The answer may be given, since we have the unit of measure in the distance of stars of the first magnitude. Light, with its amazing velocity, requires ten years to come to us from the nearest fixed stars; and yet Sir William Herschell concluded, from the examinations he had been able to make, that in some places the depth of the Milky Way was such, that no less than five hundred stars were ranged one behind the other in a line, each separated from the other by a distance equal to that which divides our sun from the nearest fixed star; so that, for light to sweep across the diameter of this vast congeries of stars, would require a period of a thousand years, at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in every minute of time!

The countless millions of stars composing the Milky Way appear to be arranged in the form of a flat zone or ring, or rather stratum, of irregular shape. Its extent is so great as properly to form a universe of itself. If it were possible, to-night, to wing our flight to any one of the bright stars which blaze around us, sweeping away from our own system, until planet after planet fades in the distance, and finally the sun itself shrinks into a mere star, alighting on a strange world that circles round a new and magnificent sun, which has grown and expanded in our sight, until it blazes with a glory equal to that of our own—here let us pause, and look out upon the starry heavens which would, after such a flight, surround us.

We have passed over sixty millions of millions of miles. We have reached a new system of worlds revolving about another sun; and from this remote point we have a right to expect a new heavens, as well as a new earth on which we stand. But, no. Lift up your eyes, and lo! the old familiar constellations are all there. Yonder blazes Orion, with its rich and gorgeous belt; there comes Arcturus; and yonder the Northern Bear circles his ceaseless journey round the pole. All is unchanged, and the mighty distance over which we have passed, is but the thousandth part of the entire diameter of this grand cluster of suns and systems; and, although we have swept from our sun to the nearest fixed star, and have travelled a distance which light itself cannot traverse in less than ten years, yet the change wrought by this

mighty journey, in the appearance of the heavens, is no greater than would be produced in the relative positions of the persons composing an audience to a person near its centre, who should change his seat with his immediate neighbour!

Such, then, is the scale on which the starry heavens are built. If, in examining the magnificent orbits of the remoter planets, and in tracing the interminable career of some of the far-sweeping comets, we feared there might not be room for the accomplishment of their vast orbits, our fears are now at an end. There is no jostling here: no interference, no perturbation of the planets of one system by the suns of another. Each is isolated and independent, filling the region of space assigned, and, within its own limits, holding on its appointed movements.

Thus far we have spoken only of the Milky Way. In case it be possible to pierce its boundaries, and pass through into the regions of space which lie beyond, the inquiry arises, what meets the vision there? what lies beyond these mighty limits? Does creation cease with this one great cluster? and is all blank beyond its boundary?

Here again the telescope has given us an answer. When we shall have travelled outward from our own sun, and passed in a straight line from star to star, until we shall have left behind us, in grand perspective, a series of five hundred suns, we then stand on the confines of our own great cluster of stars. All behind blazes with the light of countless orbs, scattered in wild magnificence, while all before us is deep, impenetrable, unbroken darkness. No glance of human vision can pierce the dark profound.

But summoning the telescope to our aid, let us pursue our mighty journey through space; for in the distance we are just able to discern a faint haze of light, a minute luminous cloud which comes up to meet us, and towards this object we will urge our flight. We leave the shining millions of our own great cluster far behind. Its stars are shrinking and fading; its dimensions are contracting. It once filled the whole heavens, and now its myriads of blazing orbs could almost be grasped with a single hand. But now look forward. A new universe, of astonishing grandeur, bursts on the sight. The cloud of light has swelled and expanded, and its millions of suns now fill the whole heavens.

We have reached the clustering of ten millions of stars. Look to the right—there is no limit; look to the left—there is no end. Above, below, sun rises upon sun, and system on system, in endless and immeasurable perspective. Here is a new universe, as magnificent, as glorious as our own; a new Milky Way, whose vast diameter the flashing light would not cross in a thousand years! Nor is this a solitary object. Go out on a clear cold winter night, and reckon the stars which strew the heavens, and count their number; and for every single orb thus visible to the naked eye, the telescope reveals a universe, far sunk in the depths of space, and scattered with vast profusion over the entire surface of the heavens.

If there be anything which can lend the mind upward to the Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe, and give to it an approximate knowledge of his

incomprehensible attributes, it is to be found in the grandeur and beauty of his works.

If you would know his *glory*, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky Way. Multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own "island universe," by the thousands of those astral systems that exist in space within the range of human vision, and then you may form some idea of the infinitude of his kingdom; for lo! these are but a part of his ways. Examine the scale on which the universe is built. Comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun. Stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone, and the extremest limit of human life has been attained; count every pulse, and at each, speed on your way a hundred thousand miles; and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out and behold! the thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance that, in this journey, of a century, you have only left half a score behind you.

Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence, go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space; and, as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years.

Would you gather some knowledge of the *omnipotence* of God, weigh the earth on which we dwell, then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move this earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet, under the omnipotent hand of God, not a minute passes that it does not fly far more than a thousand miles. But this is a mere atom—an insignificant point among his innumerable worlds. At his bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun itself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around his throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

Would you comprehend the idea of the *omniscience* of God, remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted, roughly, the return of half a score of comets. But God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns and planets; and comets, and worlds, without number, through the ages that are passed, and throughout the ages which are yet to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision.

Would you gain some idea of the *wisdom* of God, look to the admirable adjustments of the magnificent routine of planets and satellites which

sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form. All is changing; but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder, or lead to destruction. All is perfect and harmonious; and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds, that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.—*Mitchell's Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*

EAU DE COLOGNE AND JOHN MARIA FARINA.

Of all the lesser articles of usefulness or luxury which have ever been invented for the convenience of man, none perhaps ever attained such a world-wide celebrity as Farina's Cologne water, generally known, even in the land of its origin, under its French name of Eau de Cologne. Certainly no article, the manufacture of which has been kept a profound secret, ever called forth such a host of imitators, and no name has been surreptitiously used to so great an extent as that of Farina; hence, nothing is more difficult for the general public than to be thoroughly assured that the Cologne water which they purchase is the genuine article of the original inventor.

John Maria Farina, the original inventor of Eau de Cologne, was born of poor parents, in 1685, at Santa Maggioris, in the valley of Vigezza, in the district of Domo d'Ossola. Like so many youth of his rank in life in Italy, both then and at the present day, he quitted the land of his birth at an early age to seek his fortune on the wide theatre of Europe. With a slender supply of money, and the whole of his property contained in the small bundle which he carried with him, this founder of a splendid fortune and a celebrated name quitted the humble cottage home of his fathers, and commenced on foot his travels towards the north. Of the probable struggles, trials, and vicissitudes of his early career, we are unable to speak; but, whatever they may have been, prudence and perseverance must soon have enabled him to vanquish all difficulties, for we find him at the early age of twenty-four naturalized in Cologne, and carrying on a brisk trade in objects of art, silk mercery, and perfumery. His shop was the favourite resort of the maskers of the Carnival, in the celebration of which Cologne at that time, and indeed up to a late period, vied with its ancient parent, Rome. The masks, dominoes, and gay dresses of silk, satin, and velvet, were all imported by Farina from his native country, the manufacture of such articles having been first introduced into Germany at a much later time.

At an early period of his residence in Cologne he invented his celebrated perfume, to which he gave the name it now bears, after the town of his adoption. The agreeable qualities of the new Eau de Cologne soon spread its fame among his fellow citizens, and it became so important a branch of his business, that he invited over his brother from Italy to come and join him as partner. The latter dying in 1732, John Maria Farina, who was un-

married, sent for his nephew, John Maria, from Italy. The remittances of money sent to Italy by the elder Farina for the travelling expenses of the younger one, cannot have been upon a very extended scale, as the youthful John Maria arrived at Cologne with no other clothes than the threadbare ones on his back, and scarcely a franc in his pocket. The account of his journey formed one of the old gentleman's favourite stories, at a time when he ranked as one of the richest citizens of his adopted city. This nephew succeeded to the secret and business of his uncle in 1766. He had three sons, the last of whom died in 1850, at the age of eighty, leaving behind him the present head of the firm, John Maria Farina, who was born in 1809. The present proprietor carries on the business in partnership with the widow of his cousin, the only son of the eldest of the three above-mentioned brothers. The portraits of the original inventor, with his long venerable-looking wig, as also those of his successors, are carefully preserved by the present Farina as family relics.

The sale of Eau de Cologne, though sufficiently extensive to induce the inventor and his nephew to devote themselves exclusively to its manufacture, was of course very limited compared with that which it has attained of late years. Its merits became gradually known. The French, who occupied the Rhenish provinces during the seven years' war, soon appreciated the excellent qualities and agreeable perfume of the Eau de Cologne, and were principally the means of extending its fame to France and distant parts of Germany, whence it afterwards found its way to the remotest corners of the civilized world.

About the same time that the original inventor settled in Cologne, other branches of the family settled at Maestricht and Dusseldorf. In 1750 the Cologne water was already so celebrated that it was considered as a profitable speculation to embark in; accordingly, John Anthony Farina, of Dusseldorf, established in Cologne a manufactory of Eau de Cologne, under the firm of John Anthony Maria, of the city of Milan. He transmitted his business to his eldest son, while his youngest established another firm under the title of John Maria Farina, of the city of Turin. These three firms are the only ones to whom the name of Farina legitimately belongs, though the official gazette of Cologne, in 1819, numbered sixty manufactories of Eau de Cologne, nearly all of which were carried on under the name of Farina. It may be asked, how could so many Farinas have arisen, there being but three in reality, and it being unlawful to assume the name of another man? The unscrupulous are never at a loss for expedients to profit by the inventions of others; and many ingenious contrivances have been resorted to by the imitators to become possessed, with a shadow of legitimacy, of the coveted name.

The name of Farina had become so closely associated with Eau de Cologne, that it was soon found that all attempts to gain a sale for the imitation were useless, unless under the sanction of the name. At the close of the last century, a Charles Francis Farina, residing in Dusseldorf, sold the use of his name to a maker of Eau de Cologne, and within a very short space of time six other houses sprang up, all using the name of Farina, and all

derived from the same source. In the course of a few years, the number amounted to sixty. One of these firms at last took a house in the immediate vicinity of the original Farina, and usurped the words, "Opposite Julich's Place," which words had been till then the sole property and distinctive mark of the inventor. This was too much for his patience, and, in conjunction with the other two legitimate owners of the name, recourse was had to law. It was decided by the court that it was unlawful to purchase a name as an article of trade. This was a great blow to the interlopers, who were obliged to carry on their business under their own name, and to their cost they soon learned to appreciate the magical properties that reside in a name. Others gave up their business at once.

But the means of evading inefficient laws were soon found by ingenious manufacturers, whose consciences were none of the tenderest. Many of the discomfited Eau de Cologne makers posted off with all speed to Italy, where the name of Farina is by no means uncommon. Among the Italian peasantry there were many Farinas found who were willing enough, for the consideration of a—to them—large sum of money, to become the heads of establishments for the manufacturing of Eau de Cologne. Of course, they were merely the nominal heads of the firms, giving only their name, but without receiving any part of the profits, or having any authority whatever in the business. Thus, by this ingenious contrivance, the mere name was no longer purchased, but the Farina was, according to law, the head of the firm. The last street directory of Cologne mentions twenty of these spurious firms, the law affording no protection against this abuse of the name.

But the increase of the number of Farinas gave rise to increasing vigilance on the part of the public, and it was no longer enough to usurp the name of Farina, for the name of "Julich's Place" became as intimately associated with the article as that of Farina itself. Firms were established in the vicinity, and the words "Opposite Julich's Place" were again appropriated by them to their own use. When brought before the law courts, the use of the word *opposite* only could be forbidden, so that those who had been fortunate enough to establish themselves in the vicinity, adopted *at*, *near*, or *by*, which they continue to use to this day.

Let us now take a glance at its manufacture. In visiting the establishment of John Maria Farina at Cologne, there is little to interest the sight-seer, compared with what is to be seen at the great breweries, manufactories, and gigantic establishments in London. The little that there is, however, the kindness of the proprietor, when we recently visited his premises in Cologne, has enabled us to lay before our readers.

The manufacture is conducted in a few rooms, none, with the exception of the cellar, being larger than a good-sized sitting-room; and while passing through them we can scarcely help expressing our surprise that an article so extensively in use and so well known in all the civilized countries of the earth, should emanate from so small a manufactory. The first room into which we were introduced was the laboratory, a small room scarcely large enough to hold a dozen men. Here were rows of large glass bottles, each containing about a couple of

gallons, filled with the different essential oils and essences. To secure uniformity in the quality of the oils, upon which, of course, in some degree depends the uniformity of the Eau de Cologne, M. Farina imports all the oils and essences he requires from one distiller in the south of France, who supplies him, not only with those he distils himself, but also with several others whose native land is Italy. They are exported in small copper barrel-shaped vessels, tinned over in the inside, each containing about a gallon. There were hundreds of these vessels piled up in the laboratory. After their arrival, the essences are drawn off into the glass bottles, and allowed to repose till all sediment is deposited. A mixture of these sediments is much prescribed by the physicians of Cologne, as an embrocation equal to the genuine Eau de Cologne itself as a medicament, in all countries where the duty imposed upon it has not rendered it too expensive for common use.

The only apparatus in the laboratory is a large copper cylinder, holding about fifteen or twenty gallons. Small as the room is, it is fully large enough for those who have to work in it, the number being confined to one, namely, the proprietor himself. Entering here, and turning the key in the lock of the door, he mixes the oils in their due proportions till the cylinder is full. It will be needless to inform the reader, that we were not initiated into this part of the secret, which is known only to the proprietor himself, and with which his successor will not be made acquainted till the death or retirement from business of the present head of the firm. It is now generally admitted, that the manufacture of Eau de Cologne is no longer a mystery; but as the original receipt has descended from father to son as a profound secret, the composition can have been only in part discovered by long experience in the imitation of it. Modern chemistry has worked wonders; but though it informs us of the proportion of elementary matter that any substance contains, it has not reached such a degree of perfection as to discover the proportion of essential oils dissolved in a given quantity of spirits of wine. It is true, that the most sensitive olfactory organs can distinguish scarcely any difference between the odour of the original and that of some of the imitations; the superiority of the original, therefore, is to be attributed rather to the care taken in its manufacture, than to the secret of the essences which impart to it its peculiar fragrant odour. It is mainly on the quality of the spirits of wine which are used, that the excellence of the Eau de Cologne depends. Most of the manufacturers, the success of whose business rests upon the cheapness of the article they prepare for exportation, are compelled to use an inferior kind of spirit made in Germany, and indeed in Cologne itself, or the neighbourhood, and prepared from potatoes and other vegetable fruits. M. Farina makes use only of the purest French spirit, of which he imports many hogsheads at a time from Montpellier. The heavy duty upon imported spirits, and the expense of carriage, raise the price to nearly double the cost of that which he might purchase at home, the superiority of the quality, however, fully compensating him for the loss he sustains by the difference in price.

We were now shown into an immense cellar, running under the whole of the house. Here were arranged twelve huge casks, filled with the manufactured Eau de Cologne, the whole process of the manufacture being simply the mixing of the essences in the due proportion with the pure spirit. Each of these casks holds about 500 dozen of the common-sized bottles, thus making in all 72,000 bottles. This large stock gives the proprietor another advantage over his competitors with regard to quality, for the amount of capital sunk in it would prevent them from furnishing the article at the cheap rate on which alone they can depend for an extensive sale. The Eau de Cologne is allowed to remain in these casks for a considerable period before being bottled off, in order to give the spirit full time to dissolve every portion of the essential oil. When ready for bottling, the cask which was first filled, is drawn off, and its contents carried to another room, in the centre of which is a kind of fountain. In this fountain is a large woollen bag, through which the spirit is filtered. It thus descends into a vessel below, from which, by means of four cocks pointed at the end, it is drawn off into the bottles, which are then corked, sealed, labelled, and packed in boxes containing half a dozen bottles. These boxes are principally for exportation.

Ascending the staircase, we were now shown the two store-rooms, where the water lies packed ready for sending away. One of these rooms is partitioned off by wooden lattice-work, with a door at each end. The object of these two doors is to admit of the newly made article being piled up at one end in proportion, as that which has been made the longest is taken away from the other; it being a strict rule always to sell that first which has been warehoused the longest, as the article materially improves in quality by long keeping. The average stock on hand ready for sale is about 70,000 bottles, there being in this one room, at the time we saw it, 75,800. The second room contained single bottles for house sale, bottles of different shapes and sizes, and champagne bottles enclosed in wicker work. Of the long thin-necked inconvenient bottles, formerly so well known among us as Eau de Cologne bottles, there were only a few dozen cases, which were chiefly intended for the benefit of those whom prejudice had not yet suffered to believe that the article can be genuine in any other bottles than those they were accustomed to see in their youth.

It was this John Maria Farina who obtained the medal at the Great Exhibition, for the superior quality of his manufacture.

For those of our readers who may visit Cologne, and wish to purchase the genuine article, we may state, that the address of the John Maria Farina, whose establishment we have visited, is No. 23, opposite Julich's Place, and we especially caution them against all the inn porters and guides who conduct the unwary traveller, and Englishmen in particular, to that shop where they can obtain the largest fee for their trouble. For the benefit of purchasers in England, we add, that M. Farina's agent for Great Britain, is Mr. William Langenbeck, 9, Lime-street, City, who can furnish lists of all the retailers in London where the genuine article may be purchased.

Metropolitan Statistics.

ACTUAL EXTENT OF THE METROPOLIS.—The present area of the metropolis, according to the census returns, is 44,860 square acres, or about seventy square miles; upon it are erected 324,611 houses, of which 16,889 are uninhabited, and on 31st of March, 1851, there were 4,817 houses in the course of erection. In 307,722 houses there resided 2,361,610 people, or at the rate of 7·7 persons per house, and the estimated value of property rated for the relief of the poor is about 9,000,000*l*. London contains 587 churches, 207 dissenting chapels, 5,000 public-houses, and 16 theatres. London is ten miles long, and seven broad; and is now growing at the rate of 12 miles of streets annually. If the streets of the metropolis were put together, they would extend 3,000 miles in length. To have a better idea of the magnitude of the metropolis, compare it with other places or countries. The population of the whole of Ireland, by the census of 1841 was 6,515,794; Scotland had 2,870,784 inhabitants; and Wales, 1,188,821. The great manufacturing counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire contained a population, respectively, of 2,059,029, and 1,785,680. So that the metropolis contains within its boundaries a population more than one-third as great as that of all Ireland, four-fifths as great as all Scotland, twice as great as all Wales, one-seventh more than Lancashire, and one-fourth more than the entire county of York.

RENTAL.—By the income-tax returns, it appears that the assessed rental of the metropolis amounts to the enormous sum of 12,186,508*l*.

PROVISIONS.—Few of us, perhaps, have considered what amount of meat and drink is annually required to keep London on the move. In 1819, Murray tells us, the metropolis alone consumed 1,605,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, and 35,000 pigs. One market alone supplied 4,084,400 head of game. London, the same year, ate 3,000,000 salmon, "which were washed down by 43,230,000 gallons of porter and ale, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. 13,000 cows are yearly required for London milk, and reckoning two gallons a-day from every cow, we have here, as nearly as can be estimated, about 72,000 gallons, of "London peculiar" consumed, if not enjoyed, by the London inhabitants. 360,000 gas lights fringe the streets. London's arterial, or water, system supplies the enormous quantity of 44,383,328 gallons per day; a thousand sail are employed in bringing annually to London 3,000,000 tons of coal; and to clothe and wait upon London's people we have no fewer than 23,517 tailors, 23,572 shoe and bootmakers, 49,000 milliners and dressmakers, and 168,701 domestic servants.

CABS AND OMNIBUSES.—The main thoroughfares are traversed by 3,000 omnibuses and 3,500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses and 11,000 men. The London proprietors of hackney carriages, excluding omnibuses, pay 90,000*l*. a year duty to the government, and the metropolitan cabs, and other hack vehicles, are estimated to represent a capital of 300,000*l*.

BATHS AND WASH-BOUSES.—In the baths and wash-houses, in London, there were, last year, 75,884 male, and 10,763 female bathers; and 73,023 persons had the means furnished them of washing, drying, and ironing.

FIRES.—The total number of fires in the metropolis in 1850, was 868.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.—In London there are no less than 491 charitable institutions, disbursing annually nearly two millions of money.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—2,574 medical men are practising at the present time in London. Of these, 2,237 are engaged in general practice, 187 as pure surgeons, and 150 as physicians. If we regard the metropolis as containing two millions and a quarter of souls, then it is evident that there are about eleven general practitioners to every 10,000 of the inhabitants; seven pure surgeons to every 100,000; and rather more than six physicians to the same number.

POLICE.—The expense of the city of London police for this past year was about 40,000*l*.

PENNY SAVINGS BANK.—The London Penny Savings Bank has 7,859 depositors, with 49,516 deposits; and the amount received since its establishment has been 2,017*l*.

VAGRANTS.—From a return to parliament recently obtained by Sir George Grey, we gather the number of vagrants taken up within the metropolitan police district in the last ten years. It seems that the largest number was in 1849, when 6,515 were taken into custody, and the smallest number in 1816, when 3,758 were taken up. In the year 1850, 3,810 were taken into custody, of whom 2,406 were convicted, and 1,404 were discharged. In the ten years 52,107 were taken into custody; 28,873 were convicted, and 23,234 were discharged. In three months ending January, 1851, 1,022 vagrants were taken into custody; 660 were convicted, and the remainder discharged.

CRIMINALS.—In London there are, it is calculated, 12,000 children under regular training to crime, 30,000 thieves, 6,000 receivers of stolen goods, 23,000 persons picked up in a state of drunkenness, 50,000 habitual gin drinkers, and 150,000 of both sexes leading an abandoned life.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—According to the *Morning Chronicle*, in one steam sawing-mill visited by Mr. Mayhew, the average number of splints made for lucifer matches is 156,000 gross of boxes a year, each box containing 50 splints, altogether 1,123,200,000 matches. For the manufacture of this quantity 400 cubic feet of timber are used in a week, averaging eight trees, or 400 large trees a year, for lucifer matches only, in one mill! It is no longer a joke to say a man who deals in matches, is a timber merchant.

OYSTERS.—It has been estimated that 125,000*l*. are spent yearly in oysters in the streets of London.

INCREASE OF BUILDINGS IN LONDON.—It appears from the census return recently presented to parliament that the number of inhabited houses in London in 1841 was 263,737, and in 1851 that they had increased to 307,722, or at the rate of nearly 17 per cent. The number uninhabited in 1841 was 11,324, and in 1851, 16,889, being an increase of 5,565, or 49 per cent; while the number building at the same period was 4,082 and 4,817 respectively, being an increase of 785, or 19½ per cent. The facts shown are very remarkable illustrations of the rapid growth of some districts, and the decrease, or almost stationary condition, of others. Take, for instance, Kensington:—We have 10,962 inhabited houses in 1841, and 17,292 in 1851, showing an increase of 6,330 or about 60 per cent; while the rate of increase of all London is under 17 per cent; while the number uninhabited in 1841 amounted to 485, and in 1851 to 1,111, being an increase of 626, or upwards of 128 per cent. If we add the inhabited to the uninhabited, the results will show that the total number of buildings in Kensington in 1841 was 11,447, and 18,403 in 1851, or an increase of 6,956.

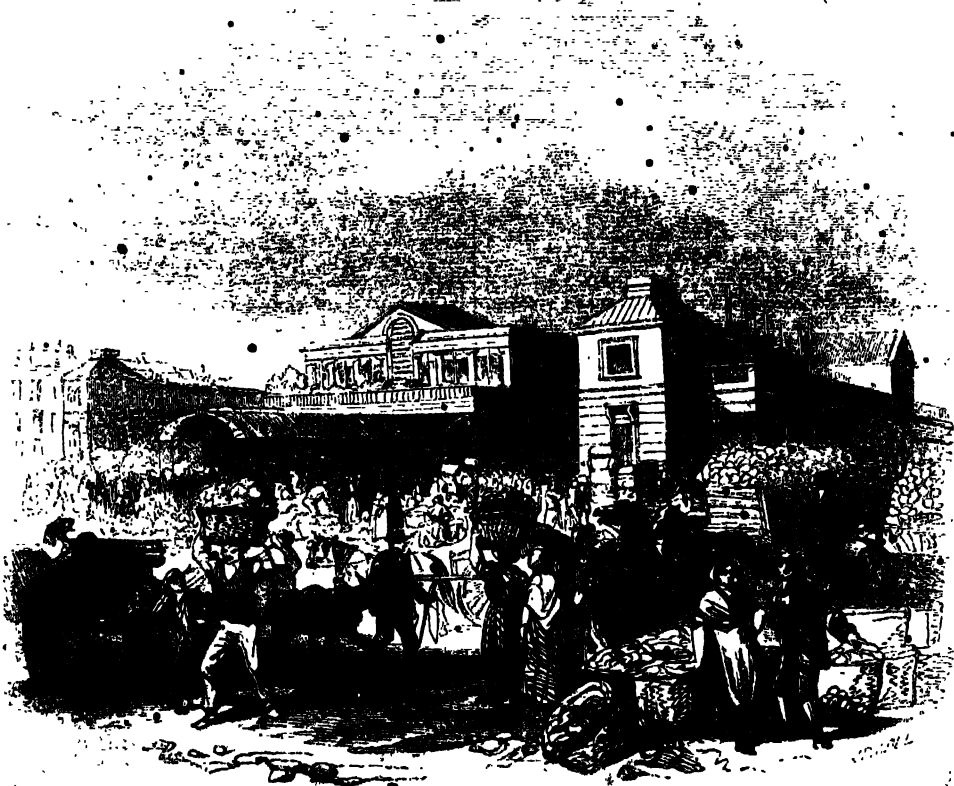
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• COVENT GARDEN MARKET, AS IT WAS AND IS.

In the year 1222, the spot where the greatest part of the parish of St. Paul, Covent-garden, is now situated, and from which the market derives its name, was a large garden belonging to the abbot and convent of Westminster, and was called the Convent-garden—now corrupted to Covent, and sometimes Common-garden. This garden, at the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII,

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devolving to the crown, Edward VI, in the year 1547, conferred it upon Edward, duke of Somerset. But, soon after, on his attinder, it again reverted to the crown, and Edward, on the 6th of May, 1552, granted the same, together with a field contiguous on the north, denominated the Seven Acres, but vulgarly called the Long Acre, a name which is still preserved, to John, earl of Bedford.

Within a century after, the neighbourhood being much built upon, Francis, earl of Bedford, about the year 1640, erected the present parish church.

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which was then called a chapel, as the land was supposed to be included in the parish of St. Martin. The earl built this place of worship for the convenience of his new tenants, with the intent of adding a parsonage and settling a stipend for the maintenance of the minister.

On the 7th of January, 1645, the precinct of Covent-garden was, by act of parliament, separated from the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and constituted an independent parish, with the necessary powers. But this occurring under the Protectorate, and being held as the act of an unconstitutional authority, a new act was passed (12 Car. II) in the year 1660, by which it was made a distinct parish, under the appellation of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, and the patronage thereof vested in William earl of Bedford, his heirs and assigns.

When John, earl of Bedford, first came into possession of the land, he built a mansion for himself on the north side of the Strand, having a garden in the rear, whose northern enclosure was a brick wall. Outside his wall, on the spot where Southampton and Tavistock streets now stand, the market was originally held. The square, erected about the same time, and consisting of what were then considered "magnificent buildings," was inhabited by persons of the greatest distinction. At the beginning of the last century, however, the earl's mansion, which was but a wooden and rather mean edifice, disappeared. New streets were erected on the site of the old market, and the market, which could not be got rid of, was pushed into the square, to the dismay of the "persons of distinction," who soon flew away and resigned their grand abodes in favour of a very different class, such as vintners, coffee-house keepers, etc. Maitland, writing in 1756, says:—"Things remarkable at present are—a magnificent square, wherein (to its great disgrace) is kept an herb and fruit market; two charity schools; one meeting-house; a parish work-house; a cold-bath; and a play-house"—a strange jumble, by the way, of ideas concerning things disgraceful. With respect to Covent-garden market, the inhabitants of London have learned to think very differently from this sober historian of the last century.

The prejudices of Maitland were not, however, wholly without foundation. The aspect of Covent-garden market, in his time, must have been really disgraceful, if we are to judge from what it was many years later when Hogarth made it the subject of his magic graver. In his famous print, entitled "Morning," the spectator is supposed to be standing in the area of the market not far from the front of St. Paul's church. It is plain from this representation that in Hogarth's time there was no sort of accommodation for the retailers of vegetables on the spot, beyond what they might construct for themselves to suit the occasion. We see the vegetables lying on the ground or heaped on baskets, while, it being mid-winter, shivering creatures are cowering over a fire kindled on the stones. The quack doctor is there among the dispensers of cabbage and turnips, and is bawling with open mouth in praise of his pills and balsams. The charity children, satchels on shoulder, are "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." Tom King's coffee-house is disgorging its drunken rakes, who are winding up the orgies of the night by a dis-

graceful brawl, in token of which swords are crossed and staves are flourishing, and a bob wig is flying through the air. There is the print of little feet in the snow, and there is too an indication of the kind of refreshment prepared for the poor market-folks in the presence of a woman who retails rice and milk in small porringers.

We have ourselves a distinct recollection of the state of Covent-garden market thirty years ago. It then presented to view little more than a confused assemblage of tented sheds, hoards, and wooden standings, and was daily the scene of the most disgraceful uproar and violence; boxing-matches were frequently fought before daylight in the midst of the confusion and bustle of business, and class quarrels between the growers of vegetables and the costers and retailers often grew to such a pitch as to require the interference of the *posse comitatus* from Bow-street, happily so near at hand.

It was not until the year 1827, that, at the instance of the duke of Bedford, an act was passed for constructing a market worthy of the city of London, and commensurate with the enormous traffic which has to be carried on. In the course of 1828, some of the old standings were removed; the work began in earnest in the following year, and before the expiry of 1830, the present noble and convenient structure, from the designs of Mr. Fowler, was completed. It consists of a series of colonnades extending round three sides, the north, east and south, under which are the shops, and over the shops are store-rooms or sleeping-rooms. At the back of these are other ranges of shops, and in the centre is a lofty arcade running east and west, with shops on either side. It is in this arcade that the richest display of fruits and flowers is at all times to be found. All that the floral and vegetable kingdom can produce is here to be seen in the greatest perfection; and this arcade, therefore, forms the favourite resort of visitors. Besides the shop rows which traverse the market from east to west, there are three passages which run from north to south, and present a facility of egress from the market, however crowded, which is much conducive to order and comfort. There are in addition very extensive cellars for storage, nearly the whole of the area of the market being excavated for that purpose. The sewerage is always maintained in excellent order; and water in abundance is supplied from an artesian well which yields 1600 gallons an hour. On the leads, to which we are conducted by broad and convenient flights of steps at the eastern entrance, there are capacious conservatories in the occupation of nurserymen, for the sale of the most choice and delicate plants, flowers, and shrubs. Here a fountain is frequently playing; and from hence an agreeable and secluded view of the bustle and animation of the scene around may be quietly enjoyed.

Covent-garden may be said to be a perpetual market, inasmuch as, go there when you will, there never appears to be any lack of buyers and sellers; but the real market days, when the wholesale trade is transacted, are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—the last by far the greatest. The hour when the market commences depends very much upon the demand there is for fruit and vegetables, and the capability of the market-gardeners to meet

it. The carts and wagons containing the stock to be disposed of generally arrive long before dawn, even when the days are longest. A good many of them leave the market without breaking bulk, being bought up in the lump by salesmen who do an extensive business in supplying green-grocers, and in attending the minor markets of the city. The contents of others are rapidly transferred by porters and hangers-on to the shops and stations of the dealers; and the major part of them are disposed of, one way or other, before the sun has risen. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, and the coarser vegetables, for the most part find their way to the southern side of the building, while the potted flowers and blooming plants, which arrive later on the ground, affect the western entrance fronting the church. It is early on the Saturday morning, in the height of summer, that the market is to be seen in the greatest activity. Soon after the clocks of the thousand towers and steeples of London have had their midnight talk together—have buried Friday and ushered Saturday into the world—the heavy crushing and grinding of cabbage-laden wains, and the grappling of horses' feet upon the stony roads, are heard converging from all sides towards the great centre of traffic. These are drawn into position as fast as they arrive, and the horses led off to the stables; and by the time that the grey dawn looks in upon the hubbub, the dealers are ready for the arrival of the host of costers, petty salesmen, and retailers, who, in a few short hours, will distribute four-fifths of the whole enormous importation through every street, lane, nook, and alley of the metropolis.

The influx into London at such an hour of a thousand or two of carters, market gardeners, and their assistants, naturally creates a demand for something in the shape of substantial refreshment; and this is met by the opening of coffee-shops and early breakfast houses, which shortly after one o'clock are seen to throw open their doors and invite the weary and thirsty wayfarers to enter and recruit themselves. Squatters, too, without number, take up their station against the pillars under the piazza, and tempt by the fragrant steams of coffee and tea, and the display of solid hunches of bread and butter, the plodding carman and the needy porter to indulge in a cheap and temperate meal. Tea and coffee seem now to be the order of the day with the class of out-door industrials who subsist upon the chances of the market—a decided improvement upon the gin and beer drinking of a former period. Upon a late visit, we made a vain search for the seller of "saloop," once a favourite beverage with the poor. We almost fear that it has at last vanished entirely, like many other good things, giving place to something better.

The reader may now suppose that we have left this midnight scene; and having gone home to recruit ourselves with a nap of a couple of hours or so, have returned again between five and six in the morning, when, having the benefit of full daylight, we can the better discern what is going on around us. The attraction of the market has been acting with increased force during our absence, and we no sooner get into Long Acre than our eyes are greeted with evidences, sleek-skinned and long-eared, of the kind of commerce which is

going forward. Donkey-carts, which Bow-street, already crammed to repletion, refuses to make room for, are waiting their turn to take up a position nearer the centre of attraction, under the charge of two or three boys who, for the guerdon of a penny, have taken the custody of half a dozen each. Their owners are absent, busy no doubt in the thick of the market in search of a profitable venture for the day.

We turn down Bow-street, the middle of which is crowded with every possible variety of coster carriage, trucks, barrows, hand-carts and donkey-carts, as well as substantial vehicles drawn by good serviceable horses. We have no difficulty, however, in working a passage on either side through the eager crowd of comers and goers. It is a fine summer's morning in June; the air is clear and fresh, and the sunlight gleams brightly upon every thing around. In two minutes we are in the very heart of the vegetable kingdom: the eye rests upon vegetables at every turn; we tread and trample upon vegetables at every step; and every breath of air we draw is fragrant with the odour of the fruits of the earth. The stalls and tea-boards under the piazza are still steaming, and surrounded by groups of early risers snatching a hasty repast. No obstreperous noise, no riot or quarrelling, strikes the ear, but a steady, continuous, and almost deafening hum pervades the air. Tall figures, ten or twelve feet high, half made up of baskets piled one upon another, sit rapidly about and disappear behind wagons, or breaking suddenly in two, are lost in the ever-moving crowd. Here we come upon a coster driving a bargain for a lot of summer cabbages; it is but the work of a moment ere the basket is mounted upon his head, and he is off to deposit them upon his cart. Another staggers under a hamper of green gooseberries, while a third is bristling all over with lettuces and salads. There goes a child of ten years old hugging an immense bundle of rhubarb; and there a couple of youngsters are hauling along between them a basket of green peas, which they are not strong enough to lift from the ground. You stroll along in front of a row of shops, but your leisurely walk is an anomaly not to be tolerated, and you are elbowed into a degree of activity much more business-like than agreeable. You find every hand busy, packing, unpacking, and arranging; and the clamour of tongues, the crushing and creaking of osier baskets, the flight of cabbages whirling through the air, the heavy fall of packages upon the ground, and the jingle of money, all together make up a concert characteristic of the scene.

Glad of a momentary escape, you make your way into the central arcade, and here your senses are refreshed with the delicate odour of early strawberries; and cherries, blushing ruby red amid the shadows of dark chestnut-leaves, regale the eye. Thousands and tens of thousands of fragrant garden flowers, tied up in monstrous bunches, lie about on all sides, and their perfume fills the place. Every shopkeeper is on the alert preparing for the business of the day. Window glass is polishing into invisibility; snowy sheets of writing-paper are enfolding bouquets and nosegays, and lining little circular baskets for the reception of delicate flowers and choice fruits. Gold and silver fish, and brown and mottled ones, with

hammer-shaped heads and projecting eyes, are swimming about in globes of all sizes, from that of a child's fist to that of an ox's head. Queer-looking prickly exotics, in small vermilion pots, relieve the brown hue of the kidney potatoes and earth-clad truffles. Colossal strawberries, growing dozens on one plant, present to those who can afford it the opportunity of plucking their fruit at the dessert table. Whole regiments of asparagus, packed in dense battalions, are ranged in order ready to file off into the housekeepers' baskets as the forenoon advances. As you walk along, your ear is amused with the rapid and juicy explosion of pea-pods, surrendering their contents into a clean basin or wicker tray. Mountains of cauliflowers, their foamy faces capped in green close-cropped borders, look out complacently from bursting hampers or dark recesses beneath the stalls, contrasting forcibly with the orange hues of the young carrots, in bunches, radiating redly on all sides. The pungent aromatic smell from the dried herb-shops regales your nostrils as you pass; and, proceeding to the west entrance, you come into the veritable floral domain, where you breathe the breath of roses, and revel in the charms of colour, compared to which the rainbow is but a tinted shadow. Here some nursery carts have just arrived, laden with the lovely and fragile productions of the garden and the hot-house. They are unloading, and the dealer is busy in finding room for the stowage of his blooming wares. Geraniums, fiery red, gleam like molten metal; rose-buds, bursting from their mossy hoods, invite the hand to pluck; ranunculuses of all shades, moist with the dew of morning; "poppies, white and red," and various other colours to boot; sweet peas; superb pinks; blue and white lupines; monkey-flowers; pansies, and the bloody cinque-foil; and tender blossoms of all colours, most delightful to see and to smell, but with names which it is impossible to recollect or to spell, are all mingled together, for the moment, in most picturesque and gorgeous confusion. Here, however, in spite of the attractions of the scene, you come to the conviction, forced upon you by a walking-box of mignonnette which knocks your hat off, that you are very much in the way; and you move off to the south side of the arcade, and find yourself in the area principally devoted to the traffic in such vegetables as among dinner-eating mortals are generally considered indispensable.

Here you find the green-grocers, costers, and retailers doing business in good earnest. Potatoes, cabbages, greens, lettuces, onions, salads of all sorts, green peas, gooseberries, and rhubarb, are literally marching off in masses; and as fast as they disappear, their places are supplied by new stores. The stacks of vegetable provisions piled up on every practicable space appear inexhaustible, and you can only account for the enormous glut by reflecting for a moment upon the two millions of appetites which London can bring to bear upon the mass. You see by the expression upon every face, that the costers are eager to do business, and anxious to be off to commence their day's round. The chaffering is louder and more earnest, and now and then an indignant remonstrance bursts from the lips of a would-be buyer; but to all appearance, such persuasives are to very little purpose, as you see no intention on the part of the sellers to

deviate from the fixed price. The reason for their inflexibility would probably be found in the fact, that at a later hour in the day, when the green-grocers and retailers have been supplied, a new class of buyers make their appearance: these are mostly Irish, who monopolise the trade in refuse fruit and vegetables. The refuse fruit is mostly sold by Irishwomen in the streets, and is purchased chiefly by poor children of the lowest class. The damaged vegetables find their way, by similar agency perhaps, to the shops of the small green-grocers who reside in bye-streets and courts, and who, working at some mechanical trade, have not leisure to attend the market.

At the right hand of the eastern entrance, near Great Russell-street, is what is called the Jews' quarter of the market. The Jew invariably refuses to deal in green and readily perishable wares. He has no objection to oranges, lemons, cocoa-nuts, and nuts of all sorts; and he has nearly monopolised the wholesale trade in this species of goods, not only in Covent-garden, but in nearly all the other markets of London. You will find him here surrounded by the street orange-women, and by small dealers and keepers of what are called general shops, who are a pretty good match for him, and whom, to do him justice, he is the last person to wish to cheat. Like all other dealers, he will make the best price he can of his goods; but he effects more sales than his rivals, from his determination, which is well known, never to refuse an offer which yields him a profit, however small.

You cannot remain very long in the market without making the discovery, that though it appears at the first glance a scene of inextricable confusion and helter-skelter, yet that, in fact, the strictest order prevails compatible with the due despatch of business. You can hardly fail to recognise the regulating hand of authority in the disposition of the vehicles; as well of those which, to the number of many thousands, crowd all the avenues leading to the square, as of those which, laden with their prodigious burdens of merchandise, are drawn up in the market. By the watchfulness of the police, the former are prevented from approaching so near as to occasion disorder, and an available route is kept constantly open in all directions for their departure so soon as their owners have completed their purchases. In the market itself, one half, or rather more, of the wide road surrounding the huge pile of buildings is kept constantly clear for the passage of the public. The wagons loaded with green goods, and which so soon as dawn commences are turned into a species of shops, surrounded with customers clamorous to be served, are all drawn up close to the foot-pavement which surrounds the building, and within the limits of what is called the "denter line." This is a line marked by a continuous thread of paving stones set in a contrary direction to those which pave the road, and exactly defining the limits of the market-ground throughout the whole circumference of the area. It extends about nine feet from the kerb-stone on the market side, except on the north, where it stretches a foot or two further. Some of these ponderous wains are occasionally loaded with the weight of seven or eight tons, each of green vegetables, the whole of which disappear and are turned into cash by

eight o'clock. It is curious to watch the tactics of some of the professional salesmen to whom the goods are consigned, and to mark their indulgence of old and regular customers, and the indignation with which they will sometimes refuse to sell at any price to a man who ventures to make a disparaging remark.

You now take a short stroll through some of the streets leading into the square. It does not much signify in what direction you go; everywhere the sight is pretty much the same. Carts, wagons, hand-carts, donkey-barrows, flat boards mounted on wheels, and stout cobs and serviceable horses, attached to every kind of vehicle and trammelled with every possible description of harness, throng the centre of the street; and the ground is strewn with heaps of vegetables, some in the act of loading, and some waiting the return of the buyer who is absent bargaining for a new lot. Perched upon the step of a door, and surrounded by an admiring regiment of ragged urchins, who have perhaps passed the night in potatoe-baskets in the market, there sits a little country-boy in smock-frock and brown basin-cap, behind a large cage of young birds plundered from the nest, or rather stolen, nest and all. Now is your time for a thrush or a blackbird for threepence; or a young monster of a raven, with a huge sickly yellow-skinned bill, a grey jerkin and no tail, for a groat. The young countryman wards off the approach of intrusive fingers by flourishing a stout cudgel; and the rough voice of a carter mounted upon a wagon, warning the young cockneys to "let the buoy aloan," reminds you that the little birds' nest is not without protection. Here and there, sitting apart in some convenient recess, you may see the flower-girls preparing their small posies for sale. They have given, as you might have seen, fourteen pence a dozen for bunches of violets, which they will sell in the street for a penny a bunch. They make their profit by an ingenious division of their bargains, which results in the multiplication of the bunches by about two and a half. A miserly churl surely must be he who would grudge them their small gain, cent. per cent. though it be.

By this time the early comers are completing their purchases; and having spatulated a hasty breakfast in the open air, many of the retailers drive off and make room for others. As the morning advances, the circle of commerce gradually narrows, and by the time the hour has come for the tradesmen to open their shops, the streets are so far clear as to allow of a practicable passage along the pavement. As the green-grocers and costers draw off, a new tribe of customers come to the spot. Thrifty housekeepers, matrons with large families, cook-shop keepers, and proprietors of chop and eating-houses, now come forward to lay in a three-days' provision at a wholesale price. Their advent is hailed by the basket-women, who, to the number of thousands, frequent Covent-garden on market days, and who make their appearance, with their "shallows" under their arms, as soon as there is a demand for their services. From the peculiar accent in which they inquire, "Is it a baskit, yer 'uncer is wantin'?" it is pretty plain they must be nearly all Irish. It is next to impossible for a private person to make a purchase to any extent, without a moderate fee to one or

other of this numerous sisterhood for carrying it home.

Besides the basket-women and porters, there are a number of petty traders who find the crowded market convenient for the disposal of their wares. Hot-potatoe merchants ply among the throng, and half-starved boys are seen breakfasting at the price of a halfpenny, butter included. Yonder is a curious figure stuck all over with labels, neatly printed on tin or small wooden panels, which he has put on like a garment, and in which he is clad from head to foot. He has labels hung round his neck, covering his back and front, and labels braceleting his arms and gartering his legs—"New-laid Eggs," "Lemonade," "Ginger Beer, 1*l.* a bottle," "Coffee, 1*½d.* a pint," "Mangling done here," "Rents collected," "Goods removed," "Spruce;"—such are the literary productions he puts forth, and of which he is in all probability author, printer, publisher, and retailer, all in one. He is followed by a man, harnessed in stout japanned padlocks, curry-combs, and horse-brushes, who stops to talk with the good woman who sells under the piazza rush-made chairs and bee-hives, as well as every description of cheap wicker-work. Another active fellow cries clothes-brushes and pocket-combs; and he is hardly out of hearing ere his place is occupied by one vaunting the merits of his pocket-knives—formidable looking weapons, any one of which were a pocket-full for the Spanish giant. Basket-makers, and makers of slippers and hob-nailed shoes, take up a position against the railings of St. Paul's church. Cart-whip makers, and whipcord and walking-stick sellers, drive a busy traffic among the carters and gardeners. Green-turf cutters bring their circular pots of clover, and pile them against the pillars of the piazza. Sheets of clean paper are offered to the buyers of fruit and flowers at a half-penny each; and if you are seen eating a pottle of strawberries in the market, or in one of the streets adjoining, it is ten to one but you are followed by a couple or more of shoeless mannikins, praying earnestly for the possession of the empty pottle when you have done with it, with a view of selling it for a farthing to the fruiterer.

About mid-day on Saturday is the most favourable time for a pleasure-taking visit to this celebrated market. The arcade then displays the richest collection of fruits and flowers, varying, of course, according to the season of the year. To all the choicest productions of our own country are added, occasionally, the most delicious fruits and rarest flowers of other climes; and all at this hour of the day are arranged with consummate taste and in captivating order, to tempt the regard of wealthy customers. For several hours the interior of the market is turned into a kind of promenade, and is a favourite resort as well for the lovers of Nature as for the lovers of the very excellent things with which the God of Nature condescends to reward the industry of man. It is now, too, that pilgrims are seen mounting the stairs which lead to the conservatories on the roof, to inspect the rare plants and delicate blossoms there kept for sale. The fountain is playing; the sun is shining warm and pleasantly; the hum of the great city sounds soothingly to the ear; the fragrance of innumerable flowers impregnates the breeze; while forms

of exquisite beauty and fragility delight the eye. After the toil and bustle of the morning, we have arrived at a spot where we can leave the reader in a state of agreeable enjoyment.

THE CASHMERE SHAWL.

ENTIRELY enclosed by lofty mountains, in the north-west extremity of India, is a fertile valley—the country of Cashmere. The city which bears the same name contains nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. The great fruitfulness of the soil, and the productive industry of its inhabitants, have alike contributed to its celebrity, not only throughout Asia, but Europe also. That for which it is most famous, however, is its manufacture of shawls. When this manufacture first arose is absolutely unknown; but from the time at which the British established themselves in India, it has been considered one of the most valuable of the East.

The animal which supplies the materials of these exquisite fabrics is the Cashmere goat, which, so far from being confined to the valley from whence its name is derived, is found in various parts of central Asia between the Himalaya mountains and the Black Sea. In its choicest state, it has large ears, slender and cleanly-formed limbs, horns slightly twisted, and, above all, a long, straight, white, and silky fleece. The quantity of down produced by each goat does not exceed a few ounces in weight, and is, therefore, of proportionate value. It is estimated, indeed, that the down produced by a male is about four ounces, that by a female two ounces, and that two pounds of down are required to make one shawl, fifty-four inches square. It will, therefore, take the produce of ten goats, male and female, to supply sufficient materials for one shawl.

A large part of the wool used in this manufacture is imported from Thibet and Tartary—regions peculiarly favourable to the support of this species of goat. The wool forms the inner coat of the animal, and the dark grey colour it naturally has is removed by a bleaching process conducted in Cashmere, and effected principally by a preparation of rice-flour. When the bleaching is completed, the wool is spun into yarn and dyed of various colours.

The shop occupied by the shawl makers consists of a frame-work, at which the persons employed sit on a bench. Only two are engaged on plain shawls, the weaving being effected with a long, narrow, and heavy shuttle; but when the pattern is variegated, they are worked with wooden needles instead of a shuttle, and a separate needle is used for each coloured thread. The slowness of the progress is, therefore, exactly proportioned to the quantity of work which the pattern may require. It is not unusual for a shop to be occupied with a single shawl during a whole year, if it be one of remarkable beauty; and not one quarter of an inch is completed in a day by three persons, when it is most elaborately worked. Sometimes, in order to expedite the process, a shawl is made in separate pieces, at different looms, and these pieces are afterwards sewed together. There is at each loom a oostand, or head workman, who superintends the making of a shawl, while other persons near him

follow his directions. If the pattern about to be worked be new, or one with which the workmen are not familiar, it devolves on him to point out the figures, colours, and threads they are to employ, keeping before him a pattern of the device which is to be produced. While the manufacture is proceeding, the rough or inferior side of the shawl is uppermost on the frame and nearest the eye; yet the oostand preserves the pattern with the utmost accuracy.

When a merchant engages largely in the traffic of shawls, he frequently has a number of shops, situated near one spot; in these he either employs men to work for him, or else he supplies the oostands with thread which has been previously spun by women and dyed, and they carry on the manufacture at their own houses. In each case, his instructions are followed as to the quality of the goods, the pattern they are to have, and the materials and colours he wishes to be used. In the latter case, he finds all the materials. An oostand receives from six to eight pice per day as wages, and a common workman from one to four pice; the pice being a small coin in Cashmere, worth about three-halfpence English money.

As soon as a shawl is made, notice is given to the inspector, for none can be cut from the loom except in his presence. It is afterwards taken to the custom-house and stamped, a price is put upon it by the proper officer, and on this a demand of 25 per cent. is made. When it is purchased, and about to leave the valley with its owner, the latter has to pay four rupees for permit duty, which enables him to pass with his property; but he is subject to further duties at other parts of the country.

It is necessary to wash the shawls, in order to deprive them of the stiffness of the rice-starch remaining in the thread, and for the purpose of softening them. The best water for this purpose is found in the canal between the lake and the flood-gates at the Drogjun. Some large limestone blocks lie in the washing place, and in one of them is a round hole, about a foot and a half in diameter, and a foot in depth; in this the shawl is placed, and water being poured over it, it is stamped on by the naked feet for about five minutes, and then taken into the canal, by a man who stands in the water; one end is gathered up in his hand, and the shawl swung round and beaten with great force upon a flat stone, being dipped into the canal between every three or four strokes. This occupies about five minutes. The shawls are then dried in the shade, as the hot sun spoils the colours; and, in ten days afterwards, the coloured ones undergo a similar process, but occupying less time. The white ones, after being submitted to the process, on the first day are spread in the sun, and bleached by waters sprinkled over them; they are then treated in the same way as the coloured shawls, being stamped upon and beaten a second time, then bleached again till they are dry, and afterwards for a third time beaten, stamped upon, and finally dried in the sun. In the second time of stamping, soap is sometimes used, but it is not good generally, and is never employed for the coloured shawls, as the alkali might affect its colours. There is certainly something in the water of the canal which communicates to the shawl a

softness that cannot be given to those manufactured at any place in the plains of Hindustan.

Old shawls that require cleaning, and, in some instances, new ones, are washed by means of the freshly-gathered root of a parasitical plant called *kritz*. A pound of it is bruised and mixed in about three pints of water, and to this is added a piece of pigeon's dung equal in size to a turkey's egg, mixed and beaten up with about the same quantity of water; the shawl is saturated with the liquor, and then stamped upon, washed with the hand, and, finally, well steeped in the canal. In the plains, the berries of a fruit, stirred up with water, yet not so as to form a lather, are used for washing a soiled shawl. A smaller root, known also by the name of *kritz*, is often used for cleaning cotton clothes.

The colours of a shawl, after it has been washed, are often renewed so well as to deceive any but the initiated, by pricking them in again with a wooden pin, dipped in the requisite tints. The fine pale yellow colour of a new shawl is given by means of sulphur fumes. A hole is made in the floor about a foot in diameter and six inches in depth. Over this is placed a small square chimney of poplar wood, open, of course, above. Some lighted charcoal is put into the hole, and over it is sprinkled a small handful of bruised sulphur. Around the chimney, and about two feet distant from it, is placed a horse or frame-work, about five feet six inches in height, upon which four shawls are suspended, and the external air is excluded by another shawl drawn over the top. When the sulphur is consumed, the shawls are withdrawn, and others are subjected to the fumes of fresh sulphur. They are kept until the next day, then washed again in water, dried, and pressed several at a time between two boards.

Alevan, as the shawl stuff when free from ornament is called, is not often, if ever, made up by the weavers of Cashmere of the natural colour, but is prepared to take various dyes. When manufactured with coloured stripes or flowers on it, the *chograh* of the Affghans, or *al-khalek*, the long under-coat of the Persians, is made from it. If the pattern be worked with the needles the shawl is far inferior, in every respect, to those in which the pattern is woven in. An excellent pair of the former description may be purchased in Cashmere for 150 rupees, about 10*l*., whereas an equally good pair of the latter kind could not be procured for less than 700 or 800 rupees.

The productions of the Cashmere looms, which are of old and unimproved construction, are very numerous. In addition to shawls, which are always made in pairs, they produce materials for bedding, handkerchiefs, or the shawl of a coloured ground with a small border, and a most light and beautiful fabric, resembling very strong nankin, which Mr. Vigne, to whom we are indebted for many particulars, was told was invented for the Sikh turbans. Besides the above, gloves and socks are manufactured from the shawl wool; they also make a red silk cloth for ladies' trousers, and flowers worked in silk on a cotton ground. Sashes and trousers' strings are also manufactured from silk; whilst pieces of blue cloth for turbans and waist-cloths are prepared from cotton, and rugs, horse-cloths, and other articles, from wool.

The broker, who transacts business between the shawl manufacturers and the merchant, is a person of great importance in the city, and conducts his transactions in a rather singular manner. He has correspondents in most of the large cities of Hindustan, whose business it is to collect and forward all kinds of information connected with the trade. By this means, the broker seldom fails to hear of any merchant who is about to start for Cashmere, even from such a distance as Calcutta; and, if he be a rich man, he will send as far as Delhi to meet him, and invite him to become his guest during his sojourn in the valley. Perhaps, again, when the merchant, half-dead with fatigue and cold, stands at length on the snowy summit of some mountain pass, he is suddenly amazed at finding that a servant of the broker has kindled there a fire for his reception, hands him a cup of hot tea, offers him a pipe, and presents him with a note containing a still more pressing invitation from his master. Such well-timed courtesy proves irresistible; he at once accepts the hospitality of the broker, who, it may be, is waiting to receive the traveller with a friendly hug, at the bottom of the pass, two or three days' journey from the city, to which he obsequiously conducts his guest. The merchant finds himself at home at the house of his new friend, all he requires being studiously provided. Of course, these attentions are matters of shrewd mercantile calculation: the broker arranges them with the manufacturer, and to purchase without this go-between is out of the question.

Everything that occurs in this trade exhibits a keen eye to business. No shawl-vendor, for instance, can by any possibility be induced to display his stores till the approach of evening, being well aware of the superior brilliancy imparted to their tints by the slanting rays of the setting sun. When the young merchant has profited by experience, he will find that the shawl is never exhibited by one person only; the broker, perhaps, apparently inattentive, is usually sitting by, and, under pretence of bringing the different beauties of the shawl under his special notice, "a constant and free-masonic fire of squeezes and pinches, having reference to the price to be asked, and graduated from one hundred to a five rupee power, is secretly kept up between the vendors, by means of their hands extended under the shawl."

On the merchant completing his purchase, the broker, who was before so eager to obtain him as a guest, pays him the compliment of seeing him safe to the outside of the city, where he takes leave of him at a place named Chaturbul, from which practice the brokers have obtained the cant name of the "Chaturbul friends."

LILLA'S TREASURES.

ONE calm grey morning in autumn, a child was wandering through a forest glade. She did not go far from her father's house, which stood on a hill above the woodland, and before whose windows the long waving sweep of foliage spread like an emerald sea. The child's heart was sad. Not long before it had been very joyful, when she looked for the first time on the face of her newborn brother, and pressed her rosy lips on his

tender forehead. But this day there was sorrow and confusion in the dwelling: anxious messengers on fleet horses were sent to seek physicians, and Lilla was told to go and walk awhile amongst the woods, for her usual attendants were all engaged around the sick cradle of her infant brother.

The child's blue eyes were filled with tears as she wandered slowly on: but by degrees she began to observe the various objects lying in her pathway. She felt too sorrowful to look up as she was wont at the bright mingling of many coloured leaves in the tall trees, or the dark shining black-berries and scarlet haws in the hedges; nor did she care to listen to the sweet singing of the birds: "I would rather hear brother's pleasant laugh," she thought; and then she wept bitterly, as she remembered how that low soft music would soon be hushed for ever.

A shining brown acorn lying on the path attracted her notice; she picked it up, and rubbed its polished surface against her cheek. "It is as smooth as baby's little hand," she thought; and then again the pang of sorrow! Near the acorn lay a pretty round stone; it was black, curiously veined with white streaks, and highly polished. At another time Lilla would have been delighted with it: but now, although she took it up and admired its beauty, she did not care much about it.

In a little time she turned her steps towards home. "Perhaps brother may be better," she thought. "Mamma has often told me that God loves little children. I will ask him, for Jesus Christ's sake, to cure my brother." And, kneeling on the grass, she prayed in simple but very earnest words that her Father in heaven would spare the dear infant's life.

When she rose from her knees, she saw a smooth brown shining little thing, like the unopened leaf-bud of a tree, lying on a tuft of moss.

Lilla was fond of collecting "treasures," as she called them, though few persons perhaps would have given them that name. Returning from her rambles in the woods, she used to carry huckleberries, snail-shells, nuts, flowers, insects, stones, or any small object that seemed to her either curious or beautiful. Then, in the evening, she would show them to her father, and he, taking her on his knee, would explain to her their nature and their use; thus instructing her in natural history, and also taking occasion to direct her thoughts in love towards her Great Creator, who forms alike the creeping worm and the mighty king.

This day the child's mind rested not on bird, or bee, or flower; yet almost mechanically she took up the smooth brown chrysalis (for such it was), and, putting it into her little basket with the acorn and the polished stone, hastened towards home.

Ah! it was a sad home—all the more sad that it was very still and quiet. The physicians were gone; the voices within doors were hushed; and the father and mother, weeping those slow silent tears that are more bitter than the loudest wailing, were kneeling by the low white cot that held their broken flower—their dead and only son.

Many months passed on. It was a lovely morning in early summer, and Lilla was playing in the garden before her father's door. The smile had come back to her lip, and the sparkle to her

eye; and her long golden curls looked all the brighter from the dark colour of the dress on which they fell.

Her father came out, and, taking her little hand in his, drew her towards a shady seat.

"My child," he said, "do you remember the treasures you found in the wood one day last autumn?"

Lilla looked up, and the old sadness dimmed her eyes. "The day, papa—the day that!"—

"Yes, my child, the day that our babe was taken from us. Come, we will look for your treasures."

He led her towards a distant bank of flowers; and there, carefully guarded by a fence of small sticks, grew a slender reddish stem, crowned with two miniature light green oak leaves.

"Do you remember planting the acorn in that spot, Lilla?"

"Yes, papa."

"And where did you put the dark polished stone?"

"Just here, papa, next the acorn."

"Let us look for it."

He raised the earth with a stick, and presently turned up the stone, hard and shining as before.

"Lilla, do you remember the small brown thing, like a folded sycamore bud, which you found near the acorn?"

"Yes, papa; you put it into a paper box."

"Here it is. Let us see if it has changed."

He opened the box; and behold! within it was a beautiful butterfly struggling to get free.

"Papa, the brown thing is gone."

"Look closer, my love, and tell me what you see."

"Oh! I see a dark shrivelled case over part of the butterfly's lower wing; but he is nearly free. Now it is off. See, papa, he is going to fly away!"

And as she spoke, the beautiful insect, spreading his gay wings of crimson, blue, and gold, fled towards a purple lilac tree, and settled on one of its fragrant blossoms.

"Lilla," said her father, "the stone that you buried was a lifeless thing, therefore it suffered no change. The acorn had a germ of growth within it, so it burst its shell, and budded, and sprang up, and will become an oak tree; but it cannot move of itself, nor suffer pain, nor enjoy pleasure; it possesses only vegetable life. The dark brown chrysalis had also a living principle within it, but of a higher nature than that which the acorn enfolded. From its dark narrow prison there sprang, as you saw, an insect full of grace and beauty, prepared to enjoy an existence exceedingly glorious when compared with its former mean condition. This is animal life. Do you understand me, Lilla?"

"Yes, papa."

"Come, my child, let us walk a little further."

He led her outside the garden gate, across the meadow, and through a shady lane, until they reached the peaceful grassy church-yard. There were many hillocks within that enclosure, some long and raised, others short and low. The child and her father paused beside a very little mound. Lilies of the valley, wood anemones, and pale white harebells, bent their delicate heads over the soft green turf that covered it; and a marble slab at

the head bore a few simple words of love, hope, and sorrow.

"Lilla, did we hide from our sight in the earth any other treasure?"

The child wept.

"Yes, papa, my brother was laid in that grave."

"Will he always remain there, Lilla?"

"No, papa—ah no!"

"You are right, my child. Our infant possessed an infinitely higher life than either oak or butterfly. His little frame was very lovely, but it belonged to the dust, and is mingled with dust again. His soul was the breath of God, and to God has that soul returned."

"But will not his body rise again?"

"Yes, my love, it will. Blessed be Jesus for the hope of the resurrection and for all his tender affection towards the young! When our gracious Lord was on earth, he took young children in his arms, and blessed them. For a brief space he held them cradled there, and then resigned them again to their parents to struggle with the waves of this troublesome world. But in the resurrection day he will gather his lambs—all children who truly love him—to himself for ever. He will lead them in green pastures and beside still waters. He will carry them in the arms of his love, and clothe them with immortal glory. As certainly as the fresh green leaf bursts from the acorn—as surely as you saw the gorgeous insect spring from the dark unsightly chrysalis—so will our child's body rise from this mould. We, too, shall rise again from the sleep of death. Be it yours and mine, dear Lilla, so to love and serve God now, that we may rise on the resurrection morn, with holy peace and tranquil joy!"

Then the father and the child walked slowly towards home, still mourning for their little loved one, but comforted with the hope afforded to all who love the Saviour, by the doctrine of the resurrection.

THE LESSONS OF BIOGRAPHY.

A LECTURE FOR WORKING MEN.

NO. I.

THE author of a pleasing little book which I lately had the opportunity of reading, remarks at the outset of his work, that there are two aspects in which language, as a channel for communicating instruction and pleasure, may be viewed. One of these is *speech*. How astonishing that a man may stand in a crowd of learned or of ignorant, of reckless or of thoughtful hearers, in whose minds all the elements of reason and of passion are at work, and may knock at the door of each heart in succession, wander through its labyrinths of feeling, and rouse it to ambition, and to deeds of noble daring or even of dire revenge!

"But it is in the second form of language," the author alluded to remarks, "that the most marvel-

lous faculty resides. The written, outlives and outdazzles the spoken, word. The power of rhetoric perishes with the rhetorician, it darkens with his eye, it stiffens with his hand, it freezes with his tongue. The bows of eloquence are buried with the archers. But the utterance to which the printing press gives body, is inhabited by an unquenchable spirit. Literature is the immortality of speech. It embalms for all ages the departed kings of intellect, and watches over their repose in the pyramids of fame. We look with grateful eyes on this preservative power of literature. When the Gothic night descended over Europe, the greatest authors of antiquity were almost forgotten and unknown. But far away in lone corners of the earth, amidst silence and shadow, the ritual of genius continued to be solemnized. Without, were storm, barbarism, and darkness; within, light, fragrance, and music. At length the sacred fire of learning burst upon its scattered shrines, until torch after torch carried it round and throughout the world."

It is certainly a fine thought—the immortality, or at least the longevity, of books; amongst the most valuable things that outlive man, although not the only things. I remember once having listened with delight to a speech from the lips of a learned and honoured friend—an eminent historian, not a great many years passed away from the midst of us—but which is not to be found among any of his published and highly useful works, in which he instituted a comparison between man himself and the works which he can form. "It is in one point of view," he said, "a humbling consideration to man that he can produce works that will endure longer than himself; like the artist who constructs and sets in motion a machine, which, with a little periodical winding-up, will perform its diurnal and monthly cycles, and continue to keep pace with time after the maker's pulse has ceased to beat, and his frame fallen into disrepair and dissolution. The child, with its feeble finger, inserts in his father's garden a scion, and waters it with his little cruise; it grows to be a great tree. When he has fallen into decay, it has only attained its maturity, and will survive his children's children. Thus it is with the pigmy creatures of this world. They die before the workmanship of their own hands—before their works of clay, and wood, and rags, as well as of iron, and brass, and gold. The houses which we build are our sepulchral monuments; the trees which we plant, the yews which shall wave and weep over our graves! Are, then, all the works of man vanity, on which nothing is to be read but the lesson reiterated by the stones of a church-yard? No. He may be instrumental in producing what bears witness to his higher destiny, and by which, though dead, he yet speaketh, and labours after he has entered into his rest."

In this fine passage, reference is made to the works of men, among which, however, we repeat, there are few which, for real utility, for the delight which they afford, and for the grand quality of endurance, can be compared with books. If it be so, then no one can over-estimate the power of reading them. Oh ye young men! see that ye rightly prize this power. It is but the lot of few to be able to hold converse with living men of high intellect and noble capacity. Even such opportunities, when they are enjoyed, are short and eva-

* This lecture, which we earnestly recommend to the notice of young working men, was lately delivered at Edinburgh (in connexion with the Educational movement referred to in our journal for March last), by a gentleman admirably qualified, from his position and experience, to be the instructor of others.

nescent. It is permitted to few comparatively to visit foreign parts, or even the more interesting places in our own land, or to become conversant with the men and things to be met with beyond the little circle in which each one of us may move; and even then, it is only with persons now existing that we can come into contact. But give me, give any of you, access to printed books; let us pass our summer mornings in the fields, or our winter evenings at the fireside; or even such stray half hours as we may redeem from our daily toil, with the authors of such works as are really worthy of our perusal and our study; let us feel ourselves identified with them for a while; we can then live, as it were, in all ages of the world, and gather instruction from the wise of every generation.

But a word of caution may not be out of place here. The power of reading is a two-edged weapon. All books are not good or safe books; many, very many, are dangerous, are injurious; and a multitude of specimens might be given of the mischiefs that arise from a perverted use of the power of reading. In the language of one of Ireland's greatest orators, the former Mr. Grattan, when speaking in the House of Commons on this very subject, (although, as he deprecated exaggeration on such a point as this, so would we,)—"There is an infidel and a profane, a low and polluted press at work, which, setting in like an under-current with great force, is drifting many, in the humbler classes of the community into irreligion, atheism, and vice. This under-current, if left unchecked, or not supplanted—especially, if not arrested by the Almighty Spirit of the living God, giving efficacy to the labours of religious men—will ere long become the main tide, break in at every door, dash its foul spray in every face, till a great proportion of our people shall have become contaminated, and society at last, weary of the increasing burden, by some violent throes, shall

"Shake her enemy-crowded lap, and cast it off."

When the Norwegians discovered Vineland on the north-east coast of America, we are told that a sailor put an axe into the hands of an Indian, and intimated by signs that it was for the purpose of cutting down trees. The fellow, understanding the hint very imperfectly, began to try the weapon on the skull of one of his companions, which he cleft to the chin at a blow. Shocked at the natural but unexpected consequence of the experiment, the poor savage flung the axe into the sea, having found how dangerous it was to meddle with edge-tools. So may it be with books, and especially with many of those wretched low-priced publications that are now hawked about everywhere, the producers and circulators of which incur a fearful responsibility in helping, not to cleave the heads, but to corrupt the hearts and destroy the morals, of thousands of their fellow creatures.

What then are we to read? I remember on one occasion, when I was in London, calling in the waiter of the hotel to be a witness to my signature of some deed, and after subscribing his name, I said to him, "Well see, James, you are an excellent writer." "Oh yes," said he, "I can write well enough; I am very fond of it." "And are you as fond of reading?" I inquired. "Oh yes," answered he smartly, "I am also very fond of reading."

"And what now do you read, James?" I said. "Read?" he replied; "why I read tales, histories, romances, novels, plays, pamphlets, newspapers, the prayer-book, the bible—any thing, every thing!"

Now this will not do. This miscellaneous mode will profit but little, and is at least not at all suitable for those who have but a very limited time to devote to reading. The last book which James mentioned, the blessed bible, should never for a single day be omitted by any of us all. But as to all other books, a wise and judicious selection ought to be made. There is abundance of the best and most profitable reading every day within the reach of most—one description of which, without disparaging any other, I am now to commend to your special attention and regard.

It is BIOGRAPHY—the preserved and published memorials of the life and history of individual men.

To study biography is in some measure to study history. The biography of a nation is a great part of its history. History has been finely denominated "God's illuminated clock, set in the dark steeple of time." But it is the men who have a place there that are at once the pointers and the figures on the dial. "Some men can read history in antiquarian researches and remains, but it is history imperfect, disfigured, and defaced; the wreck of many storms, as has been said, which time washes to the shore, and where the scholar patiently looks for treasure."

Biography must at all events be regarded as an important supplement to history. Take out of history the actions and character of individual men, and it is like plucking all the plums out of a pudding, and leaving but the paste behind. "The biographer," as has been observed by the author already quoted, "waits upon the historian as the artist does upon the navigator, who, with pencil in hand, depicts single or detached spots, where the view is concentrated, and the outline is commanded at a single glance."

By biography an immense addition is made to our knowledge of human nature. Rescuing what is especially memorable from the spoils of time, instead of dealing with the dry details of courts and the intrigues of states, the adjustment of treaties, the progress of wars, and the mere out-of-door spectacle of human events, all viewed on a general scale, and in their external manifestation, biography lets us into the secret mechanism of individual minds; we penetrate into the motives and principles from which the action in history proceeds; we are admitted to hold converse with the persons of the drama; and to get almost into confidential intercourse with them. For this reason, biography has been called the picture gallery in the halls of history. History, properly, is only the record of the result, on society and the world, of the doings of men. Biography introduces us into the house of the interpreter, and explains the springs by which the operations are carried on and their consequences evolved. Hence, biography is fitted to be more popularly acceptable than either history or any merely didactic discourse. There is in it a familiarity with other men that fits in with a strong law of our nature, whereby the attention of the indolent is aroused and the stubborn mind influenced, inasmuch as it speaks to us more with the voice of

a companion than with that of a direct master or preceptor. In this department of literature there are no deep or difficult disquisitions. The character of men, and all that constitutes it, is brought out by a sketch of the progress of their life, the nature of their employments, and all those numberless domestic anecdotes which make up so much of the real being of almost every individual.

Biography is often also a great solace in the period of advanced life. If the old squire, no longer able to follow the hounds, or hear the stirring sound of the horn, can yet, in a manner, enjoy the pleasures of the chase, by reading the "Sportsman's Magazine" in his elbow-chair; if he who must needs remain at home can still, in some degree, satisfy his curiosity, by throwing his mind into books of voyages and travels; much more may the student of biography place himself, in a yet more vivid way, in the very company of the men whom he so ardently desires to have seen and known, hold converse with them, and become partaker in all their thoughts and feelings.

If biography, as we have seen, possess some advantages over history, it is greatly superior to fiction. Fiction is an imitation; biography is a reality, and cannot legitimately trespass beyond the region of what is actual.

Biography may also become in many cases the most powerful means of encouragement in the journey of life. Have you not often seen the boys on the road—have you not sometimes been these very boys yourselves—who, when a gentleman on horseback, or a lady in a carriage comes up, immediately begin to run, and strive to keep pace with them on the road; it may possibly be in order to beguile the length of the way, but it is also to make sure, for a while at least, of the steadiness and swiftness of their own progress? So it is when, through the pages of biography, we travel along the path which others have trod; the examples that are presented may not only become a quickener of our steps, but a most opportune guide upon our way. How many individuals are there at this very moment in the world, involved in perplexity, doubt, and fear, like a man that has lost his road in a dark night, and is groping about uncertain which way to turn, and trembling lest every movement he makes may only involve him in deeper trouble? A hint from the experience of others, may in such a case save and deliver him. There are other men, it will be seen, as well as you, who have been in the same predicament with yourselves. And there is one grand and general lesson that biography teaches—I mean the wonderful equality there is, notwithstanding all the discrepancies that are to be found in the lot of man, and also the operation of the grand rule or economy of compensation that subsists in the world. Oh, if the inward throes and tumults that are often experienced by those who stand upon the pinnacles of the world were but known, they would cease to be the objects of the envy they too often excite! Believe me, inward tranquillity and contentment are, after all, the real prizes in life. Without these, all the honours and possessions of the world are little better, as has been strikingly said, than a cap of satin embroidered with gold, on a head that is rent asunder by a tumour in the brain.

In this point of view, biography may be made a sort of happy substitute for sad and painful experience. It involves, in some degree, the benefits of experience without the sorrowful experience itself. Think only of the reverses and disappointments that occur in a man's life brought on by his own ignorance, folly, and mistake! You may escape much of this misery by making a proper use of biography, which, rightly interpreted, is just the experience of others brought home to your own case. There is not an individual now listening to me, who would perhaps seriously desire to live his past life exactly over again. He would possibly have no objection to try it, if he could at the outset get all the advantage of the knowledge and experience that he now possesses. That, however, is an impossibility. But biography, in a measure, realizes this, and tends to perpetuate in another generation the qualities and virtues which existed in one that has passed away. The spirit that lives in individual men departs; but the living spirit of man, transferred by a series of moral processes, continues and abides. And not only may the character of one grand specimen of the race be thus transferred into many, but that of many into one, so that the individual of this age may be the epitome of multitudes that have gone before—each one preserving, all the while, his identity, his natural peculiarities, and constituent qualities. Time brings nothing so momentous with it as its own passing away, and the passing away, at every instant, of hundreds of undying spirits, to be supplanted by others, who in their turn shall pass away, till all have passed away, and the last of living men shall die. But yet the life of the great and the good may in this way be prolonged and preserved.

• Suddenly thrown into some new and inexperienced position, surrounded by attractions and temptations of which he had no previous conception, and which produce in his mind a set of feelings which are altogether strange and new—a young man, if in such circumstances he reflect at all, may feel alarmed at discovering what a slight hold over his moral nature is possessed by all the precepts he ever has been taught; yea, even how little he is governed at such a moment by the lessons of his childhood, reinforced as these may be by the remembrance of all the parental tenderness by which they were first instilled. But perhaps, at such a time, the remembrance of one placed in similar circumstances, whose history has been recorded and read by him, may strike home to his heart a sense of principle and a conviction of duty, such as may yet rouse and save him. Or, perchance, the fate of some unhappy one, who, yielding to the allurements, became the prey of the tempter, and occupied a premature grave, may be the instrument, as in many cases that I could here recite has been the case, of laying an effectual arrest upon the youth, and turning him into another man.

I have no finer conception in my mind than that of a young person, not naturally placed in favourable circumstances, yet whose mind and taste, by some incidental cause of which he has taken advantage, or some direct effort on his own part, have been elevated to a just appreciation of his own high nature; who has perceived the wisdom and

the happiness inseparable from the determination to spurn away from him, by God's assistance, all little, low, gross, and grovelling things, in mind, heart, and taste. I think with delight of such a one, in the secrecy of his own quiet chamber, or humble corner, enjoying the pleasure which books of biography can afford him. After studying some great examples, he feels as if he stood on a new and higher platform, than before. He is of kin to those specimens of courage and self-denial, of constancy, fortitude, patience, and of all the Christian virtues which he has been contemplating, and he walks forth with a spirit more erect and independent than he did before.

Contrast the feelings and condition of such a youth, with the victims of indolence, sloth, self-indulgence, and vice—the do-nothings, the good-for-nothings of this world. Or, contrast them even with the little prideful self-sufficiency of the man who has got a smattering of knowledge, which he supposes he can exhibit, ever imagining what other people will be thinking and saying about him, and accounting what a great little man he is. Oh what a contrast is here! Be very sure of this, that there cannot be a more certain mark of a small, vulgar mind, than when you see it feeding upon vanity; ever trying, not to emulate, be equal to, or even surpass its betters, but merely, under a conscious and concealed sense of inferiority, aping and imitating them, and endeavouring to palm upon the world a mere imposture. Away with such! The unreal will never fill the place of the real—the showy and superficial will never meet the purposes and ends of the solid and the true. And the man who attempts to render the one a substitute for the other, can only be compared to the fool in the ring, who mocks and mimes the master of the circus.

The lot of every one of us is appointed, directed, and disposed of by the hand of Infinite Wisdom. A youth may have had a hard and unpropitious beginning, and may yet do well—wonderfully well. Another may have had a fair and favourable start in life, and turn out at last ill—lamentably ill. There are strange up-goings and down-comings, coincidences and anomalies, in human life!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GLIMPSE OF CORNWALL.

IN these days of travelling, when the spirit of enterprise, aided by the steam-engine, sends people to the ends of the earth, exploring with clear eyes and describing with ready pens the rare, the distant, and the beautiful, the places most likely to be both unvisited and undescribed are not those afar off, but rather those near at hand. Many lovely rural nooks of our own fair land, many venerable old cities rich in historical associations, many bustling new towns called into being by the activities of the present century, are unvisited and uncared for. Nay, more, whole counties of England are far less known than the overland route to India, the mountain glaciers of Switzerland, or the fiords of Norway.

Perhaps Cornwall has more reason to complain of this neglect than any other English county; and yet no district would more amply reward the

tourist; for it has not only beauty, but variety; not only much that is new, but much that is rare; and, more than all, it has sights which can only be seen in Cornwall. As a county, in reference to its scenery, its productions, and its inhabitants, it is unique.

A multitude of strange prejudices prevail regarding Cornwall. "West Barbery" has been a favourite term of derision. Cornish women in the mining district have been described as having lead-coloured complexions and hard angular forms, as if hewn out of their own granite rocks; while the phrase "Cornish wrecker" has sent a thrill of horror, dying away in deep disgust, into every bosom. After all, exaggerated abuse is not ultimately so injurious as exaggerated praise. Probably no one visits Cornwall for the first time with prepossessions so very much raised as to insure disappointment. On the contrary, the greater number among those who ramble so far beyond railways are all the more delighted because surprise mingles with the pleasure.

Taking the route of the coach road through Cornwall, the length of the county can be traversed from its eastern commencement at Torpoint, near Devonport, to Penzance, at the west, in a day—a long day's coaching—hard work, and tedious in these times. In this day's journey, three distinct features meet even the superficial gaze. From Torpoint to Bodmin, passing through the pretty well-built town of Liskeard, the country is most lovely. Hills, finely wooded nearly to their summits, skirt the road on one side; while valleys, with abundant pastures, tell of well-fed cows that give the rich cream for which Cornwall is as celebrated as Devon. The romantic Tamer winds its devious course through verdant meadows and around the base of wood-crowned hills; while smaller streams, like playful children wandering from a mother's care, leap down the hills, and lose themselves in the woods, from thence returning back again to the parent stream. The little glancing, sparkling river that crosses and recrosses the main road, between Liskeard and Bodmin, and runs meanwhile to hide among the woods, singing its jippling melody as it dances on its way, is well named the "Fey," a fanger name would not so well express the character of this poetic little river.

From Bodmin to Truro there is a more open and barren country, and tourists begin to think these plains must be the mining district. No, not yet. In the midst of this region are the beds of fine white clay that make the purest china and the most stainless Parian pottery. To see those huge square clay pits spread over this plain, filled with what looks like milk in its intense whiteness—the men, women, and children, with garments equally white, working around—is a scene so strange, that wild nursery legends come to mind, and one thinks of those mighty Cornish giants that the famous Jack in the old story killed, and mentally exclaims, "Surely these huge milk-coolers must belong to the giant's dairy." An opportunity, too, is here presented of seeing how a river of milk would look; for the streams being used to soften the clay, so as to work it into square lumps, run white for miles; and very ugly, indeed, is the sight. "A land flowing with milk and honey" is a rich poetic simile, but would be a most unsightly literal

fact. Take the sparkling limpid clearness from a stream, and its beauty is gone; it is as unpleasant as a dirty face.

Arrived at Truro, and exchanged into the Penzance mail—and then the populous district, with its towns, its minerals, and its machinery, commences. An air of bustle, comfort, and intelligence pervades the towns and the people. The country looks very strange. Vast quantities of the refuse dug out of the mines and left from the metals, lie in rude disorder over the barren plains. Even the engine-houses, the arrangements of train-roads, the pulleys and trucks, look confused and disorderly from the extent of waste surface over which the works are spread. The extreme poverty of the soil for all agricultural purposes; the granite projecting up in rugged points through the thin coarse herbage; the absence of gardens round the cottages; the bony yet strong-built horses, which are laughingly said to be fed on granite stones and pilchard casks, which give prominence to their ribs and hardness to their constitutions; all these sights lead one to the conclusion that as far as Britain is concerned, one is reaching the end of all things. However, before arriving at Penzance, the country becomes verdant and beautiful; and the noble bay, with its majestic turret-crowned rock—St. Nicholas Mount—standing out in the midst of the heaving billows, satisfies the most luxuriant imagination. To behold that bay at sunset, with a rough sea running in shore, is a sight that can neither be described nor forgotten.

Among the many pleasant excursions it has been our lot to make in our own dear England, none was ever pleasanter than a ramble in the early spring of last year to St. Just, a town on Cape Cornwall, about two miles north-west from the Land's End. Two large mines give employment to the inhabitants of the town—Balswidden tin mine and Botallack copper mine; the great peculiarity of the latter being that it extends many fathoms under the sea, and that the shafts are sunk, and the engine-house placed, on the rugged face of a lofty frowning granite rock, so hard in substance and so deep in colour that it looks like solid iron rather than stone of any kind. To stand on the front of this rock, even on the safe though narrow shelves made for the passage of metal trucks, and to look up to the frowning mass that juts far overhead, and then down on the engine-house, standing on a rugged peak, as though like a child's toy it had been thrown there, and never could again be reached; to gaze lower still at the foaming waves, tearing themselves among the awful chasms and jagged points of the iron-bound coast, while far below the platform on which the awe-struck dizzy visitor stands, the sea-birds, as they fly, mingle their screams with the ceaseless din of the waters; is a sight so full of the sublimity of nature and the enterprise of man, that the heart must be cold indeed that does not feel a deeper throb of gratitude to God and a higher estimate of the dignity of labour. In such a scene as this, amid the wonders of man's ingenuity and the triumphs of his industry, if the command "honour all men" is recalled to the mind, assuredly it is not difficult to honour the labourer whose toil in darkness and danger money, after all, can never repay.

The appearances around Balswidden tin mine are rather strange than picturesque. The immense quantities of pulverised stone that have been cast abroad over the whole surface of the ground, above the mine, and all round the engine-house, the crushing-mills and the troughs for washing the ore, give one some idea of what the sands in desert regions must be. It is presumed that our readers are aware that tin ore, in its native state, is found embedded in granite. The stone is blasted and broken up in the depths of the earth, and sent in lumps to the surface, where it is put into the crushing mill and pulverised, the powder to which it is reduced being thrown into troughs filled with water, when the metal, being the heavier, sinks to the bottom, and the stony portions remaining at the top are cast abroad as refuse. The metal powder (the tin) goes through many processes, that of smelting in particular, before it is fit for the workman to fashion into the various articles of household use.

The mines in Cornwall are so deep that the miners are in the habit of speaking somewhat contemptuously of the coal mines of the north. They call them "pits, not mines." Ninety fathoms (340 feet) is the depth of Balswidden mine, which is not considered an unusual or great depth. The shafts down at various parts of the mine are very narrow, and the ladder that leads into the deep abyss looks so uninviting that visitors seldom venture down; at all events they seldom go below some of the platforms or levels nearest the surface. The shafts are called "sinking," and the levels or hewn paths that branch from these shafts are called in making "driving." The idea is "sinking" into, and "driving" through the beds of granite, in search of the ore. In some large mines, there are man-escapes in case of accident, on a plan similar to the pulling up the buckets containing the ore. But it is sometimes found not only difficult but impossible to use the escape, and the heart sickens at the thought of how many poor creatures must have suffered, when wounded and maimed they have been brought up the long, long dreary ladders to the surface. Eight hours is a day's work in most mines. There are relays of gangs of labourers, who divide the four-and-twenty hours into three equal parts. The toil being great, the atmosphere pernicious and often very hot and damp, whilst sometimes he is compelled to work up to the waist in water, the miner has a worn and wasted look, and life with him is not only unusually uncertain, but brief; yet, for intelligence and piety, the Cornish miner would contrast favourably with any of the labouring classes in Britain.

Men and boys only work in the mines. Women and girls wash the ores, and do the lighter work; none of it, however, seems either light or pleasant, and yet, being tolerably remunerated, they (the women) look contented, and in general healthier than the men.

St. Just is entirely a mining town, that is, a town whose whole population is engaged in some departments of mining. Some are shareholder clerks, some captains or overlookers, and others miners, washers of ore, etc. Long rows of decent little two-storied houses are the abodes of the miners. Most of them are their own property. As

provisions are cheap, the wages of the women are mostly expended in dress, and few towns show a gayer-looking scene than St. Just on a Sunday. A visitor, who came on that day into the town, between the hours of ten and twelve in the morning, would find none but the sick and helpless, and their attendants, in the houses. All, young and old, would be at church or chapel; large places of worship, well built and commodious, stamping the character of the place. In the most central part of the town—an open space, whence the streets diverge—there is a handsome building, that excites as much surprise as admiration, "The St. Just Literary and Scientific Institution." On entering this neat and elegant structure (the first and the last literary institution in England, for Cape Cornwall is just at hand, and the Land's End rocks are near), an excellent lecture-room, with raised seats, capable of seating at least 300 people, meets the eye. All the accessories of table for experiments, platform, and lighting, are admirable. Female taste, too, has aided the decorations. The elegant, embroidered cushions of the platform-chairs are a drawing-room luxury, rarely seen in the lecture-room. In the well-stored library, the first book we took up was Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences;" and, looking further, we found that the library, for its size, was peculiarly rich in scientific works. That the institution was as well sustained as appointed was evident. Many an institution, in rich districts of London, might learn a lesson, as to the self-sustaining spirit, from that of St. Just.

There never was a more ignorant and presumptuous fallacy than that which supposes Cornwall inferior in intellect to other parts of England. On the contrary, taking the average of the working classes throughout the land, it is fully, equal, and, in many instances, superior. The nature of the mining operations requires forethought and calculation in the humblest worker. Hence, scientific books are especially prized by the more studious among them. Nay, as far back as 1777, there was a book society established by the ladies of Penzance. Very few towns in England had a ladies' book society then. Sir Humphry Davy's birth-place was worthy of him.

Sin and sorrow are of course to be found in Cornwall as elsewhere; but in no part of our native land will the eye be less often offended by the spectacle of intemperance, or the ear shocked by the words of the blasphemer. Shut out from much intercourse with other parts of England, girdled in by frowning rocks and stormy seas, engaged in stern labour in the bowels of the earth, or on the boisterous billows, the people are simple, thoughtful, and pious, in no ordinary degree.

"But the wreckers, the Cornish wreckers!" some are ready to exclaim. Whenever a horrible story is told, it is as well to believe only half at most, and even that is generally too large a credulity. One month before the visit to St. Just here described, a terrible shipwreck had occurred on the adjacent coast. A vessel from Liverpool, sadly out in her reckoning, ran upon the rocks in a gale, and was instantly wrecked. The crew, nine in number, perished. The captain and his wife, when the vessel struck, rushed from their cabin on deck in their night-clothes, and when the ship went to

pieces they were thrown by a huge wave on to a rock within sight of the town of St. Just. The Brisons are two hideous black rocks that rear their jagged and threatening heads from the sea, a short distance from Cape Cornwall. The waves are always torn into foam as they rush between these rocks and the mainland, and only in the very calmest day can a small boat get safely near them. It was very stormy when this wreck happened; and those who looked out from the cape upon the waters, as the wintry morning slowly broke after the catastrophe, were horrified at distinguishing two living beings on the rock—one of them a woman! It was Saturday-morning, and many hours had passed since the sufferers had been thrown upon the rock. They were safe from any immediate fear of a watery grave, but cold, hunger, and exhaustion threatened their lives. The whole town was astir, and all labour was suspended. But the winds and waves rising higher and fiercer, guarded their prey and prevented all aid reaching them. Every thing that ingenuity, sharpened by benevolence, could devise, was planned, and yet the day as it declined saw only a succession of failures, and the sun went down, the two still on the rock and the waiting multitude on the shore. Many a boat had put off and been capsized! Many a brave fellow risked his life to no purpose! Night fell, and fires were lighted to assure the sufferers of sympathy, and to keep hope in their aching hearts.

On Sunday morning it was with fearful joy the watchers, now a great concourse, discovered that the man and woman yet lived. Then came fresh help and fresh suggestions. But the storm yet raged, and nothing was effectually done. At length, a brave crew manned a boat that got near enough in the boiling surf to throw a rocket, with a rope attached to the stick, on to the rock within reach of the sufferers. It was an experiment merely, and it was intended, if the rope was held, to send off a basket with provisions and blankets, and to wait until the wind abated to get them off. But the almost distracted husband, very naturally, on clutching the rope, instantly put it round the waist of his exhausted wife, and before clear signals could be made, she leapt from the rock into the roaring sea; the boatmen pulled, and brought her through the foaming waves into the boat. Alas! life was fled! In the hurry and anguish when the rope was fixed, a stop knot was never made, and, of course, the rope so tightened by her fall and weight that strangulation was produced. But, the cold, the leap into the surf, the deep wounds received from the sharp rock, were each enough to produce death. The husband was afterwards drawn into the boat safely, though, of course, ready to perish. Among the boat's crew who resolved to save the sufferers, or perish in the attempt, was one weather-beaten tar, used to the coast, who had in his time seen many wrecks. But when the distorted face of the poor woman he had hoped to save met his gaze—a corpse! a cold chill struck through his honest breast and sturdy frame, and from that time, though he continued to do his usual work, he drooped in health and spirits, and died just before the visit here recorded, and was to be buried next day. The old sailor, who narrated the fact of his comrade's death, heaving a sigh over the tragedy, all of which he had witnessed, ex-

claimed, "I've seen many a sad sight in my time; may the Lord take me soon, rather than let me see such another!" The tenderness and bravery these dwellers on that rugged coast displayed then, and doubtless often, ought to be borne in mind by all who have a taste for the horrible and demoniac as shown, some say, in beings called "Cornish Wreckers."

SERPENTS IN MEXICO.

PASSING through a forest, says a recent Mexican traveller, in the vicinity of a small hamlet called Suena, at an early hour in the morning, and finding it excessively hot, I was glad to loiter along a narrow path in the shade of the overhanging trees; my mule walked lazily a few paces before me, stopping from time to time to insert his nose in a tuft of grass, or a heap of dried leaves upon the ground. Proceeding in this manner for some distance, I at last began to see the sunlight on the other side of the wood, and to think of the heated atmosphere into which we were about to emerge again.

I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers towards the path, a sensation as of a flash of lightning struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent bon of a black and yellow colour, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that, ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.

I had occasion to return by the same road in the evening; but on arriving at the wood, I turned into a different path from the one we had taken before; and kept an eager watch on the surrounding trees and bushes. Having almost reached the middle of the wood, I heard a number of voices chanting a wild air, and on turning an angle of the road saw a troop of figures—Indians and Mestizoes—advancing, armed with long poles and flexible steel wands, which they flourished in the air as an accompaniment to their song. The long poles were used for the purpose of starting their prey, and overpowering them when discovered; and the flexible steel rods in their hands were still more characteristic of their vocation, being often used so dexterously as to cause instant death to a serpent of the largest size.

These quaint sportsmen trailed behind them a huge snake which they had recently killed. I eyed it with some attention as they came up, and discovered that it was very like the monster who had degoured my mule in the morning: there were the same head and eyes, the same black and yellow scales, and it was of similar proportions. I raised the skin of the throat, which had been cut, half expecting to perceive the shaggy ears of a mule remaining there undigested; but no such appearance could I discern: he might have been my enemy of the forenoon notwithstanding, and I tried to persuade myself that he was so. I regarded the group, as they retreated, with mingled feelings of satisfaction for the justice they had done, and of sympathy for the risks they must encounter in their dangerous pursuit.

Good Thoughts in the midst of Business.

It is a great fault to suppose that attention to one duty is an excuse for neglecting another. People who have their families or their business to attend to are very apt to say, "I am so busy, I have no time to think about religion." Now, sure enough, worldly business has a tendency to put good thoughts out of the mind; and yet, if we try sincerely, we may generally find room to think of something good, without driving out necessary attention to our common duties; indeed, full employment is a fine remedy against idle and mischievous thoughts, and one evil thought hinders religion more than ten busy thoughts. Some good old writer says, "The grand secret to prevent bad thoughts, is to have plenty of employment; an empty house is everybody's property; all the vagrants in the country will take up their quarters in it: always, therefore, have something to do, and then you will always have something to think of." Besides, when employed in that with which we have by habit become very familiar, we may do it well, and quickly, without giving it all our thoughts. A weaver in his loom, a carpenter at his bench, a mother with her babe in her arms, or while sewing or knitting, often sing a song without hindering their work, or diverting their attention from it. Now the words of that song might as well express sense as nonsense; and much better be the language of heartfelt devotion, than of profanity or indecency. I knew a good shepherd who said he had always learned by heart a verse of scripture at breakfast-time, which served him to meditate upon through the day; and so rich was the treasure of scripture thus laid up in his mind in the course of a long life, that the neighbours used to call him a walking bible. I suppose you could scarcely name a passage of scripture but he could take it up, and go on with the connexion, and that in such a way as proved that he not only recollected the words of scripture, but likewise relished their sweetness. In like manner, I knew a pious weaver, who used to have a hymn-book or a testament lying open on his loom, which afforded him many a refreshing thought. A poor shoemaker I have often with pleasure observed, hearing his children their catechism and hymns, while sewing away at his last; and a mother of a family always kept in her pocket "Mason's Select Remains," or some other little book of the same kind, which she could look at a minute or two while she was giving her babe the breast, or lulling it to sleep. These examples show what may be done by trying; and, at least, no one should rest satisfied in having no time for good thoughts, who can find time to admit a thought of vanity and folly. Those who sincerely try will find it much easier than they imagine, and still more refreshing and delightful than easy, to raise a thought to God and heavenly things while the hands are busy for earth. Even if we are surrounded with bustle and clamour, it is not quite impossible to raise a secret thought in prayer, like Nehemiah when handing the cup to the king at the royal banquet, his heart being overcharged with care and distress—"So I prayed to the God of heaven;" or, like Zacharias, we may climb the sycamore tree, and get a sight of Jesus. Prayer can find its way to God above the heads of the crowd, and none but the holy soul itself see or know what is going forward. A penitent believing heart is always in a fit place and frame for prayer; and a believing prayer is sure to turn the promises of God into performances. The mind of man is never so eagerly disposed to pray, but God is still more ready to give; and those who know the way to the throne of grace will often say with Melancthon, "Trouble and perplexity compel me to pray; and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble."

Poetry on the Butterfly and the Bee.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FIRST FLIGHT.

Thou hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight;

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then testing new pleasure
In summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh opened flowers;

Or delighted to hover
Around them, to see
Whose charms, airy rover,
Bloom sweetest for thee;

And fondly inhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is fading
And fading away.

Then seeking some Mossom
Which looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest.

And there dost betake thee,
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight;
Mingle with her thou lovest in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
—Yet wert thou once a worm; a thing, that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept:
And such is man: soon from his cell of clay
To burst a scrap, in the blaze of day!

ROGERS.

A BUTTERFLY AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A butterfly basked on an infant's grave
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye?
Where she of the bright and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low."

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st, like a scrap! sings—
Would thou call the blest one back?"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TO A WILD BEE.

Roamer of the mountain!
Wanderer of the plain!
Ingracer by the fountain,
Where thou dost sustain
A part in Nature's rich, and wild, and varied strain!

Fairer than the summer!
I love to watch thy flight,
When first thou art a corner,
On wings so gauzy light,
Flitting in wildering mazes before my dazzled sight.

Thou hummest o'er the heather
Upon the breezy hill;
And in sultry weather,
When every wind is still,
Float'st through the waveless air unto the singing rill.

On the moorland mosses,
Thou sipp'st the fragrant thyme:
And the tufted bossos
Of greenest grass dost climb,
With struggling feet, to rest thy wing in noontide's prime.

In the lily's blossom,
An ivory palace tower,
In the rose's bosom,
Safe from the sudden shower,
Thou shelterest, heeding not how thunder-clouds may lower.

Thou lov'st the sunny hours,
When upwards thou dost spring,
With the dew from chaste, cool flowers,
And mosses of thy wing—
The sweet enslaving dew, that doth so closely cling.

Thou lov'st the sunset's glowmer,
When, with thy mimic toil,
Half weary, thou art going
Bidden with thy sweet spoil,
Unto the quiet home, wherein is no turmoil.

I would that I might ever
Have thee before mine eyes!
Surely I should endeavour
To learn to be as wise,
And all the simple gift of Providence should prize.

But even now, unsteady!
Thou tak'st again thy flight;
Thy little wings already
Are quivering in the light,
Thy hum is faintlier heard, thou'rt darkened from my sight.

MISS M. A. BROWNE.

TO A BUSY HIVE BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee!

As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee!

After the fall of the cistus' flower;
When the primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
I heard I thee, thou busy, busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee!

Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in hoarding and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee.

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee!

What is the end of thy toil;
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil:
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee.

SOUTHEY.

Bees work for man: and yet they never bruise
Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever, and as fit for use.
So both the flower doth stay, and honey run.

HENDERT.

THE LEISURE HOUR

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THE TWO SCHOLARS OF WESTMINSTER.

DURING the wars between Charles I and the Parliament, and when the cause of the latter was triumphing in every direction over that of the Royalists, Sir Patrick Newcastle was one of the magistrates specially commissioned to try, as rebels, all prisoners taken with arms in their hands. He was a man of strict moral character and undeviating integrity, based on the only stable foundation, true religious principle. A constitution

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naturally feeble and sickly had not permitted him to serve in the army; but he powerfully aided the Parliamentary cause by his great talent and sound judgment, and was not only distinguished by Cromwell with peculiar favour, but generally respected and esteemed as the most active, intelligent, and equitable magistrate in the country.

One evening, a party of friends was assembled at his house in honour of his birth-day, and Sir Patrick was gaily supping with them and his family, when a body of soldiers brought in a

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royalist whom they had just taken prisoner. It was an officer who, after the defeat of the king's troops, was endeavouring to make his way to the coast, in the hope of escaping to France. Sir Patrick ordered him to be introduced into the room, and a cover to be placed for him, courteously inviting him to take his place at the board. "This is my birth-day," he said, "and I must not have its good cheer marred by being obliged to enact the part of judge. Will you, sir, for a few hours, try and forget that you are not a voluntary guest."

And it seemed as if the prisoner had caught up the good knight's tone, and was willing to play his part, both in the good cheer on the board and the hilarity around it; for he addressed himself to his supper with appetite, and to his host and the guests with cheerful courtesy.

Sir Patrick now resumed the subject from which he had been diverted by the interruption. "As I was saying, at fifteen, I was such a poor puny creature, that every one either despised my weakness or took advantage of it to trample upon me. At home, I was exposed to the harshest treatment from a relative; and between my school-fellows and a severe master, I was little better off when I went to Westminster school. Courage in a child is generally little more than the consciousness of his own strength, and my weakness rendered me a coward, so that I literally lived in a continual terror of the brute force that, in some form or other, was perpetually assailing me. I became daily more sensitive to pain, and that to such a degree that perhaps not one here could even conceive. The master's formidable rod had already twice left me almost without power to use my hands; and so terrible was my recollection of it, that the mere thought of being again exposed to its chastisement made me tremble from head to foot."

"I told you I was a pupil at Westminster. In my school-room the classes were divided merely by a curtain, which we were positively forbidden to touch. One very hot summer's day, sleep completely overpowered me while listening to a lecture on some passages in Aristotle, from one of the masters, and I was quietly dozing on the form, when a sudden movement in the class awoke me. I started, and was about to fall forward, when, to save myself, I caught at the curtain, and to my great consternation tore it down the middle. For some moments the teachers and the boys in the two classes, now no longer divided, stood gazing at each other through the rent. Suspicion at once fell upon me and another boy, as being nearest the curtain when the mischief was done; but my confusion was too evident to allow any doubt as to the culprit, and I was angrily ordered to the middle of the room, and desired to hold out my hand for a dozen slaps. I staggered forward as if I were drunk, with my knees knocking together, and the drops of perspiration rolling down my face, while terror so paralysed my tongue that, when I would have begged for pardon, I could not get out a word. Already was the dreaded instrument of punishment uplifted, when I heard a cry of 'Hold! do not touch him; I cannot let him bear the punishment.' The speaker was the lad whose place in the class was at the other side of the curtain. I

know not whether the master was indifferent as to who the real culprit was, provided he had some one upon whom to inflict exemplary punishment; but certain it is, that my deliverer was brought up and received a round dozen. My first impulse was to own all, and to arrest the unmerited punishment; but my courage failed me, and having once allowed the first blow to be given, I was ashamed to speak. How false that shame was, how great my moral cowardice, I now see, my friends, as clearly as you do."

"After bearing bravely the penalty of a fault he had not committed, the generous boy, as he returned to his form, passed close to me, and while my eyes were rivetted on his poor wounded hands, he whispered, with a smile I shall never forget: 'Do not be caught meddling with the curtain again, my little man; for I can tell you the master hits hard when provoked.'"

"I fell on my knees and sobbed till I was sent out of the room. From that time forth, I became so ashamed of my cowardice and nervous weakness, that I determined to make every effort to conquer it, and I trust, by the blessing of God, I have at length succeeded."

"And I thank you told us," said one of the guests, "that you have never seen the noble and generous boy since?"

"Never, I am sorry to say. He was not in my class, and I was almost immediately after, and very suddenly, removed from Westminster. I assure you, my friends," continued Sir Patrick, and as he spoke the tears were in his eyes—"I assure you, my friends, I would give up much of my fortune to be permitted to see him once more. I trust I may yet have this happiness. Meanwhile, let us drink to his health, gentlemen. What would I not give for the gratification of pledging him face to face, and of putting my glass to his!"

At this moment a glass touched that of Sir Patrick, till the two rang again, and as he looked up in surprise, he saw it was the royalist prisoner who was pledging him. "To the memory of the torn curtain of Westminster," said the officer; "but, I assure you, your memory fails you somewhat, for it was not one dozen, but a good two dozen that the master gave me. I got it on the double allowance for not coming forward at once."

"It is quite true—I remember it well," said the magistrate. "But, can it indeed be possible that I at length behold him whom I have so much longed to see? Yes, yes, it is he; I recognise the features; nay, the voice seems scarcely changed. But in what a position do I behold you? in what uniform?"

"In the uniform of my king, Sir Patrick, and in the position prescribed by my duty as a subject, and best befitting a gentleman and a cavalier. I followed my father to the camp of Charles; and my father died in his service. If a similar fate be mine, it is only, I think, as it ought to be."

* There are few among our readers, young or old, who will not admire the generosity of the young hero; but, for the benefit of our young friends, we must add that the action was one which may be termed an imperfect virtue: the generosity was commendable, but concealment of the truth was indefensible.

And so saying, the officer resumed the seat from which he had risen to make himself known to his host, and quietly went on eating his supper.

During the remainder of the evening, Sir Patrick was absent and absorbed in thought, and that night he left the castle without mentioning to any one in what direction he was going, or the object of his sudden journey. At the end of three days he returned and ordered the royalist officer to be brought before him, who, during his absence, had by his orders been treated with every possible consideration. The prisoner was the first to speak: "I implore you, by the memory of the past, as the only favour I can now ask at earthly hands, to end this dreadful suspense, and to let me know my fate, be it what it may; nothing can be worse than this delay. I have to thank you for your kindly courtesy; but I had rather not stay too long with you, lest I might learn to regret life."

"Lord D——," said the magistrate, in tones of deep emotion, "twenty years ago, you showed me your hands, and said to me, 'Do not be caught meddling with the curtain again, for I can tell you the master hits hard when provoked;' and to-day I show you your pardon, signed by him who is now the master in England, and in my turn I say to you, Do not be caught again with arms against the Parliament, for I can tell you Cromwell hits hard when provoked."

At these words, Sir Patrick and Lord D—— threw themselves into each other's arms, and sealed with this embrace a friendship which, notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, remained uninterrupted during the rest of their lives.

BETTING BANKS.

WITHIN the last month or two, a nuisance of a very serious kind has sprung up within the streets of the metropolis, and, we presume, also within those of our larger provincial towns. We allude to what are termed betting banks; a very unwarrantable use, by the way, of the term banks, and one with which the magnates of Lombard-Street will not, we apprehend, feel particularly flattered. Smart-looking offices, with a business-like air, have been opened in our leading thoroughfares, with a rapidity and number truly astonishing. Some of these are merely cigar shops; others, again, are beer shops; but more frequently the premises are devoted entirely to the business of betting, lists of the favourite race-horses being hung round the walls, while occasionally a couple of prancing stucco steeds are placed in the window, serving as a species of sign to the passer-by. At night, these places are generally well filled with young men and others, studying the lists we have referred to, and laying wagers with the keepers of the establishments, for or against the horses on the lists. The character of the frequenters of these haunts varies; sometimes there may be seen entering respectably dressed young men, evidently clerks from merchants' offices or commercial warehouses; at other times the visitors are mechanics and labouring men; while not uncommonly the parties are mere youths. The other evening, we noticed a man leaving his cart to go unguarded through a

crowded street, while he ran into a shop to obtain a copy of the "Racing Times."

The principle on which these establishments are conducted varies, we believe, in different places. In some, the proprietors profess merely to act as agents for persons wishing to bet with third parties, charging a commission on the transaction; in the generality of instances, however, the keepers of "the banks" take the bets on their own risk. As the money is paid to them in advance, they are safe, and it is of course at any moment in their power, if they feel so disposed, to decamp, should they find masters going against them, leaving the parties who have betted with them in the lurch.

Now, we need hardly say, that the multiplication of places of this kind is a great and crying evil. At all times there has been a considerable amount of betting on races in London, but it existed in a comparatively limited circle. Under the new system, however, it is forced upon the public notice, and will allure thousands who would never otherwise have thought on the thing. As if the evil of having such places temptingly open were not enough, some have their agents in the street, distributing their cards of address among young men and others; so that parents thus find that their children have another temptation placed in their way, in addition to the numbers already presented in this large metropolis. Multitudes will thus be led for the first time to take an interest in the turf; a most unhealthy excitement will be produced; while young men will, doubtless, in many cases, be led to embezzle their masters' property, in order to provide the funds for carrying on their gambling speculations.

A few years ago, similar establishments were projected; but the law was at the time thought sufficiently stringent to meet them, and they were rapidly put down. An attempt to introduce them into public houses was also crushed. We presume it has since been found that the law has some loopholes through which offenders can creep. If this be the case, some spirited individuals* should lose no time in petitioning the legislature to apply a remedy, and to pluck out this noxious weed from our streets before its roots have struck too deeply. Landlords in the mean while may do something to check the evil, by refusing to let their premises to parties carrying on such an occupation, and the employers of large bodies of workmen and young men should exert all their influence and authority to discountenance their clerks or servants from frequenting the "racing bank."

To young men who have commenced this practice, we beg to add one word of advice. We have, in the course of our experience, seen numbers of young men ruined by practices similar to those we are now denouncing. As you value your integrity, your character, the estimation of good men, and the favour of God, have nothing to do with such places. Let your visits be to the savings, not to the betting, bank. Cherish amusements and relaxations that will elevate and strengthen, instead of enervating your mind, as pleasures such as these will surely do. Remember, too, that many a parent's

* While this is passing through the press, we observe that the Corporation of London has taken up the matter vigorously.

head has been brought down with sorrow to the grave, many a widow's heart broken, and many a promising young man lost for time and eternity, by commencing with some small sin, which lured him on till he was out of his depth and irrecoverably within the grasp of the destroyer.

We had finished this short article when, taking up a country paper, we noticed the following brief paragraph, which is not inappropriate to our subject. "Early on Saturday morning, a stranger, who had been extremely unfortunate in his bets at Chester races, was found suspended among the trees at the commencement of the Wrexham road. Life was quite extinct."

THE LESSONS OF BIOGRAPHY.

A LECTURE FOR WORKING MEN.

NO. II.

THERE is a saying of the wise and inspired king—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men." This truth was never more verified than in the instance of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. This eminent person was born in New England, and in his native land he spent his honourable life; but his father was a native of Old England, and began the world as a silk dyer. Emigrating to America, where he became a tallow-chandler, he brought up his family in habits of the greatest frugality, and was at the utmost pains to have them well disciplined and instructed. But his circumstances were such that, although his son Benjamin was at first destined for the Church, he had to remove him from the grammar school to apply himself to some handicraft trade. After trial of other things, he and his brother became printers—a choice dictated chiefly, on his part, by his extraordinary fondness for books; one of which, entitled "An Essay on Projects," made a deep impression on his mind. Obtaining access to libraries, he soon acquired habits of the closest study, denied himself every ordinary pleasure that he might have an opportunity of indulging in books, and addicted himself also to the art of composition as well as to the trade of a compositor. Becoming ambitious of fame in this art, and a newspaper being printed at his press, he one day wrote an article for it in a disguised hand, and slipped it under the door of the office, where it was found the next morning, and submitted to the judgment of the editors. "They read it," he says, "and commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding that it met with their approbation, and that in the various conjectures they made respecting its author, no one was mentioned who did not enjoy a high reputation for talent and genius. I now supposed myself fortunate in my judges, and began to suppose that they were not such excellent critics, after all, as I had hitherto thought them. Be this as it may, encouraged by this little adventure, I wrote and sent to press in the same way many other pieces, which were equally approved; keeping the secret till my slender stock of information and knowledge for such performances was pretty completely exhausted."

Parting from his brother, he repaired to New York, where, failing to find a footing, he removed to Philadelphia; of his arrival at which, his account is striking enough. "I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides till I came to Market-street, where I met a child with a loaf of bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straightway to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made none of that kind, it seemed, at Philadelphia. I asked for a three-penny loaf, but they made none at that price. I then desired him to let me have three-penny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, but having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating the third. In this manner I went through Market-street to Fourth-street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought with reason that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance. I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut-street, eating my roll all the way; and having made this round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near to the boat in which I had arrived. I stepped into it, to take a draught of the river water, and finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down the river with us in the boat and were waiting to continue their journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a Quakers' meeting-house. I sat down with the rest, and after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labour and want of rest, I fell asleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to awaken me. This was, consequently, the first house in which I slept in Philadelphia."

A course of strange circumstances brought Franklin to London, where he continued for some time as a compositor in a printing-house, leading a most abstinent and studious life. Having been induced to return to Philadelphia, he was forced to resume the business of a printer. With this he conjoined type-founding, constructed the first copperplate printing-press, and started the earliest idea that had been conceived of the stereotype process. He established a newspaper, which became very popular; and at the early age of twenty-four, found himself at the head of a thriving business, and possessed of an established reputation; continuing all the while most humble and unspoiled by prosperity; in proof of which, and to show that he was not above his trade (which sometimes young people affect to be), he often wheeled home in a barrow with his own hands the paper which he had purchased at the store.

It would occupy too much of our time to dwell on the many wonderful incidents of Franklin's life, or to trace the steps by which he rose to stations of the highest distinction, and the great schemes of public usefulness which he formed and conducted to a successful issue. I am more

desirous of attracting you to the study of such a life as that of Franklin, than to supply the place of your reading it for yourselves. It is sufficient here to remark, that Franklin not only became a distinguished political character, but also an eminent philosophical discoverer, especially in electricity and the theories respecting heat and cold. So celebrated did he become, that honours were showered upon him from all the learned bodies in Europe. Thence he personally visited, and about eighty years ago he might have been seen treading the streets of Edinburgh, the university of which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which he also received from those of Oxford and St. Andrew. His last effort was directed towards the suppression of the slave trade; and having died in peace, the characteristic epitaph which he himself had written was placed over his grave, and which we doubt not many of you will remember:—"The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer—like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding—lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by THE AUTHOR."

Now, as there is a close affinity between printers and booksellers, we shall next bring upon the canvass of our panorama, an individual not more singular than meritorious in the latter department, and famous in his day, whose name was JAMES LACKINGTON.

We may have occasion afterwards to advert to the degree in which a young man is indebted for his success in life to the character and conduct of both his parents. But in this case we have only to exhibit what a young man may attain to notwithstanding, and even in despite of, a bad father. Lackington, however, had a good mother—the parent of eleven children, who herself lived so abstemiously, that she was never known to taste anything but water, and who worked so hard, that out of twenty-four hours, twenty of them were devoted to severe labour and the anxious care of her family.

Lackington was at first a very thoughtless and mischievous youth; but was rescued for a time from the consequences of this, by the circumstance of his having been apprenticed to a worthy person, Mrs. Bowden, a maker of shoes, with whom he continued for four years, and from whose example and care he ultimately derived great good. It happened, however, towards the close of his apprenticeship, that there was a general election in the country, and as he was a lad of parts, the remaining period of his apprenticeship was bought up by the friends of one of the candidates, in order that he might be free to canvass for this aspirant to parliamentary honours. Scenes of riot and dissipation followed, and poor Lackington contracted habits of profligacy. But if not at first restrained, yet afterwards, corrected by the remembrance of the example and instruction of former days, he was mercifully restored, and returned to his former trade at Bristol. Here he married, while yet in very straitened circumstances; for, he himself acknowledged that all their finances were only equal to the expenses of the wedding day, and

that on searching their pockets the following morning, it was discovered that they had but one half-penny to begin the world with. They had laid in provision for a day or two, by the end of which time they thought they might procure more by means of their work; and they set about it, therefore, cheerfully, singing together this verse:—

"Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do."

Hard work for a while they had—making together stuff shoes, and living on water gruel. The health of both, however, soon declined, and they were thrown into great misery; poor Lackington suffering chiefly from the thought of the distress to which his young wife had been reduced. But he had a strong will, good affections, and great perseverance. Making his way to London, with two shillings and sixpence in his pocket, he obtained employment and commenced a new career. The detail of all the means by which he rose to the wealth and distinction which he afterwards attained, is extremely interesting. Like Franklin, he was fond of books; and having, at the sacrifice of every comfort, procured a few, he took up the trade of a dealer in old books, and joined it to that of the shoemaker. In a comparatively obscure street in London, which I know very well, he carried on this occupation for fourteen years; at the end of which his wife died. Marrying again a person who gave him great assistance in his vocation, he collected a great store of valuable books, purchased whole libraries, and the manuscripts of authors, whose works he published. He turned this into a lucrative trade, and by means of it amassed in the course of time such a fortune as enabled him to become proprietor of no less than two estates; the secret of all this consisting in what he himself, in professional language, called "small profits, bound by industry, and clasped by economy." The shop which he latterly occupied, near Finsbury-square, I have frequently seen; and, if I am not mistaken, there is still affixed to it a board which intimates that this house was once the shop of the famous Lackington.*

I would fain gather out of this case a little lesson, and give it you quietly and silently, as if nobody but ourselves heard it, for it touches a very delicate and tender subject; it is this, have a care of marrying too early in life. I am no Malthusian; but still I think that no young man, who by the sweat of his brow has to earn his bread—and not his own bread only, but, when he marries, that of others—should ever for a moment entertain the idea of taking a wife—a wife, at least, whom he means to love, cherish, and cherish—until he has attained the age of twenty-five years or thereabouts, for I would not quarrel with any of you for a month or two, or even a year, if you are very impatient. And perhaps you will be asking, how long will we give a man after that age for resolving

* No such board now exists, on the exterior at least. The shop of Lackington was, we believe, that now occupied by a large upholsterer, near the corner of Finsbury-square.—Ed.

on so serious a step? Well, then, I say from twenty-five up to —. Up to what? I think I hear some sluggish, frightened old bachelor say, "Up to seventy-five!" Well, well, I will give you all that time; most abundant scope surely! Fifty long years; time enough surely! Then let us come to an understanding, and settle the point—that no man should marry before he is twenty-five, or after arriving at seventy-five years of age!

Whom shall we next call up? It shall be a Scotchman, and a distinguished experimental philosopher and astronomer, whose name was JAMES FRUGTSON—a real good Scotch name. This remarkable man was the son of poor parents, who resided a few miles from the town of Keith, in the county of Banff. How he learned to read, he himself tells. "At his leisure hours, my father taught his children to read and write, and it was while he was teaching my elder brother to read the shorter catechism that I acquired my reading. Ashamed to ask my father to instruct me, I used, when he and my brother were from home, to take the catechism, and study the lesson. When any difficulty occurred, I went to an old woman, who gave me such help as enabled me to read tolerably well before my father had thought of teaching me. Some time after, he was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself, and sent me to school at Keith. My taste for mechanics was soon developed; but as my father could not afford to maintain me, I was put out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years, and then I began to study the stars in the night. In the daytime I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and other things. I then went to a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood, whose name was James Glasban. I found him very kind and indulgent; but he soon observed that in the evening when my work was over, I went into the fields with a blanket about me, lay down on my back, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it at arm's length between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid certain stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle beside me. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day time of what I had done at night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man."

In this instance, we have an example both for servant and master. In the former, of ingenuity, industry, and gratitude—a fine combination of qualities; of generosity and considerate kindness in the other, and these did not go unrewarded; for this very youth was he who, a century ago, was receiving the greatest attention in London from men of the highest scientific attainments, and who there delivered some discourses on mechanics and electricity, astronomy, and the eclipses of the season, which were attended by the king himself, and by whom the philosopher was allowed fifty pounds a year from his privy purse.

This is a specimen from the department of high

science. We shall now present to your notice two individuals from the walks of literature, who, with the fewest possible advantages at the outset of life, became very distinguished in their day. Not that we would expect, or even wish, that all of you should aspire at becoming, or should become, so eminent in this department as they were. Oh, what a pretty sight that would be! Each one of you to become a Newton, or an admirable Crichton! What a flood; what an intellectual deluge! such a tornado of talent! such a tumult of taste! what a disturbance in the equilibrium of the forces of the world! what a disruption in the balance of power! But we beg your attentive consideration to the two literary men we are about to mention, in order to show you what may be accomplished by ardour, industry, and perseverance, even in the highest and most intellectual walks of life.

JOHN LEYDEN was the son of a labouring man, who was employed on the estate of Clavers, in Roxburghshire, and whose instructor in his younger days was his grandmother. By teaching him to read, she awakened in his mind the most insatiable thirst for knowledge. In the village of Denholm, he acquired his Latin at the hands of the Cameronian minister, and through many difficulties went to Edinburgh, and entered its university, where, in the Greek class, he was not more remarkable for his clownish language and his uncouth dress, than for the extraordinary success with which he prosecuted his studies, and obtained a knowledge of all the learned and almost of all the modern languages. During his vacations at home, he fell on a strange device, in order to secure retirement in his studies. It was his daily practice to steal through one of the windows into the parish church, and in the secret and silent corner of one of its pews, he spent the hours of the day with his books, which he reckoned to be his best companions. In the course of time, he came to be much noticed and befriended in Edinburgh, especially by Sir Walter Scott, who employed him to collect materials for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and he also became editor of the *Scots' Magazine*.

His ambition, however, took a higher flight. He sought to prosecute a course of researches into Oriental literature. With this view, after undergoing an almost incredible degree of labour in preparing himself for the work, he went to India, and followed up his object with great enthusiasm, many striking proofs of which are recorded in his life. He also volunteered to be one of an expedition that was proceeding to explore the island of Java; and on arriving there, such were his excitement and impatience, that he would not wait to be landed from the boat, but flung himself into the surf of the sea, and swam ashore, that he might be the first individual of the expedition that should set foot upon the island. In Java, however, he was to find his grave; for spending much of his time in some of its damp and ill-ventilated libraries, he caught the Batavian fever, which in three days cut short his life, at the age of thirty-six. Sir Walter Scott has given to the world a most interesting memoir of this extraordinary young man, as well as some of his poetical pieces.

The other remarkable person of this class whom we shall mention, is an individual whom we remini-

her well to have often seen in college days, Dr. ALEXANDER MURRAY.

He was originally a shepherd boy at a place called Dunketterick in Galloway, and was first taught to read by his father, who drew the figures of the letters on an old wool-card with the ends of the burnt roots of the heather that grew on the hills. After thus learning the letters by means of the burnt sticks, he was advanced to the catechism, which was the child's primer in those days. Then he somehow obtained a New Testament, and afterwards a whole Bible, by going to a place where an old tattered copy of it lay, which he carried off bit by bit. Now, I am not quite sure that this was correct in Murray, but so it happened. In the wild solitary glen where his father lived, he made himself master of the whole contents of the sacred volume, and also devoured every printed scrap of paper on which he could lay his hands. He was employed during the winter months in teaching the children of two neighbouring families, and thus earned a few shillings, which were spent in the purchase of books; and by a thousand means, the particulars of which are deeply interesting, this man became perhaps the most remarkable scholar that this country has ever produced. Obtaining patronage, which he so well deserved, he was at length appointed professor of Oriental languages in Edinburgh university. But alas! the labours of one session were too much for his bodily frame, and he also was destined to occupy a premature grave, having only reached a year or two beyond the age of poor Leyden. But he was a bright example of the extraordinary self-denying efforts which one may make in pursuit of a favourite object.

There was one circumstance about Dr. Murray which I cannot but notice. I mean the extraordinary degree in which he cultivated his faculty of memory; for even when he was but a boy, he could repeat the names of the patriarchs and scripture characters from Adam to Christ without the omission of a single one. No doubt, in Dr. Murray's case, there must naturally have been a peculiar strength of memory. But yet the constant and vigorous improvement of this power of the mind we would earnestly recommend to you all, as being of the greatest practical importance in every sphere of life. Not that you are to expect such a degree of attainment as was reached by Dr. Murray, or by James Halley, that most interesting young man and celebrated student of Glasgow College, departed from among us but a few years ago, who could repeat a great part of Homer's Iliad backwards; but still you should strive to increase both the readiness and tenacity of your memory by constant exercise, if you would seek to excel in any of your undertakings—I say, by constant exercise, and in no other way. And here I will tell you an amusing story.

Some men, you know, try to take what are called short cuts to an end, or attempt quick methods of attaining what in most cases can be gained only by much patience and attention; and among other things, they have sometimes tried their hand upon the memory, by inventing and teaching artificial helps to it, but in which attempts they have not in general been very successful. We remember a good many years ago in Edinburgh, a Professor von Finagle, who set the heads of many people

quite agog on this subject, yet I never heard that a single one of them ever reached any thing very prodigious in the way of memory by the aid of all the professor's devices. But it once happened that a French professor of this art of memory (or mnemonics as it was called) inquired of his pupils where Joan of Arc was born. None of them could tell him. "Well then," said the professor, "remember she was born at Domremi, near Vaucouleurs. Now, how will you remember this? I will show you. Remember *Don*, the Spanish title, as we say *Don Quixotte*. And as for *Remi*, remember the name *St. Remi*, who was archbishop of Rheims, and consecrated king Clovis! And now for your lesson. *Sephonie*, my child; where was Joan of Arc born?"—"Monsieur, she was born at Rheims, where she consecrated king Clovis!" "Poh! child. *Julius*, tell me who was the archbishop of Rheims?"—"Monsieur, he was *Don Quixotte*!"

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Our Judge, instead of condemning us, stepped from the bench and died for us.

The blood of Christ upon the heart is the greatest blessing—upon the head the greatest curse.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Have you found mercy?—show mercy.

We speak to God in prayer; God speaketh to us in his word.

Waiting upon God continually will abate your unnecessary cares and sweeten your necessary ones.

WONDERS OF VISION.

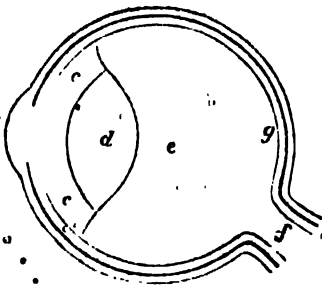
THE eye is a beautiful instrument—the manifest production of infinite wisdom—and, therefore, not only incapable of improvement, but exhibiting variations in its conformation adapting it to the different necessities of each animal. The mole, for example, so admirably fitted to be a miner, and designed to find its home and its happiness in the subterraneous galleries it so skillfully excavates, has an eye which is exceedingly small, and buried in fur for its protection, though it may be uncovered at pleasure, so as to be used when needed during the mole's occasional visits to the earth's surface. Some creatures are provided with a nictitating membrane, which acts as a natural curtain, covering and protecting the eyes from dust or from too much light; and if the animal prowls by night, we see the opening of the pupil, and the power of concentration in the eye increased. In fishes, whose eyes are washed by the element in which they move, all the exterior apparatus is unnecessary, and is dismissed; but in the crab, and especially in that species which lies in the mud, the very peculiar and horny prominent eye would be quite obscured, were it not for a little brush above it, against which the eye is occasionally raised to wipe off what may adhere to it. And so, vision has its wonders in innumerable other instances; but they are transcendent in connexion with the eyes of man, created as he was to be the sovereign of this lower world.

The human eyes, as is well known, have the form of two spheres, each about an inch in diameter, which are surrounded and protected by strong bony sockets placed on each side of the upper part of the nose.



The first or outer coat of the eye is the white part, marked on the figure *a a*, and called *sclerotica*. It is everywhere opaque, except the small circular part in front, *b b*, called the *cornea*, which is transparent, and fixed in the sclerotica like a glass in a watch-case.

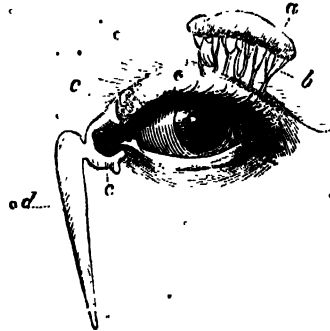
Within the cornea is a small chamber fitted with a transparent liquid, *c c*, called the aqueous humour. The membrane containing this humour is terminated at its posterior part by a substance in the form of a double convex lens, which contains another transparent liquid, *d*, called the *crystalline* humour. There is also a third transparent liquor, called the *vitreous* humour, *e*. Each of these



humours has its distinct character, and according to their density they have different powers of refracting the rays of light. At *f, g*, will be observed a coating of the eye called the *retina*, from the resemblance of its structure to network. It is a membrane of exquisitely delicate texture; in a recent state it is transparent, and so soft that it will tear with its own weight.

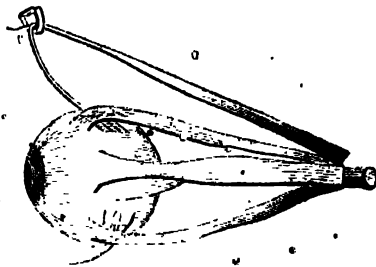
For the preservation and proper action of the eye, there are several very remarkable provisions. Thus, the skin that covers the bony socket in which it is situated, is covered with hairs, which preserve the eye from dust and other inconveniences. As the air constantly acts on the cornea, which is thus liable to become dry and parched, and which, if not obviated, would greatly injure its transparency and impair the vision, there are not only eyelids to defend it, but a beautiful mechanism for its lubrication. The whole surface of the membrane called the *conjunctiva*, as well as that of the *cornea*, is, indeed, kept constantly moist by the tears which are secreted by the lachrymal glands.

The next diagram will exhibit this beneficent arrangement. Each gland is situated, as *a*, above the eye; and its several ducts, marked *b*, proceeding



from it, open on the inner side of the upper eyelid. The eyelids diffuse the fluid over the surface; *c, c*, represent the puncta lachrymalia, which convey the tears into *d*, the lachrymal duct, which terminates in the nostril.

That it may not be necessary to turn the head towards the objects at which we wish to look, there are muscles to move the eye in all directions. Thus, one raises it, another moves it outwards towards the temple, a third directs it towards the nose, while a fourth restrains within due bounds the action of the rest, and keeps it steadily fixed on the object to be beheld.



The *choroid* (see *b*, with explanation in the following diagram) may be said to originate around the entrance of the optic nerve, which passes through it before it expands into the retina. It consists almost entirely of a multitude of minute vessels, curiously interlaced, and communicating freely with each other. It is supplied with blood by fifteen or twenty branches of a neighbouring artery, and its innumerable veins are arranged with great regularity and elegance, in arched and drooping branches, like the boughs of the weeping willow. The outer surface of the choroid is somewhat rough and flocculent, while the inner, on which the retina is expanded, is delicately smooth and even. Both are abundantly covered with a pigment, which is secreted by every part of the choroid, and pervades its loose and porous texture. This remarkable substance in man is of a deep brown colour, and appears under the microscope to consist of hexagonal particles arranged side by side, like the cells of a honeycomb. In the natural state of the parts, not only the choroid, but the cellular tissue on its external surface and the inside of the sclerotic, are deeply stained by the pigment, which, showing

through, occasions the bluish tint of the white of the eye observable in persons of delicate complexion. But on the inner surface of the choroid the pigment is retained by an expansion finer than a spider's web, yet of close texture; and by this means the transparency of the retina is preserved. The

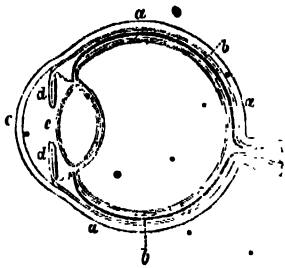
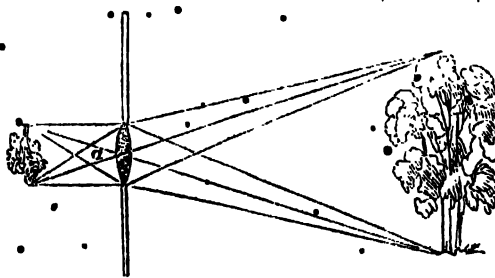


diagram shows a section of the eye: *a*, the sclerotic coat; *b*, the choroid, showing the black pigment; *c*, the cornea; *d*, the iris; *e*, the pupil.

The structure of the eye being thus understood, it will be easy to conceive rightly of its proper action. The rays of a pencil of light, proceeding from any luminous object, and falling on that part of the eye-ball which is left uncovered by the open lids, penetrate the crystalline and vitreous humours, and finally produce on the retina an illuminated spot.

That such is the fact may be easily seen; for if the eye-ball of an ox, recently killed, have the hinder part dissected so as to lay bare the retina, and a candle be placed before it at a distance of eighteen or twenty inches, an inverted image of the candle will be seen, as if it were produced on oiled paper or ground glass. It appears, then, that the immediate cause of vision, and the immediate object of perception in the sensorium when we see, is the image thus depicted on the retina by means of the refracting power of the humours of the eye, which, as the rays of light pass successively through them, render them at each surface more and more convergent.

The apparent magnitude of the same object when viewed at different distances, depends on the size of what is called the visual angle; that is, the angle formed at the eye by the rays of light from the extremities of the object. The fact may be rendered clear by the following illustration. A lens has the



property of bringing together all the rays of light which traverse it from any object placed before it. If one be placed at *a*, occupying an opening in the window shutter of a darkened room, then, from

any object before it, all the light which each point of the object—as, for example, a tree—sends forth, will be concentrated by the lens in a focal point behind it; and if a sheet of paper be held there, it will present on its surface a beautiful image of the tree. Just so, then, do the humours of the eye concentrate the rays of light and cause an image of the object to be depicted on the retina. It may be observed also, that if the object were nearer the eye than the tree is to the lens, the visual angle would be proportionately greater; while, if it were more remote, the visual angle would be proportionately less. Various familiar phenomena are explained from the law of the visual angle under which all objects are seen; the apparent size being always proportioned to the distance of an object. Hence are derived the principles of perspective in drawing, by which objects are made to appear at a great distance in the back-ground of a picture, although in reality they are as far forward as the objects in front.

The diagram just given will serve to exhibit another optical phenomenon; for as there the image of the tree appears inverted, so, in consequence of the refractive power of the crystalline lens of the eye, the rays from an object fall upon the retina in such a manner that the image is pictured there upside down, and this inversion of the real appearance of things requires to be corrected by an act of the mind under the direction of experience.

The following solution of this phenomenon is given by Dr. Arnott. He says:—"Because the images formed on the retina are always inverted, as respects the true position of the objects producing them—just as happens in a simple camera obscura—persons have wondered that things should appear upright, or in their true situations. The explanation is not difficult. It is known that a man with a wry neck judges as correctly of the position of the objects around him as any other person, never deeming them to be inclined or crooked, because their images are inclined in relation to the natural perpendicular of the retina; and that a bed-ridden person, obliged to keep his head upon his pillow, soon acquires the faculty of the person with a wry neck; and that boys who at play bend themselves down to look backwards through their legs, although a little puzzled at first, because the usual position of the images on the retina is reversed, soon see in that way as well as in any other.

"It appears, therefore, that, while the mind studies the form, colour, etc., of external objects in their images projected on the retina, it judges of their position, not by the accidental position of the images on the retina, but by the direction in which the light comes from the object towards the eye; no more deeming an object to be placed low because its image is low in the eye, than a man in a room, into which a sunbeam enters by a hole in the window-shutter, deems the sun low, because its image is on the floor. A candle carried past a keyhole throws its light upon the opposite wall, so as to cause the luminous spot there to move in a direction the opposite of that in which the candle is carried; but a child is very young indeed who has not learned to judge at once of the true motion of the candle, by the contrary apparent motion of

the image. A boatman who, being accustomed to his oar, can direct its point against any object with great certainty, has long ceased to reflect that, to move the point of the oar in some one direction, his hand must move in the contrary direction. Now, the seeing of things upright, by images which are inverted, is a phenomenon akin to those we have here reviewed."

It is a curious fact that, though the eye-ball has motion, no apparent motion is produced in the object seen by it. Lines drawn from the various points of an object through the centre of the eye remain unchanged, however the eye-ball may move in its socket, and the corresponding points of the image placed upon these lines also remain unchanged. As a sheet or screen, on which the images of a magic lantern may be thrown, may be agitated, and the figures may remain fixed, so it is with the eye; for the picture of an external object remains fixed, while the retina moves under it.

One of the wonders of vision has been well presented to the mind by Dr. Dick. "Let us," he says, "suppose ourselves stationed on Arthur's seat, or on the top of Salisbury Crags, in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Turning our face to the north-west, the city, with its castles, spires, and stately edifices, presents itself to our view. Beyond it, on the north and west, a beautiful country, adorned with villas, plantations, and fertile fields, stretches as far as the eye can reach, till the view is bounded by the castle of Stirling, at the distance of more than thirty miles. On the right hand we behold the port of Leith, the shipping in the roads, the coast of Fife, the isles of Inchkeith and of May, and the Frith of Forth, gradually losing itself in the German ocean. If we suppose the length of this landscape to be forty miles, and its breadth twenty-five, it will, of course, comprehend an area of a thousand square miles." After adverting to the immense multitude of rays of reflecting light which flow in all directions from the myriads of objects which compose the surrounding scene, Dr. Dick continues:—"Let me now attend to another circumstance, no less admirable than the preceding, and that is the distinct impression which I have of the shape, colours, and motion, of the multiplicity of objects I am now contemplating, and the *small space* within which their images are depicted at the bottom of my eye. Could a painter, after a long series of ingenious efforts, delineate the extensive landscape now before me on a piece of paper not exceeding the size of a silver sixpence, so that every object might be as distinctly seen, in its proper state and colour, as it now appears when I survey the scene around me, he would be incomparably superior to all the masters of his art that ever went before him. This effect, which far transcends the utmost efforts of human genius, is accomplished in a moment, in millions of instances, by the hand of nature, or, in other words, by 'the finger of God.'

"All the objects I am now surveying, comprehending an extent of a thousand square miles, are accurately delineated at the bottom of my eye, on a space less than half an inch in diameter. How delicate then must be the strokes of that Divine pencil which has formed such a picture! I turn my eyes to the castle of Edinburgh, which appears one of the most conspicuous objects in my field of

view. Supposing that portion of it which strikes my eye to be 500 feet long, and 90 feet in height, I find, by calculation, that it occupies only the six hundred thousandth part of an inch. I next direct my eye towards the Frith of Forth, and perceive a steam-boat sailing between Queensferry and Newhaven. I distinctly trace its motion for the space of forty minutes, at the end of which it reaches the chain-pier at Newhaven, having passed over a space of five miles in length, which is but the eighth part of the *lineal* extent of the landscape in that direction; and consequently occupies in the picture formed on my retina, a lineal space of only one-sixteenth of an inch in extent. And, if the boat be reckoned about 88 feet in length, its image is only the three-hundredth part of this extent, and, of course, fills a space in the eye of only the four thousand eight-hundredth part of a *lineal* inch."

There is only one other remarkable fact, in connexion with those now adduced, on which we will at present dwell: it is that the perception of an object is continued for a certain time after the object is removed from before the eye. Thus, if a lighted stick be turned round in a circle in a dark room, the appearance to the eye will be a continuous circle of light; for in this case the impression produced on the retina by the light when the stick is at any point of the circle, is retained until the stick returns to that point. A flash of lightning also appears to the eye as a continuous line of light, because the light emitted at any point of the line remains upon the retina until the cause of the light passes over the succeeding points.

In the same manner, any objects moving before the eye with such a velocity that the retina shall retain the impression produced at one point in the line of its motion, until it passes through the other points, will appear as a continuous line of light and colour. On this principle Dr. Paris constructed his "Thaumatrope," or "Wonder Turner." It consists of a circular piece of card, about two or three inches broad, which may be twisted round with great velocity, by applying the fore-finger and thumb of each hand to pieces of silk string attached to the opposite points of the circumference. On each side of the card is painted part of a figure, or part of a picture, so that the two parts may form a whole, if both sides are seen at once. If, therefore, a thaumatrope be constructed, the card, having a mouse on one side and a trap on the other, when duly set in motion, will exhibit the mouse in the trap. A variety of other devices may, also, be easily constructed. If a vase be placed on one side, and flowers on the other, the former will appear to contain the latter. A lady represented on one side, and a gentleman on the other, will be seen together, by the revolution of the card. Part of a sentence may be written on one side, and the rest on the reverse. Particular letters may be given on one side, and others upon the other, or even halves or parts of each letter may be put upon each side, or all these contrivances may be combined, so that the sentiment they express can be understood only when all the scattered parts are united by the revolution of the card.

Two well-constructed instruments, producing very singular and striking effects, have been placed;

for some years, in the gallery of the Polytechnic Institution, and are worthy of the particular attention of any readers of this article, who may have an opportunity for their inspection.

A CHINESE GARDEN AT HONG-KONG.

A VERY interesting work, entitled "A Visit to the Tea Districts of China," has recently appeared. English readers will peruse with interest the following passage extracted from it, describing vividly as it does the beauties of a Chinese garden belonging to one of our countrymen in the British settlement of Hong-kong. We are glad, we may observe, to perceive from the writer's description that this island is more healthy than it used to be.

When I was formerly in Hong-kong, says Mr. Fortune, every one complained of the barren appearance of the island, and of the intense heat and glare of the sea. Officers in the army, and others who had been many years in the hotter parts of India all agreed that there was a fierceness and oppressiveness in the sun's rays here which they had never experienced in any other part of the world. From 1843 to 1845, the mortality was very great; whole regiments were nearly swept away, and many of the government officers and merchants shared the same fate. Various opinions were expressed regarding the cause which produced these great disasters; some said one thing and some another; almost all seemed to think that imperfect drainage had something to do with it, and a hue and cry was set up to have the island properly drained. But the island is a chain of mountains; there is very little flat ground anywhere upon it, and hence the water which flows from the sides of the hills gushes rapidly down towards the sea. Imperfect drainage, therefore, could have very little to do with its unhealthiness.

I have always thought that, although various causes may operate to render Hong-kong unhealthy, yet one of the principal reasons is the absence of trees and the shade which they afford. In a communication which I had the honour to make to the government here in 1844, I pointed out this circumstance, and strongly recommended them to preserve the wood then growing upon the island from the Chinese, who were in the habit of cutting it down annually, and at the same time to plant extensively, particularly on the sides of the roads and on the lower hills. I am happy to say that these recommendations have been carried out to a certain extent, although not so fully as I had wished. It is well known that a healthy vegetation, such as shrubs and trees, decomposes the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and renders it fit for respiration; besides which, there is a softness and coolness about trees, particularly in a hot climate, that is always agreeable.

Many of the inhabitants have taken up the matter with great spirit, and have planted all the ground near their houses. Some of them have really beautiful gardens. I may instance those of his excellency the governor at "Spring Gardens," of Messrs. Dent and Co. at "Green Bank," and of Messrs. Jardin and Matheson at "East Point." In order to give

some idea of a Hong-kong garden, I shall attempt to describe Messrs. Dent's, which was then in the possession and under the fostering care of Mr. Braine.

This garden is situated on the sloping sides of a valley, near the bottom of one of the numerous ravines which are seen on the sides of the Hong-kong hills. It is near the centre of the new town of Victoria, and is one of its greatest ornaments. On one side, nothing is seen but rugged mountains and barren hills; but here the eye rests upon a rich and luxuriant vegetation, the beauty of which is greatly enhanced by the contrast.

Every one interested in Chinese plants has heard of the garden of the late Mr. Beale at Macao, a friend of Mr. Reeves, and like him an ardent botanical collector. Nearly the whole of the English residents left Macao and went to Hong-kong when that island was ceded to England, and all the plants in Mr Beale's garden, which could be moved with safety, were brought over in 1845, and planted in the garden at "Green Bank."

On entering the garden at its lower side there is a wide walk, leading in a winding manner up the side of the hill, in the direction of the house. On each side of this walk are arranged the trees and shrubs indigenous to the country, as well as many of the fruits, all of which grow most luxuriantly. The Chinese banyan grows on the right-hand side, and promises soon to form a beautiful tree. This is one of the most valuable trees for ornamental purposes met with in the south of China. It grows rapidly with but little care, its foliage is of a glossy green colour, and it soon affords an agreeable shade from the fierce rays of the sun, which renders it peculiarly valuable in a place like Hong-kong. The India-rubber tree also succeeds well in the same part of the garden, but it grows much slower than the species just noticed. On the other side of the main walk, I observed several specimens of the Indian "neem" tree (*Melia azedarach*) which grows with great vigour, but is rather liable to have its branches broken by high winds, owing to the brittle nature of the wood. This defect renders it of less value than it otherwise would be, particularly in a place so liable to high winds and typhoons. This same melia seems to be found all round the world, in tropical and temperate latitudes; I believe it exists in South America, and I have seen it in Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Aden, Ceylon, the Straits, and in the south and north of China, at least as far north as the 31st degree of north latitude. Among other plants worthy of notice in this part of the garden are the Chinese cinnamon, the pretty *Aglaia odorata*, and *Murraya exotica*, both of which are very sweet-scented and much cultivated by the Chinese. Two specimens of the cocoa-nut palm imported from the Straits are promising well. Other fruits, such as the loquat, the Chinese gooseberry, the wangpee, and the longan and leeches, are all succeeding as well as could be expected, considering the short time they have been planted. The *Pinus sinensis*, which is met with on the sides of every barren hill, both in the south and north of China, and which is generally badly used by the natives, who lop off its under branches for fuel, is here growing as it ought to do. The Chinese have been prevented, not without some difficulty, from cutting off the under branches, and the tree now shows itself in its natural beauty. It does not seem to

grow large; but in a young state, with its fine green foliage reaching to the ground, it is not unhandsome.

As the main walk approaches the terrace on which the house stands, it turns to the right, between two rows of beautiful yellow bamboos. This species of bamboo is a very striking one, and well worthy of some attention in England; the stems are straight, of a fine yellow colour, and beautifully striped with green, as if done by the hand of a first-rate artist. I sent a plant of it to the Horticultural Society in 1844.

At the bottom of the terrace on which the house stands, there is a long narrow 'bamboo' avenue, which is called the "orchid walk." This always affords a cool retreat, even at mid-day, as the rays of the sun can only partially reach it, and then they are cooled by the dense foliage. Here are cultivated many of the Chinese orchids and other plants which require shade. There are also various other plants which, taken altogether, render this shaded "orchid walk" a spot of much interest.

Above the "orchid walk" is a green sloping bank, on which are growing some fine specimens of bamboos, myrtles, oleanders (which thrive admirably in China) and *Buddleia Lindleyana*. The latter was brought down from Chusan by me in 1844, and is now common in several gardens on the island, where it thrives well, and is almost always in bloom, although the flower-spikes are not so fine as they are in a colder climate. A large collection of plants in pots is arranged on each side of the broad terrace in front of the mansion. These consist of camellias, azaleas, roses, and such plants as are seen in the Fa-tee gardens at Canton; many of the pots are prettily painted in the Chinese style, and placed upon porcelain stands.

When it is remembered that six years before Hong-kong was but a barren island, with only a few huts upon it, inhabited by pirates or poor fishermen, it is surprising that in so short a time a large town should have risen upon the shores of the bay, containing many houses like palaces, and gardens too, such as this, which enliven and beautify the whole, and add greatly to the recreation, comfort, and health of the inhabitants.

If we except the troops in the new barracks, the inhabitants generally—at least those who use common precaution—are now enjoying as good health as falls to the lot of our countrymen elsewhere in Eastern countries; but the state of the troops has been, until very lately, most melancholy and alarming. General D'Aguilar, when commander-in-chief in the colony, predicted the loss, in three years, of a number equal to the strength of one regiment, and his prediction has been almost verified. This sacrifice of human life is fearful to contemplate. The merchant may complain of dullness of trade in the colony, the political economist may cry out about its expensiveness; but these matters sink into insignificance when compared with such loss of human life.

GARRICK AND STERNE.—Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you can think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THERE is a land in the far West, of green savannahs and wide prairies, of gigantic forest trees and vast falling waters. Those who dwell there are not strangers and aliens; they are our brothers and our sisters. There we find the same language, the same religion, the same blessed hope. There, too, we find the same heaven-sent gift—genius, that annihilates space, and brings very near to our hearts and our shores, the transatlantic wielders of the pen and lyre. Familiar to us, "as early melodies of home," are the strains of Longfellow, Bryant, and Willis; but to English readers, Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney is better known by her less striking prose works, than by the beautiful verses wherein she wins her right to be considered—

"Hemans in mind, and Hannah More in heart."

Some fifty years ago, a lovely little girl might have been seen flitting about amidst American birds and flowers. The stately mansion in which she was born and tenderly reared, with its large gates, old-fashioned court-yard, and sweet-scented garden, is situated in the most picturesque and retired part of the "Old Town" of Norwich, Connecticut; circled by hills and walled by grey rocks, the bright sparkle of sun-lit waters and green pastures is not wanting to give the scene the sweetness as well as the grandeur of beauty. With no brothers and sisters, or companions of her own age, this little child, Lydia Huntley, dwelt there; not alone, however, for she was taught and cherished by affectionate parents; and Mrs. Lathrop—the lady of the house in which she lived, and to whom her father acted as steward—poured upon the little Lydia the maternal affections which had been left desolate by the death of her own children; and not alone either, for she dwelt in a little world of flowers, and of thick-coming fancies, of Bible stories (read well at the age of three), and of quaint though carefully concealed stanzas of her own child-like poetry. Thus she sang in after years—

"I do remember me,
Of two old elm-trees' shade,
With mosses sprinkled on their feet,
Where my young childhood play'd,
While the rocks above their head
Look'd down so stern and gray,
And the merry crystal brooklet
Went singing on its way.

"Thus, side by side, they flourish'd,
With intertwining crown,
And through their broad embracing arms
The prying moon look'd down;
'And as I fondly linger'd there,
A musing child, alone,
I deem'd my secret heart she read,
From her far silver throne."

This meditative turn of mind was, doubtless, fostered by the words of genius and thoughts of beauty which glowed around her; for illustrious men and intellectual women congregated from all parts of America in that congenial mansion. It was not; however, the magnificence of the scenery around, or the nurture of parents, or the converse of the intellectual, that originated the genius

which was already burning in the young heart; there was a light in her eye, and a flush on the delicate rose cheek, and a vivid appreciation of the masters of poetry, which told a tale of what was to be. As Lydia Huntley rose from the years of childhood, the native and well-cultured intellect showed itself in the ease with which she carried off trophies of school distinction—the more remarkable in a country where it was not thought advisable to separate the sexes in school education, and where she had accordingly, along with others, to struggle successfully in a class containing several young men of talent.

In her fifteenth year she tasted of the cup of bereavement for the first time, her early and inestimable friend, Mrs. Lathrop, having been taken away in her eighty-eighth year; her parents, however, were spared to as advanced an age, to see the fame, and close their eyes under the roof, of their beloved daughter. To our ideas, an uncommon, though perhaps characteristic, combination in the mind of the young poetess—characteristic, we mean, of the practical tendency of American genius—presents itself in the extreme love and capacity which she possessed for the work of tuition. Her friends speak of the pleasure and the privilege which she considered herself to enjoy when, at an early age, she taught for one summer two young ladies, for six hours a day, in her father's house. At a future period she conducted, with spirit and success, a school for young ladies. These useful and matter-of-fact occupations, which were continued during the time of her most admired compositions, were probably instrumental in giving the tone of solid thought and practical beauty which distinguishes her poems.

In 1819, Miss Huntley married Mr. Charles Sigourney, a merchant of Hartford, possessing a cultivated mind and literary taste akin to her own. Mr. Sigourney boasts a Huguenot descent, and was educated in England. It may not be uninteresting to British readers to know, that Mrs. Sigourney is descended by her mother from the Earl of Strafford, who perished upon the scaffold in the time of the First Charles, while her father's forefathers drew their breath amidst the valleys of Scotland. Mrs. Sigourney's life, as a wife and mother, was—and we trust will long continue to be—calm and peaceful. Many years of her wedded life were passed at Sigourney Place, situated in the most beautiful part of Connecticut; though no longer her home, it still bears her name. Mrs. Sigourney now began to enjoy the fruits of her labours. Fame, golden earnings, and the certainty of usefulness, cheered her path. Nor was it only in her own country that her genius was appreciated; during a year's residence, in various parts of Europe, in 1840, she met with many gratifying proofs that her works had won a place even in royal hearts; the Queen of France presented her with a magnificent bracelet, as a token of her admiration of the poem on the return of Napoleon from St. Helena, from which we now extract some fine passages:—

"A king is standing there,
And with uncover'd head
Receives him in the name of France:
Receiveth whom?—The dead!"

Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern droug,
Girt by the sounding ocean surge?
How came that sleeper here?

"Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his stony tomb
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,
A deep soul-thrilling strain!
An echo, never to be heard
By mortal ear again."

"A requiem for the chief
Whose five millions slew,
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crush'd at Waterloo;
The banish'd who return'd,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
To the sunny banks of Seine."

"They laid him there in state,
That warrior strong and bold;
The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
Upon his ashes cold,
While round those columns proud
The black'd banners wave,
That on a hundred fields he won
With the heart's blood of the brave."

"Mysterious one, and proud!
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain?
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them?
And what thy God's to thee?"

Two of Mrs. Sigourney's longest poems, *Oriska* and *Pocagontas*, are taken from the ancient lore of her own country. Interesting, however, as are the legends of the "red-browed brothers," who were once the sole treaders of the prairies, the resting-places of their Sachems, the deeds of their "braves," and the tenderer histories of their wigwam homes, we do not think that Mrs. Sigourney has displayed her greatest power in these narrative poems; and we gladly turn to some of the heart-speaking strains which have a voice for all. Who has not given and received

UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE!

"Language is slow. The mastery of wants
Doth teach it to the infant, drop by drop,
As brooklets gather

Yet, there's a lore,
Simple and sure, that asks no discipline
Of weary years—the language of the soul,
Told through the eye.

Oft the stammering lip
Marreth the perfect thought, and the dull ear
Doth err in its more tortuous embassy;
But the heart's lightning hath no obstacle;
Quick glances, like the thrilling wires, transfuse
The telegraphic glance!"

We give the whole of the beautiful poem called "*Heaven's Lesson*"—a lesson which all would do well to learn meekly and gladly:—

"Heaven teacheth thee to mourn, O friend beloved;
Thou art its pupil now. The lowest class,
The first beginners in its school, may learn
How to rejoice. The sycamore's broad leaf
Thrill'd by the breeze, the humblest grass-bird's nest,
Murmur of gladness; and the wondering babe,

Borne by its nurse out in the open fields,
Knoweth that lesson. The wild mountain-stream
That throws by fits its gushing music forth,
The careless sparrow, happy though the flocks
Nip his light foot, have learn'd the ample lore
How to rejoice. Mild nature teacheth it
In all her innocent works.

But God alone
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
This higher lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!
O sweet disciple, how thyself to learn
The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore,
Sharp though it be to an unanswering breast,
A will subdued And may such wisdom spring
From these rough rudiments, that thou shalt gain
A class more noble, and, advancing, say
Where the sole lesson is a sear's praise.
Yea, be a docile scholar, and so rise
Where mourning hath no place."

With one more extract, which is of touching beauty, we conclude, and most cordially do we wish that Mrs. Sigourney may long continue to create thought and expression of such tender and graceful interest.

BURIAL OF THE YOUNG

"There was an open grave, and many an eye
Look'd down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Moved on, as if reluctantly
The young unlearned form to that cold couch
Which age and sorrow render sweet to man.

There was a train
Of young fair females, with their brows of bloom
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty, waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly
And meet them as the gay bird meets the spring,
Brushing the dew-drops from the morning flower
And breathing mirth and gladness. Now she came
With movements fashion'd to the deep-toned bell,
She came with burning aires, and sorrowing friends,
And tears of those who at her side were nursed
By the same mother. Ah! and one was there,
Who ere the fading of the summer rose
Had hoped to greet her as his bride. But death
Arose between them

There was a brilliant flash
Of youth about her,—and her kindling eye
Poured such unearthly light, that hope would cling
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropp'd
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toil'd
For that slight breath which held her from the tomb,
Still waiting like a snow wreath which the sun
Melts for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.

—O'er the musings of her silent couch
Came visions of that matron form, which bent
With nursing tenderness, to soothe and bless
Her cradle dream; and her emaciate hand
In trembling prayer she raised—that He who saved
The sainted mother, would redeem the child.
Was the orison lost? Whence, then, that peace
So dove-like settling on a soul that loved
Earth and its pleasures? Whence that angel smile,
With which the allurements of a world so dear
Were counted and resign'd? that eloquence
So softly urging those whose hearts were full
Of solitary happiness to seek

A better portion? Whence that voice of joy
Which from the marble lip in life's last strife
Burst forth, to bid her overlasting home?
—O! reason we are convinced. And when ye stand
Where the fair brow and those unfrosted locks
Return to dust, where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn, oh! lift the heart
In praise to Him who gave the victory!"

CURIOSITIES IN GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.

HOWEVER much English readers may be indebted to Mr. Carlyle for his masterly sketches of German literature, there is still a branch of that literature to which he has not conducted us—a branch which, if it have not the power of edifying possessed by the others, at any rate is not devoid of much that is amusing. Our eye now rests upon a file of newspapers issuing from several cities of Germany, and all published very recently. Whilst we are turning over several of these, in the hope of finding something worth reading concerning "the fatherland," we light upon some advertisements which to most English eyes have a very strange aspect; in fact, the whole advertising sheet seems to be a very strange affair—a heterogeneous jumbling together of objects the most unlike to each other that could be imagined. Our English newspapers exhibit plenty of this, but they cannot be compared with the German, so far as a representation of chaos is concerned. We find in these papers advertisements referring to trade, shipping, banking, teaching, concerts, public exhibitions, and various other matters, just as we do in English journals; and we also find, sprinkled miscellaneous among these, divers other matters such as we do not find in British newspapers. For the sake of our readers who may not be acquainted with German life and habits, we shall cull some few of the most precious of these intimations from the above-mentioned papers, in the hope of doing a little to gratify, if not to instruct, such as have had no opportunities of seeing how some very interesting things are done in Germany. Look at this.—

"BETROTHAL—ANNOUNCEMENT.

To our friends and acquaintances, instead of a special intimation, we give this public announcement of our engagement.

F. W. SCHURMANN.
GERHARDE RUTCH.

Lennepe and Gladbach, April, 1852."

An Englishman, perhaps, on reading the above, might be inclined to say that this is a mere joke perpetrated by some mischievous spark at the expense of the subscribed parties; but we can assure him it is not so—that this is the way of doing these things in Germany; and scarcely a day passes, but you may see similar announcements in the morning papers. More than this, while we ourselves were resident in Germany, we frequently used to receive cards from parties who had become engaged, just as we do from parties who have married in England.

The mode of public announcement very much varies; sometimes "the old people" think it their duty to make the facts public, of which the following is an illustration:—

"FAMILY INTELLIGENCE. BETROTHAL.

The betrothal of my only daughter, Louise, with Herr August Lichtenberg, merchant, I humbly announce to my relatives and friends, instead of a private and special intimation.

C. H. BÖHL, widow.

Berlin, 11th April, 1852."

If the course of true love run pretty smooth, this

betrothal ultimates in marriage, when the parties appear again before the public. Look at the accompanying as an example:—

"MARRIAGE.

Our conjugal union, this day completed, we humbly announce in place of a private communication.

EWALD MARTIN, *magistrate*.

HELENE MARTIN, maiden-name CASIMIR.

Berlin, 6th April, 1852."

If, however, there should happen any love-quarrels of a serious nature, and the course of love, instead of running smooth, should altogether run out, we should then find such a communication as follows:—

"My betrothal with Frances V. Moritz, of Liebenwalde, is hereby broken off.

S. SELIGMANN.

Werben, 31st March, 1852."

We have selected these advertisements, but let it not be supposed that they form a distinct column and order by themselves; we have picked them out of the general mass, just as we may and do pick out others of a different nature which appear in the same chaotic assemblage.

"On my departure this day for North America, I wish to all my friends and acquaintances a hearty farewell.

JAMES ACKERMANN.

Niederlößingen, 12th April, 1852."

Another intimates the safe arrival of a party of emigrants at their destination, and it reads thus:—

"Our safe and happy arrival in San Jose, the capital of the republic of Costa Rica, we announce to our friends and acquaintances.

Signed by a dozen persons.

San Jose, 15th Feb. 1852."

Not far from these we find some advertisements of peculiar interest to Englishmen; the accompanying is one:—

"For sale in the book shop of Edward Leibrick, Brunswick—Thomas Babington Macaulay's History of England. Translated by L. G. Lemke. In 3 vols., price 3 thalers" (9s.)

Further than this, English residents in Germany are informed by the Messrs. Tauchnitz of Leipsig, that he has on sale all Mr. Macaulay's works in English; that his history of England, in good type, and on good paper, may be had in three volumes for 4s. 6d. Englishmen must go abroad to enjoy their own authors. The above books and many others besides them, we could not afford to purchase in England; but in Germany we had no difficulty in seeing, and reading them. However, Englishmen must not by these advertisements be led to think of going to Germany and buying English books cheap, for if they do, when they return to England, they will have the quiet satisfaction of seeing the said books ruthlessly torn to pieces and thrown into a fire by the Custom-house officers.

Pursuing our investigations among the advertisements, we alight upon the following, which to an English mind must seem strange:—

"A MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENT."

A good-looking lady of the Catholic faith and of a suitable age, with a property of 10,000 thalers (£1500) is desirous of forming a matrimonial engagement with a respectable public officer or manager. Applications to be made to B. Z., 59, up to the 12th day of this month, at the office of the 'Kölnische Zeitung.' 7th April, 1852."

On reading this, we paused for a moment over a few more papers, but turning over we found the subjoined, which may serve as a counterpart to the above:—

"A MARRIAGE ENGAGEMENT."

An accomplished active merchant of handsome figure, 30 years of age, with an annual income of 1200 thalers (£180), is desirous of marrying an accomplished lady of good character, of age between the years 22 and 29. A disposable fortune on the side of the lady is desirable. For further particulars, apply by letter, post-paid, to R. T., 10, Poste Restante, Cologne."

However strange and almost incredible such advertising schemes may appear to Englishmen, they are of quite common occurrence in Germany. We ourselves know a man in a great commercial city of Germany, who acts as a broker in such matters, and who will undertake to provide a husband or a wife for any party who may be in need of such companion; but of course such a valuable agency must be rewarded, and therefore, to prevent misapprehensions on this point, our friend levies a small per-centage on the properties of all those whom it is his happiness or business to bring together.

The following seems to indicate great distress of mind on the part of the advertiser, as well as an apprehension that there are great difficulties in the way of restoring peace within him:—

"TO ANNA BRUNO.

DEAR ANNA,

For half a year past I have not received a single even indirect assurance of your being alive and well. If it be possible for you to give me such an assurance, without any inconvenience to yourself, you would do much to tranquillize my mind.

Yours for ever,

FRANCIS CONSTANT.

7th April, 1852."

Disappointment, chagrin, and sadness are very evident in the following:—

"On my departure from this place I wish that Providence may give to all those things which they have denied to me!"

SOL.

7th April, 1852."

In the midst of this interesting medley, the English reader almost finds himself at home for the moment, while he reads that "Joseph Goldstein of Cologne is the appointed agent for the sale of Holland's Macassar oil; patronised by H. B. M. Queen Victoria, H. R. H. Prince Albert, the Royal Family of England, and by the several Sovereigns and Courts of Europe." It is quite astonishing to an Englishman abroad, to see that these delicate English commodities have such a European celebrity,

and even to see them puffed off in the true English style, and in the bold English typography. Just under an advertisement of this kind we find another heralding forth the virtues of some good old "Cheshire Cheese," and the salesman of these had also on hand some fine fresh English "Native Oysters," with the essential worth of which he was anxious to make the German public acquainted.

Alongside an advertisement of some services of the Lutheran church, in rather ridiculous contiguity, appears a very different one, as brief as it is cordial:—

"Long life to Wilhelmünchen,
The jovial wine merchant."

We strongly suspect that Wilhelmünchen's well-wishing friends have discovered the nearest way to his wine cellars.

Looking down the same sheet, we see how the law nibets one at every turn one takes, and will insinuate itself into every bargain almost that one makes in German countries—an ordinance from which we are happily free in England; the advertisement runs thus:—

"Price of bread from the 11th to 17th of April. A loaf of black bread weighing eight pounds is to cost six silver groschen. Royal Police Direction.
Cologne, 11th April, 1852."

In a more recent paper stands a most interesting public intimation, of which the true English reads:—

"I hereby inform my friends and acquaintances that my wife was on the evening of yesterday safely confined with a strong and healthy boy, which makes our seventh."

HEINRICH FASSBENDER,
Hackney-coachman.

Cologne, 20th April, 1852."

The next we select is of a more sorrowful character, and is the announcement by a family of the death of their head:—

"Death this morning tore away from our arms our beloved husband, father, and father-in-law, the commercial counsellor, Herr Eberhard Hoesch, in the 63rd year of his incessantly active life. A disease of the heart and dropsy were the causes of his decease. Deeply pained at our severe loss, we give this intimation to our relatives and friends, and beg for their silent sympathy.

The surviving widow,
children, and children-in-law of the departed.
Düren, 9th April, 1852."

We had marked down others with which we had intended to lengthen this paper; but it seems that they would unnecessarily extend it. The selections already given are pretty fair specimens of the advertising customs of our neighbours, and though we have a vast many more by us, they would mostly appear to be but variations upon those which we have presented. One thing we beg our readers to observe, that these advertisements are not by any means to be considered as irregularities, either in their matter or their style and form, but are such as any one may daily see who has the time or the taste to glance over the sheets appropriated to advertising purposes.

Anecdotes of Lord Jeffrey.

JEFFREY AND HIS BOOKS.—For a lover of books, and for one who had picked up a few, his collection was most wretched, and so ill cared for that the want even of volumes never disturbed him. The science of binding he knew nothing about, and therefore despised, and most of his books were unbound. These slatternly habits all arose from his believing that books were only meant to be read; and that, therefore, so as their words were visible, nothing else was required. It must have been in a moment of infirmity that with such a taste he allowed himself to be a member of the Bannatyne Club, the only book association of the kind with which he was ever connected.

ORIGIN OF HIS TITLE.—Lord Jeffrey took his seat on the bench on the 7th of June, 1831. The Scotch Judges are styled *Lords*; a title to which long usage has associated feelings of reverence in the minds of the people, who could not now be made to respect or understand *Mr. Justice*. During its strongly feudalised condition, the landholders of Scotland, who were almost the sole judges, were really known only by the names of their estates. It was an insult, and in some parts of the country it is so still, to call a laird by his personal, instead of his territorial, title. While this custom was universal, a man who was raised to the bench naturally took his estate's name with him, because it was the only name that he was known by. Even lairds came, however, in time to be identified by their Christian and surnames; yet for a while, the fashion of sinking the individual appellation, and carrying the landed one to the judgment-seat, lingered; not always from vanity, but because it was natural for landholders to dignify themselves by their estates, and their estates by their judicial office. But this assumption of two names, one official and one personal, and being addressed by the one and subscribing by the other, is wearing out, and will soon disappear entirely. Jeffrey had land enough to entitle him to sink his honoured name in that of his bit of earth; but he did not choose to do it, and became Lord Jeffrey.

NOT AN EARLY RISER.—He had to be in court at nine, which alarmed him more than anything else in his new situation. He tells one of his most cherished friends:—"I have certainly had rather hard work, but I do not find it irksome. Even the early rising, which I dreaded the most, proves very bearable. Certainly in the whole of my past life, I never saw so many sunrises as since the beginning of November, and they have been inexpressibly beautiful."

AS CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.—There was no one of the friends of his later acquisition for whom he had greater admiration or regard than Mr. Macaulay; and he testified the interest which he took in this great writer's fame, by a proceeding which, considering his age and position, is not unworthy of being told. This judge of seventy-four, revised the proof-sheets of the two first volumes of the History of England, with the diligence and minute care of a corrector of the press toiling for bread; not merely suggesting changes in the matter and the expression, but attending to the very commas and colons—a task which, though humble, could not be useless, because it was one at which long practice had made him very skilful. Indeed, he used to boast that it was one of his peculiar excellences. On returning a proof to an editor of the *Review*, he says, "I have myself rectified most of the errors, and made many valuable verbal improvements in a small way. But my great task has been with the punctuation—in which I have, as usual, acquitted myself to admiration; and indeed this is the department of literature in which I feel that I most excel, and on which I am most willing now to stake my reputation!"

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{ PRICE 1d.
{ STAMPED 2d.



FUNERAL OF ADDISON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY TORCH-LIGHTS.

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

FEW places are so suggestive as our public schools. What thick-coming fancies we have, when perchance only for two minutes we pause by the iron railings in front of Christ's hospital, Newgate-street, to look at the boys in yellow and blue, and listen to their light-hearted shouts—shouts which cruelly stab some hearts with recollection of like gladness now for ever gone! We like to speculate upon

what those merry roisterers may become in future days—what positions they may fill in Church or state—what eminence may await that timid-looking little fellow who leans so thoughtfully against the corner column of the arcade—and what a downward destiny may come to that beautiful lad, with ruddy cheeks and golden locks, the life of yonder group, who evidently regard him as their *Magnus Apollo*. And those two youths, with their arms bandy thrown over each other's shoulders, talking so very earnestly—how divergent may be their paths, or

how symbolical of future friendship may be their present attitude! Then, with fancies about the future, there come remembrances of the past, as we walk into the old schoolroom, with its desks so very profusely covered with penknife carvings, and its walls so very closely studded with inscriptions, great and small. We decipher here and there, amidst gigantic capitals which tell of those forgotten, tiny letters forming the names of those who will never be forgotten.

We have mentioned Christ's hospital, but our purpose is to take the reader to another old school in London, not far distant—that which belongs to the Charter-house; and to ask him by a double exercise of thought to picture to himself a boy who studied there, more than a hundred and fifty years ago; and, as he looks on the lad, to connect with it the thought of the man he was to be. Indeed, several shades among the most illustrious ones which our country boasts of, meet us there in boyish stature. There is Isaac Barrow, noted among his playmates as a furious pugilist, but in fact an embryo mathematician and divine. And there is one whose pastime is not so unapt a type of the future; three times every morning, most methodically, by his father's command, does he run round the green: it is Master John Wesley, the son of the Epworth rector. Between the periods in which Barrow fought and Wesley ran, Master Joseph Addison and Master Richard Steele were then at school, and we can fancy these two early friends walking about, like the blue-coat boys just sketched, little dreaming of the subsequent union of their names in connexion with the history of periodical literature and elegant letters. It is the shade of Joseph Addison that we come to visit. His future career, in connexion with his genial boyhood, we stand on the playground to speculate upon; and from the precincts of the Charter-house, we propose to start on a short tour to some of his London haunts, where again we shall find him in company with Richard Steele.

But before we go, one word about the Charter-house. It was originally a monastic foundation. A wealthy citizen richly endowed it at the end of the sixteenth century, both as a hospital and a school; and once a year his name is celebrated by the pensioners, who sing the following ditty:—

"Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging, learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton."

Thomas Sutton, by the way, is most worthy of being had in remembrance and imitation by the wealthy of this world, if we are to believe what Fuller tells us of his retiring into his garden, and being overheard in prayer, exclaiming—"Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate; give me also a heart to make use thereof." Under a sense of responsibility to the Giver of all good, Sutton has left an enduring monument of his liberal care for his fellow-creatures in the two extremes of age. Old men, after the rough storms of life, here put into harbour awhile, before stepping on the infinite and eternal shore; and boys, ere they battle with the tempest, find in the Charter-house a dockyard where the vessel is prepared for the coming voyages. Snug are the dormitories,

spacious the halls, and liberal the allowance made to the former, while the latter are provided with a good education and every reasonable comfort. The architecture is of different kinds, exhibiting a series of examples extending through the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth century, and as we pass round the quadrangle and along the corridor, it is easy to fancy ourselves transferred to the reign of James I., or Henry VIII. It is one of those recesses in the heart of old London, into which the contemplative may dive, as into the glades of a forest, and forget the crowds and conflicts of passing times, indulging in a quietude which he may improve for his intellectual pleasure, or to his spiritual advantage.

But to return to Joseph Addison, who used to sleep in one of those rooms, and to say his lessons in the old school—we catch a glimpse of him next down Chelsea way. Faulkner, the historian of Fulham, who wrote in 1811, describes at the eastern extremity of the parish, situated by a small creek running to the Thames, a building called Sandford Manor-house, formerly of some note from having been the residence of the notorious Nell Gwynn. "The mansion is of venerable appearance; and immediately in front are four walnut-trees, affording an agreeable shade, that are said to have been planted by royal hands, and the fruit is esteemed of a peculiarly fine quality." According to the authority just quoted, Addison was residing in this house in the year 1708. He had, in 1699, left Oxford, whither he went from the Charter-house; he had, from 1699 to 1702, pursued his travels on the Continent, of which his "Dialogue on Medals" and his "Cato" are mementoes; he had passed two years in retirement, and then devoted himself to political business; and at the time to which we now refer, had reached the office of under-secretary of state. Two letters, stated by Mr. Faulkner to have been written from Sandford Manor-house, are interesting memorials of the state of the neighbourhood round about Fulham then, and of the intense relish for rural scenes and pleasures, and the minute observation of natural objects which always distinguished the author of the "Spectator." The letters are addressed to the young earl of Warwick, to whom he subsequently became stepfather. He has been represented as the youthful nobleman's tutor, but it would appear that he never sustained such a relation. In the first letter, he gives a particular account of a curious bird's-nest, found near the house, about which his neighbours were divided in opinion, some taking it for a nest of skylarks, some of canary birds, but he judging the inmates to be tom-tits. In the second letter he says:—"I can't forbear being troublesome to your lordship while I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found on a tree in a neighbouring wood: It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards falls down leisurely, and drops to the ground, as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of Italian manners in its diversions. If your lordship will honour us with your company, I will

promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes than you ever met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale out of our friend Virgil:

'So close in poplar shades her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone,
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd the unfeather'd innocents;
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.'

The letter places our elegant essayist distinctly before us, on a bright May evening, with upturned ear beneath some lofty elm or oak, charmed with the beautiful oratorio of the birds in the wood at Fulham. One sees in every line the simple unaffected tastes of the man—so much more charmed with the grove than the opera, so decidedly preferring the nightingale to Mrs. Tofts; nor can we fail to recognise the amiable and benevolent feelings which prompted Addison to strive after reclaiming the youth of vitiated predilections, by the inspiration of a love for purer pleasures.

But the lover of nature had a wonderfully keen eye for the observation of men and manners, of which every volume of the "Spectator" abounds in examples. As a companion sketch to the one just given, of Addison listening to the birds in a wood, we may draw from the "Spectator" one representing him as he listens with equal interest, but of another kind, to the stir and bustle of the Royal Exchange. "I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the great Mogul entering into a league with one of the czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages; sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians, sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews, and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather, fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world." We can see him in the Old Exchange, as we remember it before the last fire, looking with a keen eye from under that flowing wig and cocked hat of his, upon British and foreign merchants. He himself paints a bit of back-ground for his own portrait, where he says:—"When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy course of people with which that place is every day filled." The old effigies are restored as we listen to the spectator's reflections, and we muse on the shade of the man who, perhaps rudely pushed aside by some burly citizen, full of the consciousness of being a millionaire, is about by his quiet pen to immortalize the whole scene, though he alone of all the group will remain capable of being individualized by posterity.

In 1710, Addison was living in St. James's-place. He had lodgings there, and, according to Pope, the essayist's old schoolfellow and literary conditor, Steele, together with Budgell, Phillips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett, used to drop in and take breakfast with him. The "Tatler" and the "Spec-

tator" had then been recently established, and were exciting no small interest in all reading circles, royalty even looking out for the new number to be served up with the provisions of the breakfast table. The new number of the periodical, fresh from the press, and lying before them, would of course be the subject of conversation among the wits who met in St. James's-place, to enjoy Addison's hospitality, including, as the party did, some who were contributors; nor would they be so regardless of the number sold as not to touch at times on that point. It is rather curious in these days of large circulation for such productions, to be told by Dr. Johnson, relative to the "Tatler" and the "Spectator":—"I once heard it observed that the sale may be calculated by the product of the tax related in the last number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore stated at one and twenty pounds, or three pounds ten shillings a day; this, at a half-penny a paper, will give 1680 for the daily number." The Doctor speaks of this as no great sale; and intimates that the circulation of the "Spectator" at the time of its periodical issue, was likely to grow less, if, as Swift says was the case, the public were wearied by incessant allusions to "the fair sex."

Following the shade of Addison, we are plunged into the midst of the fashionable society of the metropolis, both literary and political. In those days, taverns were to them what West-end clubs are to the same classes now. Between the Temple gates and Temple-bar was a famous place of this description, bearing the hideous name, too expressive of the ungodly habits of the times, of the Devil's Tavern. Child's bank adjoins the site on which it stood. Ben Jonson and the wits of his day had made it their rendezvous. His "Leges Convivales" were written for the regulation of their proceedings, and the Latin law of "insipida poemata nulla recitantur" (insipid poems are not to be repeated) is supposed to mean that the rare Ben Jonson considered his own productions would certainly be otherwise, and that he ought to have the business of recitation pretty much to himself. In 1710, we meet with our great essayist in this tavern with the ugly appellation. He is in the midst of political excitement; for a general election is raging through the land, full of all sorts of excesses, such as Hogarth afterwards delineated in one of his admirable pictures. "I dined to-day," (Oct 12) Swift tells us in a letter to Stella, "with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, near Temple-bar: and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters; for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed, and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused."

So Addison was then in the zenith of popularity; and though a Whig, when Whigs were at a discount, could hold up his head aloft among Tory rivals. The pictorial scene of Addison, Garth, and Swift, in an oak parlour, round a table covered with smoking viands, is prosaic and conceivably enough; but one may think there must have been rare moments between such a trio—wonderful conversations, brisk

repartees, keen satire, shrewd remarks: only experience teaches that such men in private are often common-place like other people—that the learned do not always appear so very learned, or wits so very witty. In a snug little party of intimate friends, Addison was likely to be at ease and communicative. Pope tells us his conversation had a charm in it he had never found in any other man's; but before strangers he was stiff and silent. Chesterfield declared him the most timorous and awkward man he ever saw, and Addison himself was conscious enough of the difference between the power he had over his pen and his tongue. He used to say of his mental resources, that though "He could draw bills for a thousand pounds, he had not a guinea in his pocket." Johnson thinks Chesterfield's testimony must be qualified; perhaps so. But though Addison succeeded so well in the world, it does not follow that he was not very timorous and awkward; for high reputation won by literature may cover a good deal of that, and much that is attractive and loveable may be even visibly beneath the surface.

Addison's haunts, we are sorry to notice, lay very much among taverns; and though there is no doubt he there picked up a good deal of that practical wisdom which runs throughout his essays, he could hardly fail to contract habits injurious to his character and welfare. Though it is not known that he was ever decidedly intoxicated, he often transgressed the bounds of moderation—a fact we dare not conceal, but which we record with deep sorrow, furnishing as it does one of a large collection of examples to the effect that the most refined intellectual taste is no sufficient check against temptations to the excessive indulgence of the animal appetites. Whatever might appear to the contrary in his writings, there must have been in Addison a weakness of moral and religious principle as applied to the deportment of his life; but we hope that in his last days, after religion had more than ever occupied his pen, its influence more powerfully touched his heart, producing contrition for the past and reformation for the future.

The house that Addison most frequented was Button's, on the south side of Russell-street, Covent-garden. The landlord, whose name it bore, had been a servant in the family of the countess of Warwick, and had taken the house under Addison's express patronage. It was in 1712 that the place was opened, just as the fame of the poet was established by the publication of "Cato." A lion's head and paws, serving as a letterbox for the reception of literary communications, was placed in front of the building, and the editor of the "Guardian" says:—"Whatever the lion swallows, I shall digest for the use of the public." "He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws." Addison usually studied all the morning, then met his party at Button's, dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night."

A glimpse of the relations between Addison and Pope is given in the following extract from the latter:—"There had been a coldness between me and Mr. Addison for some time, and we had not been in company together for a good while anywhere but at Button's coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day. On his meeting me

there one day in particular, he took me aside and said he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I would stay till those people (Budgell and Philips) were gone."

Of a visit by Addison to St. James's Coffee-house, St. James's-street, now swept away, we have a graphic sketch from his own pen, full of easy description and delicate satire—characteristics of a style in which he has few rivals:—"I called at the St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced towards the upper end of the room, and were so much improved by a knot of theorists who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for, in less than a quarter of an hour." Addison, also, was a member of the Kit-Kat Club, which met at an obscure house in Shire-lane. Into the archæological question of the origin of its title we cannot enter; some deriving it from Christopher Kat, a pastry cook, and some from the name given to certain pies of great celebrity. Whencesoever the appellation came, it is still preserved to denote portraits of a certain size, from the circumstance of pictures so painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, having been hung up round the club-room.

Addison's parliamentary career is quite a mystery. He was for some time a representative, and actually rose to be one of the principal secretaries of state, under the Stanhope ministry, in the reign of George I., yet his name never figures in debate; and though he held high office, the historian of England finds no occasion to introduce him, except to record his appointment and resignation. He could not speak: so we have to picture him on the ministerial bench in Old St. Stephen's, in the days of the first George, among the curly wigs and court suits that crowded the House of Commons, listening to the orations of others, and well weighing their arguments, and inwardly cogitating replies, but all the while remaining silent—a hard case, indeed, for a secretary of state; and for his fellow-senators too. Nor did the pen, so fluent with the "Spectator," seem made for official documents; for we are informed that his fastidiousness about style so embarrassed him, when called to prepare an urgent despatch, that he was compelled to resign the task into the hands of one of his subordinates in office. In literary composition, we are informed by Steele, that Addison, when he had "made his plan for what he designed to write, would walk about a room, and dictate it into language, with as much freedom and ease, as anyone could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated." His difficulty about despatches, and his inability to speak in parliament, would of themselves have speedily necessitated his retirement from public life; but ill health occurred as an additional reason, and brought Addison's official career to an end in 1718. Steele, whom we saw as his playmate in the Charter-house school, had been through life the intimate friend of Addison; but the closing days of the latter were beclouded by the disruption of this friendship, and by a violent controversy between them about a bill for the limitation of the peerage. "Truly," says the best of books, "a

brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."

In 1716, Addison had married the dowager countess of Warwick, and thereby became occupant of Holland-house, Kensington, the ancestral abode of that lady. In the old coaching days, the traveller to the west of England, as he passed through Kensington on a bright summer morning, was sure to turn with admiration and pleasure to look on the fine green elm trees, which line the border of the park next the road, and through the openings under and between the branches, upon the quaint arcades, gables, towers, turrets, roofs, and chimney tops, which compose this lordly habitation, erected in the reign of the first James. Since that kind of traffic has been drained off by railways, fewer strangers see the most interesting specimen of old architecture to the west of London. Considerable changes have been wrought in its appearance, not indeed at all altering its outlines or even details, but rather restoring the freshness of its original beauty; while the new terrace raised in front of the house, with its bright brick walls, stone balustrades, and huge white garden-vases, full of geraniums, greatly add to the attractiveness of the picture, especially as seen on a clear summer's afternoon, when a morning's shower has given richer tints and warmer life to grass and trees, plants and shrubs. There is a vast deal connected with the edifice upon which we are here tempted for a while to dwell; but the associations of Holland-house, save as they belong to Addison, must be reserved for a distinct article. With the long gallery, or library, which forms the west wing, tradition links his name in by no means honourable conjunction. "I have heard," says Faulkner, "that Addison had a table with a bottle of wine placed at each end, and when in the fervour of composition, was in the habit of pacing this narrow gallery between glass and glass. Fancy may trace the exquisite good humour which enlivens his paper to the mirth inspired by wine; but there is too much sober good sense in all his lucubrations, even when he indulges most in pleasantry, to allow us to give implicit credence to a tradition invented probably as an excuse for intemperance by such as can empty two bottles of wine, but never produce a 'Spectator' or a 'Freeholder'."

It is well known that Addison's marriage with the countess was an unhappy one. His home had no charms; princely apartments, magnificent furniture, tasteful ornaments, pictures, and statuary, could not compensate for the want of domestic harmony and peace. So, he wandered from scenes embittered by sad associations, in quest of social pleasures such as had too often led him astray. A tavern at the bottom of Holland House lane, once called the White Horse Inn, now known as the Holland Arms, is said to have been his place of resort in an afternoon, when he wanted to beguile a leisure hour. It was within a chamber in Holland House that there occurred the scene so often noticed of Addison's farewell to the young earl of Warwick. Having sent for him, he grasped his hand, and softly said:—"See in what peace a Christian can die." We hope his was the well-founded peace which rests on "the hope set before us in the gospel;" but we must confess that these words, so

much enlogized, are not the words that appear to us well-suited to the solemn occasion. We had rather he should have directed the gay young profligate to Him who alone can give us peace.

Addison sleeps in Westminster Abbey, having been honoured to lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. Tickle mourned over his death in an elegy, of which Johnson said, that "a more sublime or more elegant funeral poem is not to be found in the English language." The description he gives of the poet's obsequies places us beside the procession as it slowly paces down the aisle to lay Addison in his last earthly home; and with these lines we bid farewell to the shade of that departed one:—

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings:
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend."

BLACK CAUCASIANS.

A BLACK Caucasian seems, at first at least, quite as great an anomaly as a white negro* would be. The Georgian, or Circassian, or Caucasian, is the popular type of symmetry of form and beauty of complexion. And the term has been chosen likewise for the scientific purpose of designating one of the five races into which ethnographers usually classify mankind. The propriety of the designation may, indeed, be questioned. Dr. Latham represents the inadequacy of its basis in these words:—"Blumenbach had a solitary Georgian skull; and that solitary Georgian skull was the finest in his collection, that of a Greek being the next. Hence, it was taken as the type of the skull of the best organized divisions of our species. More than this, it gave its name to the type, and introduced the term *Caucasian*. Never has a head done more harm to science than was done in the way of posthumous mischief, by the head of this well-shaped female from Georgia. I do not say that it was not a fair sample of all Georgian skulls. It might or might not be. I only lay before critics the amount of induction that they have gone upon." This author says, moreover, that it is only among the chiefs of the Georgians and Circassians of the Caucasian mountains, the personal beauty of the male portion of the population is at all remarkable. "The tillers of the soil are, comparatively speaking, coarse and unshapely."

All this, however, affects only the name by which one of the great divisions of mankind is commonly known. Dr. Latham who substitutes a classification into three races, for the old classification into five, rejects the term "*Caucasian*," and adopts "*Iapetida*." If we retain the former, it is for popular convenience.

* See article 'White Negroes' in No. 31 of this Journal.

The Caucasian race includes chiefly, the Celtic and German nations, with the Hindostanic and the Syro-Arabian. The connexion of the nations of Hindostan with those of western Europe (including Greek and Roman), is established by the affinity of their languages. The relation of the Syro-Arabian or Shemitic tribes to these rests on their physical characters. The prevailing, and, as we would call it, the *normal* complexion, of this great family of nations is white, and the fact to which attention is now directed, is that some of them have acquired a degree of blackness approaching, and even sometimes equal to, the blackness of the negro.

The Hindoos, whose language proves them to be "first cousins" to the Germanic and Saxon tribes, are very different from them in complexion. "Of the crowd by whom we were surrounded," says Bishop Heber, in reference to his landing at Calcutta, "some were as black as negroes, others merely copper-coloured, and others little darker than the Tunisians whom I have seen at Liverpool. Mr. Mill, the principal of Bishop's college, who had come down to meet me, and who has seen more of India than most men, tells me that he cannot account for this difference, which is general throughout the country and everywhere striking. It is not merely the difference of exposure, since this variety of tint is visible in the fishermen, who are all naked alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Pariahs are comparatively white. It seems, therefore, to be an accidental difference, like that of light and dark complexions in Europe, though where so much of the body is exposed to light, it becomes more striking here than in our own country." "Some are comparatively fair," says Mr. Ward, "and others quite black; but a dark brown complexion is most common, with dark eyes and hair." On his first entrance into the Hoogly river, Bishop Heber describes the crew of a vessel as "*extremely black*, with good countenances and fine features—certainly a handsome race." The crew of another vessel were, he says, of the darkest shade of antique brown; this, together with the elegant forms and well-turned limbs, of many of them, gave perfectly the impression of Grecian statues of that metal.

The Abyssinians are a Caucasian family, but are black. Living in an Alpine region, ever difficult of access by its nature and peculiar situation, and concealing in its bosom the long-sought sources of the Nile, they have preserved in the heart of Africa, and in the midst of Moslem and pagan nations, their peculiar literature and ancient church, which, nominally at least, is Christian. There are two physical types prevalent among them. The greater number, Dr. Rüppell says, are a finely formed people of the European type, having a countenance and features precisely resembling those of the Bedouins of Arabia. In this portion of the Abyssinian family, who resemble the negro neither in feature nor in the form of the skull, but are perfectly black, we have an example of a change of complexion, although history throws no light on the time of its occurrence, or the causes which produced it. There is a second numerous division of the Abyssinian people, who, while plainly distinguishable from the negro, exhibit a decided ap-

proximation to the physical traits of the Ethiopian race. These combine a Shemitic, and, therefore, Caucasian descent with both the complexion and the structure of the negro.

The Arabs are Caucasian, and yet not a few of them are black. The author of "The Crescent and the Cross" gives us the following description of the Shegrya Arabs on the Nile:—"Their general complexion is a jet black—a clear, glossy, jet black, which appeared to my then unprejudiced eyes, to be the finest colour that could be selected for a human being. They are distinguished in every respect from the negroes, by the brightness of their colour, by their hair and the regularity of their features, by the mild and dewy lustre of their eyes, and by the softness of their touch, in which last respect they yield not to Europeans." In the town of Sourkin, situated on the African coast of the Red Sea, lower down than Mecca, we have two distinct nations, Arabs and Turks; in the course of a few centuries becoming black, though originally white. Buckingham found a family of Arabs in the valley of the Jordan, whom he describes in the following manner:—"The family residing at Abu-el-Beady, in charge of the sanctuary, were remarkable for having, with the exception of the father only, negro features, a deep black colour, and crisped hair. My own opinion was, that this must have been occasioned by their being born of a negress mother, as such persons are sometimes found among the Arabs, in the relation of wives or concubines; but while I could entertain no doubt, from my own observation, that the present head of the family was a pure Arab of unmixed blood, I was also assured, that both the males and the females of the present and former generations, were all pure Arabs by descent and marriage, and that a negress had never been known, either as a wife or slave, in the history of the family. It is certainly a very marked peculiarity of the Arabs that inhabit the valley of the Jordan, that they have flatter features, darker skins, and coarser hair than any other tribes; a peculiarity rather attributable, I conceive, to the constant and intense heat of that region, than to any other cause." The furnace of the valley of the Jordan has changed those pure Caucasians almost into negroes.

One instance more. "The Jews," says Dr. Prichard, "have assimilated in physical characters to the nations among whom they have long resided, though still to be recognised by some minute peculiarities of physiognomy. In the northern countries of Europe, they are fair or xanthous. Blue eyes and flaxen hair are seen in English Jews; and in some parts of Germany, the red beards of the Jews are very conspicuous. The Jews of Portugal are very dark. Jews, as it is well known, have been spread from early times through many countries in the eastern parts of Asia—in China, Tartary, and the northern parts of India. There are many of them in the towns of Cochin and the interior of Malabar. They hold communications with each other in their eastern colonies, which appear to be of one stock or migration; but at what era they reached these countries is unknown. Their residence in Malabar appears to have been from ancient times; and they are now black, and so completely like the native inhabitants

in their complexion, that Dr. Claudius Buchanan says he could not always distinguish them from the Hindoos. He has surmised that the blackness of the Jews, spread through different parts of India, is attributable to marriages with Hindoos; but of this there is no evidence.

We are not in a position to trace the history of the changes which the original type of man has undergone. That history is lost for ever. But facts like those we have just stated, and many other considerations, remove all improbability from the conclusion, that mankind are the descendants of one parentage. "Numerous examples of the widest deviation in colour in animals confessedly of the same species, fully authorize us to conclude that, however striking the contrast may be between the fair European and the ebony African, and, however unwilling the former may be to trace up his pedigree to the same ADAM with the latter, this superficial distinction is altogether insufficient to establish diversity of species. . . . The negro and the European are the two extremes of a very long gradation: between them are almost innumerable intermediate stages, which differ from each other no more than the individuals occasionally produced in every race differ from the generality of the race."

"TIS ONLY A PENNY."

"'Tis only a penny," said Anthony Archer to himself; and he put it into his pocket, instead of putting it into his master's till. The penny lay very temptingly in his way, behind a cask of rice which the boy was moving. The cask of rice was under the counter of his master's shop. How the penny got there Anthony did not know. It might have been there for weeks, or months, or years. Perhaps it had; for it was in a dark corner, and was green with verdigris.

"'Losings, seekings; findings, keepings.' 'Tis only a penny: if it were a sovereign now, or even a shilling—but 'tis only a penny.' And in it went.

Anthony had not long been an apprentice. He was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Not a rich widow; but a respectable character had stood her and her two children in good stead; and Anthony had profited by it so far as to get a start in life beyond his mother's expectations. And thereupon the widow Archer was building fond hopes for the future. A mother may be pardoned for indulging in a day-dream now and then. This mother's dream was of a pretty little shop in one of the streets of her native city; this same shop being well stocked with all manner of groceries, and having the name, "Anthony Archer" prominently appearing over the shop window. She dreamt further of Anthony himself, grown to be a fine young fellow, standing in apron and sleeves behind the counter from morning to night, packing up tea and sugar, coffee and spices, or dealing out butter, bacon, and cheese till his arms ached; of money jingling on the counter all day long; of a neat back parlour, or a front room overhead may be, as a work-room for Anthony's sister, the milliner and dressmaker that was to be; and of her own self, Anthony's mother, keeping

house for son and daughter, and as happy as the days would be long. This was one of Anthony Archer's mother's day-dreams. She had others.

"'Tis only a penny," quoth Anthony; and he slipped the stray coin into his pocket.

Ah! widow Archer, had you seen that simple but indicative action, where would your day-dream have been? or what would it have been? But the widowed mother did not see it. None saw it but HE whose eyes are "in every place, beholding the evil and the good." Anthony was safe then. And the penny was safe, in his pocket. He bought an orange with it the next day. Very sweet and luscious it was, no doubt; for even "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant."

Anthony was an industrious boy, clever and willing. He was up in the morning early, brushing about, sweeping the shop, putting the goods in order. No need ever to call him twice out of his bedroom; no need to call him at all. He was, moreover, a good-natured, good-tempered, merry boy; the customers soon got to like Anthony to serve them, he was so quick, and handy, and obliging. But there was "the dead fly," as Solomon says, "in the ointment"—the secreted penny; but nobody suspected it then.

Anthony became a youth of sixteen. He was kept very short of money. His mother could not help that. Nobody could help it. It was as much as his mother could do to keep him respectably clothed; she had to deny herself to do that. And then there was Caroline Archer, Anthony's sister, a year younger than himself, who had just been apprenticed to a milliner and dressmaker; the premium paid with her had exhausted all the mother's savings, and Caroline, as well as Anthony, had to be clothed.

But the poor widow held on cheerfully. She left off eating butter to her bread; she left off drinking sugar in her tea; then she left off buying the half-pennyworth of milk every day; then she left off drinking tea altogether; she left off dealing with the butcher, she could do very well without meat, she said to herself; but she didn't leave off wearing old garments, and mending them over and over again, till they would not bear another stitch, though she took care never to look shabby. What did it matter to her, or to anybody else, what she wore, or what she did not wear—what she ate and drank, or what she did not eat and drink? Nobody need know how she pinched herself for her boy's sake, and her girl's.

And she did not leave off day-dreaming either, this widowed mother. Every day brought her nearer to the consummation of her wishes—the pretty little shop, with all its accompaniments. It would be years and years, certainly, before Anthony would be out of his time; and years added to those before he would have earned money enough, and saved money enough out of his earnings, to add to the hundred pounds that his grandfather had left him, and that would come to him when he was of age, to set up in business for himself, in a shop of his own. But the time would come, no doubt of it—in the dream; no more doubt of it than that Caroline would, by that time, have set up in business for herself, and attracted the custom of ladies innumerable, by her taste and skill and good conduct.

But the youth Anthony had not much money to spend, and he had a growing inclination to spend more than he had got. A very common case, we believe.

As we have before said, the stain of the stolen penny had fastened on Anthony Archer's heart. The "Tis only a penny" had become "Tis only a shilling." Nobody knew it; nobody suspected it; but so it was. Anthony had, at first, no settled intention of being dishonest. When he adroitly slipped aside the shilling, and afterwards conveyed it to his trousers' pocket, he only thought that his master could very well spare the shilling, and that he himself very much wanted it. He meant, as far as he knew his own meaning, to stop short at that shilling, and at every successive shilling. More than this, perhaps, he meant to pay them all back again some day, when his apprenticeship was out, and he should be receiving a salary.

"Tis only a shilling!" said Anthony Archer; "and 'tis only borrowing it!"

Anthony was prudent nevertheless: that is, he was prudent *in a small way*. Understand this, reader, that no man, woman, or child, who lives in the practice of any unrighteousness towards God, is anything but immensely imprudent. They who have become reconciled to God in his own way of reconciliation, who have repented of sin, fled to Christ for salvation, and who, being born of his Holy Spirit, keep God's commandments from a principle of love—these only are the prudent ones.

But, with his terrible imprudence, Anthony mixed up a small flavouring of prudence. By little and little, step by step, he got to persuade himself to think lightly of his unfaithfulness and dishonesty. But the money that he thus obtained he did not spend wantonly. Now and then, perhaps, he surprised his mother by some little youthful extravagance for which his very small means would, she thought, have been inadequate. But such an idea as that he had *stolen*, or would steal even a penny, never entered his mind.

Anthony's master, again—an easy unsuspecting little tradesman, in comfortable circumstances and conducting his small business in an old-fashioned slovenly sort of way—he could see nothing in his apprentice—"the best apprentice he had ever had, the most industrious, and the most obliging"—that savoured of dishonesty.

Anthony knew all this of his master and his mother, and the opinion they both held respecting him; and he had the *prudence* to act so as not to forfeit that opinion. He practised self-denial so far as not to seem to have more money at his command than he ought to have; or if he indulged himself, he did it with systematic secrecy. Nevertheless, shilling after shilling was jerked out of the till, and found its way, by a round-about process, into Anthony's pocket. "Tis only a shilling, and will never be missed," said Anthony to himself.

The youth of sixteen and seventeen is bordering upon manhood at twenty. And at twenty, Anthony thought himself a man; or, if not, his mother and his sister thought so for him.

Caroline, just out of an apprenticeship shorter than her brother's, was beginning to fulfil her mother's day-dream. She had skill and taste and industry, was earning her own living as journey-

woman and shopwoman in "the first concern" in her native place; and, in two or three years, would begin business on her own account. She was very proud of her brother, and their mother was proud of them both.

The shillings had become half-crowns now; or, if still shillings, they were oftener abstracted. By this time Anthony's conscience had become almost silent. He had no occasion to lull it to rest with a "'Tis only." But still, no one suspected him.

Another year, and young Archer was out of his apprenticeship. His employer, Mr. Hacket, did not wish to part with so useful a servant, and offered a salary larger than Anthony could have got elsewhere; and he agreed to the proposal. And will he not begin now to pay back, secretly, the pence, shillings, and pounds, of which, during the seven years past, he had robbed his master's till? Do you think he will, young reader? Have you never read or heard such words as, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" It is a dreadful thing to "be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." Anthony Archer was.

Three more years passed away; and the day-dream of Anthony's mother seemed to be near upon its fulfilment, in part, at least. Caroline, for instance, had set up in business for herself, in a small way, and was justifying her mother's expectations of her taste and skill and steadiness insuring patronage. For the present, the business was carried on in Mrs. Archer's small house, and produced profit enough to afford housekeeping on a more liberal scale than that to which the widowed mother, when alone, had unobtrusively submitted for her children's sake. Anthony was off, his mother's hands, too; and, like a dutiful affectionate son, contributed something to her comfort. There was no need, now, for her to patch and darn till one garment after another would bear patching and darning no longer.

There was one particular, however, in which the mother's day-dream became somewhat obscured. She had never calculated upon Anthony's "falling in love." She had never thought of that. But he did so; that is to say, he formed an engagement with Miss Hacket, his employer's only daughter and his housekeeper, for he was a widower.

"Of course," thought Mrs. Archer to herself, when she found this out, "that will put a stop to my keeping Anthony's house for him when he has one, and to Caroline's living with us: but no matter; it will help him all the sooner to have a house and business of his own, or to be taken into partnership, perhaps, with Mr. Hacket himself, who can tell?" And then the widow went on dreaming about that. Her dream had been disturbed, but her rest was not broken; and the fragments of her dream re-assorted themselves with wonderful facility into a prettier picture than before.

Dream on, fond mother: dream on, while you may. A rough awakening is at hand. Mr. Hacket, the easy unsuspecting grocer, had readily given his consent to the connexion young Archer had formed with his daughter. He looked upon Anthony as a steady young fellow, with a good tact for business, and likely to succeed. He liked him too, and had liked him all the way up from boyhood. So "the course of love" in this case did run smooth, in spite of the old saying.

And now, perhaps, Anthony began to find out that, after all, honesty would have been good policy, as regarded his own position and prospects; that, in fact, his "pleasant vice" had become a scourge for his own back; for, unsuspected as he yet was, the consequences of his guilt began to recoil upon himself.

"I don't know how it is, Anthony," said Mr. Hackett one day, when they were talking about future plans—"I don't want to put off your marriage; but, somehow, I have not much money to spare; and beyond your hundred pounds, you, of course, have none."

Anthony did not speak, and Hackett went on.

"I never had so much difficulty in keeping my accounts straight and well paid up; and the fact is, I don't think I can spare anything out of my business, to set you and Kate up with."

"It would not want much, sir, to begin in a small way," the young man ventured to say.

But Mr. Hackett would not listen to this. "You young fellows," said he, good humouredly, "think you are going to drive everything before you. If you can but get married, that's all you want; you can live upon love afterwards. But it won't do; you can't go into business without capital; and where that is to come from is the question now. I can't think how it is," he continued, rubbing his head like a man perplexed; "I used to think I should have five hundred pounds to give the girl when she married, if 'twas according to my liking; but I can't do it, Anthony; and without something like that, you can't begin business."

Anthony knew where to put his hand upon two or three hundred pounds, at once; but to have tried to say so would have choked him.

"We'll see about it, Anthony. We'll take stock, my boy, and then see what's to be done. 'I ought to be pretty well off,'" he continued, speaking more to himself than to young Archer; "but, somehow, business doesn't seem to be so profitable as it ought to be. I can't make it out."

Anthony was glad to get away, after that. Hardened as he was, he could not stand it; and on the evening of that same day, as it afterwards proved, he paid his mother and sister a visit.

"Here, Carry," he said to his sister, as they were by themselves, "I wish you would take care of this for me;" and he put into her hand a small packet, closely sealed.

"What is it, Anthony?"

"Nothing but a book. I—I don't want it opened till the day I am married. I'll ask you for it then."

And Caroline, thinking it to be perhaps a wedding gift intended for Kate, or it might be for Anthony's mother or herself, put the book or the packet in one of her drawers, locked it up, and thought no more about it until—until her brother was for ever lost to her, and she and her mother were broken-hearted and desolate.

I have said that Mr. Hackett was a slovenly tradesman. He rarely took stock; it was such a disagreeable job, that he was in the habit of putting it off from time to time. But now he set about it.

"I can't make it out," he said again, when all was over, and his books were balanced; "I am poorer than I thought I was;" and he looked the

picture of perplexity as he sat smoking his pipe by the fire, with Anthony and Kate as his companions.

"Perhaps, sir," faltered out Anthony, "there may be a mistake in the books."

"Go over them yourself, then, Anthony."

The young man pretended to do so; but while his eyes were wandering over volumes of figures, his thoughts were turned inwards. "What a fool I have been! What a labyrinth I have brought myself into for nothing!" We may well imagine that these were his reflections.

"I tell you what, Anthony," said Mr. Hackett, at last, as though an idea had entered his head; "you see, the business is no great things—not so profitable as it ought to be; but it may be made better, I think; and if you and Kate like to marry out of hand, and on the strength of it, I'll take you in as partner, and we'll rub on together for a while."

What a relief was this to the guilty young man! It did not require many words to conclude the bargain; and that evening all preliminaries were settled—time and everything.

But while everything seemed bright and promising to the infatuated sinner; while poor Kate was thinking of bridal dresses and wedding favours; while Caroline Archer was rejoicing at the thought of her brother's prospects; and while their mother—now that her long day-dream seemed ready to be accomplished—was flattering herself with other bright visions of the future; a storm was gathering and ready to burst upon them all.

As not material, hitherto, to our story, nothing has been said of "Old Ambrose," a poor half-witted man who had, more than a quarter of a century, filled the position of porter, shoe-cleaner, gardener, and general jobber, in Mr. Hackett's small establishment. He must come forward now. A little hump-backed, monkey-footed, club-footed, and sadly-distorted piece of humanity was old Ambrose. Ignorant, in many things, as an infant he was, too; and, like an infant, he could not speak plain. He loved his master, however, who had, in kindness and charity, first employed him; and though his wages were small, his wants were as limited as his knowledge.

One day—~~it~~ might be a week after the summing up of the stock-taking accounts—young Archer went out for the day on business, and Kate "minded the shop," while her father was superintending old Ambrose, whom he had set to knock up some old sugar hogsheads, and with the slaves to construct a new pig-sty. For a while the work went on in silence. At last, the old porter looked up in his master's face: "Missy Kate isn't-a-be Missy Kate much longer. Her-a-be Mrs. Archer? eh? Old Ambrose know all about it."

Mr. Hackett nodded and smiled.

"Missy Kate lucky; marry rich man—gentleman. Old Ambrose know."

"Not so very rich, Ambrose; but that's neither here nor there."

"Plenty of money, he, Mr. Archer, master. Ha! ha! Old Ambrose know."

"Not too much of that, Ambrose," returned Mr. Hackett, who had no objection, on the score of dignity, to chat with the old porter; "not too much money, Ambrose; but a good clever lad."

"Very clever, he, Mr. Archer: very good-natured, too. Rich; too: plenty of money—a great bag. Missy Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know."

"Nonsense, Ambrose; you know nothing about it."

"What you say, master?" said the old man, suddenly standing as upright as he could, which was not very, and looking provokingly knowing. "Old Ambrose know," he added, as usual.

"I don't lay wages, Ambrose; you know; but I'll lay a farthing cake, and have the first bite, that you know nothing of what you are talking about."

"Done, master!" shouted the poor idiot, with sudden alacrity. "Come along with me. Old Ambrose know." He threw down his hammer, and led the way to a corner of the warehouse in which the conversation had been carried on.

It was a crafty hiding-place. None but a half-witted being, with the prying faculty of a magpie, or a police-officer, would ever have discovered it. Shillings, half-crowns, crowns, half-sovereigns, and sovereigns—there they were.

The idiot chuckled out, "There! Old Ambrose know! Mr. Archer rich man. Missy Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know!"

But it was lost upon the bewildered grocer. Muttering a prayer that his wife might be preserved, he turned to old Ambrose: "What do you know about this, old man?"

Terrified by this unexpected change in his master's tone and aspect, old Ambrose explained, as well as he was able, how that he had a month or two before found out this hoard, ingeniously as it had been hidden, that he had watched, and more than once had seen Mr. Archer resorting to it.

"But don't tell of me, master," said the old man: "Mr. Archer, he-a-be mad with me, mayhap. Rich man, he, master. Missy Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know." A blank look then came over his countenance. "Another nest some-a-where, master. Old Ambrose don't know."

"Another!" gasped the poor grocer, holding in his trembling hand the recovered treasure. "Where? and what do you mean?"

There was more than that a month ago, old Ambrose said: another bag.

I need not describe—I could not if I were to try—the distress of mind which fell upon Mr. Hacket, on making those discoveries.

"Say nothing about it, Ambrose," he gasped; and hastening to his chamber, he shut himself in. He tried to count the money, but he couldn't, and he threw himself on his knees in an agony of grief.

An hour or two later, and he was in close conference with his daughter.

"Kate," he said kindly, but peremptorily, "Anthony shall have his play; but if it is as I fear it must be, there must be no marrying."

A few hours later, and Archer returned. It was early in the evening, but the shop was closed. He went round to the back door, and entered the parlour that way. Mr. Hacket was there alone.

"My dear sir, is anything the matter?" asked Anthony. He might well ask—such a change had a few hours' agitation of mind wrought in the usually calm and undisturbed old man.

"Do you know anything of this, Anthony?" hoarsely whispered the grocer; and he uncovered

a heap of money on the table, and held up a thick canvass bag.

No need for another accuser. Pale as a corpse, the unhappy young man staggered to the door, and essayed to speak, but his bloodless lips refused their office, and his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth. He opened the door.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed his employer, not unwilling, even then, to be deceived, if he could be—"Stop, Anthony, stop!"

But Anthony was gone.

He never came back again; but a week or two afterwards came a letter from him, written apparently in an agony of remorse and despair, which put the question of his delinquency beyond a doubt. *The first act of dishonesty, he declared, was when he pocketed a penny which he found behind a tub of rice, under the counter.* There was a packet, he said, in his sister's keeping, containing some bank notes between the leaves of a book; but she did not know what was in it. That, and the hoard which Mr. Hacket had found, was the bulk of what he had ever taken; and, if not quite all, there was the hundred pounds, his grandfather's legacy, which was in his mother's hands—that would more than cover it. There was a scrap of writing, almost illegible, inclosed for Kate. That was all.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH ALL OUR GOLD?

MANY of our readers will probably be able to answer the above question very easily. They have no supplies of the precious metal beyond an occasional sovereign or so, and the weekly housekeeping lodging bills effectually dispose of this. A very numerous class, however, do take a considerable interest in this question. The shipments of gold that are pouring in from California and Australia begin to give serious alarm to capitalists; life insurances, settlements, and annuities, are believed by some to be in danger; fundholders begin to fear that they may be ruined; and timorous people, with fixed incomes, that they may end their days in some work-house. If gold come rolling in upon us by the ton, as it is now doing, will not iron become, as in Sparta, the precious metal? and may we not expect to have golden coal-scuttles, golden tongs, and goldenspokers? The ancient Tyrians came, we are told, upon a community where silver was so plentiful, that ships had their anchors made of it. If things then go on at the present rate, are we to expect that her Majesty's men-of-war shall have their best bower made of California ore, and that our sovereigns will be coined out of the produce of our South Wales ironworks, as being the scarcer metal of the two?

To be serious, however—what will be the effect of the large importations of gold now flowing in upon us? Mr. Frederick Schier, in an ingeniously written pamphlet, has proposed to answer this question, and we intend briefly to consider some of the views which he advances.

That a very large amount of gold is coming into the country cannot be questioned. Almost every week announces the arrival of a fresh cargo, either from Australia or California. Indeed, we are told by Mr. Schier, that a mercantile circular

from San Francisco estimates the total amount exported from the California diggings alone, at sixty-two millions sterling. The Australian produce promises to be equally abundant. How long the tide of gold is to flow in upon us so copiously, we cannot of course say. In three centuries and a half, ending with the year 1849, the total supply of bullion from South America, Russia, and other quarters, is reckoned to have been sixteen hundred millions of pounds sterling. Now, it is obvious that if the Californian and Australian mines were much longer to yield at the same rate as they have of late been doing, we should not have to wait three hundred years for our gold to reach sixteen hundred millions in amount; but should, probably in less than twenty years, reach that total. Past experience, however, leads us to conclude, that the precious metals will not go on increasing so rapidly as they have done within the last year or two, and that in all probability the supply from Australia will gradually become moderate, just as the yield of California now seems to be, when compared with what it was a year or two ago.

But even granting that gold will not come rolling in upon us till it supplants iron in point of abundance, must not some reader may ask, the large quantities that have already arrived, and which may be expected for some two or three years still to arrive—must not all this influx of money make prices rise? No, replies Mr. Schier; at all events, not to any very great extent. This may appear a doubtful assertion to hazard. It will be obvious to any one that, when people have plenty of money, they are most likely to make purchases; and when there are many persons with money in their pockets, wanting a particular article which only exists in a certain quantity, it follows as a matter of course that the price of that article will increase in value, because one purchaser will bid against another purchaser to obtain it. If, then, all the gold from Australia and California were suddenly to be brought over to Britain, and to remain here, the prices of certain articles, whose supply is limited, would be almost certain to rise. Land, for instance, would probably be increased in value; men of fortune naturally love to become proprietors of an estate, and as there is only a certain number of estates at any time in the market, the gold that had been received in the country, would produce a greater number of persons able to compete for the purchase of such estates. Funded property being also limited in amount, would rise in value—an operation which may be seen in progress at the present moment. A merchant with gold from California wants to invest it; he wishes to do so in the funds; another merchant, similarly circumstanced, does the same thing; and the consequence is, that the man who has stock to sell, finds that between the two purchasers he gets a better price for his article. From causes akin to this, our stocks, as any one may see from the newspapers, have been rising in value till they are now above par, as it is termed—an unusual occurrence in the financial annals of the country.*

But although prices of particular articles, whose supply is limited, may rise in the manner now explained in consequence of the influx of bullion, will the necessaries of life also rise in value? Will the clerk who gets his seventy pounds per annum, or the labouring man who is paid his sovereign per week, find that, while he gets the same quantity of gold as before, that gold will only buy him a smaller quantity of meat, clothes, coal, furniture, etc.? No, replies Mr. Schier; the rise in these articles will be gradual and imperceptible, if at all; but the probability is that no rise will take place, because the supply of all the necessaries of life is now multiplied at a rate that will equalize any derangement caused by the larger importation of bullion. It is incontestably the fact, observes Mr. Schier, that a great demand for certain articles is in this country a sure mode of causing such articles to be produced cheaply. Not even our beloved Queen could enjoy the luxury of a newspaper, if thousands of copies had not become a matter of daily necessity to her subjects. The cheap conveyance of the omnibus can only be afforded in places where thousands are in hourly need of it. If, some three hundred years ago, a gentleman meant to journey to Oxford, he would have probably required three horses, one for himself and a couple for his attendants, taking forty-eight hours for the journey; now, two men will carry six hundred travellers that distance in less than two hours. It is said that six hundred millions of men could not make by hand the quantity of goods which the steam-engines of Manchester annually furnish. In humbler matters, the enormous facility which exists for supplying articles required for comfort is equally obvious. One manufacturer in Birmingham made in a single year one hundred and twenty millions of steel pens. Another manufacturer made three millions of peggession caps in a week. The soil is also likely to yield a still more abundant supply of its produce; and, if we take the average of past years for our guide, it seems not too much to expect that the application of science, art, mechanical power, guano, and the sewerage of towns, will increase our agricultural produce at home, leaving foreign supplies out of the question, at the rate of 1½ or even 2 per cent. Turning to flax, hemp, cotton, sugar, cattle, there seems an equal prospect of the supplies for our markets being largely increased. To sum up Mr. Schier's argument, of which we have thus been giving a *résumé*, it is plain that, even if a very large amount of gold were to come into this country, the price of the necessaries of life would not be raised—at all events not speedily, because an immense additional mass of the staple commodities would be poured into our markets, so that even if the sovereign fell in value, it would buy as much of what is really useful as it did before. The population of the country, it must be remembered also, is greatly increasing, so that if more sovereigns are coming in amongst us, there are more individuals among whom they will be distributed.

In addition to these considerations, it must be

* It is a mistake to suppose that the Bank of England is obliged to pay an unfair price for gold, whatever be its abundance or scarcity. The legal price of gold is £3 17s. 10½d. per

ounce. The Bank pays for an ounce only £3 17s. 9d.; 800 ounces, for instance, would at the legal price be £116 sovereigns exactly; but instead of this sum the Bank pays £110 sovereigns, keeping £6 for its trouble. Thus, when it buys bullion with sovereigns, it is sure to be a gainer.

remembered that there are various causes at work which will diminish the gold imported into this country. There is, for instance, a large exportation going on at all times of the precious metals. Talking to the captain of a merchant vessel the other day, he informed us that part of his cargo to Australia—the country, he it remembered, from which the gold is coming—was 50,000 sovereigns, and that in the event of a satisfactory price for them not being obtained there, he intended to carry them on to the China market. There are other countries, both in and out of Europe, which require a gold circulation, and they will be sure to draw from our shores a considerable portion of the gold which Australia and California are pouring in upon us. No inconsiderable amount also is annually manufactured into plate. Some years ago, it was estimated that more than five millions sterling of gold and silver were employed for this purpose every year by the leading countries of Europe, and the amount must now, we apprehend, be considerably increased. It has been reckoned, indeed, that in London alone, half a million of sovereigns are each year used by dentists in filling up the cavities in human jaws. Hoarding also goes on still to a considerable extent: and a large deduction must likewise be made for losses by wear and tear of the coin. That our readers may form some idea of the extent to which the last-named and apparently trifling cause operates, we may mention that it is estimated by Mr. Jacobs, an eminent authority on such matters, that in the course of 109 years, ending with the year 1800, the loss on coin from the abrasion of it, destruction by shipwreck, fire, and similar casualties, amounted to seventy-one millions.

To end this paper, the summary of the whole appears to be, that the effects of the gold importation upon the country will be gradual, so as not to produce any very violent and sudden derangement; that various causes are at work which will diminish the large supplies of bullion received, and that so vast and rapid are our modern facilities of production that the value of the necessities of life is not likely to be materially enhanced.

THE LESSONS OF BIOGRAPHY.

A LECTURE FOR WORKING MEN.

III.

HAVE any of you ever been in that busy seat of maritime trade—the town of Liverpool? From whence come all those stately vessels, which are every day arriving in the river Mersey, on which it is situated? They come from all parts of the world; but chiefly from the western hemisphere beyond the Atlantic, or from India. And what is contained in those bulky bales which they are discharging from the ships, and hoisting up into those huge warehouses that stand all around? It is the invaluable article of cotton. And whither are these huge wagons about to transfer those countless bags of cotton that are piled up on them, high in highest air? They are on the way to the railway stations. Off they go to Manchester and Bolton, and other manufacturing towns in the county of Lancaster, and to all other places in the kingdom where cotton goods are manufactured.

And tell us, you say, how are these goods manufactured? Listen, and you shall hear.

A child of the name of RICHARD ARKWRIGHT was born of poor parents, in the town of Preston, in the year 1732. He was the youngest of thirteen children, and had very little education. He was bred to the trade of a barber, and continued at this occupation till he was thirty years of age. Then he became an itinerant dealer in hair, collecting and selling it to the wigmakers. He gained the character of keeping a better article than others—a great secret in the success of any tradesman—and he had discovered a superior way of dyeing it. His acquaintance with this little piece of chemistry paved the way for the exercise of the inventive faculty. In a vain attempt to discover the perpetual motion, he became acquainted with a clockmaker at Warrington. The manufacture of cotton cloths, though it had been practised in England for many years, was still carried on in a very limited way. The web of the web alone was made of cotton; the warp, or longitudinal threads of the cloth being of linen—it having been found impracticable to spin the cotton into sufficiently hard twist to make it useful for this purpose. The exportation of our cotton goods increased, however, about the year 1760, and the demand exceeded the supply. This circumstance roused the mind of Arkwright, and led him to think that, if a more expeditious method of weaving cotton could be devised, the greatest advantage would be gained by the increased production of an article that was required in greater quantities than hitherto could be attained, owing to the circumstance that the thread had been slowly spun by means of the distaff and spindle. At this juncture, Arkwright and the clockmaker laid their heads together. It is a great thing for clever and ingenious heads to be laid together! The electric spark lies hidden and concealed until it is brought out by means of some other force or agent that is brought to act upon it. The fire leaps forth only when the flint and the steel have had their heads sharply laid together! So it is as to the mutual action of human minds.

Arkwright and the clockmaker having, as we said, laid their heads together, constructed in the parlour of the dwelling-house of the master of the Grammar-school at Preston, the model of a machine for spinning cotton. But such was the importance, even at this period, of so apparently insignificant an individual as Arkwright, and such too his poverty, that, a general parliamentary election coming round, his friends had to get him a new suit of clothes in which he might appear in giving his vote at the poll.

Rumours became rife of an attempt to introduce the manufacture of cotton cloth by machinery; and the jealousy of those who, in Lancashire, earned their bread by the old method of spinning, was awakened. So Arkwright and the clockmaker retired to Nottingham, and again laid their heads together. And having so far advanced in the construction of their machinery as to think that it might fairly be tried, they applied for the necessary supply of capital to Messrs. Wright, bankers in that town—a house of great respectability which yet exists. These gentlemen, like all prudent and sensible bankers, kept their eye upon the

parties; and after a little time discontinued their advances to a pair of men who seemed little better than a couple of ingenious, but sanguine and penurious, adventurers. Even the most cautious bankers may make great mistakes, as well as other people!

The case was taken up, however, by a respectable stocking weaver, of the ominous name of *Need*, who entered into partnership with Arkwright, by whom first one patent for his machine was taken out, and then a second in a different town, till the invention was fairly established and brought into general use. The merit of it was, no doubt, claimed by other parties, and Mr. Arkwright had to contend with many competitors, and to protect himself in the possession of his patented rights in a course of lengthened litigation; but these were at length securely and permanently vindicated.

Without entering farther, however, into the details of Arkwright's history and future career, we would only remark, that this meritorious man was the person who really almost created a new branch of national industry, and called into existence the great cotton world that now flourishes in Britain, and all those grand cotton lords who make such a noise and figure in it! But without alluding further to this, I would hold up Arkwright as a striking example of the truth, that in no case should temporary or even repeated disappointments nerve or knock down a man; and that with comprehensiveness and reach of mind, united with determination and perseverance, one may, by God's blessing, attain almost anything that he aims at, and to which, by the full exercise of his powers, he is really competent. Judge not according to early outward appearances. No river is deepest at the fountain, nor is there any country where the sun shines hot at the peep of day.

It is wonderful what coincidences sometimes occur in the economy of an all-pervading Providence, and how men of mark, destined to wield a mighty power on the condition of the world, occasionally arise, and almost simultaneously.

Four years after Arkwright was born, there was also brought into being, in the town of Greenock, an individual who was destined to be the instrument of as great an improvement in the condition of society as any one who has preceded him.

JAMES WATT was the first fully to apprehend the expansive power of steam, and the great and important purposes to which, when acting in a close vessel, it might be applied. He had great disadvantages in his youth, particularly from the delicacy of his health, which made his attendance at school very irregular, but a compensation for which was found in his extraordinary application to his private studies. We find him, at the age of eighteen, an apprentice in London to a mathematical instrument maker; a few years after, settled in the same line in the college of Glasgow, enjoying the society of the discoverer of the principle of latent heat, and other eminent men; shortly after this, entering on the profession of a general engineer; and it was while employed in repairing the model of an engine, that the idea of the power of steam took full possession of his mind.

It would be tedious here to trace the steps by which Watt proceeded towards his great discovery. But it is very useful to remark the patience with which he prosecuted his object; how he contended

with its difficulties, and by the fertility of his invention, gradually overcame them; the ingenuity that found out remedies for all the defects that occurred in the apparatus he was constructing—defects in the cylinder, the piston, and other parts of the machine, and difficulties in the management of the air, the moisture, and the proper condensation of the steam. All was at last, however, conquered by promptitude, skill, and inexhaustible perseverance; he and a partner whom he assumed were established as the exclusive makers of steam engines, and Watt was acknowledged to be the greatest mechanic of the age.

How imperishable is true genius! Who can tell, who does not experience every day of his life the value and importance of this great invention? Following, as it did, the introduction of Arkwright's loom, what an impulse was given by it to the manufacturing resources of the country in a vast variety of ways, and to the progress and happiness of social life!

What is all this burring, stunning noise that assails and oppresses one's ears, as he passes within the threshold of the factory? It seems as if it were the voice of many trumpets sounding forth the fame of the constructor of the power loom! What are those tall chimneys that surmount the buildings of the factory, or may now be seen at almost every farm-stead in the country? Or those dark funnels that stand upright on the decks of the multitude of ships in our harbours or at sea? Each one of them is, as it were, a monumental pillar to the genius of the author of the steam-engine! and every traveller is his silent eulogist. And these volumes of smoke that in cities like Manchester or Glasgow obscure the atmosphere—what are they? Dingy and disagreeable though they be, they are nevertheless, methinks, so many waving and floating banners, that attest the combined merits of Arkwright and of Watt!

Now, although we have been giving you this imperfect account of these eminent persons, you must not imagine that in order to be truly useful, and even in the highest sense great, any of you must become a Franklin or a Ferguson, an Arkwright or a Watt. True greatness consists not in such distinction—in making grand discoveries, or being set upon the pedestals or pinnacles of the world. Believe us, it is not really so. And yet we cannot but like the spirit of the sailor boy, who, when the enemy's ships were in sight, feeling his courage to be up, and seeing his prize money in view, as soon as the admiral, having resolved not to contend with an unequal foe, gave the order to put about, cried out in distress, "Oh! oh! there now is £100 lost to me for ever!"

We shall next present to you the portraits of two distinguished men in a different walk of life—a new bent in the great field of improvement.

One day there was born at Westerkirk, near Langholm, a boy whose father survived his child's birth but a short period, who received the name of THOMAS TELFORD. He was originally a stone mason, and became somewhat celebrated for the neatness with which he carved the lettering of the epitaphs on the churchyard monuments. He employed all his leisure hours in reading books by the fireside. At the close of his apprenticeship, he came to Edinburgh, studied architecture, and obtained

employment. When he was twenty-five years of age, he repaired to London under the patronage of Sir William Pultney, and of the Malcolms of Burnfoot—the family of the four knights of Eskdale, as they have been called—a very remarkable family, as we could show you had we but time to detail somewhat of their history. Under this patronage Mr. Telford obtained employment from Government as superintendent of the works at the Plymouth dockyard. He was afterwards entrusted with the construction of the roads in the Highlands and with the formation of the Caledonian canal. But the greatest monument to his talents as an engineer is the suspension bridge across the Menai Straits in Wales, an examination of which must strike all those who see it with wonder and delight. Mr. Telford had unquestionably a very comprehensive mind, and conceived every thing on a large and grand scale. But withal, he was a humble and unpretending person, and remarkable for the encouragement which he gave to all young men of merit who came within his reach, and the kindness he showed to some poor relations, of which we have heard some interesting private anecdotes.

We shall mention only two other things as to this distinguished man: he was most remarkable for punctuality in every thing, keeping time always to a very moment; and he was also of a very anxious disposition. We have heard it mentioned that when the Menai bridge was finished, the last nail having been driven, and the first trial of the safety and sufficiency of the bridge being about to be made, Telford was not to be found! He was discovered at last by those who came to tell him of the success of his great work, in his chamber, in a state of great excitement, and praying that God would forbid that all his labour should come to nought.

Great is the change that in these times has been wrought in the use of words! It was formerly perhaps a little pedantic to say of a man who was fond of roaming in foreign countries, or of a boy who could not for a single minute rest in his seat, that he had a locomotive propensity! The word was, however, sometimes thus used; but the adjective has now passed into a substantive, and has come to signify a railway-engine! A man now goes off in a morning from Edinburgh to attend a meeting in the city of York, and returns to his wife and children in the evening; or he goes forward to London, at the distance of 400 miles, within the space of twelve hours; and all this in virtue of the power of a locomotive! Thus the serious undertaking of a life, as it was once considered, has become the mere pastime of a day! And how is this?

A plain labouring man, but early distinguished for industry and sobriety, for steadiness, honesty, and untiring zeal for the interests of his employers, is on the watch for improvements. He is cultivating habits of patient observation, and drawing thence the elements of progress. He becomes a coalworker and a breaksmen, and at the age of twenty-five a mechanical engineer, understanding thoroughly at once both the nature and the value of Watt's great discovery. A mind self-trained and tutored to seek after truth, by studying the laws of nature, which, in other words, are but the ever sure and stable economy of the God of nature—such a mind, acquiring confidence in these laws,

constructs, in the form of an iron engine propelled by steam, a substitute for the strength of horses in drawing wagons. The machine moves at first at the rate of about six miles an hour, and men wonder at the invention! Yet no one, save a dreamy enthusiast, ever thought that its motion could be augmented to six or eight times that degree of speed. But when a continuous line of wrought-iron railway is provided, with all its various appliances, the thing becomes practicable, and it is done! And both of these achievements were accomplished by the genius and perseverance of GEORGE STEPHENSON, whose life was closed but little more than two years ago.

To him we owe, as first exhibited in the year 1825, on the Liverpool and Manchester line, the joint perfection of the engine and the rail; an invention which has created a new era in the history of the world, uniting by means of rapid and cheap communication those who had lived far apart, opening up fresh branches of human industry, as well as increasing to a prodigious extent the productive wealth of the country and new sources of social intercourse and enjoyment. Invention has sometimes been said to be a battle with the world—a contest with the natural scepticism of men. And he alone who, well disciplined in early life and trained to habits of patient observation, has courage and constancy to maintain the fight, will become conqueror in the end.

A DAY AT A SILK FACTORY ON MOUNT LEBANON.

WE started from Beyrout at daybreak one morning in the month of May, 1850, in company with our friend, Mons. F., an intelligent young Frenchman, and the proprietor of perhaps the most extensive silk-reeling factory in all Syria. Our object was twofold; to combine pleasure with information, healthful recreation with the acquirement of useful knowledge. We were to be the guests of our worthy host for a whole week, and accordingly looked forward with no small pleasure to what was in store for us. Even at the early hour at which we started, the confined and stifling atmosphere of the streets was most intolerable, and we gladly emerged from the last dingy gateway of the black old citadel, upon the sands which, though fifteen years ago a perfect desolation, are now brightly interspersed with the gardens, and gaily painted little dwelling-houses of the Franco-Syrian population of Beyrout, who are far too wise to dwell within the infectious precincts of the town itself.

Our course lay alongside the sea coast as far as Nahr el Keld, or the Dog river, the resort of vessels when the oft-occurring gales of Beyrout render its anchorage unsafe. Here too is the Lazaretto or quarantine establishment, and one or two small taverns, besides a large Turkish khan for travellers. Passing these, we commenced the ascent of the mountains, and soon after began to encounter groups of villagers who were bringing to the more profitable markets of Beyrout, vegetables, fruit, and other provisions for the wants of every day life. Now and then a lady, carefully veiled, and carrying on her head the symbol of a Druse woman, the lofty horn of Lebanon, diversified the

scene, and called back to our memory that passage from holy writ which speaks of the born being exalted. It was a rugged ascent, and in some parts our jaded mules could scarcely overcome the rapid succession of almost insurmountable rocky steps; finally, however, we reached an eminence, from which we commanded an extensive view of the surrounding flat country and the horizon-bound ocean. Beyrout and its interminable sand-hills appeared in the distance, and the shipping off the harbour looked like black specks upon the clear deep-blue sea. Vessels bound on various courses showed their diminutive white sails in the golden sunlight, and the white specks on the ocean (called cauliflowers by seamen) bespoke the near approach of the coming sea breeze. We diverged from the public road, and skirted along the mountain range by a pathway which led us in a direct line to the factory and private domicile of our French friend. Half an hour's ride brought us within sound of the foaming waters of a cataract, and then a sudden angle in the pathway revealed to us the factory itself—a dark, sombre, desolate-looking place, built on the very edge of a frightful precipice, down whose yawning gulf the torrent that swept through the factory itself leapt, wildly roaring, from rock to rock, in all the white majesty of its cream-girt crest. Above the hazy mist that rose from the waterfall, a few birds of prey were idly hovering in the air, apparently in expectation that the waters would bear down with them some acceptable booty, while ever and anon they would dive with a mighty swoop right into the darkest portions of the mist, and then re-appearing, soar high away with the prize of their undaunted courage, possibly in the shape of a snake, but oftentimes the mere offal of cattle and poultry slaughtered at the factory or its adjacent villages, dangling from the firm grasp of their horny talons.

After scrambling up to a considerable height, we came to the entrance of this monastic-looking factory; a high wall, which excluded every thing in its interior from our sight, ran down the mountain side and terminated abruptly with the abyss. We alighted, and entered through a massively-built and strongly-fortified gate, whereupon the white scene was changed in an instant as if by the touch of magic. Outside, all was sombre and dreary; inside, all was lively and gay. The transforming effects of art and industry were before us. The barren-looking soil was metamorphosed into the flourishing fruit-orchard; and the whole mountain having been, according to oriental usage, laid out in terraces, like a giant flight of steps, we, who stood on the uppermost terrace, commanded an uninterrupted view of all those beneath, consisting of a deep succession of well-cultivated and carefully-tended fruit-gardens, mulberry-trees, flowers, and vegetables; in short, every variety of tree, flower, or herb, which is at all sought after in Beyrout, here flourished to perfection. As we descended the well-built stone steps, and landed from terrace to terrace, we found fresh cause for congratulating our friend on the great taste he had displayed in the arrangement of the grounds. At length a substantial wooden railing and a prettily worked iron gateway indicated to us that we had reached the entrance to our friend's house and factory, and there, before us, rose a long row of

white buildings, consisting of the private domicile of our friend and his *employés*. To the left ran the factory, and the small huts of the native superintendents, and the gardeners. Flowers grew here in wild profusion; and as for the poultry-yard, it would have done a hungry man good to have looked at the fat Turkey cocks, which, assembled in circles of half-dozens, were puffing and swelling and gobbling and strutting and sailing about in all their pride and glory. Fowls were cackling, cocks crowing, Guinea hens screaming, and scores of tame red-legged partridges were giving full note to their pretty little call. We found our friend's house nicely and comfortably furnished; the windows that looked towards the sea were immediately over the gaping precipice, and consequently strongly barred in with iron rails, lest any one by accident should fall out of them. The place was more like an eagle's nest than anything that I can compare it to; for the window bars were so far apart as to admit of your head protruding through. Looking down, you beheld beneath you the water that worked the reels of the factory, foaming out of an opening in the masonry which was built on an exact line with the rocky precipice. The first fall was about twelve feet; the next, no one could compute, for all was foam and blackness and mist, and your head reeled from giddiness after gazing for a few seconds on the fearful abysses below.

After partaking of breakfast, for which the mountain air and the ride had given us a keen relish, we followed our host into the business department, and visited the factory, which we found was worked by a combination of water and steam power; that is to say, the water power served to turn the reels, while the steam was employed to give sufficient heat to the water required to reel with. The factory otherwise very much resembled most European factories, of which too many descriptions already exist; but the feelers were the daughters of the wild mountaineers, girls ranging from nine to fourteen years of age; and a prettier, merrier, healthier set of little creatures it would be hard to meet with. They had all originally had some acquaintance with silk, from the fact of their having been from childhood accustomed to rear the silkworm, and assist their parents at the wheel on which the Lebanon people were wont of yore to reel their rough silks. Recently, under the care of matrons sent from Europe, they had acquired a perfection in the art. Every ten or a dozen girls had one of superior abilities to superintend their labours: to break threads when the reeling was badly minded, and to knot them when accident had snapped some finer thread. Perfect order was maintained in the room, and the only audible sounds were those occasioned by the working of the machinery, the fall of water, and the occasional remonstrating voice of our friend or of one of his overseers. The boiler was placed under the care of an engineer and an assistant. When twelve o'clock came, the great bell of the factory sounded forth, the work stopped as if by magic, the girls rose from their seats, and sought each one the small basket containing her frugal midday meal; and where all had been perfect silence heretofore; the room resounded with their merry talk and joyous laughter.

The Poetry of Trees.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence, so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves their fadecless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

THE OAK.

Than a tree, a grander child earth bears not.
What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
To forests of immeasurable extent,
Which time confirms, which centuries waste not?
Oaks gather strength for ages; and when at last
They wane, so beautiful in decrepitude,
So grand in weakness! even in their decay
So venerable! 'twere sacrilege to escape
The consecrating touch of time. Time watch'd
The blossom on the parent bough; time saw
The acorn loosen from the spray; time pass'd,
While, springing from its swaddling shell, yon oak,
The cloud-crown'd monarch of our woods, by thorns
Environ'd, 'scaped the raven's bill, the tooth
Of goat and deer, the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
A royal hero from his nurse's arms.
Time gave it seasons, and time gave it years,
Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudged not;
Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests mov'd not. Time hollow'd in its trunk
A tomb for centuries; and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of states,
The fading generations of the world,
The memory of man.

STRETT.

THE PALM-TREE.

The palm-tree in the wilderness
Majestic lifts its head,
And blooms in solitary grace,
Where all around is dead:
It spreads a shadow in the sun,
Where shade beside is none;
And all companionship doth shun,
And loves to dwell alone.

Though there no passing warbler wings
Her melancholy way,
A voice amid the desert sings
Its solitude away,
When winds—as o'er the air-harp's wire
Half music and half moan—
Come stealing o'er its leafy lyre,
That murmurs all alone.

And 'neath its shadow, hush'd to sleep,
Alone the pilgrim dreams;
Its soft and breezy whispers creep,
Like sounds of his own streams,
That wander by the bowers of rest,
To which his soul hath flown,
Till morning, on the lifeless waste,
Awakes him all alone.

Sojourner of a weary land,
Where Nature never smiled,
Surrounded by no kinder hand,
Sole orphan of the wild!—
Thou seem'st like one, whose trusting breast,
Deceived, the world hath flown—
Sought, like the dove, a place of rest,
To live and die alone!

JOHN MALCOLM.

THE BANYAN-TREE.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged banyan grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,

For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propp'd its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs, which crossed their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmoved, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted hei-
liht.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight.
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor;
And through the leafy cope which bow'd it o'er
Came gleams of checker'd light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

SOUTHEY.

THE WEeping-WILLOW.

Green willow! o'er whom the perilous blast
Is sweeping roughly, thou dost seem to me
The patient image of humility,
Waiting in meekness till the storm be past,
Assured the hour of peace will come at last—
That there will be for thee a calm bright day,
When the dark clouds are gather'd far away:
How canst thou ever sorrow's emblem be?
Rather I deem thy slight and fragile form,
In mild endurance bending gracefully,
Is like the wounded heart, which, 'mid the storm,
Looks for the promised time which is to be,
In pious confidence. Oh! thou shouldst wave
Thy branches o'er the lonely martyr's grave.

MISS TANDON.

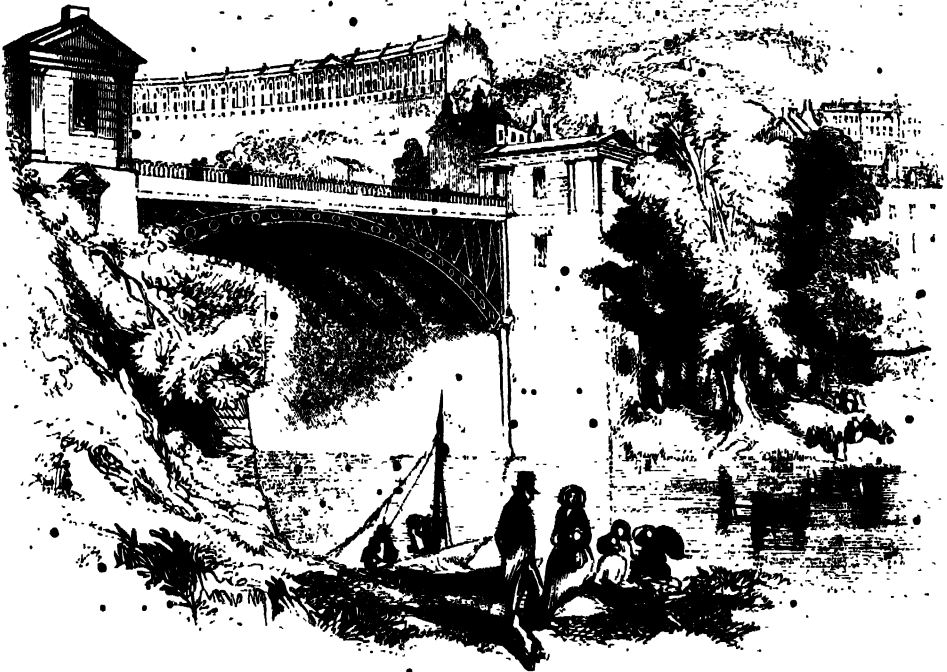
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CAMDEN PLACE, AND BRIDGE OVER THE AVON.

BATH REVISITED.

WE are going to Bath for change of air and scene, and intend to take the reader along with us, if he will accept of our guidance. We are no strangers to the good old city, having visited it in days of yore "when George the Third was king;" and we design, ere setting forth on our present journey, to recal to our recollection, as far as we can, some few of the distinguishing features in the aspect of Bath, in the early part of the present century.

VOL. I.—NO. 30.

The author of a witty poem on Bath makes one of his heroes congratulate himself on

"Having the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff Dantusk and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the nightly machine."

Our first journey to Bath was made very much in the same fashion. It was from a "nightly machine," which had consumed eighteen hours in rolling heavily from London, that we alighted from the reeking inside, at the door of the White Hart Inn, something less than half a century ago.

H H

We well remember the neat, trim, and gentlemanly outline of the proprietor, as he stood bowing and "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water," at the door of his well-ordered hotel. And we have a still more satisfactory recollection of the unexceptionable breakfast to which, after the weary jolting of a night's travel, we were marshalled by an unexceptionable waiter in unexceptionable white linen. Bath at that period still enjoyed a high reputation as a place of fashionable resort. Invalids flocked to the hot springs from all parts of the kingdom, and the baths were in high estimation. Pleasure-seekers came in equal numbers for the love of excitement; and rogues, impostors, gamblers, and fortune-hunters followed in their track, gathering like vultures to the carcass, to glut themselves with prey.

We could not fail to be struck with the aspect of the city, which, built throughout with a grey and time-stained stone, justified in a manner the description we heard given by one Frenchman to another:—"It is a city of palaces," said he, "without a rival in Europe." Bath however, handsome as it undoubtedly is, owes its chief charm to its situation. Seated in the hollow of a natural basin, open only on two sides, through which the sluggish Avon winds its sinuous course, it may be said to recline on a sloping couch. The ascent from the river to the surrounding hills is in some places so precipitous that the basement floors of some streets are on a level with the roofs of others in the rear; and though a very considerable portion of the lower town stands on the alluvial flat ground, yet the whole, when viewed from a favourable point, presents the picture of a natural amphitheatre, whose sides are clustered over with the dwellings of man, in uniform regularity. At the period of our first visit, the noble old Abbey was open to outward inspection only on two sides—the west frontage—the Abbey churchyard, in which stands the Pump-room; and the east frontage the Orange Grove, then planted with old elm trees in regular rows. Close narrow courts and passages of third-rate houses and shops blocked it up on the north and south; and the massive building, seen from the market-place, showed little more than its lofty tower. The corporation at that time found it profitable to

"Adorn its venerable sides with shops,
And decorate its walls with chimney-tops;"

and therefore they let the land for building close up to the very walls.

In those days, the evidence of the dominant reign of fashion and luxury was never far to seek. During the winter season, and late into the spring, the equipages of the nobility thronged the streets; the upper and lower rooms blazed with illuminations and resounded with music from one month's end to another; and private routs, masquerades, and ball parties kept the town awake half the night. The theatre was crammed to the roof with the *élite* of the gay circles at every representation; and gaming-houses, in charge of the swindlers of St. James's, kept their doors open unchallenged by the magistracy.

One of the out-of-door peculiarities of the place was the presence in all quarters of sedan chairs,

and their stout brawny chairmen in long blue coats, brass-buttoned, fat calves, and white stockings. These burly fellows considered themselves monarchs of the pavement, and without ceremony asserted their presumed right, pushing everybody aside who obstructed their path. They were paid by distance, and were consequently always in a hurry. A sudden storm of rain—a phenomenon to which Bath is peculiarly subject—would at any time bring the whole of them into requisition. In wet weather they grew purse-proud and saucy; but during a long drought would be glad to act as goods' porters to earn a penny. Fifty years ago, no Bath bean in full dress ventured forth to a party without a sedan chair; and at times, when they were much in demand, a pair of them have been known to ride in one chair together.

Considered as the resort of fashion, however, Bath has been declining ever since the demise of the once-celebrated "king of Bath"—that monarch of frivolity, politeness, and ceremonial etiquette—Benjamin Nash. Under him indeed the city of the West acquired a character for elegance and taste, which it never enjoyed before, and has never rivalled since. Nash was born in 1674, at Swansca, where his father carried on a glass manufactory; his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, whom Cromwell put to death for his brave defence of Pembroke Castle. He was classically educated, and entered Jesus' College, Oxford, at the age of sixteen. Hence, through a silly love affair, he was removed to the army, which in a short time he quitted in disgust, and entered himself a student at the Temple. Here he signalized himself in a characteristic manner by entertaining king William with a revel and a pageant, contrived and conducted with extraordinary skill and taste. The gratified monarch offered to knight him, but he refused the mockery of a title without an income. Happening to be at Bath at the death of Captain Webster, the then master of the ceremonies, his well-known talents for the invention of amusements procured him the vacant office, which he retained to the end of his life. Perhaps no man ever filled a post more to the satisfaction of the city, and less to his own real advantage, than Nash did this. No one ever dreamed of disputing his sway, in which he was despotic beyond all parallel. Dukes and duchesses bowed to his decision; princes honoured him with their esteem. The corporation, grateful for the exaltation he had procured for their city, erected a full-length marble statue to their living idol, and placed it between the busts of Newton and Pope—a proceeding which justified the sarcasm of Lord Chesterfield, who concludes an epigram on the subject with these lines—

"The statue placed the busts between
Adds to the satire strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

Nash took care to preserve his influence by the display of splendour and magnificence in dress and equipage. He appeared in the streets in a chariot drawn by six white horses, attended by outriders and a band of French horns. His clothes were profusely decorated with lace, and his head was crowned by a large white hat cocked in a fierce

and defiant position. The citizens were his worshippers, and the great world were his subjects. His prosperity and popularity continued for a long series of years undiminished; he supported his enormous expenses by consummate skill as a gamester, and enjoyed the goodwill of all ranks from his unrivalled hilarity, humour, and address. But alas! for the man who lives for the frivolities of life. Old age and sickness came at last; and with them, as usual when the elements of real worth are wanting in the subject of them, came poverty, neglect, and desertion. Sorrow and distress closed the evening of his days, lengthened to the span of fourscore and eight years—years spent in the pursuit of pleasure and the service of folly. He died on the 3rd of February, 1761. His remains were honoured with a magnificent funeral at the expense of the corporation; and thirty years afterwards a monument was erected to his memory in the Abbey Church, bearing inscriptions in Latin and English by Dr. Harrington.

From the time of Nash's death, when the ceremonial sceptre passed into other and less skilful hands, may be dated the gradual declension of the city in fashionable estimation. It is more than probable, that the caustic satire of Austey's *New Bath Guide* did much towards deterring the world of the great and gay from a spot which, whatever its charms, was too much the centre of remark to allow their follies to remain unchronicled. We know that the publication of the "*Bath Characters*," a work now deservedly forgotten, which came out early in the present century, and which had for a frontispiece three dancing figures representing a fool, a daffing-girl, and a quack doctor, subscribed with the distich—

"Wee thre Bath Deities bee:
Humbug, Follie, and Vauite."

not only deterred families from visiting the place, but actually drove away many who had been long resident. This work, which was the occasion of much excitement at the time of our first visit, is a coarse and indelicate satire upon most of the public, and not a few of the private, characters of the town and neighbourhood, whose names are easily distinguishable through the clumsy anagrams or synonymous terms by which they are expressed. Its mischievous effects were heightened by the impolitic opposition manifested against it by the parties so scurvily libelled, who thus prolonged the period of its popularity.

We need not pursue our reminiscences of what Bath was under a generation which has now passed away. We are going to see what it is at the present moment, and to spend a short time in rumbling about the town and neighbourhood, in search of what is of more importance to our readers than the mutations of fashion, or the frivolities of high life. There are various objects of permanent interest around the hot springs of old Bladud, and there are memories and associations connected with the far-famed city of the West, of more value than all the records which fashion and folly could supply. Some of these objects we will visit, and some of these recollections we will, as far as our limits will allow, endeavour to recal, while we wander through the scenes with which they are connected.

The "nightly machine," with its seven-coated coachman and horn-blowing guard, has vanished to the tomb of all the Capulets; and now, instead of jolting behind four bony horses, changed every ten miles, for eighteen hours, we get into an express railway carriage at Paddington, at the comfortable hour of ten in the morning, and by half-past twelve dash through the short tunnel that burrows under Sydney Gardens, and the beautiful city bursts upon our view, radiant in sunshine, and sparkling amid the summer greenery, like a brilliant set in emerald. From regard to old associations, we make our way once more to the White Hart Inn, which, being a good central point, we fix upon as our quarters for the time of our stay. Depositing our luggage, and ordering dinner at five, we sally forth at once on a tour of observation. We have but to cross the road and step into the Abbey Churchyard, and we are in the Pump-room in less than a minute. It is a noble room, 60 feet by 36 feet, and about 35 in height. There is a gallery at one end, whence the sound of music was wont to issue in days gone by; and whence it issues yet, we are informed, occasionally during the season. The marble statue of Nash still looks down upon the scene, which is almost as quiet as the statue itself. One solitary dyspeptic is dripping the waters, and you hear, so still is all around, the peculiar ejaculation which follows the draught, and which proclaims that he does not relish it. Five and a half ladies, and as many gentlemen, making ten adults and two children, are morbidly poring over the specimens of art which hang upon, but can hardly be said to adorn, the walls: dismal manufactures some of them are—the pitiless agonies of despairing drawing-masters, who spend their lives, not in imitating nature, but in attempting to captivate the ladies by abortions "in this style," so many lessons to the guinea. For the present, the outside of the Pump-room has more charms for us than the inside. The front is finished in a first-rate style of architecture, and upon the architrave is the well-known Greek inscription, *Ἀπὸ τοῦ καὶ ἰσχυροῦ* which we may translate, "Water is the best cure." The Pump-room was built by Baldwin, in 1797.

Leaving the Pump-room, the fine west-front of the Abbey is before us, and we see at a glance that the congregated nuisances which once beset its walls have long been cleared away, and the truly noble pile laid fairly open to view. This imposing structure is not nearly so old as a spectator might imagine it to be. Being built of the crumbling and perishable stone of the neighbouring quarries, it carries the aspect of an antiquity to which it has no pretension. Although so early as the year 676 a cathedral church was founded on or near this spot, the first structure fell a sacrifice to the ravages of war. A second and a third shared the same fate. At length, Oliver King, impressed, it is said, by a dream, founded the present edifice, which he did not live to complete. After his death, it fell almost to ruin, through neglect. Upon the dissolution of religious houses, the king's commissioner offered it to the townsmen for five hundred marks, but they refused the purchase. In 1604, James Montague, who was the bishop of the see raised it to its present state, and made it parochial. Bath Abbey, then, notwithstanding that it is

shown to be founded on the remains of an ancient Roman temple, is not, as a whole, quite 250 years old, and is probably the last specimen of ancient Gothic architecture erected in this country. The western window is one of the finest we have seen, but we have not time to describe it. On either side of the window, leading to the tops of the square stone turrets, are ladders carved in the stone, with figures ascending and descending, probably memorials of the dream of Oliver King, and not illustrations of that of the patriarch Jacob, as commonly supposed.

Happily, the side door of the church is open, and we may as well walk inside. The interior wears a noble and majestic aspect. The dim light of more ancient cathedrals is wanting; but the effulgence, which streams in from the ample windows, reveals the light yet massive clustered pillars which support the elliptical arches and the airy roof, which from its lightness looks more lofty even than it is. There are many monuments well worthy of attention and description, had we but time to examine them. The oldest appears to be that of Richard Montague, which informs us that the good prelate was called to eternal life on the 20th of July, 1618, at the age of fifty, and that this memorial was erected by his four brothers, Edward, Henry, Charles, and Sydney Montague. At the south-west end of the nave is the monument of Quin, bearing an inscription by Garrick. Then there is the elegant monument of Colonel Ambrose Norton, a member of a family renowned in history for aid and concealment afforded to king Charles II. after the rout of Worcester; and that of the wife and daughter of Richard Frampton, with a long and adulatory epitaph by Dryden. There are many others of various dates, among which we must not pass over that of the Lady Jane Waller, comprising four figures in black and white marble. It is said that James II. on catching sight of Waller's obnoxious effigy as he was passing through the church, drew his sword and knocked off the knight's nose; the only evidence of the truth of the story, however, is the absence of the statue's original nose.

The interior of the church is kept in a state of rare cleanliness and order. We see that the fine screen has of late been surmounted by a new organ, and we marvel whether the change has compensated for the loss of Field, the old organist, who drew such wondrous strains from the discarded instrument which has followed him to forgetfulness. But we have no time to linger here, having much ground to go over. We quit the church and turn into the market-place, from whence there is now a good view of the Abbey. The tower is an imposing mass, 162 feet in height, and the chimes ring out the Easter hymn as we stand gazing at the edifice.

In the centre of the Market-place stands the Town Hall, built by the same architect who built the Pump-room, and, like that, a truly elegant and appropriate structure. On either side of the Town Hall, as well as in the rear of it, stands the Bath Market, which, next to Covent-garden Market in London, is perhaps the most complete, convenient, and best supplied in the kingdom. The principal market days are Wednesdays and Saturdays. Passing up the Market-place, and down Bridge-street, we cross a bridge over the Avon, without being

aware of it, as it is covered with houses and shops on each side; and crossing Laura-place, emerge upon Pulteney-street, the finest street in a city of fine streets, and once the resort of wealth and fashion. At the end, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, stand the Sydney Gardens, the Vauxhall and Ranelagh of Bath in times gone by. These gardens are a delightful retreat, containing noble trees, shady walks, waterfalls, a maze somewhat similar to that at Hampton Court, but in better order, and a spacious hotel for the accommodation of visitors; not to mention a secluded carriage drive, embowered in foliage, and making the circuit of the whole. The Kennet and Avon canal runs through the gardens, and is made to add to their picturesque beauty. The Great Western railway also burrows below, without interfering with the convenient seclusion of the walks.

Leaving Sydney Gardens on the right, and turning down Bathwick-street, we cross a handsome iron bridge over the Avon, and soon attain Walcot Parade, whence by a tortuous and sinuous ascent we gain Camden Place (which will be seen represented in our engraving), a noble crescent-shaped mass of buildings, from whence a fine view of the city is obtainable. The view, however, is much improved by ascending Beacon Hill in the rear of Camden Place, from which summit the eye takes in the whole valley or basin which contains the city, from the blue smoke of which the Abbey Church looms in gigantic proportions. The river winds quietly beneath like a silver thread, and is lost in the gloom of the dark buildings which crowd its banks.

From Mount Beacon it is easy to get into the Lansdown-road, half an hour's sharp walking upon which will bring us to Beckford's Tower, a tall, square, and chaste column, which is visible to all the country for many miles around. The building of this lone tower was the last public phantasy of the eccentric proprietor of the once magnificent Fonthill, whose erection he planned and whose ruin he survived. Here the author of "Vathek" was wont frequently to retire, and shut himself up in company with the most marvellous embodiments of art and genius which wealth could procure. In a small chamber in this tower hung for years the Saint Catherine of Raphael, bought by Government for 5500*l.*, and now in the National Gallery; along with it were other *chefs d'œuvre*s of the great masters, the sculptures of Benvenuto Cellini, exquisite statues and gems, and volumes rich and rare, ransacked from the repositories of half Europe. From the gallery on the summit of the tower, on a clear day, might be distinguished, on the one hand the city of Bristol and the Welsh channel and coast, and on the other the ridge of Salisbury Plain and the distant columns of Sturton and Dundry. Beyond Beckford's Tower lies the race-course, and on the extreme edge of Lansdown beyond, is the Lansdown monument, erected by Lord Lansdown in 1720, to the memory of his grandfather, who fell fighting in the royal cause on July the 5th, 1643. One of the tablets bears a laudatory inscription, concluding with the following extravagant conceit, in allusion to two of the Granvilles who had perished, one at sea and one on shore:—

"Where shall the next great Granville's ashes stand?
One fills the sea—the other fills the land"!!!

The views obtainable from the immediate vicinity of this monument are truly grand and panoramic. The counties of Gloucester, Somerset, Worcester, and Wilts, are all discernible; and the numerous towns, towers, spires, villages, groves, and streams, make up a picture which is not readily erased from the memory.

Returning across the Down, and past the grand stand on the race-course, now solitary and deserted, we arrive in due time at Lansdown Crescent, a stately assemblage of buildings, which from their elevated site enjoy the advantage of good air and an extensive prospect in a greater degree perhaps than any other locality in the district. The view here is most comprehensive and picturesque, and captivating from its interesting variety. Leaving Somerset-place and Sion Hill on the right—at which latter place stood the studio of the celebrated Barker, the painter of the 'Woodman,' and a man of astonishingly fertile genius, whom, in days gone by, we have often seen working at his easel—we plunge down a steep descent, and, passing through St. James's-square, and down Marlborough-buildings, arrive at the Royal Crescent. This pile of buildings is justly esteemed the glory of the city. It consists of thirty houses erected in a semi-circular form, with a single order of Ionic pillars supporting the superior cornice. The houses front the south, and command a tolerable view of some parts of the city, the valley on both sides of the river, and the opposite hills.

From the Royal Crescent we are led through Brock-street to the Circus, which is a grand and, as far as our recollection goes, a perfectly unique erection, consisting of a majestic circular pile of uniform structures, adorned with every ornament of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, together with an infinite variety of grotesque faces carved in stone. In the centre of the circle is a shrubbery, a fountain, and a smooth sward enclosed by iron palisades. From the Circus, Gay-street, a rather steep descent, leads us to Queen-square, the north wing of which, being of the Corinthian order on a rustic basement, has a superb effect. In the centre of the area of the square rises a stone obelisk, erected by Nash in 1737, in honour of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his consort, who were distinguished patrons of the celebrated Beau. From Queen-square, through Wood-street, Quiet-street, Old Bond-street, and Union-street, which together with Milson-street are the most frequented shopping thoroughfares, we return to our inn to dinner, not without an appetite, though somewhat fatigued with a walk of twelve or fifteen miles.

Having dined to our perfect satisfaction, we are not disposed for any further rambling, but spend the evening in the society of an intelligent citizen, from whom we elicit the following facts. Leaving out of the question, as unworthy of notice, the fable of king Bladud and his pigs, it is evident, as well from historical statements as from countless memorials which from time to time have been dug up on the spot, that Bath may date its origin as early as the invasion of Britain by Claudius under the Roman emperor Vespasian, about the year 44 of the Christian era. Traces have been discovered of the presence of Julius Agricola, and later, of Geta, son of the emperor Septimus Severus. During the early

part of the Saxon invasion under Hengist and Horsa, Bath, being situated at a distance from the fighting ground, was comparatively quiet. But in the year 520 a battle between Arthur and Cordic was fought near Lansdown, in which the Saxons were routed with great slaughter. In 577 the city fell into the hands of the Saxons, who changed its name from *Aquæ Solis* to *Hal Bathun*; and about this time the west of England embraced Christianity. In the year 676 Osric founded a convent for nuns, which soon fell into decay, and in the year 775 Offa erected a college on its ruins. During the reign of Athelstan, about the year 930, a mint was established at Bath, which shows that it was already a place of importance. King Edgar was crowned here. The city fell to Swein, the Danish invader, and remained in the hands of the Danish government as long as that lasted. Under the Anglo-Saxon government Bath remained in the hands of the Crown. In the first year of the reign of Rufus the greater part of the city was reduced to ashes, having fallen into the hands of conspirators against the government. In the year 1090, John de Villula, then bishop of Wells, bribed Rufus to add Bath to his see, and rebuilt the part of the city which had been destroyed. From that time Bath continued steadily to increase in wealth and importance, though its history, like most peaceful histories, is a comparative blank for many centuries. From a poll-tax granted in 1377, we learn that its population was then 570 lay inhabitants and 201 ecclesiastics. In the reign of James I it had the disgrace of being privy to the Gunpowder Plot, several meetings on that business having been held there. Charles I fortified it at the expense of 7000*l*. Charles II visited it in 1663; Queen Anne did the same in 1692, and again in 1702; and from that time down to as late as thirty-three or thirty-four years ago, when queen Charlotte took up her abode near Sydney Gardens, it has been the occasional resort of royalty.

The hot springs, to which the city of Bath originally owed not merely her prosperity, but her very existence, are all very nearly in one spot. The principal baths are the King's and Queen's Baths, situated in the rear of the Pump-room, and the Cross Bath, at little more than a stone-throw's distance, at the west end of Bath-street. The King's Bath is of the highest temperature, about 115 degrees, the Cross Bath being many degrees lower. The waters, which are known to contain small quantities of the carbonic and azotic gases, sulphate of soda, muriate of soda, selenite, carbonate of lime; and a slight portion of oxide of iron, when taken internally act as a stimulant on the whole system, exciting the nervous action and powerfully promoting some of the secretions. They are of great efficacy in the cure of certain disorders, but should never be taken internally except under competent advice, as serious symptoms are known to follow their unadvised use. For the purposes of bathing they may be used with advantage, as well by persons in health as by invalids. A century ago it was the mode for ladies to bathe in sight of the assembled company. "In the morning," says a writer of the time, "the young lady is brought in a close chair, dressed in her bathing suit, to the bath. The music plays her into the water, and the attendants present her with a little floating

dish, into which she puts a handkerchief, a nose-gay, and a snuff-box. She then traverses the bath, and having amused herself for the space of an hour, she calls for the chair, and returns home." We have changed all that long ago, in conformity with the improved decorum of modern times.

After breakfast next day, we set forth towards the hills on the south of the city. Passing the Abbey, and leaving the Orange Grove, from which the old elm trees have all disappeared, but where Nash's paltry obelisk in honour of the Prince of Orange continues to crumble away, we come to the fine building which was once the Lower Assembly-rooms, but is now a literary institution. Passing the North Parade, where nobody now parades, and crossing a handsome new bridge, we get into the Caroline-road. This soon brings us to the carriage-way leading to Prior Park, on which we design to bestow a cursory glance. After a little level walking, we begin to ascend the hill, and then the new Cemetery attracts our attention. It is a neat enclosure upon a swelling knoll delightfully situated, and overlooking a lovely landscape as well as a good part of the suburbs of the city. Here, among other handsome tombs, we discern that of the author of "Vathek," who reposes beneath an immense slab of red British marble. This cemetery is a garden rather than a burial-ground, and its admirable condition reflects great credit on its custodians.

We now ascend the hill through a pleasant walk, not so shady as it once was, and soon come upon a little open space where a bunch of yew-trees shelters a low wall overlooking a part of the private demesne of Prior Park, and which serves as a seat to wary pedestrians. The flat freestone flags on which we sit are rough with the rudely carved initials of many names, among which, forty years ago, we still perceive those of Thomas Gainsborough, the rival of Reynolds and Richard Wilson, both of whom he equalled in their several departments of art. We search now in vain for the well-known T. G., all trace of which time, in conjunction perhaps with rural corduroy, has for ever effaced. From hence a slow climbing of some ten or fifteen minutes brings us to the lodge gate of Prior Park. The history of this fine estate, if it were fully written, would afford much interesting matter for speculation. Near a century and a half ago, it was the property of Ralph Allen, the descendant of a man who rose from the very lowest rank by indomitable industry. The original proprietor was the friend of Pope, who sung his praises, and the prototype of Allworthy in one of Fielding's works of fiction, the opening scenes of which are laid in this locality. Not many years ago there was an avenue in the grounds, known as Pope's Walk, and a tree, beneath which he used to sit. They may still exist for aught we know to the contrary. After the death of Allen, the estate fell into comparative neglect. About fifty years since it was sold, but with a defective title, to a Quaker family, who, it was rumoured, paid the purchase money with the timber they cut down. They retained it in a state of semi-dilapidation for many years, and then sold it to a Roman Catholic bishop, who converted the residence into a popish college, which it remains to the present day. Large additions have

been made to the original grand and simple mansion, the proportions of which are sadly obscured by the new erections. The present owners, or rather occupants, have still further denuded the land of the fine timber which was the glory of the landscape. Meanwhile, the sole surviving heir of Ralph Allen, after consuming his small patrimony in the vain attempt to establish his claim, has given it up in despair, and leads a life of comparative retirement.

From Prior Park we soon arrive at Combe Down, a flat district of considerable extent, but almost completely undermined by excavated quarries, from which the builders of Bath, and indeed of many parts of the kingdom, have been supplied for centuries. The hamlet, standing on the edge of the southern brow of the flat table-land, is charmingly situated, and confronts a prospect of astonishing beauty and variety. A vast valley is opened out before the eye, in which towns and villages and meandering roads are traced as on a map. In the extreme distance is a ridge of hills, against one of which the Wiltshire White Horse is plainly distinguishable. Here, on a clear day, may be seen part of the town of Warminster, and the spire of Trowbridge, late the residence of the poet Crabbe.

Leaving Combe Down, the village of Combe, which lies in a hollow below, and Combe Grove, the birthplace of the Rajah of Sarawak, all on the right, we make our way through field-paths to Claverton Down, the ancient *Canalodunum*, which at one period the corporation hired as an equestrian airing-ground for visitors; and where once, too, was the race-course. Traversing the Down, the flat smooth sward of which is admirable walking ground, we direct our course for Hampton Cliffs, a rugged and most picturesque assemblage of rock and wood, from the craggy heights of which another brilliant and varied prospect bursts upon the view, commanding the valley of the Avon, the course of the winding stream, and several small hamlets and grey church towers rising amid the foliage. The sequestered village of Claverton lies below, at no great distance, where in days gone by, when wandering angle-rod in hand, we have encountered more than once, seated by the river's brink, an open volume at his side, the pensive-looking author of that not very pensive book, "The Spiritual Quixote"—the Reverend Richard Graves, who in that secluded spot spent the last fifty years of his life.

Having rested for half an hour, enjoying the prospect and the bracing air, upon a mossy stone upon the edge of the cliff, we commence a rather hazardous and devious descent into the valley, and soon find ourselves upon the bank of the Kennet and Avon canal, which not very far from this spot crosses the river upon an aqueduct. A rustic whom we encounter gives us the welcome information of a pleasure-boat which we may be in time to catch at the stopping-place at Dundas, which, after setting our face in the right direction, he assures us we may easily accomplish "ef yaw staps out purty smeatish." Accordingly, we step out as smartly as we can, and in half an hour find ourselves comfortably seated in the light iron boat which is to carry us to Bath. Forty minutes does the five miles, and a very agreeable mode of transit it is. A couple of horses, running tandem, gallop

along upon the causeway, pulling a rope fastened to the prow of the light boat, which, drawing scarcely ten inches of water, skims over the surface with a pleasant motion and with notable celerity. We have delightful views as we scud along at a height of thirty feet above the bed of the river which winds lazily on our right. A part of the river lies on a parallel line with that of the railway, and a dashing smoking train rushes past as we glide silently along. The prospect from the boat is rich and picturesque, and varying every moment, till at length we stop close to the rear of Sydney Gardens, and disembark. Not far from where the boat finishes her course, down among the market-gardens on the left of the canal, stands a solitary grey-stone building of a rather anomalous aspect, which goes by the name of the Bathwick Villa. In that lone house dwelt for a number of years a man of some celebrity in his time, the author of nearly two hundred volumes, many of which he wrote, but more of which, as a French wit observed of a contemporary, "*il compilait, compilait, compilait.*" His productions comprised all the wide range of literary subjects which the most comprehensive writer could embrace. Though decidedly successful in his speculations, he yet outlived his popularity, and at the present day, although his numerous works would almost fill an average family library, yet his name is rarely mentioned among literary men, and with the non-literary world is almost as little known as though he had never existed. The name of Dr. John Trusler will be found by those who seek for it in books of biography; but he who would look for his works will search in vain among the publishers and booksellers of the day. Now and then an old volume turns up at a book-stall; but except the "*Hogarth moralized*," which owes its permanency to the immortal painter and not to the dreary moralizer, there is little which connects the name of this voluminous author with the literature of our day.

We find that we have already reached the verge of our limits, and that we cannot any longer chronicle *seriatim* our excursions through the city of Bath and its environs. We may, however, point the attention of the reader and the intending visitor to one or two particulars which should not be forgotten. Among the first of these we must advert to the New Victoria Park, a series of pleasant gravel-walks and plantations laid out about twenty years ago on a part of the common ground to the west and south of the Crescent Fields. This park has the great advantage of being accessible to invalids without the necessity of surmounting any of the numerous hills which bar egress from the city in so many directions. It lies within an easy distance from the centre of the town, and is deservedly a place of favourite resort, and will continue to improve with years, as the trees with which it is planted attain their full growth. Parties desirous of a fine panoramic view of the whole city should not fail to ascend the summit of the Beechen Cliff; the stranger will not readily turn his back upon the scene which from that abrupt eminence bursts upon his view. Another admirable picture is obtained from the vicinity of the Sham Castle, which overlooks the city on the east. It was near these imitative ruins that Sheridan fought

his savage duel with Captain Matthews for the hand of Miss Lindley, whom he afterwards married. Matthews pinned him to the ground, after they had both fallen down, by a thrust through the neck, when the seconds interfered and ended the fray.

The walk on the margin of the river to the picturesque village of Twerton, and beyond along the barge track, which may be followed all the way to Bristol, is one of much tranquil and pastoral beauty. Excursions to the outlying villages in any direction will not fail to delight the visitor to whom natural charms are objects of interest. Weston, Charlecombe, Combe, Freshford, and especially the village of Wick, with its bold and precipitous rocky gleus, will all well repay the toil of the pedestrian, and all of them lie within practicable distances. It is impossible, indeed, to leave Bath in any direction, without gratifying the eye with the agreeable diversity of hill and dale, grove and stream. The whole neighbourhood is eminently picturesque, and sufficiently romantic to make any man an artist or a poet on whom the imitative or creative faculty has been bestowed. In the city itself are many objects well worthy of examination—the churches, the hospitals, the assembly-rooms, the noble streets, grand in the uniformity of their grey-stone fronts, and the bold snatches of landscape and hill-top which at a thousand openings arrest the eye. The visitor, however, is not to suppose that Bath is all beauty. On the low-lying lands on the bank of the river to the west there is a region of filth, squalor, and demoralization, where poverty and crime lurk in miserable companionship, and where, by a perversion of language, they may be said to enjoy a kind of sanctuary free from the intrusion of respectability.

Enter Waiter. "Train starts for London, sir, in a quarter of an hour. Your luggage is on the top of the omnibus at the door."

We have barely time to rattle down to the station, secure a ticket, and ensconce ourselves in the corner seat of a carriage, when "*the-e-e-e*" says the whistle—"cough, cough, cough!" goes the engine—and Bath begins to run away on both sides of us. In a minute we are boring the earth through Sydney Gardens, from whence we emerge at full speed, rushing along the valley of the Avon towards London.

*** The next number will contain an entertaining and graphic sketch of a visit to MIREFATE, with an appropriate engraving.

LOATHE DIRT.—You cannot help it at work: but, when work is over, taste no food till you have cleaned yourself. Wash your whole body over every morning; and put on clean clothes as often as ever you can. You could soon afford plenty of clean shirts and sheets, if the publican gave you back your money, and you gave him back his spirits. Cool yourself with the fresh, clear water that Nature filters so beautifully for you in the bowels of the earth. Whewash your cottage, and open your windows. Don't grudge either time or money that is spent in cleanliness; and try to live where your neighbours are clean also, lest you suffer from their dirt.—*Lecture on "Dirt."*

THE "MARSEILLAISE" AND ITS AUTHOR.

THERE are several great national songs in the world, but the Marseillaise is, we believe, the only one of which both the words and the music were the simultaneous production of one mind. Rouget de Lisle has acquired a terrible and by no means enviable renown by his one production, the "Marseillaise Hymn," as it is irreverently termed, and it alone seems as likely to carry his name down to remote future ages as though he had written works rivalling those of the greatest literary geniuses of modern times.

In the winter of 1792, Rouget de Lisle was in garrison at Strasbourg, being then a young artillery officer, and known as a brave soldier and an enthusiastic admirer of the revolution. He also seems to have been somewhat popular with his comrades as a song-writer and music-composer; but, with the exception of the composition just alluded to, none of his compound productions are now in existence; and the reason probably is, that they were not of striking merit. The peculiar circumstances under which he produced the Marseillaise have been somewhat variously described by different writers, but no account is so circumstantial, and apparently so authentic, as that given by Lamartine. He tells us that De Lisle was on very intimate terms with M. Dietrick (*maire* of Strasbourg) and his wife and daughters, and that the latter suggested the poetry and music to the young officer, who was a daily visitor at the house. A great scarcity then prevailed in Strasbourg, and one evening, when De Lisle, as usual, was seated at the poor table of Dietrick, the latter observed that he had still one bottle of wine left in his cellar, and this he desired his daughters to fetch, in order that De Lisle might, as he said, be inspired to produce a song which would excite enthusiasm in the bosoms of the people. The last bottle was accordingly drained, and the result may be best told in the graphic words of Lamartine. "It was midnight and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, his head was heated. The cold seized on him, and he went staggering home to his lonely chamber, endeavouring, by degrees, to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small clavier, now composing the air before the words, and now the words before the air, combined them so intimately in his mind, that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the poetry from the music, and the feeling from the impression. He sung everything—wrote nothing.

"Overcome by this effort, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake until daylight. The song of the over-night returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down, and then ran to Dietrick. He found him in his garden. His wife and daughters had not yet risen. Dietrick aroused them, called together some friends as fond of music as himself, and capable of executing De Lisle's composition. Dietrick's eldest daughter accompanied them; Rouget sang. At the first verse all

countenances turned pale; at the second, tears flowed; at the last, enthusiasm burst forth. The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrick went a few months afterwards to the scaffold to the sound of the notes produced at his own fireside, from the heart of his friend and the voices of his daughters. The new song, executed some days afterwards at Strasbourg, flew from city to city, in every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and the close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillais spread it all over France, by singing it on their way; whence the name of *Marseillaise*. De Lisle's old mother, a royalist and religious, alarmed at the effect of her son's voice, wrote to him:—"What is this revolutionary song sung by bands of brigands, who are traversing France, and with which our name is mingled?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a royalist, *heard it and shuddered* as it sounded on his ears, whilst escaping in some of the wild passes of the Alps. "What do they call that song?" he inquired of his guide. "The *Marseillaise*!" replied the peasant. It was thus he learnt the name of his own work. The arm turned against the hand that forged it. The revolution, insane, no longer recognised its own voice."

Such was the origin of the Marseillaise; such the fate of its author. The words themselves are exciting in the original, and the sentiments intensely French; but without the really sublimely terrible music, their effect would have been comparatively very trifling and ephemeral. King Louis Philippe once rightly enough observed, that there was no danger in the words, but that the music contained the meaning, the sting, and the danger. "The notes," says Lamartine, "were alternately flat and sharp, and seemed to come from the breast with sullen mutterings of national anger, and then with the joy of victory. . . . There was heard the regular footfall of thousands of men, the plaintive notes of women, the wailings of children, the neighing of horses, the hissing of flames as they devoured palaces and huts; then gloomy strokes of vengeance, striking again and again with the hatchet. . . . It was illustrated by circumstances whence issued a peculiar character, which made it at the same time more solemn and more sinister: glory and crime, victory and death, seemed intertwined in its chorus. It was the song of patriotism, but it was also the imprecation of rage. It conducted our soldiers to the frontier, but it also accompanied our victims to the scaffold."

And now, after all that has been said and done about this marvellous song, let us view it in the light of common sense and Christian reason, and ask whether it has not been indeed an accursed thing. We believe the motive of the gifted young author was what he himself deemed a pure one, and little did he foresee the appalling deeds to which his composition would excite the raging demons of the revolution. Carlyle has, in his own powerful but mystical and exaggerated fashion, glorified the ferocious mobs who first made use of and spread it through France on their march from Marseilles to Paris, and he emphatically pronounces it the "luckiest composition ever promulgated!"

* See "History of the Girondists."

If a song that has from first to last rendered the singers tigers rather than men, and prompted them to deeds of unparalleled atrocity, be entitled to the designation of "luckiest composition," Mr. Carlyle really must have a very peculiar notion of what he terms "luck," and we do not envy him his prodilections. Frenchmen are naturally the most excitable people in the world, and this fearful hymn, which is, as it were, the very spirit of revolution and anarchy, had the power of momentarily transforming them from reasonable beings into animals thirsting for slaughter. Lamartine, in a rhapsodical manner, compares it to sacred banners suspended from the roofs of churches, and "not profaned on common occasions"! Profaned! why, it is, owing to its associations, a very thing of horrible profanation itself—whatever its unhappy author intended it to be—and every line seems surcharged with the memory of massacres and deeds when "hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell," and every note is rank with the scent of innocent blood. It is impossible to rightly estimate the influence this song has exerted over the destinies of France, or to calculate the tremendous amount of guilt and woe attributable, more or less, to this "luckiest composition." There is an enormous difference between a war-song that prompts men to rally together and battle for their country and homes against a foreign invader, and one that madly excites a people against its rulers, and against all its own countrymen who will not join in some insane idea falsely dignified with the name of "Liberty"—which, in such cases, generally means liberty to commit with impunity acts at which humanity shudders. Well might Madame Roland exclaim, as she was led to the scaffold—"O liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

If a truly national song is sought—one that would create patriotic sentiments without rendering persons savages—it must be a very different composition to the Marseillaise. Such an ode is the Danish "*Den tapre Landsoldat*," and even an alien may join (as we ourselves have done abroad) in heartily singing it; but the foreigner in France who could heartily take part in the Marseillaise must be morally indifferent to the soul-sickening results which history proves have ever flowed from the renowned verses of poor Rouget de Lisle. Well may the successive rulers of France, since the era of the Consulate, have frequently prohibited the singing of the Marseillaise! Would that the Marseillaise might be for ever consigned to oblivion! but that, we fear, can never be, for it seems engraved in the heart's core of the restless and thoughtless masses of great yet unhappy France, and they will probably transmit it to their children, generation after generation, and all its awful associations and undiminished power of evil along with it. After such an example as the Marseillaise, we can better comprehend the force of the profound observation attributed to a certain statesman—"Let me make the songs of the people, and I care little who makes the laws!" What a responsibility rests upon those who have the gift of song, to consecrate it to the cause of virtue, piety, and social order!

Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only reveal the poverty that compelled the loan.

PRISON ROSES.

A TRUE STORY.

ALL one's ideas of a prison are connected with the most melancholy images. Gloomy courts, high walls, narrow grated windows, impassable doors, an appearance of strict confinement pervading every arrangement—such are a few of the visions which our fancy conjures up. Everything that meets the view will, we anticipate, confirm the unpleasant associations that we necessarily form of these abodes of crime, sorrow, and suffering, and also sometimes of injured and wrongfully suspected innocence. To a case of the latter kind does our story refer. The very cause, however, that led to the circumstances which we are about to relate, proves that there may be other feelings than those already named in connexion with prisons; and that, however well founded our old and long-established associations with any particular thing or event may be, they are, like all human things, liable to error. But to our story.

Full of all the gloomy anticipations just described, the writer one day visited the princely gaol of—. For reasons that would not enlighten the reader, I forbear to disclose the name. Of all the contrasts which this place of intended reformation presented to my previous ideas of penal seclusion, the most touching was an effort of well-meant industry, which had converted a small interior court, leading too often "from prison to judgment," into a gay and trim parterre, blooming like any cottage garden with roses and other flowers.

"Prison roses!" ejaculated I, as for the first time I gazed on buds thus nurtured; watered, no doubt, with many a bitter passing tear; and destined, from their awful position, directly beneath the gateway used as the place of execution, to receive the parting gaze of many a poor creature when on his way "to that boynce whence no traveller returns." I could not help standing spell-bound beside the most flourishing of the rose bushes, which in its June luxuriance looked as if the bowers of Eden, and not an earthly pandemonium, would have been its more appropriate clime. I asked permission of the turnkey, who accompanied us, to gather one or two of the buds, assigning as my reason the singularity of the situation in which they had grown.

"It was but a waste unsightly bit of ground, ma'am," said the gaoler, "when our present porter came here; but as he had been bred as a gardener, and had a great deal of spare time on his hands, he asked leave to turn it into those two flower-beds which you see. Most folks say they are out of character here, and so maybe they may be; but I scarce think you'll say so, when I tell you that that rose-tree saved an innocent person's life."

"How so?" asked I, with natural interest.

"It's a long story, ma'am," answered the officer, hesitatingly, "and my time will hardly allow of my telling it; but as you go out, if you'll please to rest in the porter's lodge, you can't make the old man happier than by asking him all about it."

We followed the turnkey's advice when we left the prison; and prefacing my request by some compliments to the old florist on his choice collection of roses, he at once gave us the history of the bush I had been plundering.

"It's a good many years ago, ma'am, since a poor woman was confined here for being concerned in a robbery of a house entrusted to her care. She had been the gentleman's laundress for several years; and, from his opinion of her honesty, was employed by him to keep his house while the family were at the sea-side. The poor creature watched her trust faithfully, day and night, till she heard of the dangerous condition of a married daughter some miles off; when, committing, as she said herself, her employer's property to the care of Providence for one night, she could not resist setting off to nurse her dying child. Some villains, lurking in the neighbourhood, availed themselves of the circumstance to commit a burglary; so that when Martha returned from laying a dead baby in a dead mother's arms, she found her master's house rifled of every thing valuable. She was at first blamed for criminal negligence, and afterwards charged with being implicated in the robbery itself. The thieves, unable to dispose as quickly as they wished of all the stolen property, were obliged to hide some of it, and no place appeared to them so fit as poor old Martha's garden, by which artifice, if discovered, the blame would naturally fall upon her. The ground was soft and wet at the time, and much as they had tried to conceal their footsteps, they failed. Murder will out, they say; and so will robbery. While Martha, half distracted between her daughter's death and the loss of her character, was crying before the magistrates engaged in the examination, her premises had been searched; and what was the poor creature's consternation to hear that two chests, containing linen, had been found in her own garden! Protestations would hardly have availed her, had she been able to make them. Her going away, although perfectly natural in a mother, was so suspicious, and the whole matter so like connivance, that to gao! ~~she went~~ of course, as an accomplice, or as a receiver of stolen goods at the very least.

"It is at all times a hardship, ma'am—and no one knows it better than we do—to a labouring person, to be shut up, deprived of all means of earning his bread, and all his little affairs going it may be to ruin and confusion; but what it was to Martha no one can fully conceive. Her own honest calling was knocked up, and that probably for ever; but it was for her daughter's orphans that her heart yearned most bitterly. Their father was far off at sea, and four little creatures, under seven, had no one to look after them but an elder sister hardly ten. No sooner did this good child hear of her grandmother's deplorable case, than she left her brothers and sisters with a neighbour, and walked four miles to the gao!. She was quite ashamed to ring at so fine a place, and the very sight of that huge iron door made her heart die within her. I dare say she might have stood long enough, had not a countryman come in with a great sack of wheat for the treadmill, and nearly knocked over the poor little petitioner before he was aware. He was a good-natured fellow, however; and to make amends for the fright, he took her by the hand and brought her to me. 'Here's a little one crying mortally, Master Porter,' says he; 'I suppose she is daughter to some of your gao!-birds aloft, and wants to see 'em.'

"My grandmother is an honest woman," sobbed

out the poor child, 'and never wronged any one; do let me go to her.'

"Where are your father and mother, child?' said I; 'they would have more sense to do her service.'

"My father's in the West Indies, sir," answered she, quite sensible, and my poor mother's in the churchyard. Do let me see grandmother, that I may go back and give the little ones their dinner.'

"What little ones? Are you the eldest?"

"Yes, sir, of five; and there is no one to do for them but myself, now that God has taken my mother, and wicked men my grandmother.'

"I took the child in my hand, and sending word to a turnkey to call down old Martha to the visiting cell, I stood myself on one side the grate (you saw it of course as you went through), and the poor grandmother soon appeared on the other. When little Jane—that was her name—found that instead of kissing and crying over her, she could get no nearer to her than a five-foot passage with two iron gratings between allowed, she sobbed violently, and squeezed her head against the bars, as you may have seen a poor caged bird do. Martha was nearly overcome by the sight; but she was a good pious woman, and had committed her cause to One above, so she did her best to comfort her grandchild, and gave her a world of good advice, as to how to manage the little ones and be a mother to them. Many a pious comfortable word has it been my lot to hear, from the outer side of that wicket, to the poor deluded ones within, but it is not often that the prisoner turns preacher and comforter as Martha did.

"Go your ways home, my dear," she said, 'and do your duty to the little ones there. I shall never repent having done mine to my own poor child that is gone; but I am justly punished for not getting some one to take my charge while I was away. It was tempting Providence to act as I did! However, if it be His will, something will come out on the trial to prove me innocent; if not, I bless Him and the good gentlemen that built this place, that I can sit and knit and read my bible in my own quiet cell, instead of being in a vile common room, hearing curses from morning till night. God bless you, Jane; you may come back and see me when you are sure the children are safe with some good neighbour; but take warning and never desert your duty, as I did mine.'

"Little Jane cried bitterly, and promised to mind all her grandmother had said, and return whenever she could be spared. This was not often; but the little maid was a general favourite, and there were many who would take their work to the desolate hearth, and rock the cradle of the motherless child, while Jane ran to comfort and attend upon her grandmother. The only luxury which the old woman prized was the proverbial one of her profession—a cup of good tea; but this her confinement prevented her earning, and though cheerful and contented over our wholesome prison fare, she missed her accustomed cordial. Little Jane guessed as much, and one day as she was going out took courage from my hearty good-will to her, to say how much she wished, if possible, to make sifpence in any way.

"'Make sixpence, child,' said I, 'and why?' She told me with some hesitation, and I answered: 'Jane, I am not rich, but I could give you sixpence for so good a purpose I dare say, and so I will if a thought that has just come into my head fails. To-morrow the assizes begin, although your poor grandmother's trial will not come on till the end. There will be plenty of company in the town, and balls in the evening, and no doubt the ladies will like nosegays for them. I'll give you some every day from my garden; and you shall stand at the door of the King's Arms, and try to sell them; and if you do, a happy girl you'll be to carry your poor grandmother an ounce of tea of your own earning. My roses are the best and earliest in the place, thanks to these high walls, though their shelter is none of the kindest. This bush here—(the one you've got in your hand, ma'am)—is of a rare sort. I had it from my old master's garden in the park, and there are not ten of the sort of this tree to be found in all England. See, there will be half a dozen blown upon it to-morrow.'

"On the morrow Jane came, dressed in her best neat brown-stuff frock, with a clean white apron and a straw bonnet of her own plaiting. She was afraid to encounter the crowds about the doors of the inn; and, to say the truth, on second thoughts, I durst not send her there, for fear of being rode over or knocked down in the bustle; so I advised her rather to ply her trade at the New Spa, where I thought the young ladies were likely to take shelter from the crowd. She did so, and had not stood long with her modest face and civil manners, offering her nice nosegays, when she attracted the attention of a tall elderly gentleman, who with his two daughters had come to drink the waters. 'Ha,' said he to the ladies, 'there's a pretty little country maid selling roses, and very choice ones they are. What say you, girls, to a bouquet, to remind you of home? Pray, child,' asked he, looking at the flowers very sharply, for he was a bit of a florist, 'where did this Rose Unique grow?'

"'In the county gaol, please your honour,' answered the little girl, all of a tremble; for he was a quick gentleman, and spoke as if he thought she might have stolen them. 'The door-keeper gave them me when I went to see poor grandmother.'

"'Prison roses!' cried one of the young ladies, gazing curiously at the pretty unconscious flowers; 'who would have thought you could thrive in such a climate!'

"'Is your grandmother a prisoner?' asked the old gentleman quickly, but not unkindly. 'And for what offence?'

"'For going to see mother die,' answered little Jane, innocently. 'Mother went to heaven and took my little brother with her, and poor grandmother is in gaol, because wicked men stole her master's things while she was absent.'

"'She should have got some one to watch for her,' said he; 'but, if what you say be true, the case seems a cruel one too. How came she to be accused of the robbery?'

"'Because the things were found in her garden, though she knows not how they came there.'

"'What shameful villany!' exclaimed the ladies.

For the little girl's story had interested them deeply.

"'Very unlucky,' said the gentleman, rubbing his forehead; 'is there no one here can vouch for your grandmother's character?'

"'Sure, sir, every one can,' answered Jane, in her simple way. 'There is no one in — but knows old Martha Wilkins.'

"'Wilkins!' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Wilkins!' screamed out both ladies. 'Can it be our old nurse Martha? Did she ever live in Dorsetshire? Was her husband a gamekeeper? What family had she?'

"'Little Jane knew nothing about matters which had happened before she was born; but she could answer the last question in a way that settled it all. 'One daughter only, if you please, sir—my poor mother that's gone; and that made her so anxious to see her dear Mary Jane before she died.'

"'Mary Jane! No doubt remains,' cried these two young ladies, whose joint names had been bestowed on nurse's child. 'O papa, let us go to the prison to see dear Martha; it must be her.'

"'Patience, children,' answered the old gentleman, who seemed, however, as glad as any of them. 'There will be a sad bustle to-day at the gaol; and besides, to see Martha with any comfort we must have an order. I'll speak to the high sheriff by and by, when the court breaks up; and in the mean time I see the little girl is anxious to be off.'

"'Please your honour,' said Jane, 'I'm in no great hurry, only—only—I've four miles to walk, and the children's dinner to get, and grandmother's tea to buy besides.'

"'So it was to buy tea for your grandmother you took to selling roses, good girl? Here's a shilling for you instead of a sixpence; run to the gaol and tell Martha that Mr. Dawes of Ashleigh, is in town to befriend her; it will do her more good than all the tea in China.'

"'And here's something for yourself,' cried Miss Mary, 'for being so dutiful.' And something to buy toys for the children,' cried Miss Jane to her pretty namesake. And she ran off as gaily to prison as if it had been a palace. Martha shed tears of joy when she heard of the unexpected arrival of her old master and his meeting with her grandchild. She acknowledged the hand of Providence in it, as she did in everything else; and cried more when she saw the grandest gentleman in Dorsetshire stooping to visit her in her cell, and his nicely dressed daughters sit down on her clean but lowly bed, than she had done when she first heard of her calamity.

"Mr. Dawes had no need to interfere to get justice done to his old servant, in a land where it is the right of the meanest. But she was saved the agitation even of an acquittal, by his exerting himself to have the matter thoroughly investigated. This led to the charge being brought home to some burglars already in the gaol for other offences, who after some little delay admitted the innocence of Martha, and the circumstances under which they hid the linen in her garden. It might otherwise have gone hard with Martha in this world, at a time when our law was more severe than it is now; for no one is infallible, ladies, not even judges; and appearances were sadly against her. But "all's well that

ends well." Mr. Dawes took her out of gaol in his own coach, and settled her in a cottage upon his estate. Jane's father is married again to a good sort of motherly woman, and she herself now waits upon the two young ladies. They come every year to drink the waters, and the first thing they do is to send Jane for one of my prison roses. The story has made my bush famous, and I thought you might like to hear it, as you seemed to admire the flowers so much. I wish you could see Jane's face when I tell it. No roses in England could match them. You'll excuse an old man's freedom, ladies; but Jane and my roses make me always forget myself."

"We at least run no risk of forgetting either, my good friend," said I, cordially; "and may we all remember that from trifling acts of duty and industry, under the blessing of God, important benefits may be made to flow."

Never since the time that I hearkened to the kind old man's story, have I seen a bed of roses in bloom without its recalling the prison of — and this touching incident. Henceforward flowers were associated in my mind with that sad dwelling of guilt, misfortune, and error; and in some slight degree this new association lightens the weight that falls upon one's heart, amidst all the sad ideas that crowd on the mind at the very sight of a prison. The story is a very simple one; and, perhaps, unaccompanied by the eager interested manner of the old man, together with the sight of the beautiful roses that had unconsciously worked so much good, may seem devoid of interest to the readers. If, however, they will endeavour to place before their mind's eye the scene in which it was told to me—the neat humble sitting-room—the picturesque figure of the narrator, with his venerable white hair and his animated countenance, as he dealt upon the merits of his *protégée*—the brilliant roses, then in all their beauty and fragrance—a spot of brightness and loveliness in the midst of so much gloom—I think they will feel with me that, however simple the story, it was worthy of being recorded.

AN ADVENTURE AT A CHINESE INN.

IN a former number, we drew the attention of our readers to Mr. Fortune's interesting work on the Tea Districts of China. We now take our leave of it by the insertion of the following extract, which will show the adventures through which he had to pass. The work is one which will well repay perusal.

Having left tea and the tea-hills behind me, I shall now go on with my narrative. When I arrived at the city of Pouching-hein it was nearly dark. It had been raining heavily all the afternoon; and, being wet and uncomfortable, I was glad of the shelter afforded by a Chinese inn. The one which I entered did not appear to be so respectable as I could have wished, and I would have left it and sought another had the weather been better; but as the night was so wet, I determined to stop where I was.

The chair-bearers and coolie, who had been engaged at Woo-ch-shan, had now arrived at the end of their journey, according to agreement, and

intended returning home again next day. They generally took care to be paid the proportion of their fare at the end of each day's journey, and I now desired Sing-Hoo to pay them the remainder and get rid of them as soon as possible. He informed me that he had done so, but that they intended to remain in the same inn with ourselves for the night.

A hot tinner was at length placed upon the table. Rough and unpalatable as this would have appeared in other circumstances, I was now so accustomed to the Chinese style of living, that what was placed before me seemed tempting enough, and I believe I did full justice to it. My chair-bearers, having received their wages, were now seated at a side-table in another room, absorbed in the mysteries of gambling, and Sing-Hoo was quietly smoking his pipe with the landlord. A number of other travellers were also loitering about, some of whom had an appearance which did not produce a favourable impression on me. They were evidently opium-smokers, from the sallow colour of their cheeks, probably gamblers, and altogether such characters as one would rather avoid than be on intimate terms with.

It still continued to rain heavily; and as all out-of-doors seemed dark and dismal, and all within uninviting, I retired early to rest. Tired with the exertions of the day, I was soon fast asleep, in spite of my suspicious inn and strange companions. It might have been about midnight when I was awakened by the sounds of angry voices, and amongst them I could distinguish those of my chair-bearers and Sing-Hoo. I jumped up with strong suspicions that something serious was about to happen to us. The noise still increased; and, from the scuffle which reached my ears, I feared they were seizing my servant with the intention of robbing us, and perhaps of taking our lives. Human life is not much valued in some parts of the country, and the province of Fokien does not bear a high character, and for aught I knew I might be in a den of thieves and robbers. Sing-Hoo, but a short time before, had been telling me of an occurrence which took place in the wild mountain country between Hoo-chow-foo—the famous silk town—and Hway-chow, his native place. Four travellers, he said, took up their quarters one evening in an inn on the roadside. They called for a good dinner, and afterwards smoked opium and gambled until nearly midnight. Next morning three of them paid their bills of fare and took their departure, but the fourth was nowhere visible. His body was afterwards found in a pit near the house, floundered up in his own box, and from its appearance there was no doubt the man had met with a violent death from the hands of his companions.

With this story in my mind, I could not endure the suspense any longer, and throwing on my clothes, I opened the door and walked into the place where the disturbance was. What I saw was quite sufficient to alarm a bolder man, and yet there was something in it laughable too. Eight or ten stout fellows, including the chair-bearers, were attacking my servant, who was standing, like a tiger at bay, up against the wall of the house. He had a large joss-stick in his hand which every now and then he was peking at the faces of those

who threatened to close with him. The most adventurous sometimes got a poke which sent them back, cursing and swearing, rather faster than they came. The whole scene brought vividly to my mind Bailie Nicol Jarvie's fight with the red-hot poker, so admirably described by Sir Walter Scott.

Had I been an uninterested spectator, I might have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the scene before me; but I was in the midst of a strange country and hostile people, and, being the weaker party, I felt really alarmed. The only weapon in my possession was a small pocket-pistol, one of those which are loaded by unscrewing the barrel. Thinking that if matters came to the worst, this might be of some use, either in frightening our assailants or in saving my life, I went back to my bedroom and got it out. When I examined it, I found that the wet had rusted the barrel, and it would not unscrew; it was therefore of no use.

The noise still continued, and if possible got louder. I determined, therefore, to present a bold front, and walked straight in amongst the combatants, clearing a space between my servant and the others, and asked the reason of the disturbance. My chair-bearers and coolie, who had always treated me with every respect, immediately fell back in the rear, grumbling at the same time about some cash which they had not received. On inquiring into the business, I found that Sing-Hoo, Chinaman like, not content with what he got from me, had been trying to *squeeze* the chair-bearers and coolie out of 300 cash—about a shilling of our money. He denied the accusation most stoutly, but I had no doubt in my own mind that what the men said was true; besides, I was not going to have a disturbance, and perhaps lose my life, for a shilling; so I ordered him to pay the money without further delay.

This had the effect of restoring something like quietness to the house. I now ordered Sing-Hoo into my room, and shut the door. The business, however, had gone too far; for the other men were highly incensed at his conduct, and threatened to be revenged upon him. For hours after this I could hear them talking about the matter, even after they had lain down in their beds. Sing-Hoo listened eagerly to every word of their conversation, and was evidently in a state of great alarm. He begged me to allow a candle to be lighted, and kept burning in our apartment during the night.

In the room next to mine, and only separated from it by a wooden partition, about a dozen opium-smokers had taken up their quarters. The soft sickening fumes of the drug found their way through the chinks of the partition, and were most disagreeable. In a short time the opium began to operate upon the smokers; they talked and laughed loudly, and were evidently in their "heaven of bliss." Sing-Hoo's affair was uppermost in their minds, and it seemed as if they could think or talk of nothing else. What madmen might do under the circumstances—for madmen they were while under the influence of the drug—I could not possibly foresee. This kept me awake for several hours. At last, however, I dropped off to sleep, and did not awake until daylight was streaming into our miserable apartment. All was perfectly quiet. Sing-Hoo was lying on his bed fast asleep

with his clothes on, and the opium-smokers had gone off at last into the land of dreams.

Rousing Sing-Hoo, I desired him to go and look after another chair and coolies to take me onwards across the Hohea mountains into the province of Chekiang. He returned, saying that all was arranged, and that the men would come to the inn as soon as they had taken their breakfast. In the mean time we ordered breakfast, and began to make preparation for our departure. I felt anxious to leave Pouching-hein before Sing-Hoo's enemies could put into execution any scheme of revenge, which I had no doubt they would attempt if they had time. It turned out afterwards that my fears were not without foundation.

THE LESSONS OF BIOGRAPHY.

A LECTURE FOR WORKING MEN.

IV.

No one who has lived for any considerable number of years, can be insensible to the change which has taken place in one branch of useful and ornamental art—we mean the productions of the potter. Behold the elegant porcelain and glass shops which embellish our streets, or look into their windows—as we doubt not many of you young men of curiosity and taste often do—where the enticing articles are displayed. What singular beauty is to be observed in their material, their design, and their execution, in comparison with those of former days! At the tables of the rich, what handsome services have supplanted the metal of the earlier times, just as the stoneware in humbler dwellings has superseded the wooden platters of a former age! Perhaps, in the late Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, we observed no department that so filled the eye and gratified the taste as that where the productions in porcelain, china, and glass, were spread out to view. One's eye never tired in examining these beautiful articles. And nothing could be more pleasing than to think that, whereas those who had a peculiar liking for things of this description, were obliged in former days to give exorbitant prices for the productions of Dresden and Sevres, or the pretty cups and saucers that were imported from China, a manufacture of equal elegance is now produced within our own island at half the cost. No doubt the manufacture has been very much improved since his time; but the beginning of that improvement is distinctly to be traced to the ingenuity of JOSIAH WEDGEWOOD, a man of great merit and of the most amiable character.

Receiving a very limited education, he applied himself with great diligence to his father's trade, whose vocation it was to fabricate from clay the coarsest sort of vessels; but his son brought to bear upon it, besides great talent and energy, the principles of science and of taste. Improving in everything, in point of composition, form, and colour, he gave to the articles of his manufacture a character of classical elegance, which speedily brought them into general notice and fashionable use. We remember well the admiration which was bestowed upon some of those graceful vases of a blue colour, decorated with figures in white, when they were first introduced into Edinburgh

from the Wedgewood potteries. And although there may be many articles of a more modern date which can compete with them, Mr. Wedgewood was unquestionably the first who gave a new impress and stimulus to this branch of workmanship, and he had the happiness of rearing around him an industrious population in that part of Staffordshire which is known by the name of the Potteries—a space which, though comprehending only about eight miles by six, contained several years ago not less than fourteen manufacturing towns, and which has been considered the most populous district in the whole of the Queen's dominions. The most peculiar feature in Mr. Wedgewood was what the phrenologists call concentrativeness—the power of applying the mind with intense energy to the object which it has in hand—an invaluable quality, and a great attainment in every individual who possesses it, and which should be especially cultivated in the early stages of life.

Of late years, another most useful and ornamental art has been brought to a comparatively high degree of perfection. We never now see a popular periodical published, or a new edition of any celebrated work produced, without what are called illustrations. Our new weekly newspapers, our "Bulwarks," our "Leisure Hours," and our children's "Missionary Records," have each of them their vignettes and embellishments. What indeed would be the "Illustrated News," and other pictorial journals, without the woodcuts? And who was it that first turned the substance of a tree to such a use? We have heard of paper being fabricated from the bark of a tree, and of inscriptions being carved upon it; but who made the hard wood itself take the place, and in so many cases serve the purpose, of the copper and steel which in the hands of the engraver were so useful? It was THOMAS BEWICK, of Cherryburn, who first showed the bent of his genius by sketching figures in chalk on every door or wall that came in his way—a practice, by the by, which might be very well dispensed with by many boys who indulge in it, without anything being thereby forfeited in the force and character of their genius!

The rude sketches of the young Bewick, however, obtained a place for him in the workshop of an engraver, in the town of Newcastle. Here he acquired such dexterity in engraving in wood, and, by this means, such a power of pictorial illustration, as was sufficient to found a new school in this department of art. And who that has seen his works has not admired the spirit and the life that are manifested in his delineations of the animal kingdom? the drollery displayed in the sketch of a bull "mumping" at a style over which he cannot leap!—the sportsman who lost a woodcock in trying to shoot a magpie!—the weary Savoyard dragging an unwilling bruin to the fair! or a wretched and hungry sheep picking the bones of a wasted and worn-out besom!

The points in Bewick's character which we would especially hold up to notice, were the quick perception by which he turned into a new channel an art not wholly unknown before certainly, but possessing a power which had not hitherto been developed or brought into practice in the superior form which in his hands it assumed, (for we know that there are some picturesque though very rude

engravings in wood to be found in certain of our old books, such, for example, as Flavel's "Husbandry Spiritualised,") and his thus having become the originator of what is adding very much every day both to the instruction and entertainment of the present generation.

To one or two other circumstances in Bewick's character, we must for a moment advert. He was most plain and abstemious in his mode of living. He practised early rising, and habituated himself to hardships, inasmuch that during winter he always kept the windows of his bedroom open, and the snow was even sometimes found drifted upon his bed-clothes. He was also a most affectionate and dutiful son. His parents lived fourteen miles from Newcastle, on the other side of the Tyne, and it was his custom to visit them once a week. But when the height of the river prevented him from getting across, he used to come to the opposite bank, and shout over to the family; and when he saw them all ranged up, and in good health, he returned home thankful and contented. You may depend upon this, that the greatest talent may be conjoined with the most temperate habits, and the most affectionate filial duty; indeed, it is greatly enhanced and beautified by the accompaniment and expression of all the domestic virtues.

Most of our examples have been taken from the history of men whose genius and labours led to some great or successful issue. But it is not amiss to remind you that a prosperous result is not always the test of true merit. "It is not in mortals to command success; but we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it." Although the race be not in every case to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; yet magnanimity under disappointment, and fortitude in the midst of disaster, are high and noble qualities, which must also be developed on the chequered field of this world's history, as being the prerogative of superior and lofty minds.

Of this we have a specimen in all that has been recorded—for the memorials of him are imperfect—of ALEXANDER PATERSON, a native of Dumfriesshire, who was unquestionably the founder of the Bank of England (although they have scarcely ever had the fairness to acknowledge it), and also of the Bank of Scotland. His great adventure, however, was his attempt to found a Scotch colony upon the isthmus of Darien, and thereby, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, to establish a grand central emporium of the productions of all the quarters of the globe. It is impossible here to do more than refer to this gigantic scheme, the details of which are, however, very instructive. It had its root, we fear—not indeed on the part of Paterson, but in the minds of the vast multitude of those who embarked in it—in an inordinate love of gain, such, we verily believe, as was never before witnessed, and which manifested itself in a countless number of wild and ruinous speculations, of which this was certainly the stimulant, if not the origin.

The bright hope, the high glee, with which Paterson stepped on board one of the ships of the little fleet that sailed on this expedition from the port of Leith, amidst the huzzas of the whole assembled population of Edinburgh, formed a sad contrast to the deep dejection with which, little more than a year afterwards, he had to repair to Boston, so

shattered in body and mind that one of his friends wrote of him in these words: "Grief has broken Mr. Paterson's heart and turned his brain; now he is a child, and they may do what they like for him!" And yet this intrepid man recovered his vigour, returned to his native land, and endeavoured to revive his favourite project; but in vain. He then retired into private life, yet without carrying with him one angry or resentful feeling, or seeking to sustain his own fame by exposing the imbecility and injustice on the part of others which were the real causes of the failure of his plan.

Without enlarging, we may refer you to a class of cases of a deeply interesting kind—we mean those in which the most wonderful attainments have been made by individuals who either naturally have wanted, or by the visitations of Providence have been deprived of, one, two, or even more of those bodily senses, by which man is enabled to communicate with the external world. For the present we must just be contented to refer you to "The Lost Senses," by Dr. Kitto, (whose own history, as a mutilated man, is very remarkable,) in which he details those of many others, and among them that of an individual of singular worth, whose tomb, with an inscription by Dr. Beattie, may be seen a little way from the place where we now are, in the churchyard of the old chapel of ease in Buccleuch-street*—we refer here to the amiable Dr. Blacklock, the son of a bricklayer in the town of Annan, who lost his sight by smallpox when he was six years of age, but who notwithstanding acquired the art of reading, went to school and college, was licensed to preach the gospel, and received a presentation to the church of Kirkcudbright; but being objected to on account of his blindness, retired and devoted himself to literary pursuits in this city, where he received boarders, and passed the remainder of his life, greatly respected, honoured, and beloved.

Thus have we taken a retrospect of a few eminent and most useful men, to whose history and character we have access in the memorials of them that have been recorded and published. But it would be a grievous mistake to suppose that none are noble, none illustrious, none entitled to be considered and called great benefactors of their race, but such as have the history of their lives transferred to the pages of a printed book. It is, no doubt, well that we have so many of these; otherwise the influence of their example would, to a large extent, have been lost to the world. Yet there is a numerous class of quiet thinkers, whose doings have not only been praiseworthy, but their services to mankind eminent and peculiar, and whose biography has not yet been, and in all probability never will be, written. In one of the publications of a gentleman of talent and benevolence from the western world, there is the following eloquent passage:—"There was a quiet thinker, some twenty-five years ago, who ventured to propose in one of the scientific journals of the day, that a telegraphic-communication might be held, at whatever distance, without a moment's loss in transmission, and equally applicable by day or night, by means of the electric shock. Great was the ridicule and contempt cast

upon this bold and startling proposition. 'All very pretty in theory,' was the cry, 'but absurd and utopian when you try to reduce it to practice.' 'Right enough in principle, no doubt,' wrote learned men, 'but utterly impracticable when brought to the business test of experiment and application!' The world had its laugh; and the quiet thinker died, with unwavering faith in his great idea, yet how little did even he venture to think that scarcely should the green turf have rooted upon his humble grave, ere those lengthening lines of white posts which now fringe the great iron highways of Europe should rise, like a cloud of witnesses, to justify his bold presentiment of a mighty thought, destined to revolutionise the world in the best sense of the word, to establish new relations between all peoples, and to render thought and action more and more simultaneous and common among mankind! Nay, in this, as in a thousand other cases, reality has outstripped conjecture. The bold predicator of 1825 did not presume to give unbridled licence to his imagination. In laying down his chart by which to pilot the electric shock, as the trained and obedient Mercury of man, the utmost limit assigned as the probable extent of its controllable career, was the circumference of our own shores. But already such narrow boundary is spurned. Across the foundations of the deep sea the exulting messenger flashes its timeless course, and England, no longer divided from the continent, touches with her finger the pulsation of all Europe, and yields back her own responsive throb."

So much for the person whom Mr. Elihu Burritt considers to have been the original inventor of the electric telegraph. We do not exactly know, but suppose that he refers to an American, we believe, of the name of Morse. Most people in this country are disposed to ascribe to Mr. Wheatstone the first practical discovery of the electric telegraph.

And while speaking of unwritten biography, we might tell you somewhat of another individual, still alive, and in a high and honourable position, who left his native country half a century ago, and with respect to whom one droll circumstance may be mentioned which occurred at the period of his youth. The famous John Wesley came to the town where this boy was born and lived, and on one occasion lectured so pungently on the vices of mankind, that the magistrates of the burgh (for no other reason that anybody could see, but that the cap was found to fit, or, to use a humorous illustration, that they took his words to themselves, like the woman with the large nose, who considered any remark on a little nose, or on any nose at all, as a reflection upon her own!) sent this boy, who was an excellent scholar, to Mr. Wesley, with a request that he would examine him in the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, in order to show that they were not such a set of ignorant and benighted personages as he had supposed! Or, we might refer to a well-known and most meritorious individual of our own city, our own esteemed friend HUGH MILLER—once a humble stone-mason, now a profound geologist and most powerful writer, a sketch of whose history has been drawn, and on whom a glowing panegyric was pronounced in the 24th number of the North British Review, from the pen, we believe, of one of the most distinguished philosophers of the present age.

* The lecture, we beg to remind our readers, was delivered in Edinburgh.

Golden Maxims.

• We *prove* friends before we *trust* them; but we must *first trust* Providence, and then we shall *prove* its blessing.

Irritability urges us to take a step as much too soon, as sloth does too late.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin, never had great thoughts of God.

Prayer is a key, which, being turned by the hand of faith, unlocks all God's treasures.

If the day of mercy leave us graceless, the day of judgment will find us speechless.

God hears the heart though without words; but he never hears words without the heart.

Sanctified affliction, like seasonable rain, lays the dust, softens the soul, and keeps us from carrying our heads too high.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

A real Christian is a good subject to his sovereign, a pillar to the state, an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world.

The death of the body no more interrupts the life of the soul, than the breaking of a crystal glass destroys the sunbeam that shined so brightly in it.

Science may raise us to eminence, but religion alone can guide us to felicity.

He that puts a bible into the hands of a child, gives him more than a kingdom; for it gives a key to the kingdom of heaven.

Doing what ought not to be done, or doing what ought to be done precipitately, cannot be called industry; it is only the active state of sloth.

Ministers are stars, and Christ knows best in what part of the firmament of the Church to fix them.

Pain and pleasure, serenity and storm, are the alternate companions of every man in the journey of life.

• The way to be safe in times of trouble, is to get the blood of the Lamb sprinkled upon our doors.

Reckon that a lost day in which you do not enjoy communion with God.

Sickness should teach us what a vain thing the world is, what a vile thing sin is, and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.

Begin all thine actions with prayer, that thou mayest be able to accomplish them.

The bible is the pledge of our immortality, and the charter of our salvation.

We ought to be careful in tribulation to flee to the footstool of mercy, that we may come out of it sanctified by the word of God and prayer.

There is no medium between pleasing God and displeasing him, and we have not his approbation we shall assuredly have his displeasure.

There is no note on the harp of an angel more welcome to Jehovah than the cry of a penitent for mercy, or the supplication of a child for grace.

To be singular in anything that is wise, worthy, and excellent, is not a disparagement, but a praise; every man should choose to be thus singular. To act otherwise is just as if a man, upon great deliberation, should rather choose to be drowned, than to be saved by a plank or a small boat, or to be carried into the harbour any other way than in a great ship of so many hundred tons.

Is there no way to bring back a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Anecdotes of Authors.

COWPER'S POEMS.—Johnson, the publisher in St. Paul's-churchyard, obtained the copyright of Cowper's Poems, which proved a great source of profit to him, in the following manner:—One evening, a relation of Cowper's called upon Johnson with a portion of the MS. poems, which he offered for publication, provided Johnson would publish them at his own risk, and allow the author to have a few copies to give to his friends. Johnson read the poems, approved of them, and accordingly published them. Soon after they had appeared, there was scarcely a reviewer who did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter shops; and the public taste being thus terrified or misled, these charming effusions stood in the corner of the publisher's shop as an unsaleable pile for a long time. At length, Cowper's relation called upon Johnson with another bundle of the poet's MS., which was offered and accepted upon the same terms as before. In this fresh collection was the poem of the "Task." Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, but thoroughly assured of the great merit of the poems, they were published. The tone of the reviewers became changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of the age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion. Johnson immediately reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment; and Cowper's poems enriched the publisher, when the poet was in languishing circumstances. In October 1812, the copyright of Cowper's poems was put up to sale among the London booksellers in thirty-two shares. Twenty of the shares were sold at 212*l.* each. The work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to net 83*l.* per annum. It had only two years of copyright; yet this same copyright produced the sum of 6764*l.*

SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—This man of genius among trading authors, before he began his History of England, wrote to the Earl of Shelburne, then in the Whig administration, stating that if the earl would procure for his work the patronage of the Government, he would accommodate his politics to the ministry; but if not, that he had high promises of support from the other party. Lord Shelburne, of course, treated the proffered support of a writer of such accommodating principles with contempt; and the work of Smollett, accordingly, became distinguished for its high Toryism. The history was published in sixpenny weekly numbers, of which 20,000 copies were sold immediately. This extraordinary popularity was created by the artifice of the publisher. He is stated to have addressed a packet of the specimens of the publication to every parish-clerk in England, carriage-free, with half-a-crown enclosed as a compliment, to have them distributed through the pews of the church; this being generally done, many people read the specimens, and the result was an extensive demand for the work.

COLERIDGE'S "WATCHMAN."—Coleridge, among his many speculations, started a periodical, in prose and verse, entitled "The Watchman," with the motto, "that all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free." He watched in vain! Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one morning to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness: "Oh! sir," replied Nanny, "it's only the 'Watchman!'"

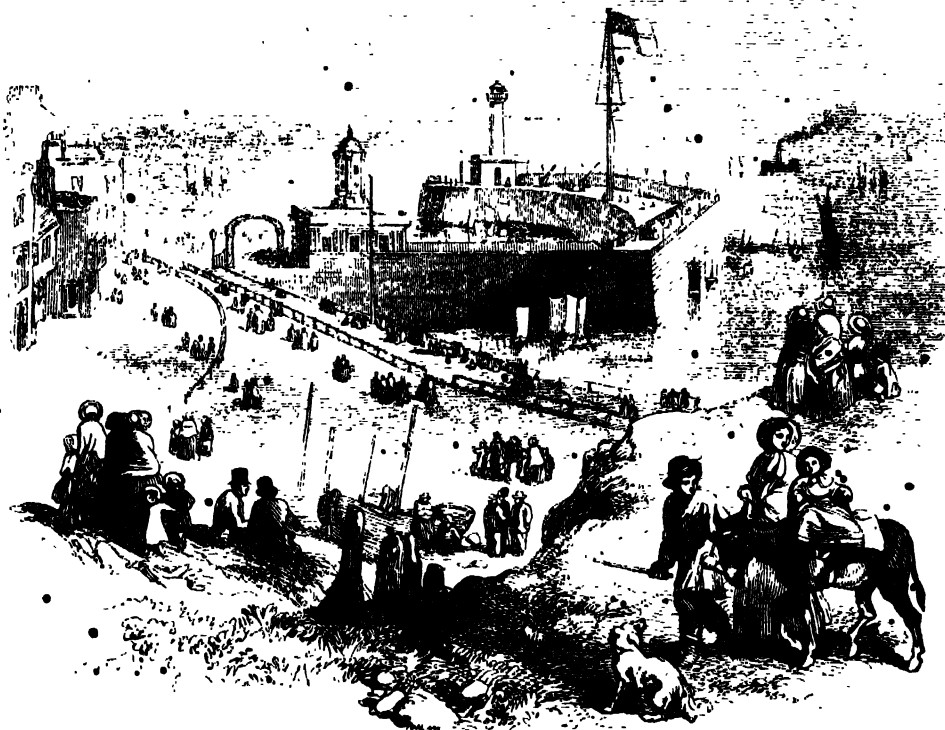
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MARGATE PIER.

MARGATE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Young hearts and old ones alike awake at the thought of a holiday. In the wear and tear of every day life, one likes to look forward to the time when there will be leisure to breathe awhile; when, if a man has but a shilling, he can be a gentleman—to the extent of his shilling. Most people who possess the privilege of calling a few days their own, have generally a favourite spot in which they spend them. Brighton, St. Leonard's,

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Hastings, Cheltenham, Ramsgate, the Isle of Wight, Broadstairs, and Herne Bay, have always their regular frequenters and zealous supporters. Men are wont to speak quite earnestly and affectionately of their summer retreats, because they are associated with some of their happiest moments; and I confess it is with no common feeling of satisfaction that, on a fine July morning, I step on board the steam-packet at London Bridge wharf, and, amidst fire and smoke, oranges and almonds, biscuits and ginger beer, children and carpet-bags,

sail gallantly down to busy, joyous, social MARGATE.

Not without interest do I watch the preparations for our departure. The steam is roaring louder and louder; the sailors are moving more rapidly across the deck; passengers are hurrying on board; ladies are looking into their little baskets to see that the little bottle of mixture is there in case of seasickness; young men who have been very foolishly, as we think, investing a part of their capital in pickwicks and cheroots, light them with manly dignity; meat and vegetables for dinner are hastily delivered; the cabin-boy stands by the engine-box; and then, with slow and measured pace, emerges from his cabin the presiding genius of this "fire-demon," as the Chinese called the steam-boat; he walks up the ladder, fully knowing that he is the captain; his sun-burnt face has a steadfastness about it, which gives courage to those who are fearful of the voyage; his eye looks intently fixed upon something far beyond the vision of any one else; the lifting of his hand is a language to the cabin-boy, who thereupon shouts out "Starn-easy," and then immediately afterwards, "Stop 'er," as if angry that the steam had not been easy enough; the captain elegantly draws aside his coat and displays his white waistcoat; the cabin-boy, at the risk of a stiff neck, is wistfully watching him; and at last, after a little more skirmishing, the authoritative "Go on" is pronounced, and away we sail.

On board the boat a careful concealment of sect, business, or profession is maintained. Some passengers, however, take delight in trying to be thought great men. A very little training is necessary to enable such to assume the air and bearing of a disguised hero. A man has only to wear a travelling-cap, to be dressed carelessly, to walk firmly up and down the deck, to speak affectedly à la West-end, to pause sometimes and listen to the conversation of others, and then, with a curl of the lip and a turn on the heel, which is the accredited manner of showing contempt in the present day—and then the hero is made. He *must* be an M.P.; he must be a person of some distinction, or he wouldn't have such a dignified bearing; is the whisper that goes round. It is laughable, however, to see the discomfiture of some such foolish pretender to dignity when a person who has recognised him, walks up and accosts him with—"Mr. Smith, the clothes you made me don't fit; I am obliged to go to Margate in these old ones. I have sent them back to your house this morning!" Then, as cardinal Wolsey said, "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

I said that I preferred Margate above all other watering-places: so I do. I find in it every thing that is necessary for a fortnight's real enjoyment, when I exchange the thick noisome smoke and everlasting din of London for the healthy bracing air and musical roar of the great deep sea. In Margate, all things combine to make a man comfortable and at his ease. I say nothing now of the higher enjoyment to be derived from the quiet beauty of the surrounding scenery; from the deep sea, ever murmuring with solemn melody; from those rich purple sunsets, which burn themselves irresistibly into the mind of the beholder; for apart from the great lessons derivable from these,

the town has so much the character of a home, that one is at once fascinated by it. Filled with elegant buildings, fine hotels, kind-hearted gentry, polite tradesmen, civil cabmen, varied sources of relaxation, delightful promenades, and, above all, that which is invaluable to a cockney, a good mouthful of fresh air ever blowing down the streets—the place seems to say to you, "Make yourself at home. Enjoy yourself."

Who, that has ever been to Margate, has forgotten his reception there? For miles before you landed, you saw the town standing high and strong upon the firm white cliffs (a welcome sight after seven hours' hard sailing), the sun casting a mild golden radiance over all. You come nearer, and now you see the pier crowded with persons, some awaiting friends by your boat, others attracted by the strong mania, so prevalent among the visitors of seaport towns, of "seeing the boat come in," bringing to your recollection the "Ode to a Margate Hoy":—

"Soon as thou gett'st within the pier
All Margate will be out, I trow;
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou hadst wild beasts to show."

Before you are scarcely moored to the wharf, a score of porters, with brass labels round their necks, and with rough English honesty in their faces, leap on board for your luggage, and you feel you can trust them to wheel it off to the booking-office, without following them, as in London, to prevent their vanishing down some obscure court. As you walk up the jetty, every one seems glad to see you: sailors doffing their caps, salute you with "Sailing boat, sir, sailing boat?" They do not joke you on your appearance, although three hours of sea-sickness have not improved your good looks. Respectably-dressed persons give you cards, and softly whisper, "Good accommodation, sir; fine sea view." Little boys come forward, and if you have a parcel, earnestly desire "to carry it up for you." When you have arrived at the end of the jetty, your ears are stunned by a combination of noises—"Ramsgit, Ramsgit, Ramsgit! Dover, Dover, Dover-r-r, Can-ter-berry! Coach just starting, sir!" Smiling butchers and bakers stand at their respective shop-doors and proffer their cards, whispering blandly, "If you are not already provided, sir." As you pass up the town, the bath proprietors ask you, with polite bows, "if you will take a warm bath after your voyage." Happiness, civility, good-will, seem on every face; and at every step you seem to yourself to be meeting old acquaintances.

This is my invariable welcome in Margate; and I must say that, to one who fifty weeks out of the year is compelled to be the servant of others, this attention to his own respected self is by no means ungrateful. There are some characters that I usually look out for, when I have been a day or two in the town; they seem fixtures there—necessary appendages to the place. There is the veteran bell-man, who has grown gray in his work, and who never fails to attract a numerous crowd to listen to his orations. Little children with astonishment look up at him and whisper, "If we only had his memory, wouldn't we be easy at school!" Without suffering his audience to lag for a moment

in their attention, he eloquently discourses for a quarter of an hour upon the things which there are in Margate to make them comfortable, rendering emphatic every new item in this bill of comfort, by an energetic jerk of his bell. When I first saw him, he was strong and hearty; last year I saw him again, but old age was upon him, his voice had become weak and tremulous, his gait tottering and feeble; nevertheless, he was doing his work earnestly enough, calling the attention of his audience to things found and lost—to exhibitions in which the most distinguished artists of the day would take part—to new books just published in the town—to saloon just imported, at so much per lb.—to the public gardens; all of which announcements he emphasized by his usual stroke of the bell.

I missed one street character last year: I inquired for him and found that he was dead: he was an old man whom I never saw dressed in any other garb than a blue-striped jacket and white trousers, and whom I never heard say anything else but "Fine prawns—fine prawns." Many a time—to my shame be it spoken—he has waked me from my morning slumbers, by his strong nasal utterance of "Fine prawns." I waited two or three mornings for his accustomed cry, but it came not: as I said before, he was dead. Another man I also look out for, and he always brings to my recollection many associations. He is called in Margate parlance, "the bathing guide." When I was quite a child, I used to call him George. Many a time have I begged this relentless fellow not to dip me too much: he used to take a pleasure in sousing timid little children, telling them it was good for their health. And yet he was not an unkind sort of being either; to amuse me he would dive away beneath the sea, and come up about ten yards from me, as it then seemed to me: sometimes, too, he would let me crouch on his back, and would then swim away with me out into the deep. He is still a strong hardy man, and when I was last there, he came to me in the street, and touching his hat politely, said, "Warm bath, sir?—Warm bath, sir?" He still pursues his calling, but I think he has grown more tender, for children crowd round him and play with him; though perhaps this may only be policy in the children after all, to insure his good-will against the coming morning.

Then there are the same honest, hardy boatmen, with their smart sailing-skills, always tempting you with—"Fine morning for a sail, sir." "A good capfull o' wind to-day—start at eleven, sir—make one of us?—thank you, sir." Reader, I wish to ask you seriously one thing, namely, if you have ever been sea-sick? and if so, what considerations of pleasure could ever prompt you to run the risk of enduring the like again? I had been sea-sick before that morning on which the boatman said to me—"Fine morning for a sail, sir—good capfull o' wind—start at eleven!" I had been sea-sick, yet I had the hardihood to venture out! Well, we started; there was "a capfull o' wind" truly, and so we found to the inconvenience of our caps. There were eight of us in the skiff, besides two boatmen: the sails were spread out before the wind, and away we went, up and down, up and down, jig-jog. My head gets dizzy, even now, when I think of it.

One thing I always notice, that travellers in their conversation adapt themselves to circumstances; that is to say—for this weighty aphorism demands illustration—I never yet knew a man riding on the mail coach that had not some remark to make about the horses, the mode of driving, etc., etc. "That leader of yours throws out her forelegs well, coachee." "This mare here on the off-side requires a good tight rein, doesn't she?" with numerous other observations touching the breed, training, and working of cattle. So now in our case we had numerous remarks to make about the working of skills and ships. "If we keep her head up to the wind, we shall weather that point in half an hour, sha'n't we?" "Ay, ay, sir," answers the boatman condescendingly. "We are going twelve knots an hour, now, ain't we?" "No, sir, about four and a half," answers our captain with much glee. We had been sailing about a quarter of an hour when some of us began to look rather pale, and to feel as one of our number expressively said, "queer." Many men are very humble when they get out to sea—say they are wretched sailors, and so forth—that they only take a sail in the hope of being sea-sick. One may always guess what will be the consequence of these humiliating confessions. And soon we showed how strictly true they were. One young man in the stern was studying *Euclid's Elements*! He had to undergo an examination in two or three days, and he thought a sail would freshen his logical powers. Alas! alas! the sea did not care for Euclid or his Elements; and, as if to show its thorough contempt for the aforementioned gentleman, wreaked its vengeance first of all on the one who dared to think anything more wonderful than itself. "Look out, sir!" cried the boatman; but 'twas too late: the sea had swamped him and his Elements! No mackerel was ever in such a pickle; the young man tried to seem as if nothing had happened, smiled a white faint smile, and then—to speak in the mildest manner possible—made good for the fishes. Most crest-fallen we all soon were: young men that had leaped into the boat in excellent spirits, were now lying down helpless; those that had wished to be sick, had been fully satisfied, and were now very doubtful of its being the medicine that would have benefited them most.

I looked at my watch, and found that we had been sailing half an hour only: we had yet, according to our agreement, an hour and a half more! Dreadful to think of!

"Gentlemen," I cried, "let's turn back; I think we have had enough of it." "Agreed, agreed;" and so we heard the captain say to his man, "Bout ship;" and we turned again for home. We landed like ghosts, amidst the ill-concealed smiles of the bystanders. I went home very mortified, for I had heard the boatman say to his fellow:—"If we get another batch like those milkops, we shall do summat to-day!"

Many a morning after that I was tempted with "Fine morning for a sail, sir;" but I passed by. No, no; one sea-sickness is enough in a season.

Bazaars form a leading feature in Margate. Many are silly enough to invest a trifle in the wheels of fortune ever turning round in these places. You are so importuned to invest a shilling in the lottery in which there are all prizes and no blanks,

that it requires some little wisdom and courage to refrain. There is one evil existing in these bazaars which in its demoralizing effects is extremely pernicious. I allude to the gambling, for such it really is, that is carried on in them. I have seen young ladies lose in throwing the dice more than five shillings at a time. The passion is irresistible; night after night I have seen the same players at their post, with flushed face, eager eye, and trembling hand, pursuing their game. I don't think I am wrong in saying, that many a confirmed gamester has been made by the passion that had its birth in the bazaars of Margate and Ramsgate. Do not, kind reader, waste the season which God has given you for relaxation of mind and body, in amusements that will injure both.

From time to time I have found it interesting to trace the rise of Margate, and to examine the historical associations connected with it and its environs. In the early history of Britain, the Isle of Thanet, in which Margate is situated, occupied an important position. Geoffrey of Monmouth records that it was the scene of many a struggle in olden time: in 853 A. D. king Athulf, the father of Alfred, got possession of the island, keeping up a constant warfare with the Danes; but these last, in the reign of Ethelred, so spoiled and sacked the land, that all religious persons were obliged to abandon it. As usual, considerable discussion has taken place concerning the name of this island. Julius Solinus is the first of the Roman writers who mentions it by the name of *Thanatos*. In his description of England he says:—"Thanatos nullo serpitur angue, et asportata inde terra angues necat."—"There be no snakes in Thanet, and the earth that is brought from thence will kill them." But whether, says the venerable Lambard (1556), "he wrote this of any sure understanding that he had of the quality of the soil, or only by conjecture at the word '*thanatos*,' which in Greek signifyeth '*death*' or killing, I know not, and much less dare I determine, because neither hitherto have I myself heard of any region hereabout (only Ireland excepted) which beareth not both snakes and other venomous worms; neither am I yet persuaded that this place borrowed the name out of the Greek, but that it rather took it of the proper language of this our nation and native country; for *Teneth* in the Saxon or old English tongue means *moisted* or *watered*, which derivation how well it accords with the situation of Thanet, being peninsular, and watered or isled round about."

A disagreement existed likewise concerning the derivation of the name of Margate. Hasted derives it from the fact of there being here an *opening* or *gate* through which there was a small mere or stream running into the sea; but it is more than probable that the town took its name from the Saxon word *mere*, which means a pool or lake.

The traveller must not mistake the Margate of the present day for the Margate of olden time. "It was," says Andrew Brice (1750), "inhabited by mariners and fishermen: there was a good salt-water bath at the Post-house, which has wrought great cures in nervous and paralytic cases, and numbness of limbs." Who possesses this celebrated "Post-house" now, we cannot say. Lewis, in 1723, speaks of it as a small fishing-town, situated partly on the side of the hill, and partly in a little

valley, which goes to the sea: "it is a small fishing-town irregularly built, and the houses very low, and has formerly been of good repute for the fishing and coasting trade." But even thus early it was considered the chief town in the island; for in 1623 we find the following rhyme:—

"Ramsgate capons, Peter's lings,
Broadstear scrubs, and Margate kings."

Within the last century Margate has become what it now is. Margate was considered to be most eligibly situated for direct communication with Holland, and this port was used for that purpose by several distinguished individuals. In James I's time the elector Palatine and his consort landed here; George I twice debarked here, on his return from visiting his Hanoverian dominions. William III landed here, as did also George II and his queen Caroline. Marlborough, the conqueror of Blenheim, arrived here in 1703; and Admiral Duncan in 1797, after his victory off Camperdown. The duke of York embarked from this port on his expedition to Flanders; and, finally, the troops from Walcheren in 1809, and the wounded from the glorious battle of Waterloo in 1815, were landed at Margate.

We find that as early as the time of Elizabeth there was a wooden pier erected here, which on the 14th of January, 1808, in a violent gale of wind, was blown down. Parliament assisted in repairing it by a grant of 5000*l*. The present magnificent pier was erected at the cost of 100,000*l*., taking five years for completion. It is a very handsome stone structure, measuring 900 feet in length, and in shape for its part of a polygon. In summer it constitutes a very pleasant promenade; a parapet bounding it on the side of the sea offering sufficient security against falling. An heroic instance of military obedience and discipline was displayed in connexion with the destruction of the old pier in 1808. "The gale by which the pier was partly swept away, was of long-continued and tremendous violence; the destructive attacks of the angry waves were not confined to that structure, but involved it, together with part of the Parade, High-street, Bathing Rooms, and King's Head tavern, in one common ruin. In the evening of the dreadful night when this devastation occurred, a sentinel was placed upon the pier to guard the powder magazine, which then stood at its end. This trusty and brave soldier should have been relieved at the usual hour of changing guard; but, either owing to the terror and confusion of the night, or a suspicion that he had fallen a prey to the boisterous billows, the poor fellow was neglected or forgotten, and left to his fate. When daylight appeared, however, and his comrades began to collect their scattered thoughts, he was found lashed to the crane which stood on the pier, in which perilous situation he had boldly remained the whole of that fearful night. As a reward for his bravery, he was promoted to the rank of corporal in the Denbigh militia, but his name is not preserved."

A beautiful old church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, stands about half a mile from the pier, and is one of those substantial flint buildings which defy the power of age. It was built in 1050, and is filled with ancient tablets and brasses: originally

it was paved with encaustic tiles, a few of which still remain.

The historical associations connected with the environs of Margate are exceedingly interesting; but space will only admit of a few of the most remarkable. We commence with KINGSGATE, in the parish of St. Peter, and situate on the north side of the isle of Thanet. It took its name from the circumstance of Charles II landing here in 1683, and passing through what was then called St. Bartholomew's gate, on his way to Dover. Near this spot formerly stood two barrows or tumuli, which were opened in May, 1741, when many bones and skulls of men, women, and children were found: some just under the surface, others in the solid chalk. The barrows appear to have been of an oblong oval form, and the bodies to have been put in together in a disorderly manner. A deep trench was dug in the middle, and the bodies laid on each side of it. Two of the skulls were covered with wood, coals, and ashes. The persons buried here were probably some of the chiefs slain in the battle between the Danes and English in the year 853. There were likewise three urns of very coarse black earth, and not half burnt, one of them holding about a bushel.

There are several structures erected at Kingsgate in imitation of ancient ruins and buildings; one of them, called the Castle, is built after the model of those erected in Wales by Edward I, during his war with that country.

DAUNDELYON, situated about a mile and a half from the sea-shore, is of ancient date. Here are the remains of a splendid mansion and fortification, which bear the marks of antiquity and of massive strength. It was the seat of a family of the name of Daundelyon in the reign of Edward I; but in 1415, this family became extinct. Many curiosities connected with that period have been discovered here. In the north chancel of Margate church an effigy in brass still remains in remembrance of John Daundelyon, the last male of the family.

The seeker after curious epitaphs and quaint memorials of the dead will find his curiosity amply repaid, if he spend a morning in the churchyard at St. Peter's, about two miles from Margate. The church is a beautiful building, the tower of which is a sea-mark to mariners; in the churchyard there is a memorial of Richard Joy, the great Kentish champion, as he was designated. The following is part of the inscription:—

"In memory of
MR. RICHARD JOY,
(Called the Kentish champion.)
Who died May 18th, 1743, aged 67.

Here lie the hero, famed for strength,
At last lies here, his breadth and length.
See how the mighty man is fallen!
To death the strong and weak are all one," etc.

In the reign of William, the reputation attached to this man for his prodigious physical strength was such, that he was invited to court, that he might exhibit his great power before the king and nobility. In a portrait of him, published in 1690, there were annexed accounts of his amazing feats of strength; such as pulling against a strong horse, breaking a rope which was capable of holding thirty-five hundred weights, and lifting two

and twenty hundred pounds! This Samson was afterwards drowned.

From the high lands around St. Peter's, the cliffs of France, in the neighbourhood of Calais, may be clearly seen on a fine day.

I cannot conclude without a word respecting RECVLER, or the *Regulbium* of the Romans, although not, strictly speaking, one of the environs of Margate. The Saxon pronunciation of this place is still retained—*Ræcliffa*. There can still be seen here the walls of a watch-tower, said to have been erected in the days of the emperor Severus, anno 205. Cisterns, cellars, tessellated pavements, Roman bricks, coins of great antiquity, such as those of Caesar, Honorius, and Tiberius, are sometimes found among the rubbish, upon the fall of the cliff. Leland tells us that in the reign of Henry VIII, Reculver was a quarter of a mile from the sea; but now the church, which occupied the site of Ethelbert's palace and the monastery, stands upon the very edge of the cliff. The church has two square west towers, surmounted by spires. In the choir is the following epitaph to Ralph Brooke, Camden's adversary:—

"Here under quit of worldly miseries,
Ralph Brooke, esq., late Yorke herald, lies.
Fifteenth of October he was last alive,
One thousand six hundred twenty and five;
Seventy-three years bore he fortune's harm,
And forty-five an officer of arms:
He married Thomasin, daughter of Michael Cobb of Kent,
Sergeant at arms, by who two daughters he was lent;
Surviving Mary, William Dickin's wife,
Thomasin, John Ecton's; happy be their life."

In the church, too, there is an inscription commemorating king Ethelbert; for, when by the preaching of Augustine he was converted to Christianity, he retired with his court to Reculver. In the inscription it is said that he was murdered by the Danes, 616, though he died a natural death. Some say that the little stone cottage still remaining on the site of the monastery, founded 669, was probably an oratory or chapel belonging to it. Reculver church was erected by an abbess of Faversham, in memory of a sister who was shipwrecked off the coast there, whence it is called the Sisters. It was the practice of mariners, so great was their reverence for the church in olden time, to lower their topsails while passing it. The body of the church is now gone, being swept away by the encroachments of the sea; the spires, however, still remain as landmarks.

* * The next number will contain a sketch of CLIFTON, accompanied by an appropriate engraving.

THE LESSONS OF BIOGRAPHY.

A LECTURE FOR WORKING-MEN.

(Conclusion.)

LET US now bring our lecture to a close, and gather together, in the form of a few propositions, some of those lessons of biography, the theory of which was laid down at the outset, and which have been incidentally adverted to in the course of the illustrations that have been brought before you.

1st. The greatest men have always been the most laborious men. If people are indeed seeking indolence and repose here, it is evident that they have come into the wrong world. No man in

an earth like this should be an idle man. Labour was not originally a penalty upon sin, for it was enjoined in Paradise before the fall. "The Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to keep it and dress it." No doubt, it was part of the sentence afterwards pronounced upon man for his disobedience, that in the sweat of his brow he should eat bread, until he returned to the ground. But even in the curse there was enclosed a blessing. Oh, what mighty mischiefs have been avoided by man's being required to work and to toil! What a woe there is in idleness! Give constant employment to a man in health, and what a happy creature he becomes, or may become! Have you not found this? have you not experienced the tendency there is in the steadfast application to the business of your daily calling to induce a cheerful and healthful, and to prevent a morbid, distempered, and misanthropic, state of mind? Don't you feel yourselves always most satisfied after a very busy day, and is not your sleep then sweet to you? Oh, what wonders have been achieved by willing workers! what ingenuity brought out! what contentment enjoyed! Hear how cheerfully, amidst hardships, a man whom I know writes from one of the settlements in New Zealand. His letter is dated June, 1851, and he says:—"For the first few days I did not know what to turn my attention to; for to find a master was impossible, and to commence business in the Port-town, which was very small, and two blacksmiths' shops in it already, was useless. So I said to Jane that we should go to the capital city that was to be made, which was ten miles distant, over a range of hills. As soon as we got over the hills, and to the place where we thought of settling down, I lost no time in getting up a house, such as our means would allow." As for the shop, I had to use the canopy of heaven for its roof, until I wrought for one of wood. I went to the wood, got a block for my anvil and two posts for my bellows, and then set them up in the open air. Happily for me, the weather was fine for two months and a half. I worked in this position with as much work as I could set my face to, and have continued so ever since I commenced; some weeks more than I could manage, although I work at least twelve hours in the day. I was very much put about for coal at first, and before I could get any, I had a great many orders for work, there not being another blacksmith within ten miles of me. The first work I did in the country was to shoe a horse, and that under very curious circumstances. As soon as I had the house up, I thought it was time to be looking out for some iron and coal; and, to do so, I started one morning for the Port-town. I had not left home long when a man, who having heard that a smith was come to the place, and who came the day before sixty miles to have his horse shod, called to have me to do the work. As soon as he heard that I was away to the Port, he rode after me and overtook me. He having with him shoes, nails, and tools, would neither let me go back nor forward, till I would, on the grass, shoe his horse. It was then that I had to put in practice what little I had learned of horse-shoeing in my boyhood."

2nd. No man's calling is in itself little, insignificant, or mean. It is personal character and

attainments that settle the question of a man's true position in the world. In the course of our experience, we have met with many men in all grades of society, and in every variety of outward condition; and we are free to confess, that among the labouring and industrious classes—the quiet men of hard work and toil, whether in our city workshops, or the unknown and unheard-of among the far-off villages and hamlets of the country, and even the cottages of the humblest—all things considered, we have witnessed as many examples of real heroism and stern virtue as we have found in the most cultivated circles: such examples of truth, honesty, and fidelity, under strong temptations—of cheerfulness, patience, and submission—of generosity, friendship, and active charity, as might bring a blush upon the face of many who are in more distinguished places of society. Yes, your occupations are laborious and diversified; but there is not one of you who is not capable of turning the very place which you fill to great account, and being both honoured and happy in it; whether you be tinsmiths or tobaccoists; glovers, glaziers, grocers, or gas-fitters; bakers, booksellers, or brushmakers; carpenters or candlemakers; printers, plumbers, painters, or pumpmakers; dealers in fish, flesh, fruit, or fringes; in drugs or in druggets; in marbles or molasses; in umbrellas or soap; in sugar, silks, or salt-herrings!!

3rd. Early genius, or the precocious manifestation of talent, is not necessary to the final development of great power. The propensities of nature are, no doubt, soon disclosed. A famous botanist forsook his college class, in order to search for plants in the neighbouring fields; and Smeaton, the mechanic, was discovered on the top of his father's barn, in the act of fixing the model of a windmill which he had constructed. But it is impossible to make absolute laws for the mind. At all stages it has seasons of warmth and beauty, when the colour and flavour of its fruit are in perfection. But they are irregular; they come late, not always early; and that which is soon ripe, is often, soon rotten. Some authors have written their best when they were only twenty-two years of age, and some painters have painted their best at twenty-nine, and then have drooped and decayed. On the other hand, there are some men, in whose life the night goes before the day, the earlier part being dreary and fruitless, but the latter part most bright and productive. Occasionally, the life of the intellect seems to run itself out in one effort. "All the fine juice of the vine flows into a single grape." Akenside, at twenty-three, had a lustre of invention, which each succeeding year diminished. Then again, some minds flower only at the noon of life, and others long after that. Dryden's best efforts were made when he was seventy years old; and the same was the case with Buffon, Rubens, and Michael Angelo. When Mrs. Sheridan gave the charge of her two sons, Richard Brinsley, who afterwards became so great a parliamentary orator, and his brother, into the hands of their tutor, it was with those words:—"I have hitherto been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised me; for two such impenetrable dunces I have never met with."

4th. Again, we say, do not make eminence or distinction your direct, immediate, or primary end,

or indispensable to your peace or contentment of mind, or in any way such an object as that the want of it shall disappoint or discourage you. To perform the duties of our calling so as to please God, ought to be our chief aim. Still, the desire of excellence is the next thing to the attainment of it. We would say, *Aim high*; set up a lofty standard; spurn all little and low things, which indolence and sloth, and all selfish and vicious indulgences, assuredly are. The best captains are those who have by much self-denial risen from the ranks. Be daily gaining something; to use a Scottish phrase, be always *brizzing yont*! One of the old earls of Breadalbane built his house on the very edge of his property of Taymouth; and when asked the reason for this, he is reported to have said, "We will brizz yont;" that is, we will stretch further! And so he did, acquiring all the property beyond, until his house came to stand in the very centre of his possessions. So, be you always *brizzing yont*—acquiring somewhat more every day of sound practical knowledge and wisdom, and perhaps you may come to possess what will ultimately be better for you than even Taymouth castle!

5th. Attention, after all, makes the genius, or makes genius of any use. All learning, fancy, and science, depend upon it. Even Sir Isaac Newton traced back all his discoveries to its unwearied exercise. Observe carefully everything that comes under your senses. Genius may light its own fire; but, by attention, is constantly collecting materials to keep it alive. To observation add reflection—reflection on all that you see and hear, and especially on all that you read in the books to which you have access. It is thus that you will spirit the lessons of biography into your own minds.

6th. No person should be judged of by any single external act. It is the sum total of a man's acts which forms his habits, and these constitute his character. It is by a great number of slow, secret, and insensible processes that character is acquired. Separate acts are open to much misrepresentation. We could give you an impressive example of this in the case of an old friend who commanded a company at the siege of Flushing, in whom, at the momentary thought of the misery of which he was about to become the instrument, the gush of feeling that broke out into sobs and loud weeping would have stamped him for ever as a coward, but for the knowledge of the manly courage that every one knew to be inherent in him, and that was united to the utmost benevolence and tenderness of nature. And so, in a somewhat similar way, was the case of the Highland boy, of whom perhaps you may have heard, who attended an English school, where another boy drew him very unwillingly into a fight—and a severe one it was, for it lasted for three successive nights—the Highland boy beating his antagonist at last till he was black and blue, while, during the whole of the fight, he himself cried and bellowed like a bull, the heavy tears of grief and sorrow all the while rolling down his cheeks! *

7th. *Never despair.* Say this always, Should

* None of our young readers will misunderstand this, we hope, as a commendation of fighting. It would have been truer moral courage in the young Highland hero had he declined the combat altogether. —*Ed.*

such a one as I flee? should such a one as I faint? What! flee, or faint! and give way to fear or despondency! Let us break such bands asunder, and cast these cords from us! Yes, in dependence on God's help, keep a bold heart, and maintain your courage. Oh! the glorious onwardness of a resolute noble spirit! how it longs, not after notoriety, but real excellence, even after perfection! Come, sink not under the billows! Have confidence in the powers that God has given you, and in the help which, if you ask his favour and blessing, he will assuredly give you. Be confident that, in virtue of these, you will ultimately conquer. It is very true, that the world is most full of ambitious and aspiring men, and every department of it seems occupied and overcrowded. But, despite of this, we still see men, and those who perhaps had many heavy and desponding days, rising to distinction. Of the multitude of competitors, the greater number, no doubt, must fail; perhaps one only may gain the prize. But let it be the aim of each of you, that you shall deserve to be that one! Never abandon hope, or give up the fight, because for a moment the sky is lowering, and everything looks black and gloomy. Don't be discouraged, because of straitened or difficult circumstances at the outset of your course, or in any after-stage of it. From all observation and experience of human life we would say, that early hardships and obstructions are more favourable to you than otherwise. Doubtless, dull men often get on and prosper. But talent, steadily applied, and real principle, never lose their mark. In the long run, industry and application get the better of all else. Think not too much of that which is merely present. Live for the future. As, at this moment, there may be in some of our savings' banks the nucleus of future fortunes; so in the heaving breast of many an honest, ingenious, and noble-spirited youth, there may be now at work all the elements of great future achievements. And, therefore, again, we say, *Never despair.*

8th. Seek the blessing of God on all that you do. That maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow. Even the heathen, when they went out in the morning to plough, held in the one hand the shaft of the plough, and raised up the other to invoke Ceres, the goddess of seasons. And shall not those who have been trained in the knowledge of an enlightened Christianity, acknowledge Him in all their ways, who alone can direct their steps? There is one light only that can bring us in safety through all the darkness and difficulties of the present life. That is the light of divine truth; and this cardinal truth above all others—that the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost! This truth, received into the heart by a living faith, produces love, and that love sweetens all the duties of life.

May God turn all our wandering steps into this way of light and truth! May he come to us, that we may be sought—seek us, that we may be found—find us, that we may be saved—and save us, that we may be blessed, and may bless his name for ever!

SELFISHNESS.—A selfish man should live in a desert;—there only he might be allowed to think of none but himself.

SEEING WITH TWO EYES.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

WE have already, in a previous number, pointed out some of the "Wonders of Vision," and from the long list remaining untouched, one is now to be selected which has of late become a topic of much conversation in intelligent circles.

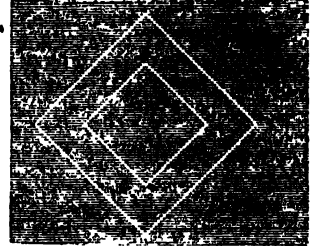
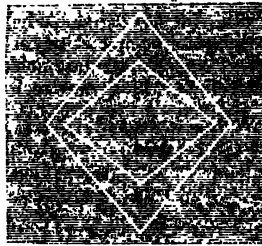
The picture painted on the retina of the eye by the rays of light, puts us in possession of the outlines, colours, and relative positions of objects; while all the ideas respecting the real forms, distances, and other circumstances of bodies which the mind forms from these data, are so many perceptions of the intellectual power. Many of these are doubtless derived from the combination of the visual sensations with those obtained from the sense of touch. Thus, to take a very simple illustration, the idea of smoothness is essentially derived from touch; although the same impression occurs to us on looking at any light-reflecting surface. Yet if it were not for the association which experience leads us to form, of the analogous ideas of *polish* as seen by the eye, and of *smoothness* as felt by the touch, we should not be able to determine, as we now can do, the existence of both these qualities from an impression communicated to us through either sense singly.

An interesting case, illustrative of the truth of this, is recorded by Cheselden. He had coached a youth, about twelve years of age, who had been previously blind, and who, for some time after tolerably distinct vision had been obtained, saw everything *flat*, as in a picture; simply receiving the consciousness of the impressions made on his retina; and it was some time before he acquired the power of judging by his sight of the real forms and distances of the objects around him. Well acquainted with a dog and a cat by *feeling*, he could not remember their respective characters when he *saw* them. One day, when thus puzzled, he took up the cat in his arms, and felt her attentively, so as to associate the two sets of ideas, and then setting her down, said, "So, puss, I shall know you another time."

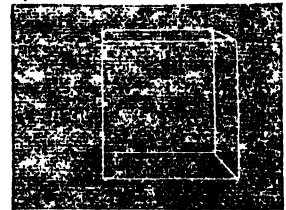
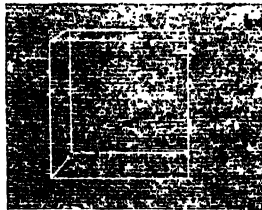
The question has often been proposed, "Why, as we have two eyes, do we not see objects *double*?" To this it has been replied: "As we have *two* ears as well as *two* eyes, why, when a bell is rung, or a note is struck on any musical instrument, have we not two sounds?" In this instance there is a separate and independent impression on *two* organs, as certainly as there is in the other.

The subject of *vision* with two eyes, hence called *binocular*, has been placed in a new and interesting light by means of recent observations and inventions. Several years have now elapsed since Professor Wheatstone constructed an instrument called the "Stereoscope," its name being derived from two Greek words, meaning to *see solid* objects. The pictures used in this instrument are double; one being a representation of the object at the angle at which the *left* eye sees it, the other a representation of the object at the angle at which the *right* eye sees it. Let us take in illustration some simple examples. The following is a repre-

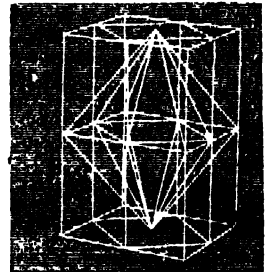
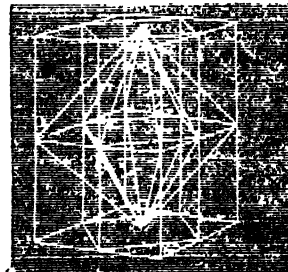
sentation of two intersecting planes, as seen at the two angles at which they would appear to the two eyes.



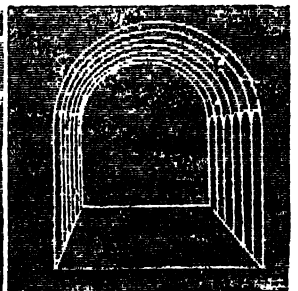
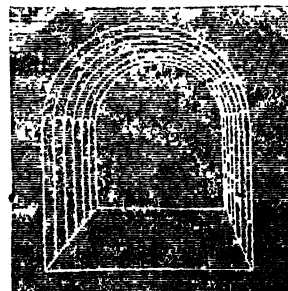
A representation of a square, on the same principle, is as follows.



To vary the illustration in form, we give the following.



We add two more illustrations of a different object.



All these representations, then, it should be distinctly observed, are those of different objects, but in each case presenting the object just as it appears to the two eyes: the right hand figure exhibiting it at the angle in which it is presented to the right eye, the left hand figure exhibiting it at the angle in which it is presented to the left eye. In each instance there is a one-sided or one-eyed perspective view; and this is all that we require first to understand.

But, now, let us advance a step. If any one of these binocular diagrams is placed so near the eyes that it may be squinted at, three pictures will present themselves, the central one being a combination of the other two; and, in like manner, the other diagrams may be so combined by the blending of the two representations of any one object, as to form an apparently perfect solid body. It greatly facilitates the act of squinting, if the point of a needle held in the hand be placed before the picture, and whilst the eyes continue to regard the needle point, to move it towards the eyes until the two figures coalesce, when the middle image, which is the only one seen at once by the two eyes, will have the solid appearance already described.

The stereoscope, however, saves all the trouble of squinting, by perfectly combining the two images, and thus producing the effect of a solid object. The first instrument of this kind was constructed by Professor Wheatstone. It consists of a box, containing two



THE STEREOSCOPE.

glass mirrors, each of which is four inches long by three-and-a-quarter broad, placed at right angles to each other. The two binocular pictures are placed sixteen inches from each other, so that each of them is about seven inches from the corresponding mirror, the line joining the centre of the picture and the centre of its mirror, forming an angle of 45° with the mirror's surface. The nose of the observer being placed at the angle where the mirrors meet, each eye sees the reflected image of the picture in the mirror opposite to it, and the pictures are thus united into one and rise into relief.

There has, however, been another labourer in the same field; for Sir David Brewster has for several years applied his great powers and attainments to the subject of binocular vision. During his inquiries, he invented and had constructed several new stereoscopes, but particularly one which is called *lenticular*, from its having simply two lens-like glasses; thus gaining the advantage over Professor Wheatstone's, by its great simplicity. Stereoscopes of this kind were made in Scotland of various materials, and of all sizes, from the one generally adopted to a microscopic variety which might be carried in the pocket. Binocular pictures taken by the sun were lithographed for these instruments.

As Sir David found some difficulty in inducing London opticians to construct stereoscopes and execute

a series of binocular pictures, he carried a very fine instrument, with a photographic portrait, to Paris, where they were fully appreciated by some eminent opticians, and also by some members of the Institute of France. M. Duboscq Soleil, under Sir David's direction, proceeded to manufacture the new stereoscope for sale, and executed a series of the most beautiful binocular *daguerreotypes* of living persons, statues, bouquets of flowers, and objects of natural history, which thousands of individuals flocked to see with the new instrument. In the beautiful collection of philosophical instruments contributed to the Great Exhibition by M. Soleil, there was a fine series of binocular portraits, and one of the lenticular stereoscopes, which attracted the attention of the Queen, to whom one was subsequently presented in the name of Sir David Brewster. The introduction of the instrument to the Great Exhibition was the means of leading multitudes to become acquainted with it, and gave an impulse to its manufacture which is not likely at present to subside.

The application of the stereoscope produces an effect which is absolutely startling. Let us suppose binocular representations—formed precisely on the principle of the diagrams already given—of a lady sitting at her work-table, with her work and a vase of flowers upon it, and also a flower in her hand. Seen through the stereoscope, the flowers spread out, and extend themselves round the vase, as they do in reality; so that it seems as if a hand could be thrust among them for several inches, before the vase was touched. The figure of the lady is still more amazing: she sits as completely away from surrounding objects as if she were alive; her work-table appears solid, and her hand holding the flower, nearly a foot from her body. The effect, it is obvious, may be varied indefinitely. M. Claudet has a number of views of the interior of the Great Exhibition; and though they are but two inches and a half square, the vast extent of the building, and every column, girder, and article exhibited, can be seen standing out in its place.

Of the cause to which such results are attributable, we have aimed to give the simplest explanation; but as some of our readers may like to examine it still further, it may be desirable to add one more fact. A controversy arose between Sir David Brewster and Professor Wheatstone, as to some views in relation to this subject held by the latter, who afterwards made the following statement, in which the doctrine of the former is cordially accepted:—"The law of visible direction for monocular vision has been variously stated by different optical writers. Some have maintained, with Drs. Reid and Porterfield, that every external point is seen in the direction of a line passing from its picture on the retina through the centre of the eye; while others have supposed, with Dr. Smith, that the visual direction of an object coincides with the visual ray, or the principal ray of the pencil, that flows from it to the eye. D'Alembert, furnished with imperfect data respecting the refractive densities of the humours of the eye, calculated that the apparent magnitudes of objects would differ widely on the two suppositions, and concluded that the visible point of an object was not seen in either of these directions, but sensibly in the direction of a line joining the point itself and its image on the retina; but he acknowledged that he could assign no reason for this law. Sir David Brewster, provided with more accurate data, has shown that these three lines so nearly coincide with each other, that at an inclination of 30° , a line perpendicular to the point of impression on the retina, passes through the common centre, and does not deviate from the real line of visible direction more than half a degree, a quantity too small to interfere with the

purposes of vision." We may therefore assume, in all our future reasonings, the truth of the following definition given by this eminent philosopher: "As the interior of the eyeball is as nearly as possible a perfect sphere, lines perpendicular to the surface of the retina must all pass through one single point; namely, the centre of its spherical surface. This one point may be called the centre of visible direction, because every point of a visible object will be seen in the direction of a line drawn from the centre to the visible point."

"It is obvious that the result of any attempt to explain the simple appearance of objects to both eyes, or, in other words, the law of visible direction for binocular vision, ought to contain nothing inconsistent with the law of visible direction for monocular vision."

The stereoscope is capable of a varied and extensive application to the arts of portraiture and sculpture. After describing the manner of obtaining "dissimilar pictures of living bodies," buildings, natural scenery, machines, and objects of all kinds of three dimensions, and reproducing them by the stereoscope, so as to give the most correct idea of some of these objects to those who could not understand them in drawings of the greatest accuracy, Sir David Brewster thus continues:—"The art which we have now described cannot fail to be regarded as of inestimable value to the sculptor, the painter, and the machinist, whatever be the nature of his production, in three dimensions. Lay figures will no longer mock the eye of the painter. He may delineate at leisure, on his canvass, the forms of life and beauty, stereotyped by the solar ray, and reconverted into the substantial objects from which they were obtained—brilliant with the same lights, and clastered with the same shadows as the originals. The sculptor will work with similar advantages. Superficial forms will stand before him in three dimensions, and while he summons into view the living realities from which they were taken, he may avail himself of the labours of all his predecessors, of Pericles as well as of Canova; and he may virtually carry in his portfolio, the mighty lions and bulls of Nineveh, the gigantic sphinxes of Egypt, the Apollos and Venuses of Grecian art, and all the statuary and sculpture which adorn the galleries and museums of civilized nations."

To Sir David Brewster we were indebted for that beautiful instrument, the "kaleidoscope," which rendered by its simplicity so extremely cheap that it was, for a time, in every one's hands. So it appears likely to be with his lenticular stereoscope. A writer in the last number of the "North British Review," to which we are indebted for many facts, says:—"It is the only instrument in optics in which *semi-lenses* or *quarter lenses* were ever used for the purposes of vision, and by this means a single lens, which costs only twopence, unless when it is achromatic, is sufficient to make two lenticular stereoscopes. In this way, too, a pair of stereoscopic spectacles, suggested by Sir David Brewster as a substitute for the stereoscope, could be made for threepence or fourpence, and yield a good profit to the manufacturer.* He constructed also a stereoscope consisting merely of the two semi-lenses or quarter lenses, fixed in a piece of tin, and at the point between these lenses was soldered a rod of tin, upon which the binocular pictures, having a hole between them, could be moved. An instrument of this kind did not cost more than threepence or fourpence. In employing daguerreotype pictures it was necessary to exclude the light, and the stereoscope was therefore made in the form of a pyramidal box, with two eye-pieces, containing the lenses. These eye-

pieces were originally made to approach or separate, in order to accommodate themselves to eyes at different distances, and the instrument had a movable bottom, which, when taken out, enabled the observer to apply the instrument to objects which would not slide into its base. This was the form of the instrument constructed in brass by Mr. London of Dundee, and it was from this model that M. Soleil constructed the beautiful stereoscopes, of which he sent such numbers to London. In the lenticular stereoscope there is almost no loss of light, and it has the peculiar property of *magnifying the pictures at the same time that it combines them.*"

GRANTHAM GRUEL;

OR, NINE GRITS AND A GALLON OF WATER.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

It was a saying of Solomon, "There is no new thing under the sun," and few indeed are the things which are, that have nothing like a counterpart in what has been. The same remark may be made of the sayings of mankind. The pithy old English saws that pass current in different counties, and which may be called the learning of the unlearned, the literature of the illiterate, having been committed to memory and handed down to posterity, not by books but by word of mouth, are necessarily short. The gold, so to speak, of these old saws has not been beaten into leaf; nor has the spirit of them been intentionally diluted. Were an author compelled to commit his works to memory, it would be an effectual cure for redundancy.

The Lincolnshire proverb, taken for our present subject, "Grantham gruel;" or, "nine grits and a gallon of water," will furnish us with one of the thousand illustrations which might be given, of the applicability of an old saying to modern times. The proverb was intended as a reproach to such as speak many words with little meaning, or that multiply what is superfluous and omit what is necessary in their remarks. Hardly could any form of words have set forth more significantly the lesson it contains.

Who has not listened to the wordy appeal of an auctioneer, mounted on his rostrum, making much of little, and imparting an ideal worth to the thing to be disposed of, immeasurably beyond its real value? Or to the glib descriptions of a Cheap John in the market-place, puffing off his varied commodities to the crowd, giving them, as it were, in his discourse a bushel of chaff with a few grains of corn. Such addresses as these may well be likened to Grantham gruel; well may they be compared to nine grits and a gallon of water.

How freely and flippantly, arrayed with his regimentals, his sash, and his sword, does the recruiting sergeant, as he shakes the yellow pieces of gold before the eyes of the admiring rustics gathered round him, talk about fine-spirited young men serving their country! and how clearly does he make it appear that every one of them may become an officer, and roll in riches, to say nothing of a place in Westminster Abbey after all! There can be no error in calling his humbug Grantham gruel, and nothing severe in saying that it is no better than nine grits and a gallon of water.

When a successful electioneering candidate for parliamentary honours resorts on the hustings to

* We have now before us excellent spectacles made in Birmingham, with good lenses and good frames, at the retail price of four shillings a dozen, or fourpence each!

clap-trap and hollow-speeches; when he declares it to be by far "the proudest moment of his life," and repeats word for word what hundreds have said before him, over and over again, about England being "the envy of surrounding nations, and the wonder of the world;" when with well-feigned enthusiasm he raises his voice for "magna charta and the first principles of the British constitution;" standing forward as the "advocate of an independent policy, to wage war with corruption, party spirit, reckless democracy, and arbitrary power;" and closes his empty harangue with the hackneyed flourish of being determined, come what will, to nail his "colours to the mast, and sink or swim as they shall determine;" his hearers, for the most part, though they shout and toss up their caps in his favour, regard his inflated address as Grantham gruel. There may be something in it, but very little; not more, if fairly estimated, than nine grits to the gallon of water.

Whoever keeps his eyes and his ears open will see that this old saw, however ancient it may be, gives a very correct description of too many things around us. As there have been, so there are now, in all grades of life, those who are vainly or interestedly talkative. The wordy disputant and the would-be politician, the opinionated and the passionate, the flatterer and the deceiver, will ever indulge in prodigality of speech.

But we need not ring the changes on Grantham gruel, nor needlessly multiply our illustrations; sufficient will it be to say that all which is generally called froth, fudge, blarney, soft sawder, putting, and going for too much, comes under the castigation of this proverb. If you have never met with it before, profit by it now. In your conversation be frank, open-hearted, and sincere, and let not the language of your lips go beyond the meaning of your hearts! "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin, but he that refraineth his lips is wise." Let your word be your bond and the outward sign of your inward intentions; but never let it be said with justice, it is like Grantham gruel; never let it be even whispered, that it bears any resemblance to nine grits and a gallon of water.

ROSE COTTAGE: A SKETCH.

THERE is sorrow everywhere. Not always everywhere, however; nor everywhere at the same time. And yet there are some with whom sorrow seems almost a constant guest, and others with whom it would be, but for some counteracting influence which diffuses a calm over the troubled ocean of life, and gives peace in tribulation.

It was a bright morning in May. Birds were singing gaily; spring blossoms were sparkling with dew-drops and loading the air with their perfume; bees were humming loudly; children were playing and shouting on the village green. Could there be sorrow anywhere on that bright May morning? A happy-looking home was Rose Cottage, with its verandah covered with foliage, its small grass-plot, green and trim, its flower beds and borders, and its belt of shrubbery. But could the whole village have been searched from hall to hovel, on that May morning— Away with comparisons,

however; every "heart knoweth its own bitterness." But whatever there might be elsewhere, there were bitterness and sorrow in Rose Cottage on that fine May morning.

There is scarcely a more despicable object in creation than the man—having no right to claim the name of *man*—who sinks his rightful and natural position of *protector* into that of the *protected*; who, not only willingly, but with full intent and purpose, demands and exacts from the woman who has the misfortune to be his wife, the daily support for himself, which it is his bounden duty to provide for her; who makes her toils subservient to his low and degrading pleasures; and who, to crown all, adds daily and hourly insult to perpetual injury.

In America, they have an expressive designation for men of this class. They call them *loafers*, we believe; thus briefly signifying those who are ready enough to *eat* the loaf, but who can by no means be brought to *earn* it. Is it because the character is less common in England than among our transatlantic cousins, that they have had to coin a name descriptive of such individuals? We doubt this. There are *loafers* everywhere, unhappily.

In humble life, an English loafer soon becomes known and appreciated according to his intrinsic worthlessness. He passes his time in idle listlessness, and pretends to complain that he can't get work; his wife, meanwhile, is washing, or darning, or dress-making, or shirt-making, every day and all day long, to the compelled neglect of her family, that if, he, and herself, may be kept from starvation, or the much-dreaded union-house. He wheels or wrenches from her a few pence at a time, or a shilling or two, or, if he have good luck, the greater part of her hard earnings, which he spends at the beer-shop, while she and her little ones are trying to satisfy hunger at home on dry bread and potatoes. He returns to his miserable home—miserable, because he alone has made it so—late at night, bemuddled and savage, to abuse and maltreat his poor household slave, drag his children from their beds, arouse the neighbourhood by the confusion and horrid uproar he creates, and perhaps—if a policeman be within hearing—to be taken off to the station-house on a charge of battery and assault. Unless discipline this, though necessary! The next day, he professes repentance, the wife forgives, and begs that he may be "let off." He returns home reprimanded, and inwardly determined to heap upon his patient, all-enduring, much-forgiving drudge, at no distant date, fresh injury in payment for his self-degradation, and renewed hatred for her forbearance and not yet utterly extinguished love. This is one specimen of an English loafer.

There are other varieties. There are *loafers* in higher life than that of back courts and lanes, of garrets or hovels. There are loafers in commercial life, where the wife does all the work, and the husband all the idling, pleasure-taking, and elegant extravagance, as well as much extravagance which is not elegant. There are loafers in private and retired life. There was one, on the morning of which we speak, at Rose Cottage.

About twenty years before that May morning, and in a town distant from the scene of our sketch, two young people met at an evening party, and

formed an acquaintance which speedily ripened into a serious engagement. It was in vain that the young lady's friends—those of them at least who had any knowledge of Archer Dudley's character—implored her not to sacrifice her happiness to an ill-considered attachment. She would not be warned. They told her that the young man was dissolute: she believed him to be reformed. They said that the only attraction she had in his sight, was the wealth she could bestow upon him in marriage: she turned away in anger; it was not his fault, she said, that he was poor, and her wealth could not be better bestowed than in making one she loved happy. They entreated her, at least, legally to secure to herself personally the property which must otherwise pass absolutely into his hands: she rejected the advice as unworthy of her generosity, and dishonouring to her affianced lover.

They were married. There was a short delicious day-dream; then a stern and sad awakening. The mask gradually fell off; but before it was entirely dropped, the young wife had reason enough to repent her precipitate folly. In a short space of time, the property which Archer Dudley had acquired by marriage, was rapidly disappearing. Secretly, he was a gambler; more openly, he was an idle spendthrift, vain, voluptuous, and selfish.

There were, in that stage of Mrs. Dudley's history, more to blame than to pity her. Blame, however, would have put on a pitying look and accent, had one half of her sorrows been told. They were not: the world around only guessed at them, and did not guess them truly and faithfully. At that time, indeed, there were few who completely understood Archer Dudley, and saw through the veil which he was able to cast over his outer life; and the world—especially the younger part of it—often makes great mistakes in judging of such men as Archer Dudley. "A person is seen to shine in company. He is the life and soul of a party. His talents to amuse are called into full play. He is polite to females, especially to young females. Or, in a company of his own sex exclusively, he can keep the table in a state of perpetual excitement by his liveliness and wit; can sing a good song, tell a good tale, and pass the bottle with perfect good-will. 'He is a right-down good fellow,' say his male associates; 'always in his element; never out of tone or temper.' 'What a delightful man!' exclaims a fair admirer of his suavity and politeness; 'what a treasure of a husband he must be!' But it is not so. In nine cases out of ten, the wives and families of such 'good fellows' and 'delightful men' have a very small portion of domestic bliss. The qualities which recommend such a one to society, and make him a general favourite there, are not good home virtues. His own fireside is deserted for more exciting scenes, or, when he is found there, it is, too often in a state of collapse. His vivacity has disappeared. In short, he answers faithfully to the character of Bunyan's Talkative—'an angel abroad—a devil at home.' Of such a one most justly has it been said, 'You call him a brute who breaks his wife's head, so he also is a brute who breaks his wife's heart;' and how many an unhappy wife sits friendless and alone during all the hours of the evening, and even of the night, when her faithless husband is seeking his

pleasures in other society! How painful must be her reflections on thus finding her fondest anticipations disappointed, and the fireside at which she hoped to be blest with sympathy and society, deserted and desolate!"

Thus it was with the wife of Archer Dudley in the first years of her married life; but few knew it, or, partly knowing it, guessed how deeply the barbed arrow had entered her soul.

The wife became a mother; and then were brought out the brighter characteristics of the injured woman. Noble, persevering, and unselfish principles were called into action. Something more than the sorrow of the world there was, we trust, in the sorrow from which sprang mild resignation and unyielding effort. "In the day of adversity" she had considered; and in her weakness she was able to flee and to cling to the Strong for strength; and He gave strength to endure. The burden she had to bear was one of her own wilful seeking; but the power to bear it—that was not her own. To win her husband—it was hopeless almost to think of that: to live for her child while life was spared—yes, that she could do, would do, and did.

By the time Grace Dudley was ten years old, little remained of the property her mother had once possessed; and she was familiar with privation; more familiar with that than with her father's face. For weeks together, it was his plan to absent himself from the home which he had blighted with his vices, and then, unexpectedly returning, to strip his wife, by brutal extortion, of every shilling her scantily-furnished purse contained, and then again to absent himself until another "nest egg"—to use his own expression—was prepared for him.

Poor little Grace Dudley! She could not understand it. Other children had fathers, she knew; were they all like hers?

For some time, Mrs. Dudley had scantily supported herself and her little girl by a small school; but at length this resource failed; or rather, it could not supply sufficient funds for the extravagance of the dissolute husband; and at length, for debts which he had contracted, every shred of remaining property was sold, and absolute destitution stared the Dudleys in the face.

But there was an elasticity in the injured woman which kept her from being entirely overwhelmed by adversity, and an independence of character which, while it made her shrink from and steadily refuse the charity of those who had known her in prosperity, and who did not altogether fail her in adversity, urged her also to efforts which brought with them their own peculiar alleviations and consolations. She had hope and faith too—a repose on the Invisible One—which forbade despair.

With the breaking up of his establishment Archer Dudley had disappeared. Perhaps he could not look with composure, heartless as he was, upon the wreck he had made, or perhaps he believed that nothing more was to be wrung from the now apparently helpless victim of his selfish extravagance;—at all events, he was gone, none knew whither; and the best friends of Mrs. Dudley hoped that the separation was complete and final. She herself did not hope this, perhaps; for there is, in woman's heart, a strange and mysterious clinging of affection where love has existed, which refuses to cast

off utterly even a worthless thing. But for the return of such a husband it was not possible, surely, to hope and long and pine.

In days long past, Grace, the mother, before she was Grace Dudley, had occasionally exercised her talents and her pen in light compositions, some of which had found their way into the pages of a magazine; and after her marriage she had been more than once invited to renew her contributions. But her days, as she thought and said, for such things were past and gone. How could *she* instruct, who had so both needed and rejected good counsel? or amuse, whose heart was so sad and sorrowful? But she ventured at last. Friends exerted themselves on her behalf, and found employment for her pen. A few months later, she removed from the scene of her former trials, and found a home in a country village. She became the tenant of Rose Cottage.

Years passed away, and the more than widowed wife and orphaned daughter lived in peace. Whether Archer Dudley were yet living, or, if living, where he had hidden his shame, or how he existed, none could conjecture. Meanwhile, Grace grew from girlhood to womanhood; and her mother had reached that stage of life when grey hairs may naturally be expected to streak the darker hues of youth. Who they were, and how they lived, few in the village knew; but the mild demeanour and active benevolence, so far as evidently limited means could extend, together with the mystery which shrouded them, and the rigid seclusion of their general habits, won for the two ladies the respect of their humbler neighbours, though that same mystery and seclusion kept aloof those of a higher rank in society, who doubted there must be something wrong where all was not manifest and open. And so there was, doubtless; but not the wrong of which they whispered.

It was on a summer's evening, nearly two years before the bright May morning of which we have spoken, that Grace and her mother locked their cottage-door—for they kept no servant—and, leaving the village street, its lively green, and its ancient church and solemn churchyard, betook themselves to a lonely woodland walk, leading to a solitary cottage.

It is among the uses of sorrow, when sanctified by religion, that it disposes us to weep with those who weep—to sympathize with our fellow-mourners. If suffering, we would not willingly seek the sympathy of one who has had no experience in suffering; and thus it is we are taught that "we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin;" and that as "he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."

In that cottage, or hut rather, towards which the mother and daughter were bending their steps, lay a poor "child of sin and sorrow," betrayed, deserted, stricken with disease, and sinking into an early grave. It was neither the first nor the second visit which "the ladies from Rose Cottage" had paid to that poor girl. It was late before they left the sick chamber, and the dusk of evening was rapidly gathering round, when, as they had nearly reached their home, a man rapidly passed them. In another half minute he was out of sight; but

before that half minute had transpired, Grace felt her mother hang heavily on her arm. She looked round, and in the uncertain light she saw that her mother's face was very pale.

"Dear mother, you are not well," exclaimed the daughter in alarm.

"It was—did you not see him, Grace?" the mother whispered, with an effort.

"Who, mother? A man passed; but I did not particularly notice him. Was it?"—and her mother's trembling earnestness was in a moment shared—"was it?"—and she hesitated.

"Your father, Grace: yes. I am better now; let us go home—quick."

He had been there before them. Whether he had planned and watched to enter the house as a thief in the night, or whether it had been accidental; how he had discovered their retreat, or for what purpose he had invaded it—these things were never known by them; but one thing was plain—Archer Dudley had been there. An open window told how he had entered, and how departed; and an open desk, rifled of its contents, told that he had not come back penitent. The desk had a secret drawer in which Mrs. Dudley usually deposited her small stock of money; and at that time she had a larger sum than at many others, for a half-year's rent was due, for which her landlord had not called. The drawer was open, and the money gone. All that night the mother and daughter kept silent vigil; but the husband and father did not return.

A few days afterwards came a letter to Mrs. Dudley, in a handwriting she had no difficulty in recognising. She opened it with a trembling hand; its contents she never divulged, nor was the letter thereafter seen; but from that time care and anguish visibly preyed upon her, and poverty too seemed to be making nearer approaches than before to Rose Cottage.

Months later, on an early spring morning, as Grace Dudley, stealing softly from her bed-room, lest she should wake her mother, opened the cottage door, a man, haggard, way-worn, and travel-soiled, stood before her on the threshold.

"Father!"

"Yes, Grace—for you are Grace Dudley, I suppose, though I should not have known you," said the man in a tone of affected ease; but it would not do, and it sank into sad huskiness. "Yes, Grace, your father—come at last to the dogs—*come to die*."

The poor girl timidly held out her hand; and, struggling with conflicting feelings, found relief in tears.

"Don't cry, my girl; I am scarcely worth-crying about," said the wretched man. "I shan't trouble you long. I may come in, I suppose?" and he took the offered hand. His own was burning with inward fever.

"Mamma is asleep," said Grace, giving way to her father, who entering the little sitting-room, threw himself on a couch: "she has been very unwell; you do not wish me to call her?"

"No, no; let her sleep her sleep out. I, too, should like to sleep. I have been walking all night. I would not come in the day-time, to be stared at by all the crows in the place. Leave me now, my girl. You need not look so suspiciously at me, I am not going to carry anything off this time: never fear."

From that day Archer Dudley never left Rose Cottage. He truly said that he had reached it to die. But death did not come speedily. It may be that he improved the time given him for repentance, and sought more while it was to be found.

It was a bright morning in May—the bright morning with which we introduced our sketch of Rose Cottage. A year had passed since Archer Dudley sought shelter there. And now the scene was gradually closing.

"Draw back the curtain, love," said the dying man; "let me see the sunshine once more."

Grace silently obeyed. By the bed was the wasted care-worn form of the long-enduring wife. Tears, big heavy tears, fast filled her eyes. Her hand rested on a book—THE BOOK.

"Grace," gasped the unhappy man, feebly raising himself, and clasping his wife's hand in his own; "once more, dear Grace, say—say—you—forgive."

She stooped down, kissed his damp brow, and whispered, in broken accents—"I do forgive; and there is forgiveness with God, that he may be feared, and with Him is plenteous redemption."

"What a brute, what a fool I have been!" said the husband. "You don't know all, and I cannot tell you. Grace, pray for me; once more, pray!"

In a few hours all was over. Yes, and there was sorrow at Rose Cottage that day.

THE INNS OF COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

We think it was Dr. Johnson who called London "an epitome of the world;" at all events, this sentiment walked into our mind arm-in-arm with the "great lexicographer," as we turned down the avenue in Fleetstreet which conducts from the never-ceasing bustle of that great thoroughfare to the quiet precincts of the Temple. What a spot for pleasant thoughts! The mad crowd at our back; in front of us the Thames, whose course throughout is not very "silver winding;" and around us this assemblage of neat rectangular buildings, constructed for the most part of plain brick, as if to image the sober majesty of law; with long slopes of green grass, yes, quite green, even beneath the shadow of London's incessant smoke. It was interesting to stand there, and fancy that the spirits of a thousand lawyers, all famous in their day, hovered over the spot, bidding the dingy multitude of vulgar roofs keep off, and even whispering a caveat in the ear of old Father Thames, lest he should presume, in the confidence of age, to roll a wave or two across their ancient home.

The inns of court may be regarded as the sanctuaries of our common law. It is here that the immemorial usages of our ancestors have been maintained, the making of foreign and ecclesiastical jurisprudence restrained within due limits, and those principles of integrity and patriotism inculcated which have firmly established our judicial institutions in the confidence of the people. On this account their history is interesting, not merely to the student, but to the Englishman, and a few particulars respecting their origin and ancient discipline we may presume will not be unacceptable to the reader. In presenting these particulars we shall

avail ourselves, in addition to information derived from other sources, of a lecture recently delivered on this subject before the benchers at Lincoln's-inn, by J. F. Macquereen, esq., barrister-at-law.

In the dark ages the clergy were the only lawyers. Few out of their order could read or write, and, as a matter of course, all transactions involving those accomplishments fell into their hands. But this result must not be ascribed alone to the ignorance of the laity. At least one other cause was in powerful operation. The papal court was anxious to gather all jurisdiction, temporal as well as spiritual, into its own hands. Not content with asserting that the clergy were not amenable to lay tribunals, it aimed at monopolizing the right to determine questions of every sort, whether they arose between man and man in civil society, or between nations and their rulers. It is evident how large a measure of worldly influence would accrue to the church of Rome from this union of the clerical and the legal functions. At length, however, the union was forbidden, since it gave rise to much scandal, and was felt to be incompatible with the sacredness of the priestly office. The immediate effect of this exclusion of the clergy from legal practice was anything but beneficial to the community. Ignorant pretenders, less skillful, but not less unscrupulous than their predecessors, preyed upon the illiteracy of the people. Corruption spread among lawyers of all ranks, and in 1292, on an investigation ordered by Parliament, all the common law judges presiding in the courts of Westminster, with only two exceptions, were convicted of taking bribes. To remedy this evil, Edward I issued a commission to John de Mettingham, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, authorizing him in conjunction with his colleagues to appoint attorneys to practise in the king's courts, and a certain number of pupils from every county to study the common law, and thus secure its permanence. These attorneys, who then acted as barristers also, were accommodated, along with the students, at certain offices lying between Fleetstreet and Holborn, belonging to the Court of Chancery. At length, having become too numerous and important a body to remain satisfied with temporary quarters, they began to look out for a permanent abode. The first migration did not wander far. About the end of the reign of Edward I, Henry de Laey, earl of Lincoln, surrendered his town mansion in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, to a body of common law professors with their disciples. Out of gratitude to their founder they assumed his name, and have been known ever since, as the "Honourable Society of Lincoln's-inn." Those two great inns of court, the Inner Temple and Middle Temple, had a similar origin. In the reign of Edward III, a second body of law professors and students, finding accommodation too narrow for their augmented numbers, obtained, from the Knights Templars, a lease of their residence between Fleetstreet and the Thames, of which we have spoken already, which lease was turned into absolute right by James I, "upon trust for the reception and education of the professors and students of the laws of this realm." Soon after the establishment of the Society of the Temple, a third was formed in Holborn; Lord Grey de Wilton surrendering his hostelry for their

reception. The term "inn" is a curious designation for the residence of an academic body; but in ancient times the town mansion of a nobleman bore that name; a practice which is still continued by the French, who style such a place a *hôtel*. It appears that the fraternities who thus removed to more capacious habitations, did not entirely relinquish their former dwellings. Each inn of court retained the use of two inns of Chancery as a place of residence and education for its younger members; the new domicile being reserved for the use of the governors, senior fellows, and higher order of students.

Many interesting particulars might be gleaned from a history of the inns of court; much light might be thrown on subjects which have come to be regarded as very grave, if not solemn. For instance, what can be graver than that symbol and repository of all earthly wisdom—a barrister's wig? One's blood might almost freeze with awe while contemplating it. Alas, this venerable appendage of legal learning, from the weight of which our good king, George III., would not grant a dispensation even to his favourite chancellor, originated in all probability with those members of the clerical profession who wished, notwithstanding ecclesiastical prohibition, to practise in the law courts, and who had recourse to this expedient in order to hide their shaven crown.

But the best illustration of the laborious simplicity of our ancestors is that which is supplied by the routine of legal study. It was by a curiously constructed ladder that the young aspirant had to scale the heights of his profession. Listen, ye degenerate scions of the nineteenth century, to the Herculean toils which were necessary to mould a Fortescue and a Coke. The career of the student began at Cambridge or Oxford; on leaving these seats of learning he was entered of an inn of Chancery, where he worked two years in mastering the rudimental principles of law. He then ascended to an inn of court, where his first object was to learn the art of *bolting*, or of arguing extempore upon cases privately put to him by a benchman and two barristers. As soon as he had become expert in bolting, he was admitted to the *mootings*, or public disputations of the fellows: and, at the end of some four or five years, was made a junior barrister. When of eight years' standing in the inns of court, he became a senior or *utter* barrister, and then was opened to him the place of reader to one of the inns of Chancery: but he was not suffered to practise in court till a further term of three years had expired. But after the labours of thirteen years, the aspirant for honours only found himself on the first level of the ascent. It was at his option, however, whether he ascended any higher. He might, if he preferred it, assume the name of "ancient," exempted from all duty and cut off from all promotion. The poor student, however ambitious or talented, was forced to adopt this course, on account of the expensiveness of a different choice. He had done all that unaided genius could do when he attained the position of a barrister; to ascend through the various grades of promotion towards the bench required money. If his purse was strong enough to second his ambition, he declined the safe obscurity of the "ancients," and was at length promoted by the

benchmen to the office of *cupboard-man*, so called from the cupboard which during exercises was placed as a rostrum in the middle of the hall. The cupboard-men were a superior order of dispensants, from whom a reader or lecturer was appointed every half-year, while the highest legal dignitaries, the judges, the king's attorney-general and solicitor-general, as well as the king's serjeants and the officers of the courts of wards and liveries, were recruited from the body of readers.

We have mentioned the expensiveness attendant upon such a course of promotion. This was so great as to expose a reader only moderately furnished with golden weapons, to the risk of insolvency. A glance at his duties will be a sufficient proof of this. Preparatory to the Lent readings, he had to make his appearance at church, attended by a retinue of friends, a senior barrister carrying his bag, and sixteen liveried servants swelling the procession. The next morning he breakfasted the whole society at the hall, after which he took the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, and began his lecture. The lecture was no sooner finished than the cupboard-men fell to work, impeaching his doctrines right and left, the judges and serjeants joining the fray, which ended with the arrival of dinner. This meal over, battle began again; one of the fierce cupboard-men challenging the reader to prove his conclusions: other combatants followed, till, at length, the reader interposed and finished the debate by giving judgment in his own favour. Supper was then announced, and so "that day's exercise was terminated." The same course was pursued every alternate Monday, Wednesday, and Friday: the other days of the week being devoted exclusively to feasting. All this feasting was paid for out of the reader's pocket. He was expected to keep open house during the delivery of his lectures. Dugdale tells us that one reader spent six hundred pounds in ten days—an enormous sum for those times—in providing for the entertainment of his visitors.

It is a matter of congratulation that this part of the ancient discipline of the inns of court exists no longer. The great inducement which formerly led the advocate to seek the honours of the reader's desk, in the face of such an enormous expense, has been done away for more than a century. The legal dignitaries of the realm are no longer selected from the class of readers; the Crown chooses from the entire profession those persons whose talents render them fittest for the discharge of their proposed duties. Forensic eminence and distinction, not academic elevation, determine preferment. It is not the ability to maintain a well-furnished table, to provide the means of riot and luxury for all comers, which decides who shall wear the silk gown and ermine, but intellect and industry. Small chance would there have been, in the time we have been contemplating, for some of our eminent barristers who sprang from the middle ranks of life, to have reached, by legal studies, the first dignities of the state; a single month's tenure of the honour of readership would have beggared them, and the House of Lords would have been closed to some who have proved its brightest ornaments. This is at least one instance in which times have grown better. knowledge it.

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incongruities," to receive the outcasts of society, whose crimes demanded their separation from the orderly part of the human race, and justified exile to a desolate region. The lapse of a few years has wrought a wonderful change in popular sentiment. It has been found that the once penal country is admirably fitted for the nurture of great nations, being provided with resources for the sustenance of millions in comfort. A population of free immigrants has rapidly poured in, to occupy rich grasslands and fertile grain-soil, transferring thither our domestic habits, commercial enterprise, laws, institutions, language, literature, and religion; and the struggle is now intense on the part of thousands of our well-conducted, manual-labour classes to reach the shore, owing to the recent discovery of its gold-fields, and the excessive demand for labour which has been consequently created. There previously existed a great general demand for the able-bodied of both sexes, to engage in various departments of industry, and develop the productive resources of the island-continent. Large sums are at the disposal of the home government, chiefly the produce of land sales, remitted by the colonists themselves, for the despatch of healthy emigrants of good character from the mother country, to meet a pressing want for additional hands. But the detection of the precious metal in large quantities having caused a pell-mell rush of the already settled population to the auriferous sites, abandoning all ordinary occupations for gold-digging, there is instant employment at good wages to be found for the strong arm and willing mind, positive ruin hanging over the great staple interests of these colonies unless their labour-market is sup-

plied. But independently of the recently changed condition of society in Australia, it is not going too far to say, that no part of the world presents a fairer opening to persons intending to emigrate, with a view to devote themselves to a course of regular industry. As multitudes are, therefore, now employing an hour of leisure in turning their thoughts to this region as a future home; and thinking that they may do so with advantage to themselves and the mother country, we devote a few pages of the 'LEISURE HOUR' to the task of offering them some information and assistance. Let it not be understood for a moment that we encourage the idea of leaving the shores of England, in the expectation of cheaply obtaining wealth by "prospecting" for gold in the river-basin of the Murray. We would rather discourage the thought to the best of our ability. Experience confirms the statement, that where gold-seeking is a source of sudden emolument, the success is very commonly and speedily negatived to the individual by the mad spendthrift spirit which it elicits, while in a great number of cases no adequate compensation is obtained for hard toil, and in not a few, wretchedness and demoralization are items of evil added to the sting of disappointment. It is to those alone we address ourselves, who look forward to the service of the flockmaster and grazier, or to prosecuting avocations abroad kindred to those with which they are familiar at home.

Australia—remarkable for its great extent (containing a territorial area nearly equal to that of Europe), its singularly regular conformation, and recent discovery—comprises at present the four following colonies:—

	Founded.	Population, last Census.	Capitals and Principal Ports.
NEW SOUTH WALES	1788	180,000	Sydney, Moreton Bay.
VICTORIA, LATE PORT PHILIP	1836	78,000	Melbourne, Geelong, Portland Bay.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA	1836	67,000	Adelaide, Port Adelaide, Port Lincoln.
WEST AUSTRALIA, OR SWAN RIVER	1829	4,000	Perth, King George's Sound.

The progress of these settlements, the last excepted, is without a parallel in history: Sydney, after an existence of sixty years, had nearly 40,000 inhabitants; Adelaide and Melbourne, in the space of sixteen years, had each grouped an estimated population of 25,000 persons; while at the time of the American revolution, after a period of more than a century and a half, Boston only possessed 18,000 inhabitants, and neither Philadelphia nor New York at all equalled the size of Sydney.

It is not easy in a few brief paragraphs to reply to the natural inquiry of the intending emigrant, "What kind of country is Australia?" But, referring exclusively to the settled districts, we will offer some general observations upon the subject, which, though necessarily imperfect, may not be unsatisfactory either to the outward-bound passenger, or the stay-at-home crowd.

Australia is, then, eminently a land of *contraries*; a kind of miniature world, in many respects turned upside down; and novelties will often arrest attention, till the new settler has become accustomed to his change of place. Situated in the southern hemisphere, nearly opposite to the position of Great Britain in the northern, the seasons are of course the reverse of our own, midsummer falling in January, and midwinter in July. The

spring months are September, October, and November; the summer, December, January, and February; the autumn, March, April, and May; and the winter, June, July, and August. The sun, which is southerly to us, is northerly to our brethren at the antipodes. They have reverse conditions likewise with reference to the temperature of the breeze, the north wind being hot, and the south wind cold. Both in botany and zoology, nature exhibits a thousand singular arrangements, many of which have no parallel elsewhere. Its trees, which are entitled to rank as evergreens, from not periodically casting their leaves, are more generally ever-browns. Owing to scanty foliage, the majority afford little shade, except when they are very closely grouped, which is an exception in the distribution of the ligneous vegetation; and for the same reason, along with the peculiar pale tint of the leaves, the forests are never sombre scenes. Some bear fruits like cherries, with the stones attached to the outside. Others yield what seem delicious-looking pears, but are really pieces of hard wood. There are trees which have leaf-stalks performing the office of leaves, while in other cases the leaves seem twisted out of their proper position, being vertical, or presenting their edges towards the stem, so that both surfaces have the same relation

to the light. Nettles of an arborescent stature, from fifteen to twenty feet high, are not uncommon. Native flowers have seldom any odour. Parasitical plants are found growing in the ground, an exception to the almost universal law of the vegetable kingdom, that true parasites are incapable of taking root in the earth. The animal creation is correspondingly peculiar. Some of its forms excited no little astonishment, and occasionally alarm, in the minds of the first European visitors. During Captain Cook's first voyage, a sailor returned from a short excursion on shore sorely frightened, declaring that he had seen the enemy of mankind moving through the grass, though unable to describe the appearance otherwise than as about the size of a nine-gallon keg. It was one of the hideous Pteropine bats, which sometimes attain prodigious dimensions. The characteristic animals are furnished with pouches in which to stow their young, and move by enormous leaps, outstripping the gallop of the horse. Wild quadrupeds are, however, few, both as to species and individuals. All are of the pacific class, the indigenous dog excepted, which is only an object of annoyance to the shepherd and danger to the flocks, at the outskirts of the settlements. There are various tribes of honey bees, but none of them have stings. Birds of beautiful plumage abound, but songsters are wanting. Swans are black; eagles, white. The cuckoo utters its note at night; the owl screeches by day.

In a region of such extent—the distance from Sydney to Perth corresponding to that between Edinburgh and Constantinople—there are, of course, large tracts unavailable for the support of civilized man, consisting of peat swamps, saline marshes, rocky hills, stony and sandy plains, either absolutely sterile, or productive only of "scrub"—the colonial term for a species of stunted, unprofitable brushwood. But there still remain millions of unoccupied acres of the greatest fertility, adapted for the growth of grain; and more especially for the sustenance of flocks and herds, which may be multiplied for centuries, without fear of overtaking the natural provision for them. For miles and miles, the character of the country has been often compared to the park scenery around the seat of an English noble. Trees of interesting appearance occur solitarily, not more than three or four to the acre, or form small clumps; sheep whitely dotting the landscape, of which there are not far short of twenty millions at present on the pastures of Australia, yielding the finest wool, and placing it at the head of wool-growing lands. "Amid the apparent sameness of the forest," says M. de Strzelecki, "may be often found spots teeming with a gigantic and luxuriant vegetation, sometimes laid out in stately groves, free from thicket or underwood, sometimes opening on glades and slopes, intersected with rivulets, carpeted with the softest turf, and which lack only the thatched and gabled cottage, with its blue smoke curling amid the trees, to realize a purely European picture." Abundant crops of wheat, barley, and maize are raised, with ordinary garden vegetables. Though possessing not a single native species of edible fruit, save the cranberry and a few other berry-bearing plants of no importance, the introduced vine and orange thrive, and almost all exotics succeed, except those

which require a colder climate, as the apple, gooseberry, and currant, with oats among the cereals. Yet not more there than here does nature supersede the necessity for stern exertion on the part of man, nor can a competence be secured, and distress be avoided, without a due amount of labour. Let no one, contemplating a settlement within its bounds, dream of a land flowing with milk and honey, in the sense of riches being acquired, or a comfortable subsistence being gained, apart from pertinacious effort. A more immediate and ample return for toil is its prime and only recommendation to the emigrant. The application and thrift which at home scarcely avail to ward off beggary, may there be confidently expected to place him in easy circumstances; but beggary will still be his neighbour, if the maxims of industry and economy are neglected, while little sympathy in distress will be awarded him abroad, owing to the well-founded presumption, that he is pinched as the consequence of his own indolence or folly.

The climate of all the coasts and colonies is remarkable for its dryness. Owing to this circumstance, and the absence of towering mountains covered with perpetual snows, there are no vast rivers comparable to those which are found in other great regions of the globe, and permanent waters are generally scarce. The streams, though subject to extraordinary floods from heavy rains in winter, are largely reduced in summer through drought, and commonly either lose their continuity, becoming a series of detached ponds, or are converted into stony highways. This deficient irrigation adapts the country more for pastoral than agricultural purposes, while, except in favoured spots, it renders the herbage scanty, as compared with that of our own fields, and necessitates extensive "runs" but of all proportion to the number of cattle and sheep which are pastured on them. But the long-continued droughts, which threatened the colony of New South Wales with destruction while its area was contracted, have since been ascertained to be but partial visitations, and have not been experienced in South Australia or Victoria. It is to the dryness of the atmosphere that the superior quality of the Australian wool is attributed. In winter thin ice is formed; but snow is very rarely seen, except in the upland districts. In summer, the temperature rises high, and the range of the thermometer is often excessive, in the course of a few hours; but the greatest solar heat has no relaxing or debilitating effect upon the constitution, and the rapid interchange of heat and cold is endured without inconvenience. The only atmospheric annoyance is the hot wind, which occasionally blows in summer from the unexplored interior, and seems to indicate in that direction the existence of vast sandy deserts, which, baking beneath a tropical sun, give a fierce temperature to the breeze that passes over them. Volumes of impalpable dust, and gritty particles of some size, are raised, and swept along by this blast from the central fiery furnace. The sky, though clear of clouds, assumes, consequently, a hazy aspect, through which the sun glows like a ball of copper, while the haze magnifies the glaring orb. Exposed objects, as the handles of doors, sometimes become so hot as to be almost painful to grasp. Though excessively disagreeable, there is nothing im-

diately injurious in the hot wind. If necessary, journeying and out-of-doors labour may generally be prosecuted without danger, in the very teeth of it, while annoyance is avoided by keeping at home, with doors and windows closely fastened. The visitation is over in about two days, and is terminated by a cool breeze from the south, after a short but occasionally a very sharp contest.

It is a consideration of prime importance to the emigrant, that the ordinary Australian climate is in a high degree genial to the senses, exhilarating to the mind, and conducive to health and longevity. This is the uniform testimony of experience: Through the greater part of the year, the sky is beautifully bright and the air balmy. The dry, pure, elastic atmosphere gives a buoyancy to the spirits, seldom known in our fog-breathing country; and owing to the same cause, exposure at night, "bushing it under a gum-tree, with a saddle for a pillow," is attended with no ill effects. Acute inflammatory disorders are rare. Endemic diseases, fevers, or agues, are seldom or never met with, from the general absence of marsh exhalations. The prevalent complaints to which new settlers are specially liable, are ophthalmia and dysentery. The former arises from the reflection of the solar glare; the latter is usually brought on by injudicious diet; but both appear generally in mild forms, where strictly temperate habits are observed. It has been repeatedly stated, that individuals in middle or advanced life, even after the decay of the animal system has commenced, have acquired new vigour on proceeding to Australia, like trees transplanted to a more congenial soil, and have apparently received an addition to what might have been deemed in their case the ordinary term of existence. From some unknown reason, but doubtless climatic, birth is given to children by parents at a more advanced stage of life, and the young increase in stature more rapidly than in England.

Opinions in favour of the mineral wealth of this great island were expressed by the naturalists who accompanied the early navigators to its coasts, and were subsequently repeated by scientific explorers of the interior. The experience of the last ten years has strikingly illustrated their sagacity of observation. Coal occurs in abundance in various parts of New South Wales, and also at the Swan River, while copper, iron, and lead are products of South Australia. The vast stores of the former metal have already yielded princely fortunes. It was in the latter part of the year 1842, that copper was first discovered by a youth in search of wild flowers, who found and conveyed home a fine specimen of green carbonate. Some afterwards, in the same locality, an intelligent sheep-farmer, while engaged in looking up his flock which a thunder storm had dispersed, observed a fractured rock apparently covered with beautiful green moss. On further examination, he noticed a large protruding mass of clay-slate, strongly impregnated with a mineral which he supposed must be copper, from the close resemblance of the colour to verdigris. The two discoverers being on intimate terms, associated to turn the disclosure to account; and keeping their secret, obtained from the government eighty acres of land at the upset price of £1 per acre. They originated the Kapunda mine, in Light county, about sixty miles to the north of Adelaide. It

speedily became a great establishment. A spot which had before been a perfect wilderness was turned into a thriving township; and 27,000*l.* are said to have been refused for a site which originally cost but 80*l.* The proprietors purchased a hundred adjoining acres, but had to pay 2,120*l.* for the tract, owing to sharp competition. Copper is distributed over a wide area of the province, in quantities which ages will not exhaust. The celebrated Burra Burra mine, in the district of the Razorback mountains, about forty miles north of Kapunda, discovered in 1845, is the richest in the world. Large masses of remarkably pure ore have been obtained by operations rather resembling quarrying than mining; beautiful malachites, red oxides, green and blue carbonates, mingle in wild confusion at this extraordinary spot; and its deposits of iron are equal to those of copper in extent and quality. The discovery of gold in the neighbouring colonies, now an all-absorbing pursuit, suspending largely all other branches of industry, will form the subject of a separate notice.

At a period when numbers are on the eve of embarking for the Australian ports, to be followed by a greater crowd, we are unwilling to close this paper without some remarks of an immediately practical nature. The voyage, a distance of some 16,000 miles by ship's course, is of course a formidable enterprise, though really a very safe and easy trip compared with the shorter adventure of the Pilgrim Fathers, in a crazy bark across the channel of the Atlantic. Good vessels usually accomplish the passage in about ninety-five days; but the emigrant should calculate upon an interval of four months, and arrange accordingly; while, to guard against casualties, ships carry provisions and water for a still longer period. In order to take advantage of certain trade winds, the ordinary route is diagonally across the Atlantic, as if making for Rio Janeiro; then recrossing to latitudes south of the Cape of Good Hope, and thence proceeding easterly to the desired haven, in which direction there is generally a favourable fresh breeze. It is common for the voyage to be performed without touching at any intermediate port; and after leaving the sea-gulls of the English channel, land may not be again seen till the "nut-ton-birds" of Bass's Straits have been sighted, should Melbourne or Sydney be the point of destination. Before leaving the South Atlantic Ocean, the passenger will cross the meridian of Greenwich. As he proceeds to the eastward, his watch, if it goes correctly, will lag behind the sun, at the rate of one hour for every three or four days, or for every fifteen degrees of longitude that are sailed over; and as Melbourne is about 145 degrees of longitude east of Greenwich, he will have to put it forward nearly ten hours on the whole, in order that it may correspond with Melbourne time on his arrival. The passage lying through the hot zone of the equator, and also touching on chilling southern latitudes, it is important to be provided with clothing suited to both extremes; and as washing linen on shipboard is out of the question, a sufficient stock to last without that operation for the entire voyage, is necessary. It is of little consequence at what period of the year an emigrant sails; but if he contemplates the manual labour of pastoral life, August has its advantages,

as he will then arrive about the commencement of the Australian harvest, when also the settlers come down to the ports from the interior with their wool, and make their arrangements for the ensuing season. But the present extraordinary demand for labourers renders the employment of able hands certain at any time. By sailing in the interval from November to March, the advantage is secured of arriving in the cool part of the Australian year.

The length of the voyage necessarily renders the cost of transport high. Respectable parties of moderate means, neither ample nor stinted, may secure a comfortable passage, with provisions on a liberal scale, by from 20*l.* to 25*l.* Steerage passages range from 15*l.* to 18*l.* Families are taken at reduced prices, according to number and age. Free passages are granted by the government to a limited number of agricultural labourers and domestic servants, subject to certain restrictions*; and the emigration of others belonging to the impoverished class, is aided by societies established for the purpose†. Those who pay for their own passage should never deal with ship-agents, but with principals, and satisfy themselves as to the respectability of the party with whom they treat. In selecting a ship, care should be taken to see that the vessel stands well at Lloyd's, is marked A 1, and not by C in red letters. Ships of the latter class, technically said to be on the red diphtongs, may be safe enough; but rats and mice, with nameless vermin, will be found to be over-abundant in them. Though life on shipboard has been compared to being in prison, with the chance of being drowned, this statement is far more sprightly than true, as far as the Australian voyage is concerned. It might with equal correctness be said that travelling to town by rail was a temporary imprisonment, with the risk of being dashed to pieces. In a sea-worthy ship, and with a competent commander, there is little danger to be apprehended, beyond the casualties to which in other forms we are liable by land; and with reference to the sense of confinement, much will depend upon the habits of the passenger. He cannot do better than judiciously divide his time during the transit, occupying himself as much as possible with acquiring useful knowledge respecting the country to which he is going, resolutely beforehand turning a deaf ear to sundry advertisements with which the newspapers are rife. One now before us announces, that "emigrants will find pleasure during the voyage, and profit upon their arrival, by taking out a cornopeum at 35*s.* or a flute at 25*s.*" We advise all who are open to such seductions, to stay at home; and those who sail away from us, should learn how to stitch and use tools on their passage, so as to be their own tailors and carpenters when settled in Australia.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.—Whatever a man lays out for God, he lays up for himself.—Speak of people's virtues; conceal their infirmities; if you can say no good, say no ill of them.—It is our main business in this world to secure a happy eternity in the next.

* Office, No. 9, Park-street, Westminster.

† Family Colonization Loan Society: Office, No. 3, Charlton-erecent, Islington.

THE FALL OF POOR PEDRO.

SOME time ago we gave an account of the death of an acquaintance of ours, Old Chunee, the elephant of Exeter Change, and now we purpose to enter on a narrative of a similar character. We love to look on the bulky brute whose enormous strength is so willingly and efficiently exerted for the benefit of man, and feel interested in his welfare. We are amused at his uncouth movements on the land, and his grotesque gambols in the water when taking his bath; and we cannot but smile when his keeper talks of accommodating his unwieldy leg with a silk stocking.

An elephant, even in a caravan, is sure to attract the attention of the beholder; but much more so when he appears in the crowded thoroughfares of a town or city. A unique spectacle it is to see

The first giant striding through the streets,
The wonder or the fear of all he meets.

We once witnessed this spectacle in perfection; for happening to meet an elephant on his way from Hackney fields, where he had been exhibited, we turned round and attended him through Old-street, and the narrower pass of Goswell-street, while the populous purlieus of Whitecross-street and Golden-lane poured forth their crowds in wondering admiration. Nothing could exceed the varied surprise and consternation of the people, hundreds of whom, judging by their intense astonishment, had never seen an elephant before. It was by no means an easy thing to keep pace with the enormous animal, whose long strides kept those around him on a half run. Boys and girls in troops joined the wondering throng; women, with children in their arms, ran along screaming out their surprise; and workmen and shopmen abandoned for a season their occupations, to get a glance at the mammoth-like monster that was gone as soon as he was seen.

Well do we remember—and we doubt not the heroine of our anecdote remembers it well too—that we were once present at the Zoological Gardens, when the great elephant, probably put out of temper by some little liberty taken with him, suddenly seized hold of a lady's dress, tearing it off by the waist as adroitly as if it had been clipped round with a pair of scissors. But though this was fine fun to Sir Elephantus, who amused himself by flourishing in the air and tearing to tatters a part of the feminine spoil of which he had so unceremoniously possessed himself, it was otherwise with the hapless fair, who vainly tried to shrink from observation, her under garments not being exactly those she would have chosen for a public exhibition. Instead of the ladies near forming a cordon of protection around their poor defenceless sister, they left her alone in her distress, and we (bear with us if even yet we plume ourselves on this act of our gallantry) rushed forward to the rescue, escorting the unfortunate fair one to the cake-house, and procuring for her such necessary addition to her wardrobe as enabled her to proceed to a hackney coach, without attracting much further attention. When looking back with any degree of interest to the past,

How vividly intense in memory's eyes

The scenes of other days before us rise!

The monster brute, the fair with pallid brow,

And giggling throng, are all before us now.

Much longer could we discourse on what has afforded us pleasure, but already have we trespassed on the reader's patience; trying, therefore, to persuade ourselves that our digression has been pardoned, we will at once enter on our intended narrative.

In the "*Almanach Historique, nommé Messenger Boiteux pour l'an de grace 1821*," is an interesting account of the destruction of an elephant that became furious and ungovernable at the fortified city of Geneva in Switzerland. The animal, which was from Bengal, had by an accident lost one of his tusks. His age was ten years, his height nine feet, and his colour a dark brown.

There is something exceedingly touching in the docility of so huge and powerful a creature as an elephant. We cannot witness an animal that could crush out the life of those around him and trample them as dust beneath his feet, obeying with all the gentleness of a lamb the command of his keeper, without feeling indebted to his forbearance. The elephant of which we speak was so gentle and tractable, that he called forth in his favour the kind sympathy of the crowds that visited him.

Mademoiselle Garnier, who travelled with this obedient creature, which for want of another name we will call Pedro, once possessed an elephant which, violently breaking loose from his keepers at Venice, did much damage, and was obliged to be destroyed. This event was not likely to be forgotten by her. The one-tusked elephant Pedro, whose tragical end we are about to describe, was very fond of her, kneeling to take her on his back, and obeying her every word and gesture. It was no unimpressive sight to see him hold out his foot for the iron ring which chained him for the night to the strong post set deep in the ground.

Most of us have regarded with interest, if not with awe, the long line of Wombwell's caravans proceeding onward to some distant wake or fair; but Pedro travelled on foot by night, led along by three keepers. He had visited England, France, and the Netherlands. It was not until he had been at Geneva a week or more, that much change was perceived in him; but then it was clear that the frequent volleys of musketry from the soldiers considerably annoyed him. These volleys, with other exciting causes, in addition to his spring paroxysms, at last rendered him dangerous.

It was at the hour of midnight, attended by three keepers, one carrying a lantern, that Pedro passed the gates and drawbridges of Geneva, leaving Mademoiselle Garnier to follow on the morrow. Few people would willingly embark in so perilous an enterprise as that of escorting by night an excited elephant along the high road. It was soon found that this adventure was a dangerous one; for not far had they proceeded before Pedro became unruly and disposed to make an attack on one of his keepers. The man perceiving his danger ran for the city, pursued by the huge animal which was now his own master. Whether to admit Pedro or not, was a difficult point to determine; but the officer on guard decided in his favour, thinking that in the city there would be better opportunities of securing him than on the highway, especially as the latter would soon be crowded with market people. The gates were opened, and Pedro, still pursuing his keeper, entered the place. In the

heart of a city, and all at once relieved from the custody of his keepers, Pedro hardly knew how to make the most of his fresh-acquired liberty. For a while he walked about the Place de Saint Gervais, evidently enjoying his freedom. It was a fine night, he was not annoyed by the fire of musketry, and he could go where he liked; these things contributed much to his satisfaction. At last, coming to a heap of stones that had been collected for the repair of the pavement, he laid himself down upon it. Not long had Pedro enjoyed his solitude before he espied a keeper, who had taken his post at the end of one of the bridges over the Rhone. Well it was for the man that he made his escape; for in a moment Pedro was after him, evidently disposed to do him mischief. No doubt, had the keeper been overtaken, his life would have been sacrificed.

It was a great grief to Mademoiselle Garnier to know that Pedro had become so untractable and dangerous, but she lost no time in hastening to him. Though the keepers dared not approach him, Mademoiselle went resolutely forward with daintiness in her hand and gentle words on her lips. Trusting to her customary influence over him, she manifested no fear. Her confidence was not misplaced, for Pedro, won over by her gentle manner and soothing voice, permitted her to lead him into a place called the Bastion d' Hollande, which was well walled round; and thus a point was gained of considerable importance. Left alone, and with the gates shut upon him, Pedro began to amuse himself in different ways.

Geneva, the capital of a canton of the same name, as a fortified city and military station, has a considerable arsenal, and at the time when Pedro entered the Bastion d' Hollande, there stood in, or adjoining to it, a shed containing military stores, such as caissons and piles of cannon-balls, with wagons and gun carriages. These turned out to be admirable playthings for Pedro, who made the most of them all. It was ludicrous to see how the bulky animal turned round and round the wheels of the carriages, rolled the caissons over, and tossed the cannon-balls in the air; but ludicrous as this was, a fearful element was mingled with it, for every now and then Pedro ran about from one place to another with so much ardour, that in his excited state it was difficult to decide whether merriment or madness was the cause of his vivacity.

In the state in which Pedro then was, he might be considered safe, cooped up within the walls of the Bastion d' Hollande; but how would it be should his paroxysm increase? Mademoiselle Garnier had too lively a remembrance of the fury of her elephant which was destroyed at Venice, and of the ravage made by him in the city before he was overcome, not to fear that if Pedro were not killed, the same disastrous consequences would ensue. Great was her distress and terror.

An hour or more had passed since Pedro had returned to the city; and as during this period his excitement had increased, it became necessary to take active measures. The officer on guard, who had hurried to Mademoiselle to confer with her, wished the animal to be spared, thinking the paroxysm would pass away; but Mademoiselle, though it sadly tried her to do so, in the most pressing manner pleaded for his immediate destruction. Pedro's doom was then sealed.

Arrangements were now made with the utmost despatch, and druggists of the place were applied to for the most powerful poison that could be procured. It was then recollected that M. Mayor, a skilful surgeon, had often visited the elephant and won his affection. This circumstance induced the magistrate to request M. Mayor to administer the poison, and this he undertook to do. Three ounces of prussic acid mixed with ten of brandy was the dose prepared. In order to be ready for all exigencies, in case the poison should not take effect, two breaches were made in the wall, and a four-pounder placed in each of them. It was to one of these breaches that M. Mayor called Pedro, who immediately came and swallowed the poison at a draught. Two ounces of prussic acid would have made sad havoc among a regiment of soldiers, but it seemed to have little or no effect on Pedro.

While the elephant was lying down, walking about, and playing with the balls and the caissons, M. Mayor went to work to prepare for him another poisonous dose, consisting of three boluses, each containing an ounce of arsenic, mingled with honey and sugar. This additional dose was taken by Pedro as readily as the other; but after waiting a reasonable time for it to spread its deleterious influence throughout the bulky frame of the doomed animal, hardly any visible effect followed. Time pressed and anxiety was abundantly increased.

Once more M. Mayor made a deadly offering to Pedro, who this time, after taking it from his hand and smelling at it, threw it away. There was now but little hope from the poison, and no other alternative than the four-pounders remained. Pedro, however, continued his antics with the military stores, now and then approaching one of the breaches, and pushing back the cannon. Little doubt was entertained that the sagacious brute in some degree anticipated danger.

Things had now come to a crisis; for the clock had struck five, spectators were arriving from all quarters, and the time for beginning the market was drawing nigh. It was a season of anxiety, suspense, and alarm. Magistrates, M. Mayor, Mademoiselle Garnier, and the spectators, with intense interest, were all awaiting the fearful result. Again and again Pedro advanced and retreated, without presenting a favourable mark for the artilleryman; but at last, just as he was drawing back from the breach, the gunner fired.

The coming day is dawning bright;
There stands poor Pedro in his might,
A free and fearless rover.
The flash, the thunder, and the ball,
The start, the stagger, and the fall;
One gasp, and all is over.

The ball had passed right through the head of the poor animal, and struck against the opposite wall. Well was it for Pedro that he ended his career in a fortified town; had it been otherwise, he might have been fired at by the hour with rifles, instead of being brought down at once by a shot from a four-pounder.

Loud was the lamentation of many of the inhabitants of the city, when the fall of poor Pedro became generally reported abroad, and great was the crowd that hastened to the Bastion d'Hollande to ascertain with their own eyes whether it were really true. So well was poor Pedro beloved,

that the sight of his dead body spread a mournful influence around. Arrangements were made with Mademoiselle Garnier that the remains might be secured for the museum, and with this intention a skilful dissection of the body took place. More than thirty years have rolled away since the performance of this tragedy, yet is it still fresh in the remembrance of many. Long will the inhabitants of Geneva speak of the elephant which visited the place with Mademoiselle Garnier.

• INTO THE DESERT.

THE desert was a limitless level of smooth gravelled sand, stretching on all sides among the tufted shrubs, like spacious well-rolled garden-walks. It had the air of a boundless garden, carefully kept. "And now," said the Pacha, "begins the true desert." Farther and farther fell the palms behind us, and at length the green earth was but a vague western belt—a darkish hedge of our garden. Upon the hard sand the camel-paths were faintly indicated, like cattle-paths upon a sandy field. They went straight away to the horizon, and vanished like a railway track. The sun lay warm upon my back, and with sudden suspicion I turned to look at him, as a child upon an ogre who is gently urging him on. Forward and forward upon those faint narrow desert tracks should we pass into the very region of his wrath! Here would he smite us terribly with the splendour of his scorn, and wither and consume these audacious citizens who had come out against him with blue cotton umbrellas! In that moment, excited as I was by the consciousness of being out of sight of land upon the desert, I laughed a feeble laugh at my own feebleness, and all the tales of exposure and peril in the wilderness that I had ever read returned with direful distinctness, flooding my mind with awe.

As we advanced, the surface of the desert was somewhat broken, and the ridges of sand were enchanted by the sun and shadow into the semblance of rose-hued cliffs, bared with cool green slopes. It was a simple effect, but of the extreme beauty.

"Do you see the mirage?" asked the Pacha, turning upon El Shiraz, and pointing to a seeming reach of water.

"Yes; but I admit no mirage which is not perfect deception. That's clearly sand."

"True," returned the Pacha; "but yet it is a very good mirage."

We jogged on until we reached it, and found a fair little lake.

"Yes," said the Pacha, without turning, "that's clearly sand."

At every tuft of shrub the camels tried to browse, and sometimes permitting MacWhirter to tarry and dally with the dry green, I fell far behind the caravan, that held its steady way toward the horizon.

Then returned the sense of solitude, and all the more deeply, because the sky was of that dark dense blue—from the contrast with the shining sand—which I had only seen among the highest peaks of Switzerland, contrasted with the snow, as on the glacier of the Aar beneath the Finster Aarhorn. In that Arabian day, remembering Switzerland, I lifted my eyes, and, seconded by the sun, I saw the drifts of pure sand, like drifts of Alpine snow. The lines and sweeps were as sharp and delicate, and the dark shadows whose play is glorious upon this wide race-course of the winds, made the farther ridges like green hills. Then, because the shrubs pushed up so frequently, the desert was but a cultivated country, overdrifted with sand.—*Curtis's Wanderer in Syria.*



• A GLANCE AT CLIFTON

As nine-tenths of the visitors to Clifton must pass through the city of Bristol, of which Clifton is in fact a suburb, a few paragraphs on that great western centre of commerce must necessarily preface any remarks we have to make on its picturesque environs; that red and rocky gorge, those wooded slopes and breezy tufted downs, which together make up the sublime and magnificent picture suggested by the name of Clifton to the imagination of the inland tourist.

Bristol, which long enjoyed the designation of the second city in the empire, and still delights so to style itself, stands partly in Gloucestershire and partly in Somersetshire, and at a distance of 115 miles due west, or very nearly so, from London. It is one of the most ancient cities in England—is termed in its old charters, "*civitas regalis et libera*," "a royal and free city," and is independent in its government. It is watered by two rivers, the Avon and the Frome, the former of which is navigable for vessels of almost any burden up to the very heart of the city; the other is a small brook-like stream, tolerably clear in its general course, but defiled with the sewerage and filth of the town in its passage through it. The banks of both rivers are eminently picturesque. The Avon is the "rocky Avon" of Milton, whose romantic grandeur has given birth to unnumbered essays of the

poet and the painter; and the Frome in its windings in the neighbourhood of Stapleton and beyond, if not so grand and striking; is still more rich and varied in subjects for the pencil. Altogether, Bristol may boast of a site not to be paralleled by any city in Britain south of the Tweed. It has been fancifully compared by a writer of the last century to ancient Rome, and is said to stand, like the fallen mistress of the world, upon seven hills. In one respect the justice of the comparison is undeniable; the river boasts yellow mud enough to set up ten Tibers, but we can recognise no further similarity between the two. Rome, in fact, never equalled nor even approached Bristol in point of site.

To a transient visitor, who has been shut up for years in the dreary flat of London, a ramble through the streets of Bristol would prove a real luxury, though probably it would be a wearisome one to feet unused to scale the sides of precipitous hills, or ascend flights of countless steps. He would be well repaid, however, by a perpetual succession of varied prospects, many of astonishing beauty and of vast extent, which would meet him at every opening. But before he climbed the heights either of Brandon Hill within the city, or of St. Michael's Hill on its verge, he would naturally direct his steps towards Redcliffe Church, famed far and wide for the exquisite beauty of its architecture, and still more interesting to the

lovers of literature from its connexion with Chatterton—

"The marvellous boy,
Who perished in his pride."

He will probably climb up to the muniment room over the porch, and sitting on the stone chest in which that unhappy genius pretended to have discovered the manuscripts of Rowley, muse for a while upon his wretched career and end. This church of St. Mary, Redcliff, strongly resembles a cathedral, and is, beyond all comparison, the first parish church in England. It was begun by Simon de Burton in 1292, and was completed by William Canynge, senior, in 1377. It is reported to have suffered severely from tempest in 1445, and was beyond all doubt repaired, beautified, and finished in an exquisite manner by William Canynge, grandson of the former—a rich and munificent merchant, who was five times mayor of Bristol. Two remarkable monuments to his memory will be found in the church, and are well worthy of inspection. Here also may be seen the monument of Sir William Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania, who, if we are to credit the revelations of Pepys' Diary, deserved a very different character from that here ascribed to him. A memorial far more interesting to us will be found to the right of the organ loft, facing the south entrance; it is a mural tablet to the memory of Sir Francis Freeling, a man of whom Bristol has reason to boast. "*Nunquam nisi honorificentissimè*" is the motto inscribed on a shield beneath; and honourable was his course from first to last. His father was a confectioner in a small way on Redcliffe-hill. When a lad he was apprenticed to the post-office in Bristol; he rose by undeviating industry and integrity to the highest rank in the general post-office, which he held for nearly forty years, and died a baronet at the age of seventy-two, leaving a name behind him ever to be remembered with honour.

But leaving our supposed visitor to wander as long as he chooses beneath the groined roof of St. Mary, Redcliffe, we must look about us in other directions. We find matters of interest in every street and at every turn. Monuments of antiquity peep out upon us from dead walls, and living landscapes, framed in chimney tops, look down upon us through narrow wynds and malodorous alleys. We dive into the Pithay, and find a glorious old mansion, which might have served for the palace of a Tudor, in the occupation of a slop-seller; and in one of the principal business thoroughfares we come upon a complicated model of ancient wood-work, occupied as a bank. We see nodding old gable fronts with their upper stories projecting over the pathway, side by side with modern erections of first-rate finish and stability. We pass from a noble street in two minutes to the centre of a filthy court. We find princely wealth and gin-sodden poverty huddled together in close contact. Passing along the quay, we are struck with the enterprising spirit which long ago accomplished a work which yet remains, and is likely to remain, so great a desideratum on the banks of the Thames in London. The solid construction of these wharfs and quays alone is a sufficient monument of the commercial greatness, and of the resolution which

achieved it, of the by-gone generations of Bristol's merchant princes.

Diverging on the right hand into College-green, we arrive at the cathedral, where we sit and rest our limbs under the cool cloistered roof. The cathedral was formerly the collegiate church of St. Augustine's monastery: when dissolved by Henry VIII, he erected it into the see of a bishop, and appropriated the revenues to the maintenance of the diocesan, the dean, prebendaries, canons, &c. This edifice is a beautiful and venerable structure, and adds greatly to the picturesque aspect of this portion of the city. There are upwards of a score of churches in Bristol, besides the cathedral and Redcliffe church, some of them old and of singular structure; but we have not time even to name them. From College-green we ascend Park-street, or a portion of it, and soon find our way to the top of Brandon-hill. Let no visitor of Bristol neglect to follow our example. From this lofty eminence, rising in the midst of the town, is one of the noblest city views upon which the eye can possibly rest. Looking towards Bath, the vast city, spread out upon an undulating ground, lies tranquilly beneath, recking with the black and blue breath of a scattered host of factory chimneys, among which the dark pyramids of the glass-houses loom heavily, and the square towers and pointed spires of the churches, half buried in the smoke, lift their gilded weather-vanes into the sun-light. Right in front, on the eastern verge of the city, and farthest from the eye, a dense and almost impenetrable brown mist marks the grimy, filthy, and hovel-crowded district of "The Dings," where labour and squalor have shaken hands and made a compact together to withstand the opposing forces of civilization and comfort. To the left, the lower town stretches away upon an extensive level, the limits of which are concealed from view by interposing buildings on high ground close at hand. Down deep below, on the right, gleams the pent-up water of the wide canal by which the shipping is brought into the heart of Bristol. Here last autumn the *Demeyara* was launched in the darkness of night, to be wrecked before she had voyaged a mile, through the narrowness of the river. The summit of Brandon-hill is evidently a place of favourite resort: pleasant walks are laid out, and seats are plentiful for the accommodation of the citizens. Here on the night of the 30th of October, 1831, might have been seen many an alarmed and anxious group watching the progress of the fires of incendiarism and rapine, while the city below, all but surrendered to the hands of a lawless and drunken crew, resounded with the shouts of demoniac riot and ravage, and the red flames, shooting high into the sky from various quarters at once, proclaimed to all the country for twenty miles around the ruffian rule of the plundering mob. Queen-square, the principal arena of these disgraceful riots, lies in front a little to the right, at the distance of about half a mile.

Descending Brandon-hill to the eastward, and climbing the opposing height, we obtain a view of queen Elizabeth's hospital, a newly-erected public school built in the Tudor style, a massive and imposing structure on a most appropriate site. We are now in CLIFTON; which, during the last two or three generations, has risen from a compara-

tively insignificant village to something very like a city of princes. Noble streets and lordly mansions have usurped the broad and level down, and on all sides the evidences of wealth, prosperity, and good taste greet the eye. It is plain to the most casual observer that an aristocracy of a certain class have fixed upon this spot as their permanent abode, and that neither architectural talent nor liberal expenditure have been wanting to render it luxuriously attractive. We have some difficulty in finding our way after an absence of twenty years; but a little friendly direction soon lands us in Dowry-parade, in a neighbourhood that is an old acquaintance. Thence it is not far to the river side, where once more the old glories of Clifton emerge upon us. It happens to be high water in the river. A Spanish bark, deeply laden, is being tugged towards the dock by a couple of her own boats, and a Welsh smack is coming out to be towed down the stream by a couple of horses. There is much talking and hooting in unknown tongues, and an astonishing deal of activity and earnestness on the part of both crews, while a fussy little steamer, without paddles, rushes between the two, discharging a broadside of heavy jokes as she slips past. At Rownham ferry the lumbering boat is loading with a band of haymakers, a couple of donkeys with white linen housings and dilapidated tails, six washerwomen with baskets, a horse and cart, and a group of working men and boys. The sun strikes his sparkling rays upon the rippling water; and the dash of oars, the splash of ropes, and the sharp ring of earnest voices, are the music of the gay and animated picture, which is overlooked by piles of stately buildings, perched aloft nearly three hundred feet above upon the grey and lichen-covered brow of old St. Vincent's rock.

"We walk along upon the margin of the river towards the Hotwell House, which enshrines the famous spring of pellucid and sparkling water, whose well-known efficacy in the removal of the incipient symptoms of many disorders was the main originating cause of the deserved popularity and prosperity of this delightful district. The 'virtues of this spring have been celebrated for nearly 400 years. Towards the close of the seventeenth century the corporation of Bristol enclosed the spring, and leased the land to speculators, who built the old Hotwell House, which figures yet in old engravings, and in the landscapes of Wilson and Gainsborough. The present building, which, though small, has claims to dignity and elegance, arose in 1822. The ground floor contains the pump room, and the hot and cold baths; the upper part being let to invalids making trial of the waters. From the analysis of Mr. Herapath, it is shown that these waters contain chiefly nitrate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, sulphate of lime, chloride of sodium, and sulphate of soda, as well as a considerable quantity of the carbonic acid and nitrogen gases. They are recommended mostly for consumptions, weakness of the lungs, and all cases attended with hectic fever and heat."

In the Colonnade, adjoining the pump-room, lived for many years the literary milkmaid of Bristol, Ann Yearsley; she kept a circulating library, which she was enabled to establish with the profits of her works: the best of these were, "Poems on

Various Subjects," and "Earl Godwin, a Tragedy." Anne was a protégé of Mrs. Hannah More, by whose sisterly patronage she was empowered in her latter days to dispense romance in the same locality where she had formerly dispensed milk. We have just passed the last residence of the celebrated Hannah More herself, who, on the 7th of September, 1833, died at the age of eighty-nine, in one of those aerial houses overtopping St. Vincent's-parade, once called Watts's Folly, but now known as Windsor-terrace. This admirable woman, the daughter of a village schoolmaster, made her way by the force of a brilliant intellect into the first circles of fashion and literature, and quitted them in the prime of her days from conscientious motives, in order to devote her life to services of piety and active benevolence. She retired to the neighbourhood of Bristol, and lived and wrote for the advantage and improvement of mankind. She played the part of a general benefactress, and yet realized by her writings upwards of 30,000*l.*, and left at her death one-third of it in charitable bequests.

Leaving the Hotwells behind us, we begin now to ascend the Zig-zag, a convenient path, which, by gentle acclivities, brings us pleasantly to the summit of Clifton-downs. The construction of this winding walk was a most worthy and benevolent design, and we should imagine very few pedestrians ascend it without a feeling of gratitude to the original contriver of the route. As we gradually rise in the ascent, prospects of the most exquisite beauty and grandeur open upon the view, varied at every turn, and increasing in extent and sublimity as we reach a greater altitude. Opposite are the beautiful Leigh woods in their densest summer garb of green; far in the distance, to the right, rises Dundry tower, the half-invisible crown of a glorious landscape; and down the river, to the left, the craggy ravine of the Avon, shaggy with nodding trees, and terrible with pointed rock, reveals its fearful beauty as we gradually approach the brow of the precipice. Emerging at length upon Sign-hill, we direct our steps instinctively towards the abutments of the Suspension bridge that is to be, where we gaze for a moment in a kind of fascination upon the broad mass of foliage which shrouds the declivities of the opposite bank. Anything more lovely in the form, arrangement, and colour of foliage, it is scarcely possible to conceive. But the bridge claims a moment's notice. Sixteen years have passed away since the erection was commenced, and two stone towers, with their massive abutments, one on either bank, are as yet all the visible products of an expenditure of 40,000*l.* It is said, the work stands still from want of funds, the legacy of Mr. Vick being exhausted, and more than double its amount in voluntary subscriptions besides. It is probable, however, that want of confidence in the stability of such a structure in such a place, is at the root of the delay. The effect of a high wind upon a heavy vibrating mass, is better known at the present time than it was when the foundations of these towers were laid, and we question, after the experience of the Menai-bridge, whether any sensible architect will be found willing to guarantee the security of the Clifton-bridge with a span of 900 feet from tower to tower.

It is from a point near the proposed bridge that

we catch a complete and bird's-eye view of St. Vincent's rocks. In climbing the Zig-zag, we have attained a perpendicular height of nearly 300 feet above the high-water level of the river, and from hence we gaze abruptly down to the water's edge, with a sudden feeling rather startling to the nerves. We make the discovery that, since we gazed from this spot twenty years ago, solid acres of the red rocks have been rent away, and that the once predominating grey tone of the wondrous landscape has given place to a raw and foxy hue, sadly detracting from the general effect. "The picturesque," as Southey expressed it, has been so long "sold by the huge-load," that a most lamentable diminution of the stock is at length visible. If we miss, however, the old elements of the romantic, we can discern new objects of interest; we can see the tiny figures of the workmen clinging like insects about the raw sides of the naked rock; we see the white puff of smoke darting forth from the solid crag as it heaves convulsively and parts in fragments, and then we hear the hollow roar of the explosion and its lengthened echoes reverberating along the gorge, and mingled with the crashing descent of the stony masses to the trembling soil beneath; and we can see this industrious toiling ravage in contrast with the surrounding accessories of pastoral tranquillity and repose.

A few steps now bring us to Clifton observatory, which stands on the site of one of the old Roman encampments with which this neighbourhood abounds. All visitors to Clifton should enter the observatory, in which there is an admirable camera obscura, which paints upon its white disk the whole of the surrounding scenery with wondrous truth and vivid colouring. Here also are capital telescopes for the convenience of the visitor, by means of which he may on a clear day take a peep into Wales, and scan any part of the distant horizon: there are various scientific instruments besides, in the use of which an hour or two may be profitably and agreeably employed. But, perhaps, the greatest attraction which the observatory presents to the antiquary is Ghyllston Cave, or, as it is more frequently called, the Giant's Cave. This is a cavern of some considerable extent, situated, according to the statement of William Wyreestre, who visited it in 1480, in the heart of the rock at the height of sixty fathoms (fathoms) above the bed of the river, and about ninety feet from the summit of the rock. It is said to have been formerly a hermitage, containing a chapel and an oratory. The proprietor of the observatory, which is situated nearly over the cave, has excavated a passage through the solid rock, to which an entrance by a circular flight of steps is obtained from the large telescope-room. There is a fine view from the cave, which appears to have been completely inaccessible from without.

Leaving the observatory, we pass on, skirting the summit of St. Vincent's rocks, and traversing Clifton-down, arrive upon Durdham-down, where we come upon a most singular and picturesque ravine, resembling the dried bed of an exhausted torrent, sloping down gradually towards the river, and presenting an irregular surface, part overgrown with stunted bushes, and part speckled with the grey protruding points of rocks piercing up-

wards through the soil. Beyond this yawning nullah we reach the sea wall, a low wall capped with molten clinkers, and erected as a fence from the precipitous edge of the cliff, which here also, as at St. Vincent's rocks, is gradually yielding to the force of gunpowder. From this sea wall, the view looking backwards towards Bristol is, without doubt, the finest that can be obtained of the rocky gorge of the Avon. It must have been this point of view, we imagine, that was in the recollection of Dr. Holland, when, in recording his travels through Greece, he compared the valley of the Avon below Bristol to the far-famed vale of Tempe, where the classic Peneus winds its way between rocks still more lofty and precipitous.

Just beyond the sea wall stands Cook's Folly; an old tower, which forms a picturesque object, seen either from the heights of Clifton, or from the river below. There is a silly legend current with regard to its erection, which it is not worth while to notice; but it is well worth while to ascend to the top of the little tower, and to take your fill of one of the most exquisite of panoramic landscapes which the eye can feast upon. From hence the course of the Avon may be followed to its junction with the channel, the glittering waters of which, bathed in the light of an afternoon sun, gleam like a sheet of fire. The bold promontory upon which stands the town of Portishead, bathes its shadowy side in the dazzling flood; and far beyond—thirty, forty, fifty miles away—the air-drawn, gauze-like, transparent forms of the Welsh mountains rise like thin and unsubstantial clouds into the pale azure of the summer sky. The river and the channel are spotted with sails glimmering in the sunlight, but apparently motionless as the sandbank or the rocky islet which have stood there for ages. Now a long, low, dusky streak appears in the far horizon, the first indication of a steamer from some port in the channel, or perhaps from Ireland, and which a few hours will bring safe into Rownham Dock, or Cumberland Basin. The eye, fatigued at length with the difficult complication of the distant view, reposes involuntarily upon the foreground of the landscape, in the green and shadowy depths of foliage which clothe the abrupt descent of the cliff upon which the tower is built. It is difficult to turn one's back upon such a scene as this; but we have made up our minds to dine at the York hotel at half-past five, and it is already more than half-past four.

Descending from the tower, we make the best of our way back again as far as Clifton-gate, and thence down the carriage road to the Hotwells. This road is a modern construction, and one which must be of amazing convenience to the carriage-borne invalid. It is in parts, too, exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, and has, moreover, the merit of being as direct a route from the Hotwells to Durdham Down as could well have been planned.

We find dinner at the York hotel just as good as it used to be in days of yore; and having done justice to the good fare, we stroll out in the evening to catch a glimpse of the new town which has sprung so gorgeously into being since the days when we were young. We climb to the top of Clifton-hill, and thence to the Royal York Crescent, of which we had heard a great deal, and

which certainly does command one of the finest inland views in the kingdom. Hence it is but a short distance into Victoria-square, a most noble area graced with superb structures, reminding us of some of the western suburbs of London. On through Buckingham-place, and down the Clifton-road, and there is the noble pile of the Victoria Rooms, by far the handsomest and most pretentious erection we have yet seen. It is evidently built upon the model of some Greek temple. The principal entrance is under a portico of Corinthian columns, the pediment above being adorned with sculpture; the front is approached by a broad and handsome flight of steps, but there is a carriage drive which runs under the portico, for the convenience of guests alighting in rainy weather. It contains many splendid apartments, the largest of which, the hall, is 115 feet long by 56 wide. The Victoria Rooms, it is said, have completely superseded the old assembly rooms of the city. Proceeding down the road towards Bristol, we are struck with two fine buildings on the left of the road near the top of Park-street. These are the Blind Asylum and the Bishop's College. Both are splendid erections, though in different styles of architecture; and being thrown back considerably from the carriage-way, and fronted with neat gardens, and backed by a rising ground crowned with foliage, they present a truly noble appearance. At the Blind Asylum there are periodical concerts by blind performers, to which the public are freely admitted. But the sun is already on the verge of the horizon, and we must get back to our inn; so we return again along Berkley-place in the twilight, and skirting the strangers' burial-place—a melancholy and romantic spot—then traversing Clifton Hill and descending Clifton Vale, we are glad to welcome the repose of an easy chair, and the refreshment which “mine host” is ever ready to supply.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we take a leisurely ramble along the water's edge, and watch the departure of the vessels down the river. Here is a little steamer starting for Chepstow, her decks crowded with tourists and holiday folks bent upon a visit to the old castle where Henry Marten, the regicide, ended his days, whose manifold epitaph, written by himself, and an acrostic of his name, are yet to be seen in the old church, though his bones have been turned out of the chancel where they formerly rested. From Chepstow these holiday tourists will proceed to Tintern Abbey, where they may wander at will among the picturesque memorials of a monkish age; and afterwards, without a doubt, they will ascend to the summit of the Wynd Cliff and revel in the glories of a prospect which has not its equal in Britain, or perhaps anywhere on this side of the Rhine. Yonder goes a little screw-steamer bound for Portishead, with a party of ladies and gentlemen on board, headed by a fellow in a sandy-coloured jacket and a ragged wide-awake, playing the harp. And now comes a vessel of enormous bulk, dashing her ponderous paddles rather cautiously into the liquid mud, and eclipsing the landscape with the black volume of smoke from her chimney, as she picks her wary passage through the narrow channel. She is bound for Ireland, and will paw away with her paddles at a very different rate

when she has left the Avon behind her, and has sea-room to move in. She is no sooner out of sight than a tall merchantman, drawn by a couple of miniature steam-tugs, not much longer than an Oxford wherry, moves majestically into her place. She is returned from a long voyage, and we gather from the dark lank figures of the Lascars upon her deck, that she is laden with the produce of the East. Halloo! there, look out! Crack goes her bowsprit against the yards of a vessel lying at anchor, and smash! go her bulwarks, crashing and rending amidst a torrent of outcries in Tamil and Hindostanee, and the hoarse exclamation of the pilot in undeniable English. Never mind, 'tis but a trifle for the underwriters, and such bagatelles in the narrow mouth of the Avon are of too frequent occurrence to arouse much attention. But we must leave this exciting scene, having resolved to spend an hour or two in a solitary ramble in Leigh woods, ere we bid farewell to Clifton.

Leigh woods, as the reader already knows, lie on the other side of the river, and therefore we must cross over in the boat at Rownham ferry. We have plenty of companions in this short voyage. There are a brace of artists with their portfolios under their arms, and their tin paint boxes rattling in their side-pockets: there are picnic parties of the humbler sort, with well-filled baskets of “grog:” there are market-women, with their empty panniers, and it is to be hoped full pockets, returning to their dairies and gardens.

But now we are over, and there is something better than the living cargo of the boat to look at. It is here, after all, that one gets the finest view of Clifton, which, pile upon pile, seems hung aloft upon the edge of the rock, like a fairy vision of terraces and gardens intermingled. Looking towards Bristol, the scene, though totally different, is scarcely less striking, and we are not slow to recognise the originals of many noble pictures we have encountered in the exhibitions in London, as we turn to gaze in various directions. But Leigh woods are waving above us; and following the towing track by the side of the river for a short space, we strike into a path which leads into Nightingale Valley, a real English “Vallombrosa,” dark with excess of overshadowing crags and foliage. This exquisite ravine is the favourite resort of poets, painters, and lovers of the pensive and the romantic. It is not exactly the place for rapid motion: the ground is rough with the inter-twisted roots of trees, and the ascent is too steep and abrupt for haste. On reaching the top, we emerge upon an open space, part of an ancient Roman fortification, the entrenchments of which are still distinctly traceable. We dive again into the wood; and following the steps of a young artist, enter at length upon a wild, rugged, and shadowy dell, where our unconscious guide incontinently pitches his camp-stool and sets to work. He has chosen an admirable subject: an angry-looking oak grapples a moss-covered rock in the serpent-like coils of his spreading roots, and lifts into the sunlight his light-green top, through which an angular threatening limb, thunder-struck and leafless, rears its fantastic form. Behind are dense masses of dark green, varied with black trunk lines, and the foreground of the picture, wrapped in cool

shadows, is yet spotted with lively green and sober grey in alternate patches. The sight of our friend of the brush in the pursuit of his profession recalls to mind the many noble artists whom Bristol has sent forth to delight and instruct the world; and we cease to wonder that the old city has produced so many, while wandering amidst such scenes as these. It is impossible, by mere words, to do justice to scenery of the description which these woods present to the view. Landscapes in print are invariably failures, and we have no intention just now of adding another to the list. Leigh woods, properly speaking, do not extend a mile down the river, and it would appear that they too are doomed in time to be blown up with gunpowder, since in one direction the demolition has already commenced. The traveller will find the means of refreshment at a pleasantly situated tea-garden by the water-side, about a mile from the river; and the walk homewards by the towing-path will afford him another magnificent view of St. Vincent's rocks, and the grand approach to the port of Bristol.

Here ends our excursion. We should have liked, had space permitted, to have conducted the stranger to the picture-gallery at Leigh Court, the property of W. Miles, esq., M.P.; but our time is up; we can only recommend him to see it for himself. We turn our back very reluctantly upon this delightful spot, and with a growing conviction that it is a place to dwell in, rather than to visit for a day or two. As we wend our way homewards, we cannot help silently summing up its advantages as a place of permanent residence. It is the abode of health, and the resort of good society; it is the centre of the romantic and the picturesque; it is plentifully supplied with all that man can desire; the painter, the poet, the scholar, the naturalist, and the antiquarian, may here all assemble together, and each one upon a spot eminently adapted to the gratification of his own predilections. It is situated but twenty minutes' distance from Bath, an hour and a half from Cheltenham, three hours from London, and not more than that from the heart of Wales. Add to all this, that it has a vast city lying at his feet, where the strife of human energy and human passion are in continual action, and where the philosopher who deems that "the proper study of mankind is man," may contemplate the character of his fellows under all the varying influences of wealth and poverty—of profound knowledge and the darkest ignorance.

* The next number will contain a sketch of RAMSGATE, accompanied by an appropriate engraving.

OUR TWO FRIENDS.

WE were married—how many years ago is of no particular consequence; we were married, and it was in the month of May. I have a vivid and pleasant remembrance of that day. Very natural this, you will say. I did not sleep soundly the night before. I have been told that condemned criminals generally sleep heavily the night before their execution; but I was going to be married, and not executed, and I was not a condemned criminal. That made all the difference. There were three other reasons for my not sleeping well that night. For

one thing, I never do sleep soundly in a strange bedroom; for another, I am always restless at night when every thing around me is quiet; and, thirdly, a day's travelling is often succeeded, with me, by an uneasy night.

Now, my house was in London—busy, bustling, noisy London; and, at that time of my life, I always calculated upon being lulled to sleep by the rattling of coaches and cabs, and the confused murmuring of voices, from the streets below: and as, on this particular night, my dormitory was in a country village, where, after nine o'clock, all around was in profound silence, I could not sleep because of the awful quiet. Then I had travelled fifty miles the day before, for the express purpose of being married the day after, and the tired and discomposed me. Lastly, I was in a strange bedroom, in the house of the father of my bride-elect. I had never before slept in that room; and that, in itself, was reason enough for an uncomfortable night.

So I rose early. It was a glorious May morning. The wind, what there was of it, was due south, warm and perfumed with the breath of early flowers. The barometer was at "set fair;" not a cloud was to be seen from horizon to zenith, north, south, east, or west; and, as I stepped out into the pretty garden, I muttered to myself, very complacently:—"Happy" is the bride that the sun shines on." It was all nonsense I knew; but I couldn't help being pleased with the coincidence.

I had not taken many turns in the garden before I was accosted by a fair young—rather elderly young—lady. I did not know her; but she kindly introduced herself to me as the friend of my dear Mary. She had come "all the way down from London," she said, "a week ago, to assist in the bridal arrangements and performances."

I bowed, and expressed my gratitude for her kindness.

She had had a bad headache the night before, she explained, and had retired when I arrived, so she could not be introduced to me then; but "that was of no consequence, was it?"

None at all, I said. I was glad to make such an acquaintance, so unceremoniously. My fair friend's headache had departed, I ventured to hope.

O yes, quite: and she had risen early to gather flowers for bouquets: wouldn't I help her? she playfully asked.

To be sure I would, and I did.

"We shall be near neighbours in London," said my new acquaintance; "and dear Mary and I shall be so friendly. I shall come and see her very often when you are in your office."

I bowed again, and hoped that she would.

"She will be so lonely, poor thing!" said she.

"Oh, I hope not," said I, with a start of surprise. I had never before thought of the possibility of this; and I could not at once digest the idea. *So lonely, poor thing!* I looked askance at Mary's bridesmaid that was to be, and thought her hard-featured and disagreeable. I did not say so, of course; but went on gathering flowers in silence. I had by this time remembered that Mary had written to me about a dear friend, and constant correspondent of hers—Miss Brown by name—who kept her brother's house in London; and had asked me to call on her, which I had never done. This was Miss Brown then.

So lonely, poor thing! ahem! I wished Miss Brown had not said *that*. It made me nervous.

However that passed off, and breakfast passed off too, as wedding-day breakfasts usually do; and we went, in due time, to church and were married. That is, Mary and I were married—not Miss Brown.

The bells struck up a merry peal as we left the church porch on our way outwards; and my first step into the open air, as a husband, was on a carpet of flowers with which the churchyard path had been strewed, according to the custom of the village! A pretty custom! I thought it, and think so still—emblematical of the good wishes which should attend every new-married couple: “May your pathway through life be strewed with flowers!”

And talking about wishes, I cannot forbear transcribing here a stanza or two which Mary and I received on that happy day from my very dear sister, who would have been at the wedding had she been able to leave home. She called the lines—

“A BRIDAL SONG.

“If cloudless skies, and breezes fair,
And verdant paths, bestrew’d with flowers,
And all that earth has, rich and rare,
May last a life-time—be they yours!
But vain the wish! A needful part
The winter’s tempest must perform.
I will but ask that hope and heart
May rise unscathed from every storm.

“If many a dark and rugged way
Should lead the weary exiles home,
May hope still lend a cheering ray,
And love grow brighter through the gloom!
Though many a wish be unfulfill’d,
And many an anchor insecure,
May steadfast trust, and love unchill’d,
Still to the end of life endure!

“May many a bright path lie before you,
And many a blue sky spread above!
May peace around, and sunshine o’er you,
More closely draw the bonds of love!
May every parting joy entwine
A sparkling wreath for memory’s brow!
And may life’s sunset calmly shine
On hearts as warm and light as now!

• “Through every path of life untired,
Or rough or smooth, or long or short,
Be still a FATHER’S hand your guide,
A FATHER’S love your firm support!
And when life’s cares and pleasures end,—
The parting hour at length shall come,
May love and hope, still sweetly blended,
Point to a better life AT HOME.”

I thought this much more to the purpose than Miss Brown’s. “She will be so lonely, poor thing!” and Mary thought so too, when I repeated what her friend had said.

Well, we were married; and I pass over the remainder of the wedding-day. I pass over, likewise, the honeymoon, which we spent at a pretty little seaside place which had not then become fashionable—the more the pity that it has now, I think; but that is nothing to the purpose. In due time we reached home, and the next morning found me once more in my office. Miss Brown, who had, of course, been the companion of our excursion, was to remain with Mary two or three weeks after our return. I had no objection to

this; if it would keep my dear little wife from being “lonely, poor thing,” Miss Brown was very welcome to stay with us as many months, though I cannot say that I admired Mary’s taste in friendship, whatever I thought of it in matrimony. I remember wondering, however, what Miss Brown’s brother would do so long a time without his housekeeper, but this was plainly no concern of mine.

I had given my dear Mary full permission to make what alteration she thought fit in our home, though, in my heart, I had perhaps fancied that she would not find it necessary to make any, for I had rather prided myself, in my bachelor days, on the conveniences of my house, considering it was not by any means a large one, and in the excellence of its arrangements. At least, I knew that I had spent quite as much money as I could spare—and rather more, at times—on these matters. I really thought, too, in my simplicity, that I had some taste that way. But I soon found how utterly I had been mistaken. Almost the first leisure day after we were “settled down,” on my stepping into my bedroom to wash my hands, I found myself in a state of bewilderment. I half thought I must have got into the wrong room. Every bit of furniture seemed to have danced out of its place, and found for itself a place somewhere else. The bed was shifted, chairs were shifted, drawers were shifted, washing-stand was shifted, pictures on the walls were shifted, looking-glass was shifted, much to my discomfort the next morning when I tried to shave before it; in short, everything was shifted. I contrived to wash my hands, however, and found my way into the sitting-room.

Dear Mary looked so pleased that I could not find it in my heart to say that she had bestowed much labour “with much pains, and little or no meaning,” especially when she asked, with such a happy smile, “What do you think of our day’s work, Philip?”

I had no doubt I should like the alterations, I said—when I got used to them.

Poor Mary looked rather disappointed: “I thought you would be sure to like them at once, dear; Miss Brown has such a good taste, and she could not bear the room as it was before.”

I could not help biting my lip a little at this, just to keep me from muttering something impolite towards Miss Brown, instead of saying, as I did, “Miss Brown is very kind, my dear.”

Well, this was only the beginning of it. The next day I was told, on the authority of Miss Brown, that the paper hanging on our drawing-room walls was very unsuitable and unpretty—ugly, in fact, but my dear little wife could not bring herself to use that word; and that Miss Brown had been kind enough to look out another paper, just to her taste, which—would I have put up? Miss Brown had such an excellent taste in paper-hangings! I demurred a little; but I could not withstand dear Mary’s bewitching tones of entreaty—especially as I had that day been put in possession of her dower of five hundred pounds. This, I confess, had put me in good humour, and I thought it hard not to show some indulgence to her fancies. But were they hers? Not at all. They were her dear friend, Miss Brown’s—there

was the rub. However, the end of it was that the old paper hanging—no, not old, for it had been put up only six months before—was ruthlessly torn down, and the new put up, amidst all the inconveniences and dirtiness of this particular household nuisance, just to please, not my wife, so much as her dear friend.

Another day I had to listen to complaints of certain chintz hangings, which ought most decidedly to be exchanged for moreen; and of moreen curtains, which as decidedly ought to be damask; of the sitting-room grate, which was not a register, and of the kitchen range, which was dreadfully incomplete and imperfect; so Miss Brown had said.

"But, dearest Mary, what do *you* yourself think and wish?" I ventured to ask. Well, she did not know so much about these things, and had not such taste as Miss Brown;—so if I would— And so I did; but I cannot say that I was sorry when Miss Brown's two or three weeks—extended to six, however—were past and gone, and her visit was ended.

"Now," thought I, as I returned from her brother's house, whither I had, with great pleasure, escorted her that last evening—"now, what a happy time I shall have with dear Mary; how snug and quiet we shall be!" And I was not sorry that the near neighbourhood of which Mary's dear friend had spoken included a space between us of three miles of street; sufficient, I thought, to prevent any further very constant intermeddling with our private affairs. But I reckoned without my host. A weekly interchange of visits, at the very lowest computation, was thereafter to be kept up; so that my quiet evenings at home were reduced by at least one-third of their proper number, to say nothing of long walks after office hours in all sorts of London weather, either to bring home my wife from Miss Brown's, or to take home Miss Brown. I began to wish that our good friend lived either nearer or farther off still.

But this was not the worst. Miss Brown had constituted herself Mary's adviser; and advise she would. And her advice had to be followed too. Now a servant must be got rid of, a good old creature who had served me faithfully many years before I was married—because she was afflicted with partial deafness, and Miss Brown, pitying her poor friend for having so inefficient a help, volunteered her services in finding a better.

At another time, my dear Mary was persuaded by her friend to think that she *must* add another servant to our establishment. She had never before thought of this necessity, I am sure; but when Miss Brown pathetically set before her the hardship she must necessarily endure in having *only* a housemaid and a cook, dear Mary wondered that she had never thought of it before.

In process of time—say four or five years—there were a little Philip and a little Mary; and Miss Brown was all in her glory. She knew all about children, infants especially, dear little innocents! and nothing would do but she must superintend every nursery arrangement, from the first dose of—well, never mind what—to the teaching of b-a, ba; b-e, be. I did not know that I should not have to yield up the naming of the poor little things to Miss Brown's superior taste; she pro-

tested loudly against the barbarity and vulgarity of such names as Philip and Mary; she could not bear the conjunction, it put her in mind of Smithfield and its martyr fires; and she did not like them apart. Philip was such an odd name, and so uncommon; and Mary was such a common name, every family had a Mary in it. But in this matter I found an unexpected ally in my own Mary; and so, for the first time, Miss Brown found herself in a minority of one.

To make amends for this defection, however, my dear little wife gave up everything else to her friend's guidance, and Miss Brown was the supreme arbitress. Tops and bottoms, arrow-root, long clothes, short clothes, hot water baths, cold water baths, leading strings, and physie; in short, it did not matter what, it was always, "What will Miss Brown say? We must consult Miss Brown."

Now, if any of my fair readers begin to set me down as a disagreeable old fellow—not so very old either—to be proclaiming in this sort of way the amiable weakness of my young wife, I have only to say, that Mary herself does not think so of me, and that she gives me *carte blanche* to write what I please. She says, and I entirely believe her, that there are so many Miss Browns in the world, and so many newly married Marys, that nobody will know where to look for the right ones, so she and her friend are safe. And she says, too, bless her! that a little good-tempered writing, such as mine—think of that now!—may—well, I won't say what. I have got my story to finish.

I shan't write another word to expose my dear little wife. I have faults enough of my own.

Talk about family advisers as domestic nuisances—there was my friend Sam Riley, who was as much "a rock a-head" in the way of our domestic happiness, as ever Miss Brown had been. If Miss Brown was dear Mary's "Mother Superior," Sam was my "Father Confessor," and no good came of that, you may be sure, dear reader. I don't mean to say that Sam Riley was a bad fellow, or that he abused my confidence. I mean to say only this, that he made me discontented with my home, dragged me away from it, monopolized the time which I ought to have given to my wife, and, worse than this, kept me from making her my bosom counsellor.

Sam was about my own age: we had been schoolfellows, had started in life at about the same time, and lived near each other. He was not married: he had a queer way of railing at matrimony, good-humouredly in appearance, but spitefully at heart. Before I was married, we had lived on familiar, no-ceremony sort of terms; and I took upon me to assure him that my change of life need make no difference to him in this respect. But Sam knew better than that; and, except that he paid a complimentary visit or two to my wife, he rarely entered our doors.

"I tell you what it is, Phil," he said; "a husband's friend is never sure of a welcome, and I don't want to run the risk of cold looks, and the cold shoulder; but there's my house, now, stands where it did, and no one to say you nay. Liberty hall, you know, and bachelor's commons. I shall see you by and by, in the old fashion, Phil."

This was only a week or two after my return from our wedding-tour. I laughed at Sam, told

him that he envied me, and exhorted him to follow my example. He retorted with the fable of the fox who had lost his tail; and so the matter ended. But no, it did not end there. Three months, it might be perhaps four, after our marriage, I went home from the office, jaded and vexed. I had had enough to vex me; what it was is no matter. As I entered the little hall, I heard merry voices upstairs. One of them was Mary's.

"Who is with your mistress?" I asked of the new servant, who had taken, a day or two before, the place of my faithful old deaf Sarah.

"Miss Brown, sir."

Miss Brown! always Miss Brown; I thought as much; and there she will sit till nine o'clock, or ten perhaps, and then I shall have to bear her home; and all that time I shall not have the chance of saying a word to dear Mary, but Miss Brown must hear it. All this I thought. I did not say it.

"Tell your mistress I am going out, and shall not be home till late," I said; and I shut the door louder than I need have done, and went to Sam Riley's. That was the beginning of troubles—foolish jealousies on both sides, and estrangements. And yet, I suppose, my dear little wife and I seemed to live as happily together as nine married couples out of every ten. Alas! perhaps we did as we seemed: the more the pity if it were so. I only know that, five years after our marriage, we had each a will and a way of our own; and that our matrimonial duets too often ran in this way:—

"I may thank Mr. Riley for that, I suppose, Philip?"

"There spoke Miss Brown, I suppose, Mary."

"You have no confidence in me, Philip: what have I done that everything is to be kept from me in this way? It is all the fault of that Riley, I know."

"You treat me as if I were not the master of my own house and servants, and the father of my own children, Mary. I don't deserve this of you; but it will never be otherwise while that Miss Brown is everlastingly at your ear."

"I wish that Mr. Riley lived a hundred miles off."

"I wish I had never seen that Miss Brown!"

One evening, I went home earlier than usual, and Mary was alone. The children were in bed.

"Philip, dear," said my wife, very timidly and very tenderly. I looked towards her, and saw that she had been crying; tears were still in her eyes, and some old letters lay in a heap before her.

"Philip, dear Philip, are you going out this evening?"

"I thought of it, Mary; but as you are alone—no."

"Thank you, dear, dear husband. I want to speak to you . . . There are your letters, dear Philip: I have been looking them over."

"Better burn them, Mary. I dare say there are some very foolish things in them."

"Perhaps you have destroyed mine, dear; but —"

"Destroyed them, Mary? them! No, I wouldn't part with them for their weight in gold."

Mary burst into glad tears. "Thank you, Philip, for that word. And I wouldn't part with

yours for — but we needn't set a value on them, for I suppose nobody would buy them. But, dear Philip, I am so glad—and so sorry."

"Sorry, dear Mary? what has put you into this strange mood this evening?"

Mary answered me by putting the bridal song into my hand. It had been carefully preserved with my old love-letters.

Why waste words about it? Are there not passages in life too sacred, some treasured recollections too precious, to be revealed? That evening, Mary and I renewed our vows—began a new life.

It was a week afterwards that as I met Mary at that dear fireside, I could see by her looks that a secret was on the point of breaking out. I had a secret too.

"What do you think? guess, Philip dear."

"What do *you* think? guess, dear Mary."

"A fair exchange is no robbery," Philip: secret for secret; yours for mine, and mine for yours."

"Agreed. Sam Riley is going to—"

"Be married!"

"No."

"Yes! I say, yes."

"No—is going to York; he has bought a practice there; and is off next week, and joy go with him!"

Mary clapped her little white hands, and broke into a merry gleeful laugh:—"And something else with him, Philip: guess, now do guess."

"Not a wife? you don't mean that? Who?"

"Miss Brown—that dear old plague. She has been here to-day, and told me all about it." And Mary clapped her hands again:—"I am so glad. She will make such a good wife, and we shall lose our friends, you yours, and I mine, without quarrelling with them."

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN GARDNER.

WILFRE is thy triumph, death? To human eyes
Thy victory is seen upon that strand
Where Gardiner rests with his devoted band,
Beneath the stars of dreary southern skies.
No friend was near to mark his latest sighs,
When famine crush'd him with a slow stern hand,
Nor suffer'd him to plant upon the land
That Saviour's cross for whose sake he dies.
Has death then triumph'd? Ask the winds, that bore
Along the deep the voice of praise and prayer:
And ask the loud waves on the sounding shore,
And read his own last records pencill'd there:
And every wind and wave in answer saith,
"Christ, in his servant, here hath conquer'd death!"

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart!

In lonely wilds by light wing'd birds
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only griefs had grown.

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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—II. THE ARRIVAL.

AUSTRALIA.

II.—ITS GOLD-FIELDS.

THE entire eastern coast of Australia is girdled by a belt of highlands, known in the neighbourhood of Sydney as the Blue mountains, and further

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south as the Australian Alps, some western spurs and offshoots of the latter taking the names of the Pyrenees and Grampians. The range is the water-parting of streams which flow immediately to the ocean, from those which have a landward direction,

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and either form the river-system of the Murray travelling to a far distant sea, or lose themselves in interior swamps and sands. It closely approaches the shore at some points, and recedes at others to a distance varying from fifty to a hundred miles. There are no stupendous elevations. Mount Kosciuszko, the highest peak, near the frontier of New South Wales and Victoria, rises 6500 feet, overtopping the line of perpetual snow. Standing on its summit, which has no adjacent rivals to intercept the view, a vast panorama is overlooked, while on one side, from the very verge of the station, the eye plunges into a fearful gorge descending almost perpendicularly 3000 feet, in the bed of which the sources of the Murray gather their contents, the only snow-fed and perpetually flowing great river of the country. But the mean height of the chain is not more than one-half that of the culminating point. It is not a single ridge of mountains, but a very irregularly formed and complex system of high and masses of varying character. There are peaked, serrated, and round-topped ridges; detached hills rising up from but slightly elevated ground; and great table-lands, often presenting very steep faces on the seaward side, defying all direct ascent. The latter conformation is the result of the slopes being perforated with an endless series of precipitous valleys, ravines, and gulleys. These rents in the bosom of the earth, inclosed by gigantic walls of sandstone rock, are of the most labyrinthine and extraordinary description; either grand hollows, like capacious bays of the ocean, covered with forests, with extremely contracted outlets and perfectly vertical sides; or winding gorges, narrow, gloomy, and profoundly deep. Long did the early settlers on the west of Sydney look wistfully to the Blue mountains, anxious to know the aspect of the country beyond them, never dreaming of gold, but of new pasture-lands for their multiplying flocks. But government inspectors returned from attempts to cross the range, completely baffled by the ravines, and were glad to effect their own disengagement after days of bewilderment in them. Exploring parties were repeatedly sent out, and came back to their homesteads after enduring great fatigue and privation, with a full conviction of the utter impossibility of passing to the westward of the formidable barrier. This opinion appeared to be supported by the fact, that such of the aborigines as had become known to the colonists, were wholly ignorant of any route to the interior over the opposing heights.

It was in the year 1813 that a season of unusual drought occurred, reducing the country, from the sea-coast to the base of the hills, to a perfect desert. All the secondary water-courses entirely failed; the scorched fields became desolate tracts; and the cattle of the colonists died in great numbers for want of pasture. But this dearth proved an immense ulterior advantage, and as in many other cases, the evil worked for good. Three enterprising individuals were induced to combine their energies and resources in another attempt to thread the maze of the highlands, and penetrate the chain which had been considered an impregnable barrier. Ascending by the valley of the Grose river, a stream flowing east, between stupendous cliffs, with boulders as large as houses at their base, they succeeded in gaining the main ridge; and

following the fall of waters in an opposite direction, the laborious travellers at length caught sight of a fine pastoral country to the westward. A practicable route was soon afterwards opened by convict toil; settlers rapidly proceeded to the newly discovered region; flocks took possession of its grassy downs; Bathurst was founded; counties were marked out; and year after year, the features of ordinary colonization travelled farther inland. The present road, not improperly styled a kind of Australian Simplon, was finally completed in the year 1832, when the Victoria Pass was opened, so called in honour of the queen, then a youthful princess. After having served as a highway for ordinary passengers and farm produce, there poured over it, in the last twelvemonths, as motley a crowd of eager adventurers as ever were associated, attracted by the modern Ophir, and the auriferous sites adjacent, to which it leads. Lands previously known only as the feeding grounds of cattle, became covered with swarms of gold-diggers; and we can readily understand the astonishment which the sudden influx created in a solitary stockman's family, on the banks of the Turon. Born and brought up in a secluded spot, seldom seeing any human beings but their parents, it had never entered the imagination of the children that the world contained such a crowd.

We can travel in thought in our easy chair at home, and often like to do so. Having performed in this way the journey from Sydney to Ophir, our readers are welcome to rough notes of the route. The distance is about the same as that between London and Manchester; but owing to the difficult country, and the slower means of locomotion, three or four days are ordinarily required to accomplish the transit. It may be despatched in a very brief interval by a mental pilgrimage.

Starting from the capital, the traveller proceeds to Paramatta, at the head of the harbour, from which town roads diverge to all parts of New South Wales. The great western road, the one he will follow, leads to Penrith; and if not under auriferous excitement, he may rest himself beyond that township, at an inn close to the ferry over the Nepean; having advanced thirty-five miles through a country inclosed with rails instead of hedges, with substantial houses and good cottages scattered about. Passing the river in a punt—a kind of floating bridge, the Emu plains are entered, so called from the flocks of that noble bird formerly found there. The ascent of the Blue mountains now commences by a gradual slope, the road having been cut with care on the side of a sandstone cliff. At "Twenty-four miles hollow," the altitude is 2788 feet above the sea-level, and a sensible difference is experienced in the climate. This becomes more observable at the "Weather-board Hut" inn, height 2844 feet; a solitary place of accommodation in a wild and dreary region, where a fire is frequently as agreeable as in our own latitude. The proprietor has not neglected to raise prices to passengers since the hunt after gold commenced, a pound having been charged for the fare of a horse at this timber-built cabin. If the traveller has an hour to spare, he may walk to one of those remarkable and enormous gulfs in the earth of which we have spoken. A tiny rill will conduct him to the brink of a vast precipice, shaded with trees, over

which it trickles; and he looks down upon an immense hollow similarly covered with forest, a natural amphitheatre, the bounding cliffs of which are so unbroken and vertical, that a circuit of sixteen miles would be required to reach the base of the waterfall. But we must on by Blackheath, where the height is 3400 feet, to the grand pass of mount Victoria, cut through its rocky side by gangs of convicts working in iron. On approaching it, there is no onward path observable, till a sudden turn shows the artificial cleft, between a high wall of crags on the right hand and the summit of the mountain towering on the left. Emerging from the chasm, the road is carried by an arch and an embankment over the vale of Clwyd, a lovely spot, so called from its resemblance to our own valley of that name. The last easterly-flowing stream, a tributary of the Hawkesbury, is soon afterwards left behind, and the first western water encountered. About the one-hundredth mile from Sydney, the plains of Bathurst are seen, that place being twenty-three miles distant. The town, on the banks of the Macquarie, is wholly unromantic. The country, still more than 2000 feet above the sea, presents a series of knolls, not unlike the downs of Sussex, of most unpicturesque aspect, but a fine sheep-farming district. Thirty miles from Bathurst is the veritable Ophir, at the Summerhill Creek, near its junction with Lewis's Ponds, in the basin of the Macquarie. The creek is, according to the season, either a mountain torrent, or a chain of ponds, united by a trivial rill, but often perfectly detached. It flows from the lofty mass of mount Canoblas, 4610 feet high, in Wellington county; and traverses a gully bounded by very steep rocks of quartz and schist, which place it in almost constant shadow.

Though we are now far inland, at the parent gold-field of Australia, the name of the site, Summerhill Creek, has a marvellous sound. Almost all the auriferous districts have this denomination, as Louisa Creek, Meroo Creek, Muckewa Creek, Winburndale Creek, and Oakley Creek. From the term denoting with us an arm of the sea, it might be imagined that the precious metal was hid in oceanic sands, and that the gold-diggers corresponded in their locality to the Danes of old, who were true Vikings, "children of the creeks," inhabiting bays and inlets. But Australian nomenclature supplies another instance of contrariety to add to those which have been mentioned. The water-course, which in its best estate would be to us a brook or rivulet, is there a creek, though a hundred miles from the coast, and without a drop of fluid in it for months together in the hot season, while the Sydney people speak of going by steamer on the Paramatta river, though that is part of the estuary of Port Jackson, with perfectly salt water.

Humboldt was the first to make the remarkable observation, that auriferous deposits predominate in the mountain chains which have a meridional direction, and may be regarded as invariably occurring in them. It is certainly true that the chief gold-bearing mountains travel in the direction of the meridian, or north and south, though offshoots diverge from them, following a transverse course. The examples are the Andes, the Brazilian ranges, the South Alleghenies, the Urals, the Sierra Nevada of California, and the Australian coast-chain. Large granitic masses, quartz, clay-slate, and other

schistose rocks, basalt, porphyry, and sandstone of the palaeozoic formation, are the main components of the latter. So far back as the year 1844, Sir R. Murchison predicted the existence of gold in this region, and ineffectually recommended a search for it to the government. The opinion was based upon geological considerations; and had he been going to Australia, he might have verified his own prediction, as in the instance of Humboldt during his expedition to the Urals. The latter was so convinced that the same district which yielded gold and platinum, contained diamonds also, that he playfully promised the empress of Russia to produce specimens from the range, and some were forwarded to Petersburg before he returned. An old shepherd appears to have long visited Sydney at intervals, bringing pieces of gold to dispose of; but he kept his secret, and no information transpired respecting the source of his wealth, till the discovery was effected in the early part of the year 1851, by a returned and disappointed adventurer from California. This individual, a man of practical sagacity, was led to explore the Bathurst district, by an impression that many parts of it, through which he had formerly travelled, bore a strong resemblance to the Californian gold-fields in aspect and structure. On February 12, his suspicion of its auriferous character was verified by meeting with actual specimens: April 3, he formally reported his success, which had become extended, to the local government: April 30, the particular localities were indicated to the same quarter: May 6, the opening week of the Great Exhibition, four ounces of gold were produced at a public meeting at Bathurst: and May 22, an official proclamation declared the rights of the Crown in respect to gold found in its natural place of deposit within the territory of New South Wales, a commissioner being appointed to issue licences legalizing, on certain terms, the search for it.*

Considering the amount of wealth abstracted from the earth in a few months, it has been deemed surprising that settlers and shepherds should long have trod the ground, and used the streams for domestic purposes, without detecting the brilliant commodity beneath their feet. But, as a general rule, gold is so minutely and sparingly disseminated, that its presence is only revealed in the process of washing the soil. There is scarcely more appearance of it at the surface than on Salisbury Plain or Bagshot Heath; and the discoverer himself reported in a private letter, "unless you knew how to find it, you might live for a century in this region and know nothing of its existence." Magnificent lumps have indeed been met with, vulgarly called "nuggets," answering to the *pepites* of the Andes, but these are exceptional cases. The matrix, or original seat of the gold, is most commonly quartz rock, which traverses in large veins the clay slates and other schists. Having been broken up by some convulsion of nature in past ages, or disintegrated by the atmosphere, rains have washed down the auriferous debris from its native bed to a lower level, and floods have transported it along the ravines and gulleys, the channels and the banks of the water-courses being the main places of deposit.

* Licences are issued monthly, for which a fee of 30s. each is paid.

But very few specimens of unmoved matrix gold have been observed. The water-worn aspect is all but universal. Fissures and crevices in the original rock-bed of the streams, filled with the fragmentary drift, have become known as "pockets," from the rich spoils they have yielded.

It is no part of our purpose in this paper to describe life at the diggings, now extended far and wide from the original gold-field, or detail the operations conducted at those sites. We merely notice the discovery as a fact of high interest in the natural history of Australia, and of immense political importance, altering the social condition of the colonies, and opening for the redundant population of the mother country a remunerative labour market. During the first ten days, there were 400 adventurers at Ophir; these had increased in another fortnight to 2000, with hundreds on the way; and as many as 20,000 are estimated to have been at one time assembled on the banks of the Turon river. Sydney altogether changed its aspect. Shops shut up, warehouses closed, and regular employment came to a stand. Constables threw down their truncheons by the dozen, crews ran away from their ships, shepherds left their flocks in the fields, servants and apprentices absconded. At last, magistrates, lawyers, physicians, clerks, and tradesmen, joined the crowd of labourers, and went off across the Blue mountains, using all manner of conveyances for themselves and their trappings—carriages, gigs, drays, carts, and wheelbarrows. But having indulged the most extravagant expectations of the facility with which wealth might be acquired, while wholly unfitted for the rough life and hard work necessary to procure any return, many were seen in a few weeks wending their way back to their deserted homes and families in a miserable plight. They were shoeless and penniless, ragged and reckless, half starved and crest-fallen, having sold for next to nothing their equipments—tents, carts, cradles, picks, spades, crow's, and washing dishes—which in many cases had cost them all they possessed to purchase. Some had a shy embarrassed air, on encountering outward-bound passengers, fearful of the oft-repeated questions being renewed, asked as much in jest as in earnest, "What gold have you?" "Are your cradles sold?" Never was any conception more erroneous than that of considering a gold-field reached, and gold realised, as nearly identical propositions.

The province of Victoria has undergone similar experience. Its gold discoveries date about three months after the first workings commenced in the adjoining colony. They have proved far more prolific, chiefly owing to the sites being nearer the principal towns, while readily accessible from South Australia and Van Diemen's Land; and consequently greater numbers have been drawn to them. The richest deposits have been found at Ballarat, in the vicinity of the remarkable volcanic hill of Boninyong, forty-five miles from Geelong and sixty-eight from Melbourne; and at Mount Alexander, the Mount Byng of some maps, so called by Sir T. Mitchell, about eighty miles from the capital. All ordinary employments at once suffered a common paralysis. In a despatch from Governor Latrobe, he states:—"The towns of Melbourne and Geelong, and their large suburbs, have been in

appearance almost emptied of many classes of their male inhabitants. Cottages are deserted, houses to let, business is at a stand-still, and even schools are closed. In some of the suburbs not a man is left. The ships in the harbour are in a great measure deserted; and we hear of instances where not only farmers and respectable agriculturists have found that the only way, as those employed by them deserted, was to leave their farms, join them and form a band, and go shares; but even masters of vessels, foreseeing the impossibility of maintaining any control over their men otherwise, have made up parties among them to do the same." Though vastly perplexing to those on the spot, the catalogue of calamities which suddenly came upon the government, can scarcely be read by us at a distance without being amused. Thus it stands in the Parliamentary Papers recently issued:—"The *Postmaster* apprehends an entire disruption of the business of his department, unless remedial measures can be taken. The *Surveyor-General* is of the same opinion. The *Deputy-Registrar* thinks that all his subordinates will leave. The *Superintendent of Police* states that, though he has offered high rates of pay to his force, fifty out of fifty-five constables have determined to go. The *Colonial Architect* represents that already some of his subordinates have resigned. The *Superintendent of the Penal Stockade* apprehends serious inconvenience. The *Crown Solicitor* calculates upon complete embarrassment. The *Commissioner of the Court of Requests* thinks it probable that all his subs will resign. The *Deputy-Sheriff* announces that eight men in the jail department have resolved to leave. The *Denominational School Board* fears loss of teachers. Was ever infant state more mercemoniously treated?"

We now offer some considerations to those who dream of gold-digging, which should induce all to pause before they venture, and will lead the wise and prudent to turn their attention to other departments of employ. Three millions value obtained in about ten months is a magnificent item; but it has been largely a lottery, in which, if great prizes have been drawn, the number of blanks has not been few. Though a somewhat equable diffusion of the precious product marks certain districts, as the banks of the Turon, where it has been compared to wheat in a sown field, yet the distribution is generally capricious. Great failures have occurred immediately contiguous to the sites of splendid success. Where the yield is steady over a district, it is not remarkable for rich aggregations. Instances have been known of parties with an admirable outfit, who have slaved "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," with slender profit, when, at the distance of a hundred yards, others have been signally successful, armed with a dilapidated shovel and a perannuated frying-pan. "I have been here," says one, of Mount Alexander, "for two months; I have worked like a brick, and my share of the gold, in that period, comes to little above half an ounce. My party have sunk eight holes, and the result is *nil*. In some places I have been at work, others have been getting gold in large quantities, while I could not get a speck." The highest average earnings at this spot, which is the richest district, are estimated by the commissioner at from 15s. to 30s. per day; in other places 10s. per day

are mentioned; but while some have realised this amount, a nearly equal number have scarcely earned their rations. The gains have to be checked by high prices for unavoidable articles and services. Boots have been put down at from 20s. to 25s. per pair; oats at 20s. per bushel, and maize at 13s. Shoeing a horse costs 2s., or 10s. for each shoe; and the doctor will not stir from his tent on his vocation under a fee of 5s.

Gold-digging is no child's play, but work for which those alone are adapted whose sinews have been inured to severe physical exertion, quarrymen, stonemasons, and navvies. Gentlemen of the quill and yard-wand, before committing themselves to the enterprise, had better try a week's toil at home, with those who hack up the streets, and lay down gas-pipes. There are physical annoyances and privations of a trying nature to be calculated upon, with disease, especially ophthalmia and dysentery. In summer, so long as the streams flow, and gold-washing is practicable, millions of flies tease, thousands of mosquitoes sting, clouds of dust choke, the sun frizzles, and the hot winds bake. Attracted by the oil and scraps thrown away around the camping places, the flies are in prodigious swarms and are a perfect pest. The hands must be going like a windmill all day, to keep them off; speaking and taking food are operations well nigh impossible without swallowing several; and hence a green veil over the face, walking, riding, and working, has become part of the digger's costume. For John Bull, all the world over, mosquitoes have a peculiar relish, and every beef-eating member of the family must expect to hear the ominous hum, *where-iz-ee, where-iz-ee, here-e-iz, here-e-iz*, and wince beneath a bite. In fact, a gold-digging scene, as often pictured by the imagination, is altogether different from the reality of life. In the former, we have a lovely valley, with a limpid stream flowing between verdant banks, which it seems a mere matter of refreshment to enter, in order to collect the yellow sands. In the latter, we have a desolate hollow of slaty and quartzose rock, with a strip of dull disturbed water in the centre, to which the operations have given the colour and consistency of pea-soup.

But the human society led by Mammon to these districts, consisting largely of old convicts, bush-rangers, and ticket-of-leave men from Van Diemen's Land, addicted to drunkenness, debauchery, and robbery, renders them most undesirable locations. We, therefore, earnestly advise emigrants to look to stations which have been vacated by the old hands of the colonies, in order to go to the mines; to prefer the receipt of regular good wages, with the retention of domestic habits, to the produce of a wild mode of life, which, however great collectively, may be next to nothing to the individual; and to arm their minds with the maxim of holy writ, verified by the experience of all ages:—"They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." It is far better to march gradually, yet surely, to competence in the paths of ordinary industry, than, for a doubtful result, to encounter the moral contaminations of the Australian gold-fields, sharing the sense of insecurity at present incident to them, and surrendering the comforts of civilised life.

AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF INSECTS.*

At a meeting of the most influential of the insect tribes, it was proposed to open a grand Exhibition for the works of all classes. This proposition was seconded by Mr. Spinner, the spider; and Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue bottle, and Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, having each in an eloquent speech supported the motion, it was agreed to unanimously, every insect present promising to furnish its portion in aid of the great design.

The next point to be discussed was the place most suitable for the exhibition. This gave rise to much agitation. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, wanted to erect an edifice of wax, with a distinct cell for each exhibitor; but he was opposed by Mr. Snooze, the drone, on the grounds that it would take a lifetime to accomplish the undertaking, besides requiring too much labour to please the class to which he belonged. Mr. Busy, the ant, suggested the formation of a subterranean excavation, which he said would be a plan attended with much advantage, as by it the parties could be protected from the heat of the sun and the influence of the atmosphere. This idea was received with great satisfaction by Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, and he obligingly offered his services in constructing galleries and apartments of superior size, remarking that Mr. Busy could assist in the formation of the small passages, and in the removal of the rubbish. Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue bottle, strenuously opposed this scheme, wisely observing that, although his friends Messrs. Burrow and Busy might feel quite at home under-ground, yet he, and the class he represented, would be decidedly out of their element! If he might be allowed to make a proposition, he would say, occupy a portion of the superb Azure Palace, already in existence, and which was erected before any of the assembled party were called into being. This speech was greatly applauded, and Sir Harry Highflier, the emperor butterfly, saying he was well acquainted with a situation every way fit for the purpose, the proposal was agreed to without any more discussion.

As soon as the arrangements for occupying the area selected by Sir Harry Highflier were completed, each exhibitor was requested to forward his contributions to the care of Messrs. Sweet and Busy, who undertook to classify the articles, apportioning to each its allotted space.

In the locomotive department were some curious stilts, sent by the firm of Stride and Stumble, of the crane flies; also some apparatus for facilitating the game of leap-frog, by Messrs. Hop and Go-forward, of the grasshoppers. Mr. Airy, the gossamer spider, contributed a novel kind of jaunting car, formed of minute threads rolled together, and extremely buoyant, on which the luxurious possessor could float in the atmosphere, and glide joyously over the meadows and downs in the bright sunshine.

In the next compartment were the various contrivances used for habitations and shelter among the insect tribes. Mr. Sweet, the honey bee, sent a magnificent palace of wax, separated into

* We trust this lively article will lead many of our young readers to make themselves acquainted with the wonders of Insect Life.

many divisions, with royal cells, fit for a queen; others of smaller dimensions suited to the wants of royal consorts; and some still less, for the accommodation of the majority of her majesty's loyal subjects; also a proper number of apartments in which the supplies of bread and honey could be retained till required for use. *Cosy and Snug*, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, exhibited many tents of different shapes and various sizes, capable of withstanding the inclemency of the weather, and formed of the leaves of the hazel, oak, lilac, and nettle. *Mr. Spoiler*, the clothes' moth, forwarded a fine specimen of his handiwork, made from the best coat of a miser. *Mr. Spinner*, the spider, contributed a nest, beautifully soft and conveniently large, which, by being placed in the corner of a high cornice, had for three weeks escaped the vigilance of the housemaid. *Sir Harry Hightflier*, the emperor butterfly, sent the flask-shaped dormitory occupied by himself whilst in a state of quiescence. *Messrs. Testy and Sting*, of the wasp family, forwarded a domicile of large dimensions, in which were several stories, varying in size, supported one on another by pillars and suspended to the roof by one of unusual strength; these were inclosed in a globular covering, displaying great skill and ingenuity in the execution. They also furnished some of the raw material, consisting of the stump of an old apple-tree, and a specimen of the powerful pin-cers used to cut it up and by mastication prepare it for use. *Mr. Soft*, the silkworm, contributed a habitation formed of bright yellow silk, beautifully smooth, impervious to draught, and in which he proposed to doze away no inconsiderable portion of his existence. *Mr. Twine*, the caddis fly, exhibited a very picturesque aquatic grotto, made of small stones and tiny shells, fastened together by silken cords.

The compartment in which the greatest ingenuity and skill were developed, and which excited the keenest emulation amongst the exhibitors, was that devoted to the abodes of the rising generation. This also attracted the attention of all the matronly frequenters of the exhibition. Amongst the most noticeable of these structures was the section of a subterraneous cave-like nest, with part of the entrance passage, forwarded by the helpmate of *Mr. Burrow*, the mole-cricketer. *Mrs. Tidy*, the upholsterer bee, exhibited a model nursery; in shape it resembled a Florence flask, and the interior being made perfectly smooth, was lined with a brilliant scarlet drapery procured from the flowers of the field poppy. In this luxurious abode was room for a sufficient quantity of honey and pollen to nourish *Mr. Tidy's* young heir. *Mrs. Hum*, the gnat, sent a cluster of eggs, formed with great care and skill, in the shape of a boat, and equally buoyant, each being placed with the aperture downwards, enabling its occupant to quit it with ease, and enter at once into the liquid element it was to inhabit during the two first stages of its existence. *Mrs. Hum* also exhibited some ingenious apparatus for securing the amount of atmospheric air required to sustain life whilst under water. These contrivances varied much in detail, being at one period attached to the tail of the insect; at another, to the head. *Mr. Bright*, the lantern fly, contributed a beautiful specimen of natural light in the form of a lantern, which was exhibited with almost magical

effect. *Mrs. Spangle*, the glow-worm, forwarded a lamp which, being placed of a calm summer's evening on a mossy bank, would prove an object of great attraction to any idler in the vicinity.

Messrs. Sparkle and Sprack, the fireflies, exhibited a design for an illumination taken from the tropical forests, and composed of a number of fireflies sporting in and out between the luxuriant foliage of their native woods. *Messrs. Chirrup and Hop*, of the cricket family, contributed some musical instruments of curious construction, and capable of emitting a sound peculiar to the genus of which it is a distinguishing mark. Her majesty, the reigning queen of the bee tribe, exhibited the silvery pipe which conferred on her the power of quelling the most uproarious proceedings of her generally quiet and orderly subjects. *Mr. Cheatum*, the ant-lion, forwarded a pitfall, constructed with great labour and skill, in the form of a circular cone, and in which, by adopting the principle of the sliding scale, he proposed securing enough prey to satisfy his appetite. *Catchum & Co.*, of the geometric spiders, contributed a beautiful net, composed of threads radiating from the centre, and crossed at regular intervals by circular lines of the same materials. In this elaborately worked trap the wily possessor would entangle the unwary insect which, being deceived by its brilliancy on a dewy morning, and wishing to take advantage of the reflective properties of the numerous gems with which it was radiant to aid him in bedecking himself, advanced too near its treacherous precincts and became irrecoverably entangled in its meshes.

Many other contributions were well worthy of notice, but the limit of the present paper prevents our particularizing them.

THE POLICE FISH OF THE OCEAN.

THE shipworm, or teredo, says a writer in one of our quarterly reviews, is a bivalve shellfish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative the oyster, seems to have resolved to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within its power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shellfish, is a prodigious one; for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs and went to sea in ships, the teredo has unceasingly endeavoured, unfortunately with too much success, to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the objects of its attacks; for many a goodly landing-pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder attempts, such as the endeavour to swamp Holland by destroying the piles of her embankments. The shipworm is the only mollusc that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians, and more than once it has alarmed them effectually. A century and a quarter ago, indeed, all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the teredo was sent by God to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders. In our own country, although we undergo no danger of being suddenly submerged, as our Dutch neighbours might be, we have suffered seriously in our dockyards and harbours by the operations of the shipworm, to which the soundest and hardest oak

offers no impediment. As a defence against it, the under-water portion of woodwork in dock-yards has been studded with broad-headed iron nails. Like most molluscs, the tereido, though fixed when adult, is free in its young state, and consequently is enabled to migrate and attach itself wherever mischief can be done by it. Thus ships at sea are attacked, and no wood has yet been found capable of defying its efforts. Even teak and sissor woods, hard as they are, dissolve before it; and though the chemical process of kyanizing timber successfully defeats the ravages of time, it fails before the voracity of the tereido.

By a remarkable instinct, the shipworm tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, whatever be its position, and thus succeeds in its purpose with destructive rapidity. The tube with which it lines its bore is sometimes nearly two feet in length; it is not always straight, for if the creature meets an impediment sufficiently hard to defy its power, it takes a circuitous course and thus gets round the obstacle. In like manner, it avoids any interference with its fellow shipworms, winding round them in such a way, that at length a piece of wood attacked by many tereidos becomes transformed into a knot of calcareous tubes. The tube is not the true shell of this dreaded mollusc. That body is to be sought for at its innermost extremity. It consists of two very small curved valves, united at their beaks, and beautifully sculptured on their surfaces. The pipe or tube is a lime-walled shaft, intended to keep up a communication between the animal and the watery element necessary for its existence, and to protect the soft body and long fleshy siphons of the creature. How the cavity in which it lives is excavated is still a matter of discussion among naturalists. There are many shellfish endowed with the instinct to burrow into wood or clay, or even hard stone; and it is not yet certain whether they do so by mechanical or chemical agencies, or by a combination of the actions of an auger and a solvent. Many sea-snails as well as bivalve shellfish have the power to perforate solid substances; and some of the predaceous kind exercise this faculty to the detriment of their brother shellfish, by boring through their outer coverings, and extracting the juice of their bodies, by means of long soft extensile trunks. There is reason to believe that this operation is effected by the aid of the silicious teeth which stud their long ribbon-shaped tongues. These microscopic teeth are beautiful objects, exhibiting regular and constant shapes; so constant indeed, that by mere inspection of a fragment of the tongue of a sea or land snail, the naturalist can pronounce to a certainty upon the affinities of the creature to which it belonged. Even its particular genus may be verified; and in a few years (for this kind of research is as yet novel and only commenced) probably its very species may be thus determined. These teeth are arranged in transverse rows upon the tongue. From an ordinary individual of the common limpet, a tongue two inches in length may be extracted, armed with no fewer than 150 or more bands of denticles, 12 in each row; so that in all it may possess nearly 2000 teeth. The limpet uses this elaborate organ as a rasp with which to reduce to small particles the sub-

stance of the seaweed on which it feeds. In some of our common garden slugs as many as 20,000 teeth may be counted. Wonderful indeed is this complication of minute organisms!

Throughout nature apparent evils are compensated by unnoticed benefits. Destructive as the shipworm unquestionably is, nevertheless we could ill dispense with its services. Though a devastator of ships and piers, it is also a protector of both; for were the fragments of wreck and masses of stray timber that would choke harbours and clog the waves permitted to remain undestroyed, the loss of life and injuries to property that would result, would soon far exceed all the damages done and dangers caused by the tereido. This active shellfish is one of the police of the ocean; a scavenger and clearer of the sea. It attacks every stray mass of floating or sunken timber with which it comes into contact, and soon reduces it to harmlessness and dust. For one ship sunk by it, one hundred are really saved; and whilst we deprecate the mischief and distress of which it has been the unconscious cause, we are bound to acknowledge that, without its operations, there would be infinitely more treasure buried in the abysses of the deep, and venturesome mariners doomed to watery graves.

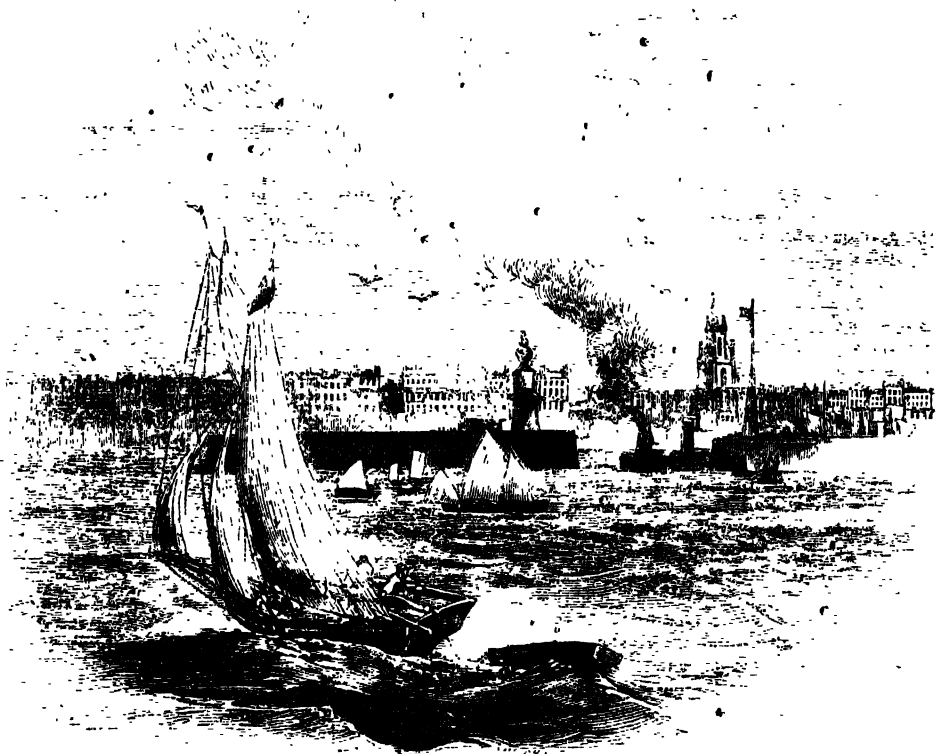
THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.—The weakness and folly of childhood, the vanity and vices of youth, the bustle and care of middle life, and the infirmities of old age (if we live to be old), what do they leave us? A short life, indeed. Yet, man has a soul of vast desires. He is capable of much, and aims at more. Many things he cannot attain, and many are not worth the pains. Oh, it is a pity that he should not know how to choose the good, and refuse the evil! how to make the most and best of so short a life.

ALIENATION FROM GOD.—There is a vast curiosity in the mind of man, and the world abounds with objects to gratify it. The heavens, the earth, the sea, are full of wonders; and had not man sinned, he might always have read the book of nature with new delight, and have seen the glory of God in every line. But now, unhappy fallen man turns his back upon God, while he surveys his works, and thinks every trifle better worth his notice than his Maker. In infancy, in youth, in middle life, in old age, a constant succession of vanities courts his attention, and he seldom, perhaps never, thinks of beholding Christ till he dies and appears before his awful tribunal.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

FORGIVENESS.—The pardon of sin has been justly called "the life-blood of religion." It is this which runs through all parts of the scripture, like the blood in our veins, and is the foremost object in the glorious gospel. No man is happy in religion till he has reason to conclude that his sins are pardoned. Gratitude for this blessing is the grand incentive to holy obedience, and triumph on account of it forms a principal part of the bliss of glorified saints. How worthy, then, is this subject of our most serious regard! How unspeakably desirable to be able to say, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."



APPROACH TO RAMSGATE AND ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR.

A DAY OR TWO AT RAMSGATE.

RAMSGATE has no claims to be considered a place of much historical interest. It has been conjectured, from the remains of some old pile-work, that it stands upon the site of an ancient Roman port; there is, however, no proof of the truth of this conjecture beyond that supplied by the occasional discovery of a few Roman coins, mutilated skeletons, and antique weapons—relics which, considering the frequency of their occurrence elsewhere, constitute but a slender title to the notice of the antiquarian. Whatever it may once have been—and its Roman history, if it ever had any to boast of, is now lost beyond recovery—we know that so late as the reign of queen Elizabeth, it was but a mean and obscure fishing-village, containing in the year 1565 but twenty-five houses and fourteen boats. From its convenient situation for continental commerce, and from other local advantages, it gradually rose into notice; and from the facilities it presented for sea-bathing, it began, as early as the latter part of the last century, to be frequented by invalids and valetudinarians, and has been ever since increasing in repute as a watering-place. The completion of the royal harbour may be regarded as the cause of its nautical prosperity. From the absence of any efficient shelter in the neighbouring port of Dover, a vast number of vessels coming up channel in tempestuous weather, make for the

harbour of Ramsgate, where, during the prevalence of heavy gales, as many as two or three hundred sail may be seen lying in safety together. Before the new harbour was built—now nearly sixty years ago—twenty or thirty vessels were as many as could find shelter. The demand for increased space was constantly urged upon the government by the continued wrecks occurring upon the Goodwin Sands, which are in the immediate vicinity, and the new harbour, inclosing an area of forty-six acres, was projected, and was so far completed by 1795, as to serve as a refuge in that year for three hundred vessels at once. It presents to the view one of the finest marine bulwarks in the world. The masonry is mainly of Purbeck and Portland stone, and the pavements of fine granite. The entire length of the east pier, upon which stands the handsome lighthouse, is nearly 3000 feet; and that of the west pier 1500 feet; both presenting noble promenades of twenty-five feet in width. The cost of these works, including that of the floodgates, the jetty, the engine-house, and the lighthouse, etc., must have been immense; and it is met by tonnage dues levied on all vessels passing through the Downs, *whether or not they enter the harbour.*

The town is delightfully situated in a natural opening between the cliffs, and rises in a gradual ascent from the seashore to the high lands in the rear. It is gay and splendid with handsome shops and lofty and regular piles of buildings, and pos-

possesses a neat and convenient market, a substantial town-hall, a spacious music-hall for assemblies, concerts, and lectures, and many well-furnished libraries for the accommodation of visitors. The town is further adorned with many commodious churches, among which the beautiful structure of St. George, which will accommodate 2000 persons, and more than one half of the sittings of which are free, is by far the most conspicuous, as it is the most elegant. This structure is in the florid Gothic style, and was erected at the cost of 28,000*l.* from a design by Mr. Helmsley, who did not live to witness its completion. The tower, itself a light and graceful pile, is surrounded by an octagonal lantern of considerable height, which imparts a delightful airiness to the whole edifice, and rivets the attention of the stranger from any point of view. The chief attraction of Ramsgate, however, to modern visitants is one which it owes to nature, and will be found in the soft shelving sandy shore, where the luxury of sea-bathing may be enjoyed perhaps in greater perfection than on any other part of the coast.

At the present day, Ramsgate may be regarded as one of the lungs of London, and something more—its favourite bathing-machine. No sooner does the thermometer mount up to seventy or eighty degrees than, following an instinct which a humorous writer compares to that of the West India landrads, which migrate annually towards the sea, the ladies of London—of well-to-do middle-class London especially—begin to beguile their lords into compliance with the yearly demand for an excursion to the sea-side. Ramsgate presents one of the most convenient and tempting facilities for the trip, and to Ramsgate, accordingly, thousands of them depart. So regular, certain, and undeviating is this annual influx of strangers, that tens of thousands of capital are invested in supplying the means of conveyance to and fro, and tens of thousands more in furnishing the indispensable accommodation of necessities and luxuries to the swarms of daily arrivals all the summer long. Hotels and inns of every grade abound in all quarters, and a thousand lodging-houses throw open their doors to welcome the wanderer—for a consideration. If lodgings are dear, it is more from necessity than extortion that they are so, as they are empty six months in the year, and the profits of the remaining six must pay for the twelve. Hotel charges, it will be found, are as reasonable as elsewhere, and the viands fully as good.

Resolving to pay a visit to this favourite spot, and to bathe our toil-worn frame, as we had often done before, in the clear waters that lave the soft and pleasant sands under the eastern cliff—we stepped the other day from the Blackwall pier on board the 'Royal William,' and steaming gallantly past the well-known scenery on the river, and touching at Margate to disembark a third of our passengers, entered the harbour of Ramsgate, about five in the afternoon. As we rounded the noble pier, the vessel was hailed by a chorus of laughing and joyous recognitions from a crowd of delighted and anxious faces clustered above the landing-place. It being Saturday, our boat was thronged with expected husbands and papas; and loud and merry were the greetings wafted on board from infantine voices, while the nodding of bonnets and the

waving of white handkerchiefs betokened the more tranquil satisfaction of the smiling better halves.

The arrival of the steam-boat from London is one of the daily lions of Ramsgate, and there is always a goodly number of spectators to witness the disembarkation. Order is, however, maintained by the police, and a free passage for the new arrivals. Threading our way through the throng, we soon deposit ourselves and our carpet-bag at the Castle-hotel, opposite the pier gates, where in a few minutes dinner makes its welcome appearance. Having discussed this at leisure, and sat awhile in obedience to the monition of the old proverb, we strolled forth, intending a saunter on the noble pier; but just as we reached the street, the strains of delicious music broke languidly upon the ear, and following the direction of the sound, we found ourself, with hundreds more, promenading the sward on the West Cliff, and regaling our ears with the delightful performance of a band of German musicians. Very gentlemanly and well-dressed fellows they appeared to be—all, to the number of some eight or ten, seated comfortably round a table, with their music books before them, and breathing forth from their brazen tubes the very soul of harmony, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," and in exquisite keeping with the hour and the scene. The rich melody now swelled to a glorious volume of ravishing sound—now "died into an echo" scarcely audible amidst the subdued dash of the lazy surge upon the rocks a hundred feet below. The almost level sun projected the shadow of the cliff and the tall houses upon it, forward for a full mile into the sea; far out in the distance the white sails glimmered redly, rejoicing in his beams; and away beyond all, on the very verge of the horizon, the white cliffs of France, struck by his departing rays, stood out distinctly visible. We had no wish to wander further; but sitting down upon a bench, drank in the witchery of sight and sound. Anon the band simultaneously dropped their instruments from their lips, and burst out into a rapid, wild, and hilarious chorus of voices, varied with shouting, laughter, and passages of masterly harmony. Again a farewell strain from trumpet, horn, and ophicleide; and then, amidst the shadows of twilight, the band broke up, the company dispersed, and we strolled down to the sands to hear what the billows were talking about; as in long and regular swell they broke upon the beach.

A penny for your chair upon the sand, and you may sit in it as long as you like. We got as close to the sea as King Canute did, but with more reason, as the tide was going out—and we heard all that the billows had to say; and a long and wonderful story they told us, which we are not going to record just now, though the world would be all the wiser for knowing it. It was cut short, however, by a sudden breeze, which scattered the sea-clouds overhead, and let the moon out of her hiding-place; and immediately there was an undulating pathway of silver light stretching from the surge at our feet right across the broad bosom of the sea, and leading to a region where fancy alone can penetrate. Then we rose and walked along the sands; and ever as we walked, that bright pathway went along with us, and sprinkled our footsteps with its diamond spray; and we thought it was a

brilliant and glorious symbol of the pathway to happiness and to heaven, which is ever at the wanderer's feet, turn him which way soever he will, enticing him to walk in it. But a red and fiery spark suddenly gleamed over the dark waters on the right; we had forgotten to look for it, but recognised it at once as the Goodwin Light—the friendly beacon that warns the storm-driven mariner to shun the treacherous shoals that lie in wait for him upon his homeward track. So, with an actual warning before our eyes, and a fancied invitation at our feet, and pondering whether there might not be some connexion between the two, we returned to our hotel, and shortly after to our comfortable pillow, in No. 9, overlooking the harbour.

After breakfast next morning, before the bells begin pealing for church, we turn our face once more towards the West 'Cliff,' and traversing its whole length, proceed along the road leading to the old-fashioned village of St. Lawrence, to attend the forenoon service in the interesting old Saxon church. The square tower is evidently of very ancient date; but it is in too good a condition to escape the suspicion of having undergone very extensive repairs, at a period not very remote. The interior of the church is of the most primitive simplicity. Several ancient monuments in the chancel attest the antiquity of the building which contains them; and the huge, massive, and time-worn pillars which support the roof, and the worm-eaten, high-fenced, and uncomfortable pews—in one of which we had a rough ten-inch plank to sit upon—show that the march of modern innovation and modern luxury has steered clear of this venerable pile. Happily the discourse we heard was as simple, plain, and free from ornament as the building we were in, and thus both were in strict character with the simple wants of the retired and quiet village.

It is pleasant to remark that the authorities of Ramsgate, in some degree at least, discountenance the violation of the sabbath. Carriages for hire are not allowed to ply in the town, or upon the beach, on Sunday, and there is at present no Sunday boat from London. There is ample church and chapel accommodation, and the utmost courtesy is shown to strangers in all places of worship. We observed that most of these were well attended, so far at least as we could judge from the streams of worshippers returning from the evening service. The majority of visitors, however, we fear, prefer the seashore to the sermon.

On Monday we rose early, not actually with the lark, who having neither to dress nor to shave, but simply to withdraw his head from under his wing, shake the dew from his brown pinions, and turn out at once, has decidedly the advantage of us elderly gentlemen in the matter of early rising;—but yet early enough to hear his matin song, as it was warbled over-head above the tall masts of the vessels, sleeping upon their shadows in the harbour. We were intent upon a swim, and made for the beach to get upon the backs of the billows, those foaming steeds of which we are an expert rider, and have been from the days of childhood. The bather is assailed, as soon as he comes in sight of the machines, by the agents of the several proprietors, who crowd around him soliciting his patronage. A lanky and sandy-coloured son of the

sea puts into our hands a flowing sheet of paper, containing two columns of verse by a spirited bard of the beach, who rejoices in the alliterative cognomen of P. Pearce, Poet, Proprietor; and whose Ps, to all appearance, yield him a good crop, if one is to judge by the number of bathing machines under his control.

"Clear, charming, transparent, lovely is the deep,
When high winds and roaring waves hushed are in sleep,"

sings the poetical proprietor of the bathing machines, whose Pegasus is a lean and patient hack, which draws them into and out of the water, and whose Helicon is the briny flood. This enterprising genius is a most voluminous author; his numerous effusions feed the steam-press of London, and no doubt spread his reputation far and wide among the frequenters of the coast. We purchased his "Tragedy of the Battle of Waterloo," a poem in heroic rhymes of between four and five thousand lines, which he assured us we should find very interesting, and which is adorned with his own portrait, and an engraving of the battle—all for the modest charge of sixpence. His poetical handbill contains, besides the terms for bathing, a catalogue of his works, for which we have not room in our columns.

Having breasted the billows, and tumbled about among the soft sands, which are as grateful to the naked feet as a drawing-room carpet, the demands of a suddenly-awakened appetite sent us back to the breakfast table, where we did execution upon the cold meats and fragrant coffee, in a style that would not have disgraced a Highlander. Then at ten o'clock we had to despatch a couple of friends by steamer to London. Husbands and papas must return to the business purlieus of the Bank and the Exchange, and there was a rapid rush of carpet bags to the decks of the 'Royal William,' as she lay off the landing-place, puffing and snorting as though eager to be paddling her way back again to London. As the clock strikes ten, the warning bell clamours forth its alarm—a few hasty kisses and adieus—the laggards rush on board—the voice of the captain is heard, "Let go! Turn ahead! Go on!"—and the buoyant vessel shoots her huge length between the piers, and in a moment more is careering onwards like a comet of the waters, with a long tail of foam in her rear. A thousand eyes are rivetted on the gallant vessel as she spreads a sail to the favouring breeze, which blows refreshingly in shore; but already she grows dim in the distance; papa's travelling wide-a-wake and aunty's blue bonnet are no longer visible on the deck; then a long line of black smoke is all that remains to view, and that, too, soon disappearing behind the foreland, the watchers turn away from a momentary regret to the enjoyment of the pleasures around them.

Now who is for a morning sail in a trim and handsome yacht, manned with a skilful and merry crew, who, for the trifling charge of a shilling, will carry you this fine breezy morning as far as the Goodwin Sands, upon which you may land if you like, and bring you back in time for an early dinner? This is a trip which we have enjoyed before to-day; and of all the modes of spending a shilling at Ramsgate, it is, in our estimation at least, decidedly the most advantageous and eco-

nomical, especially on a morning like this, when a lively breeze is blowing. It is always a merry party, and generally enlivened by the presence of ladies who are good sailors, who have nerve enough to laugh at the dashing spray, or an impudent wave that presumes to throw his white cap on board. We cannot go ourselves, being bound in a different direction, but we are glad to see a goodly company gathering on the clean white deck, the ladies well provided with shawls and wrappers, in case of a scud of rain; and the gentlemen, with caps strapped under the chin as a safeguard against the wind. Now the first yacht is off, and a second glides into her place. Several will sail this morning, and perhaps test each other's sailing qualities in the offing, to add the harmless excitement of a contest to the pleasures of a sail. Much good may it do them! as we are very sure it will.

Here we are again upon the sands. It is past eleven o'clock, and the after-breakfast bathing is at its height. What a scene of bustle and sloppy confusion it appears! and what a strange medley of characters it presents to the eye! Every chair that can be hired, and every lump of chalk or jutting stone that can be used for a seat, is filled by an occupant. Every bathing-machine has a tenant; and all jammed in solid phalanx as close as they can be crammed together, they are immersed up to their axles in the water. The deafening noise of the surge, dashing among the wheels, mingles with the outcries of the bare-legged tritons in attendance, and the kicking and plunging of the miserable hacks that draw the marine chariots in and out of the brine. Salt-water maids, baked by the suns of fifty summers to the colour of a crusty rye loaf, and loaded with towels wet or dry, are diving up and down among the crowd. Groups of young ladies and anxious mannanas clad in light cool summer drapery, their delicate town-nurtured complexions carefully embowered beneath the sky-blue "uglies," stand patiently waiting the exit from the bath of some sister, friend, or relative. There is a dim vision of brown-cloaked guides, and terrified and gasping juvenile faces, indistinctly seen through the splashing foam and the grill of wheel-spokes; and there is a plentiful attendance of loungers and loiterers, who, having nothing else to do, are enjoying the animation of the scene, and laughing heartily at the spectacle before them. Itinerant merchants ply among the throng, hawking books and pamphlets, coloured seaweeds and seashells, toys and spades of wood for children, and sand-shoes for ladies' feet. Here and there an old gentleman, reclining lazily in his chair, cons the yesterday's "Times," insensible to the bustle around him; or a romantic young lady, immersed in the interest of some silly novel, recalls the time of tilts and tournaments, herself the heroine of the imaginary drama.

We leave this busy and amusing scene in the height of its attraction; and mounting the Augusta Stairs, ascend to the summit of the East Cliff. Thence a walk of less than half an hour, brings us to East Cliff Lodge, the summer residence of Sir Moses Montefiore. This elegant marine villa is situated on a commanding eminence not far from the edge of the cliff; and it boasts a series of subterranean galleries, excavated in the body of

the chalky rock, well lighted by spacious openings towards the sea, carpeted with turf, and adorned with shrubs and flowers. Through these galleries there is a descent to a substantial timber jetty running out upon the beach and into the sea at high water. Leaving this mansion in our rear, we proceed onwards upon the edge of the cliff towards Broadstairs, inhaling the cool sea-breeze, which makes tolerable the now almost vertical rays of the sun. We are struck with the remarkable fertility of the soil and the abundance of the crops, which, within a few feet of the very verge of the precipice, stand thick and strong as the farmer could wish to see them. Wheat, barley, oats, lucerne, vetches—all seem to thrive alike, and to promise a rich harvest to the cultivators. There is one drawback, however, and that of a kind which we have never seen existing to the same extent elsewhere; this drawback is seen in the shape of snails—small white fragile beings scarcely averaging the size of a pea, which crumble beneath the touch, but which swarm in such countless myriads as to suggest the idea of a plague like that of the locusts of Egypt. For the space of about one half-mile especially, we noticed that every blade of grass or sprig of lucerne, was surmounted by one or more of the diminutive creatures which had climbed to its highest point; they were most plentiful near the sea, where it was impossible to tread without crushing numbers at every step, and the ground they occupied formed a belt of about 200 feet in depth. Their numbers must have amounted to hundreds of millions. We questioned a solitary agriculturist, whom we met, upon the subject. He bitterly bemoaned their abundance, and assured us that the cattle invariably refused the food with which they were mingled, dropping it from their mouths half-eaten; a statement to which we could afford more credence than we allotted to his assertion, that they were rained from the clouds during the long prevalence of the late east winds!

We found Broadstairs altogether a different place from Ransgate, independently of its limited size. Crossing a wooden bridge over a deep ravine, and seating ourselves upon a little hillock upon the right, we got a complete view of this quiet little bathing-box, with its terrace of genteel houses fronting the tiny bay, flanked by a miniature wooden pier, a couple of bathing machines, and a single boat lying high and dry upon the sand. There sat the model watering-place, fast asleep in the mid-day sunlight. Not a single figure gave motion to the spectacle, which showed "like a painted town upon a painted ocean." Not a sound rose into the air, save the everlasting song of the sea, which has been chanting its varying chorus for the last six thousand years without an instant's pause, and which was answered by the warblings of the full-throated lark in the sky. Soon, however, we heard the prattle of children upon the sands beneath, and then the discordant "crow" of a peacock on the green sward of a garden below the cliffs. Then we became aware of a solitary shrimper, up to his middle in the waters of the bay, and pursuing his voiceless trade amid the gurgle of the waves. Then a party of ladies and gentlemen emerged upon the terrace fronting the sea—a coach drove up, from which a passenger alighted, and the delusion of the painted town

vanished. Broadstairs is a place of some antiquity, of which a few visible relics yet remain; among these York Gate is the most conspicuous, which is said to have been built to defend the inhabitants against the attacks of privateers in time of war. It has been lately restored, and is the most picturesque object in the little town.

It is here that the quiet, the studious, and the aged valetudinarian find the tranquil seclusion that they desiderate; and Broadstairs, it need hardly be observed, is the resort of a totally different class of visitors from those who annually frequent the neighbouring towns of Ramsgate and Margate. It is comprised in the parish of St. Peter, which lies about a mile distant, and two miles from Margate; but Broadstairs has a church of its own, a handsome Gothic building of flint, erected in 1829, and capable of containing 1000 persons. In the parish church of St. Peter there is a monument to the father of the celebrated Brinsley Sheridan; and near the main entrance lies buried a person of very different repute, the famous Richard Joy, long known as the Kentish Samson, who could lift a ton weight, and who once broke a rope that would bear thirty-five hundreds weight. He was drowned in 1734.

There is an indescribable charm about Broadstairs and its tranquil neighbourhood, which, circumscribed as it is, wears the aspect of quiet and dignified gentility. There is an elegant villa on the road leading to St. Peter's, occupied by Sir Norton Knatchbull, which, in days gone by, was frequently the residence of the Duchess of Kent and her present majesty when a child. The remembrance of royalty still lingers around the spot, which seems to breathe an aristocratic exclusive air, and to rejoice in its freedom from the patronage of the *pro-finium vulgus*. All that the sea-bather can require will be found in this little place, and a great deal more than he might expect to meet with. It has excellent hotels, warm baths, and well-furnished libraries, with reading and assembly rooms.

We preferred remaining here until the excessive heat of the day was somewhat modified; and having lounged upon the shaded pier and lunched at leisure, we set out late in the afternoon to return to Ramsgate by way of the beach (the tide being low) and under the shadow of the cliffs. A most delightful walk we found it, presenting at every turn a new study for the pencil of the artist—in the deep caverns worn by the action of the waves, on the one hand, and in the ever-changing hues of the broad and billowy sea sparkling in the sun or flecked with cloud shadows, on the other. We had not proceeded far when we came upon a shrimp in the pursuit of his avocation. He was a veritable son of the sea-sands, with straw-coloured hair nearly covering his whole face, and sun-tanned skin, and clad in indescribable vestments, which hung about him like sea-weed upon a wreck. His lower extremities, naked to the thigh, had undergone twenty years' pickling in the brine. Upon his back he bore an old hamper of half-bushel capacity, in which every time he lifted his net, he deposited the proceeds of his fishing. He had chosen a level run of the sand, about a quarter of a mile in length, upon which he marched backwards and forwards, driving his broad net, slightly inclined to meet the advancing waves, before him

so as to skim the level bottom. We walked in to meet him as he advanced, and inquired what success. He lifted his net, and showed about a quarter of a pint of sandy-coloured shrimps hopping about within it; then opening his basket, he pointed to a fine crab which he had pulled from beneath a rock with an iron hook, which he carried for the purpose. He had been at work all day, and had caught about three quarts of shrimps besides the crab, and considered that he had done tolerably well. It often happened, he said, that he toiled the whole day for less than half that quantity, while at other times he could fill his basket in a few hours.

We loitered so long beneath the cool shadow of the rocks, that by the time we reached Ramsgate, the German band had commenced operations overhead, upon the East Cliff, which overlooks the bathing sands. They perform on the east and west cliffs on alternate nights; and wherever their agreeable notes are heard, there is the favourite promenade of the evening. We were soon seated within hearing, and while listening to the music, made acquaintance with a party of anglers, who had just returned from a day's fishing in the neighbouring bay. This is a favourite sport with not a few of the male visitors, who, engaging a boat, together with its owner and the necessary baits and tackle, proceed out a mile or two from shore, and spend the live-long hours in sea angling. Our new friends had caught six or seven score of whiting between them, and had no sooner lugged them on shore than they made the discovery that they had no use for them, being, like us, strangers in the place. One proposed a sale by Dutch auction; but as neither chose to commence auctioneer for the occasion, the difficulty was at length solved by giving the whole catch, together with the basket that contained them, to a poor woman who passed that way, and who, though grateful for the gift, did not appear at all surprised at it.

The next day—the last day of our stay at Ramsgate—found us, shortly after the morning's bath and breakfast, on the dusty road to Pegwell Bay, which lies about a mile to the east of the town. This is a most picturesque little village, and it is quite a pet with the lovers of the romantic and the amateurs of art. It has been drawn and painted from all points by artists of every degree, and it consists of a small assemblage of irregularly shaped houses standing upon the edge of the rock. Pegwell is famous for the size and flavour of its shrimps, which are here caught, and devoured too, in enormous quantities. It abounds in tea-gardens and places of refreshment, and is visited almost nightly, all the summer long, by social and pic-nic parties, comprising as well the lovers of sentiment as the lovers of shrimps, who can here enjoy both to perfection, amidst the charms of rural and marine scenery, and the lavish odours of roses and garden flowers growing in profusion in the pleasure-grounds.

Beyond Pegwell, by the seashore, the scenery is of a bolder character; and the walk hence to Minster, partly by the coast and partly through fields and lanes, is one of the most agreeable and varied in the island. We arrived at Minster about noon. This interesting place was once the metropolis of Thanet. An abbey was founded here as early as the latter

part of the seventh century; part of the building is yet standing, and has been converted into a granary. The church is a very primitive and antique structure; it has three aisles, and in the choir are eighteen collegiate stalls. During the summer, visitors flock to Minster from both Ramsgate and Margate. Excellent accommodation awaits them at the inns and tea-gardens, which latter are laid out with much taste, and adorned with noble trees and shady walks. Happily for the weary pedestrian, there is a railway-station near to the old church of Minster, and he has thus the convenience of returning to his starting-point in a very brief space of time. After an hour's stroll in the vicinity of the ancient capital, we availed ourselves of it, and, returning to our quarters at the Castle-hotel, set about packing our carpet bag, preparatory to bidding farewell for a time to the soft sea sands and the sunny smiling faces which, to our notions, are the most agreeable associations connected with the town of Ramsgate.

In the afternoon, finding no other conveyance was to be had, we took the train for Deal, where we found a coach, one of the almost extinct two-horse stages, waiting to convey us to Dover, from whence it is probable that the reader may hear of us again.

••• The next number will contain a sketch of DOVER, accompanied by an appropriate engraving.

THE ARTILLERY DOG OF BREST.

LONG before fame had published the prodigies of Munito, and history recorded the great deeds of quadrupeds of his kind, there existed at Brest a dog of the spaniel breed; he was patronised by the marine artillerymen, fed on the soldiers' rations, and instructed in all the duties and customs of the barracks. The bombardier, as he was called, had no particular owner; every soldier was his master, and the whole regiment was his adopted father. What cuffs had not his education cost him! But then again, what rewards and caresses were lavished on him for his beauty and utility! for the bombardier was not an idle dog, consuming the food that was freely offered to him in every room, without making any return for it. No, he repaid a hundred-fold in good military services, those kind masters who vied with each other in taking care of his person and supplying his wants.

During exercise, he placed himself in front of the battalion, and followed the movements of the men, manœuvring with his front paws the cane given to him by the sergeant-major. When a company filed off, he placed himself at the head of it; no other dog could presume to share with him the honour of staying at the head of the regiment or beside the colonel; for if he was gentle with his military friends, or, as we may call them, his companions-in-arms, the bombardier was very severe with his equals. In a word, no one could be more exclusive than he was, in every thing connected with his own peculiar privileges, which he was by no means disposed to share with any other animal of his race.

When, on the clock striking twelve at the fine marine quarters, the relieving guard filed off to the sound of the drum, to take up their posts in the

various parts of the vast port of Brest, bombardier took the step, setting off with his left foot, and repaired first to the marine hospital, where the steward never failed to regale him with some good broth and the bones left by the patients. His meal over, our guard dog took a survey of all the posts, joyful to receive a caress at one, a pat at another, and to take a few turns with the sentinel placed at the extremity of the causeway, the last of the numerous stations of the port. In the evening, it was quite another thing. No sooner had he eaten his barrack supper, than this indefatigable inspector set out on his nightly rounds. It was amusing to see with what benevolent haste the keeper of the iron railing of the rue de la Filarie would partly open a corner of that lofty railing to allow the bombardier to enter the well-guarded post, into which no human being could gain entrance without giving the word of command to the guard, or the pass-word to the sentinel. But he had no word of command to give; his muzzle served him for a passport, and his good intentions were too well known to cause the slightest uneasiness to the men in charge of the arsenal and magazines. The sentinels placed at night in the most solitary parts of the port had the more need of being well looked after, for the least negligence on their part might often have cost them their life, or endangered the general safety.

When, for instance, the galley slaves on a dark night succeed in breaking their irons, those unfortunate creatures endeavour by killing the sentinels to pave for themselves a safe means of escape. Woe, then, to the sentinel who has sought within his box a shelter from the wind or the rain! The liberated slave, armed with an iron peg, nails to his sentry-box the negligent soldier who has been found sleeping upon his post. Often have the officers in going their rounds, discovered the unfortunate men bathed in blood, having been killed by the slaves who had converted iron rings into a sort of sharp scythe. A sentinel knows not what he risks in the distant stations, by wrapping himself up in his great coat, and slumbering in that box, around which so often lurks the determined felon sighing for his liberty.

The old soldiers alone know how to prepare for their reception. When a heavy rain falling around them induces the slaves to make their escape, these wily soldiers crawl about the neighbourhood of their sentry-box; and when the slave thinks to rid himself of a troublesome spy by rushing into the retreat of the sentinel, the latter puts either a ball or a bayonet through his body, and calls the guard. The bombardier took especial care to visit the most dangerous posts, and particularly when any newly-arrived soldiers were placed at them. He could smell a conscript at a league distance. Whenever he discovered a sentinel asleep at his post, he pulled him angrily by his gaiters or his trousers, as if to reproach him for his negligence; when a sentinel had only taken shelter in his box, he compelled him to go out of it, and gave him no peace until he resumed his accustomed walk. If in these nocturnal excursions the dog got scent of a deserting slave, the business of the fugitive was soon settled; the dog ran and gave the alarm at all the posts. His barking called the guard, and the guard, following the steps of the bombardier,

never failed, to make a good capture. A whole body of officers did not cause such a sensation in the port of Brest, as one bark of the bombardier.

When a conscript arrived, the old soldiers would say to him:—"You see that spaniel, don't you? Well, he is the artillery dog; he will awaken you to-night if you fall asleep; and I warn you not to hurt him, for if you do, you will have the whole regiment upon you."

One day—a day of dire calamity—a big Lorraine came in with a set of fine young conscripts, to the barracks. The turn for the new fellow to mount guard arrived, and the caution respecting the dog was forgotten to be given. Night came on, and the big Lorraine was stationed near the cooperage. Bombardier, as usual, commenced his rounds at midnight; the stillness that reigned about the sentry-box of the cooperage surprised him, and he determined to catch the sleeping sentinel and arouse him to his duty. The soldier was, in fact, in a profound sleep, leaning against his sentry-box, and his musket between his knees. At this sight, bombardier growled excessively, and then flying at the conscript, he applied his vigorous teeth with great anger to the lower part of his gaiters. The soldier, who was at first frightened, on becoming aware of the cause of his disturbance, gave the importunate dog a violent kick. Bombardier, unaccustomed to such treatment, grew angry and returned to the charge; the conscript got into a passion, and a regular battle began; the one had nothing but his teeth, the other had his bayonet and his musket, and soon the unfortunate dog fell pierced with wounds from the hand of him whom he had most probably saved from death.

The corporal from the powder-mill came at one in the morning to relieve the sentinel; when near the sentry-box, something impeded his steps—it was the body of a dead dog. A sad presentiment induced the corporal to examine the animal that was lying lifeless close by the sentinel, who was exulting at the time having arrived for his being removed to a warm and secure guard-house.

"It is the bombardier!" exclaimed the corporal, with grief and consternation. "He has been killed! who killed him?"

"It was I," replied the conscript.

"You! you rascal!"

"Oh! but, corporal, it was because he bit me so!"

"You are on duty, and you may be thankful for it! But to-morrow you will be off guard!"

"Undoubtedly, I shall be off guard!"

"Yes, you will come off guard, when the whole regiment shall have passed over your body."

The station having been informed of the melancholy event, hastened to the spot, and the remains of the bombardier, wrapped in a military great coat, were conveyed to the guard-house for the night, when the lamentations and reproaches of the men fell heavily on the unfortunate murderer. The conscript said not a word. At noon the guard was relieved and returned to quarters; the conscript freed himself of his cartouch-box and musket, but the corporal whispered to him to retain his bayonet.

That word was significant.

What followed is but too characteristic of the sanguinary spirit of the French soldiery. They

repaired to the outskirts of the town, and there the avenger of the bombardier forced his slayer to fight, and speedily the conscript paid with his life for his slaughter of the artillery dog. The whole regiment wore mourning for a week in honour of the spaniel.

The memory of the artillery dog still lives in those barracks where, since the death of the bombardier, war and death have often renewed that regiment over whose military duties and interests he had so carefully watched during his whole life. His death, under the circumstances referred to, was deeply to be regretted, but it was too dearly paid for by a crime.

REFRESHMENT AND READING-ROOMS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.*

AMONG the many movements of a practical character in the way of social reform, which are at once the most gratifying and the most hopeful indications of the age, there is one that has lately taken form in Edinburgh, which, we trust, may ere long be productive of real benefit to the labouring classes throughout Scotland.

There is considerable difference of opinion amongst us, whether intemperance in intoxicating liquors has increased or diminished in Scotland, during the last twenty years; but this at least is certain that, whether it be greater or less, it is a vice which has now become absolutely intolerable under the light of the improved moral and Christian feeling pervading the country, and the increased attention which is consequently drawn towards existing evils.

Many remedies for intemperance have been suggested and put in practice, with various degrees of success. All honour be given to societies of every kind, which have for their aim the suppression of this vice. They have been productive of great good; and where based upon sound Christian principles, cannot be too highly commended.

But what we have now to notice will, we think, commend itself to all, both abstainers and non-abstainers, as another move in the right direction. We refer to the establishment of refreshment and reading-rooms for the working classes, where tea and coffee, bread and butter, soup and meat, etc. of the best description, along with newspapers, periodicals, and other reading, are provided at the lowest possible charge; or, in other words, public-houses (*public* in the truest sense of the word) where the public may get their real wants supplied, in place of public-houses where nothing but stimulants are to be had.

Why may a man not have a comfortable cup of coffee or tea in such places, instead of the constant and pernicious dram? 'Why not, truly!' our readers will reply. 'It would be a most excellent and desirable arrangement.' Yet such places, at least of the comfortable and useful character we should desire to see, have never hitherto been provided. There are, indeed, what are called eating-

* We insert this communication in consequence of the valuable suggestions it contains for our working friends in Scotland. In London, although much room for improvement still remains, yet refreshment rooms of the kind described are to a certain extent supplied by the existing coffee-houses.

houses of an inferior character, and with no comfortable accommodation for quiet reading. There are also what are called temperance coffee-houses, which have more the character of hotels, and which are intended for a class somewhat better off than men with from fifteen shillings to twenty shillings a week. But neither of these in the least meet the wants here indicated.

When the workman sallies forth in the morning, perhaps before his own household is astir, how thankful would he often be for a cup of warm coffee, to break the long fast between that time and the breakfast hour! It is well for him if he abstain from the first relief that presents itself, in the shape of a dram at the nearest public-house. Alas, for the ruin that has resulted from this morning dram! But how comes it that there is no one to help him to the coffee? Then when his work lies far from home, so that he cannot conveniently return to dinner, what a comfort to be able to sit down in a respectable refreshment-room, such as we now desire, and get his bowl of soup and bread, with the news of the day, for the small sum of 2d. or 3d.! Or again, in the evening, how many are there who have no clean or comfortable home to go to; and what a blessing would it be to have a quiet room where the young apprentice might improve his mind, by wholesome reading, over a cup of tea, the whole costing one penny; or where the married man may look in for half-an-hour on his way home, just to furnish his mind with the news of the day, or some other instructive matter for the purpose of cheering his domestic circle, by retailing it to them at his own fireside!

All these desirable ends would be obtained by the establishment of refreshment and reading rooms. And we are happy to say that the experiment has been made already, and with most encouraging success. In Dundee three have been in operation for more than a year, and in Edinburgh two are in operation, and others on a larger scale are in course of being established.

The chief requisites, as we find them stated in a circular of the Scottish Association for suppressing Drunkenness, are:—

“1st. To place them in well-frequented thoroughfares, with an attractive exterior and an easy access from the street.

“2nd. To divide the interior into a newsroom, an eating-room (or both in one), an entrance space for selling refreshments across the counter, and a kitchen; the whole to be well furnished.

“3rd. To supply, from an early hour in the morning till nine or ten at night, hot tea and coffee, bread and butter, sandwiches, etc.—and at the dinner hour, good soup, broth, and meat, at the lowest charges consistent with a moderate profit, providing also a liberal supply of newspapers and periodicals.”

It is by no means necessary, however, that such establishments should be undertaken by an association. It is true that the first outlay is considerable, in fitting up the premises in a comfortable and efficient manner; but we believe we are fully warranted in stating that, with proper attention to the above requisites, and under the control of an able and active manager and his wife, a very good business may be made of it.

It is right to state that, by fitting up a coffee-holder behind the counter, by means of which the coffee is kept in a case of hot water, or hot air, over a few gas jets, coffee or tea at the proper drinking temperature can be served out at any moment during the day. And, by the way, it would be well if, at our railway stations, they would adopt the same admirable method, instead of scalding the mouths of the poor passengers, and then charging them for what they must often leave behind them in their haste!

At the commencement of this article, we expressed a hope that this movement would extend itself, and we now ask the working classes to help it forward. Here is no direct attack upon any class, no legislative interference, no coercion, no spurious philanthropy, but a plain, business-like way of meeting a gigantic evil. We should of course look to its first benefiting the sober and industrious men and lads in each trade, whose number we are thankful to know is by no means small; but we should also hope that others may be led by example to exchange the dram for the cup of coffee. Whilst we can scarcely find language strong enough in which to condemn the vice of drunkenness, we desire to speak with all kindness of its unhappy victim; and surely the plan of these refreshment-rooms is kind treatment for him. By a careful and provident use of money in the purchase of cheap and nourishing food, may it not be that much of the craving for stimulants produced by low and bad diet will be removed? May it not be that, when the vacant mind has been filled with fresh and vigorous thoughts, the desire for sensual gratification, which we possess in common with the lower animals, will abate, and be brought under subjection? Or, lastly, may it not be that the false love or friendship which leads two boon companions to ruin one another in a whisky shop, will be diverted into the healthier channel of manly friendship, and thoughtful consideration for the welfare of others? We do at least earnestly pray that this movement may be so far honoured by the Divine blessing as to be taken into the service of the gospel, in however humble a capacity.

LORD ERSKINE'S OBLIGATIONS TO HIS ELDER BROTHER.—The Earl of Buchan considered himself quite superior in genius to his younger brothers, and he was rather shocked that they had got on in the world by following a trade. Yet at times he would boast of their elevation, taking all the credit of it to himself. He said to an English nobleman who visited him at Dryburgh, “My brothers, Harry and Tom, are certainly extraordinary men; but they owe everything to me.” This observation occasioning an involuntary look of surprise in his guest, he continued, “Yes, it is true; they owe everything to me. On my father's death, they pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin, by relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclination to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing; and they have both thriven ever since—owing everything to me.”—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

Poetry of the Sea.

ITS HOARDED TREASURES.

Endless, ever-sounding sea,
Image of eternity!
Troubled, with unconscious breast,
Like the dead without their rest;
Deaf unto thy own wild roar,
Hear'd at once on every shore;
Stretching on from pole to pole,
Far as suns and seasons roll,
Far as reign of night and day—
Sounding on, away, away.

Oh! what precious things there be
Shrined and sepulchred in thee!
Gems and gold, from every eye,
Hid within thy bosom lie:
Many a treasure-laden bark
Rests within thy caverns dark;
And where towers and temples rose,
Buried continents repose:
Giant secrets of thy breast,
With their thousand isles of rest—
With their brave and beauteous forms,
Undisturb'd beneath thy storms;
In a safe and peaceful home,
Where the mourner may not come,
Nor the stranger rudely tread
O'er their calm and coral bed.
Where the ocean buried-lies,
May no monuments arise,
For thy bosom bears no trace
Of our evanescent race;
On thy wild and wandering wave,
Bloom no laurels for the grave;
O'er thy dread, unfathom'd gloom,
Tower no trophies for the tomb.
But there comes a day of dread,
To reclaim thy thousand dead;
Bursting from thy dark control,
While in fire thy billows roll,
Shall that countless multitude
Soar from out thy shuddering fount.

MALCOLM.

ITS MUSIC.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh, many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth;
And hushed is many a lovely one,
Of mournfulness, or mirth.

The Dorian flute, that sighed of yore
Along thy wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Mennon's, too, hath lost the chord
That breathed the ~~music~~ tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd,
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the bold Crusaders sang,
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billows anthem no'er to sleep,
Until the close of time.

Thou liftest up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound
E'en as when first it rolled.

Let there be silence deep and strange,
Where crowning cities rose!
Thou speak'st of one that doth not change,
So many our hearts repose.

MRS. HEMANS.

ITS CHANGES.

From shore to shore the waters sleep,
Without a breath to move them;
And mirror many a fathom deep
Rocks round and skies above them.
I catch the sea-bird's lightest wail
That dots the distant billow,
And hear the flappings of the sail
That lull the sea-boy's pillow.

Anon, across the glassy lay
The catspaw gusts come creeping;
A thousand waves are soon at play,
In sunny freshness leaping.
The surge once more talks round the shore,
The good ship walks the ocean;
Seas, skies, and men all wake again
To music, health, and motion.

But now the clouds, in angry crowds,
On heaven's grim forehead muster,
And wild and wide sweeps o'er the tide
The white squall's fitful bluster.
The stout ship heels, the brave heart reels
Before the 'whelming breaker;
And all in nature quakes, and feels
The presence of its Maker.

Oh, glorious still in every form,
Untamed, untrodden ocean;
Beneath the sunshine or the storm,
In stillness or commotion;
Be mine to dwell beside the swell,
A witness of thy wonders;
Feel thy light spray around me play,
And thrill before thy thunders!

While yet a boy I felt it joy
To gaze upon thy glories;
I loved to ride thy stormy tide,
And shout in joyous choros.
With calmer brow I haunt thee now,
To nurse sublime emotion;
My soul is awed, and fill'd with God,
By thee, majestic ocean!

LYT.

ITS IMMENSITY AND ANTIQUITY.

Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Back through far ages. And, oh! how old
Thou art to me! For countless years thou hast roll'd:
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn;
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well! The dread command
Came, and thou sweep'st to death the breathing land;
And then once more, unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.
And though the land is throng'd again, oh Sea!
Strange sadness touches all that goes with thee.

DANA.

THE LEISURE HOUR

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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE.—CLEARING THE GROUND.

AUSTRALIA :

III.—ITS AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL LIFE.
FROM the gold-fields of Australia we proceed to notice its flocks and herds, with their squatters, shepherds, and stockmen, engaged in a depart-
VOL. I.—NO. 34.

ment of industry which, were there not a grain of the precious metal in the soil, powerfully recommends its shores to an emigrating population, by offering immediate employment, good remuneration, and that which is so mournfully wanting at

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home in the case of the masses—the possibility of accumulating surplus earnings, so as to emerge from the strictly dependant class, and rise in society. A brief historic notice of one of our staple manufactures will appropriately preface our remarks. The name by which unmarried females in England are designated—"spinsters"—is a proof at once of the antiquity and universality of a domestic woollen manufacture, for the origin of the term is beyond the limit of any record or tradition, while it is applied indifferently to all classes, from the daughter of royalty to the factory and peasant girl. Of the value attached by our ancestors to the raw material, we have a memorial at present in the "woolsack" of the House of Lords, as the highest seat, after the throne, in that branch of the legislature is still styled. Such, without any figure of speech, it originally was—a simple woolsack; though perhaps this advance to high place of a somewhat ungainly article, was not a compliment merely to a staple product of the realm, the foundation of its commercial wealth, but adopted because the rude simplicity of early times could provide no better kind of furniture. In the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, the native wool was reckoned superior in fineness to any produced on the continent, and was so highly valued in Spain that its mixture with other wool was strictly prohibited by the municipal laws of Barcelona. But its character has remarkably changed in recent times. Sheep-breeders, looking to the profit to be derived from the flesh of the animal, have been intent upon rapidly producing larger and better individuals by a system of artificial feeding, in consequence of which the fleeces have increased in length and bulk of fibre, so as to be no longer adapted for fine fabrics, though available for other purposes. Thus a coarser wool being grown, and the advancing luxury of the age continually demanding articles of finer texture, manufacturers were compelled to look to foreign sources for the supply of a superior material, in order to maintain the character of their products. It came to hand first from Spain; but in 1765, at the close of the seven years war, the elector of Saxony planted a few Merino sheep in the neighbourhood of Dresden, which, so far from degenerating, improved upon their Spanish progenitors. Hence Germany, for a series of years, took the lead in meeting the demand of the English market; but this distinction has been recently gained by our youthful Australian colonies, and is not likely to be lost. The production of wool in the latter region has increased at an enormous rate; and its transport to the mother country now gives employment to a fleet of shipping. In 1834, the supply did not amount to one-tenth part of the total quantity imported, but it rose to nearly one-half in 1848, when the importation stood as follows:—

From	Quantity imported.
Germany	14,428,723 lbs.
South America	7,384,981
British India	5,997,495
Cape of Good Hope	5,497,250
Russia	2,340,069
Denmark	1,881,358
Italy	736,137
Turkey	690,300
Australia, with Tasmania and New Zealand	30,034,567

English wool is now principally used in the pro-

duction of the articles which come under the denomination of worsted goods. Australian wool, though not yet equal to the Saxon, enters largely into the manufacture of our best cloths, and of the beautiful fabrics which are known in the shops of haberdashers as Indianas, Merinoes, and Challis. The congeniality and firmness of the climate, the purity of the atmosphere, and the character of the herbage, doubtless contribute to the fine quality of the fleeces. A soil of low productive power as compared with the virgin soils of the western world, is yet admirably adapted to sustain an indigenous vegetation—luxuriant, healthy, and vigorous in its kind, yielding an excellent support to animal life. The grasses are tufted and delicate, or rank and coarse, according to the situation. But they retain their nourishing properties in the driest seasons, long after the common European varieties in similar circumstances would become completely burnt up. Barley grass and kangaroo grass (*Authisteria Australis*), the two prevailing kinds, are remarkable for nutritious qualities. The latter in favourable localities attains the height of four or five feet, and is cut for hay; but a short succulent blade is shown in a drier soil, and flocks are rapidly fattened on it in its dwarf state on the uplands. Though deficient irrigation renders the herbage thin and scanty, this is compensated by the vast range of the pasture grounds; while the vegetation of the grasses is not impeded by the woodlands, as the predominating gum-trees have too little foliage to cast a definite dark shadow.

An extraordinary example of multiplication is furnished by the history of Australian live stock; and let it be remembered, that the country possessed originally not a single quadruped of the slightest service in the economy of domestic life. Sixty-four years ago, January 26, 1788, when the first colony was planted, and the British flag was hoisted on the shores of Sydney-cove, then thinly wooded and abounding in kangaroos, there was landed one bull, four cows, one bull-calf, one stallion, three mares, and three colts, with a few sheep. These were located on the shore of the grand inlet, where a spot was cleared for a farm, and the seeds and fruit-trees, also carried out, were sown and planted. During the first year, native dogs destroyed five ewes and a lamb, while some of the cattle broke away from the settlement, and originated a wild stock in a fine district on the Nepean river, still known in consequence as the cow-pastures. The primitive sheep were of the Bengal breed, large unsightly animals, with coarse hairy fleeces, more resembling goats. They speedily exhibited a remarkable change for the better, attesting the important effect of soil and climate, in the improvement of breeds, wholly apart from the paramount influence of blood; and from them, subsequently crossed with South Downs, Leicesters, and Merinoes, all the improved flocks of these colonies have sprung. The following statistics, of recent date, strikingly contrast with the statement already given respecting the first live stock landed:—

	Sheep.	Cattle.	Horses.
New South Wales	7,026,000	1,850,100	111,200
South Australia	1,300,000	100,000	6,000
Victoria	6,089,000	846,662	16,743

No other country can show a similarly rapid

and marvellous augmentation in the number of its domesticated animals; and the real increase has been far more considerable than is exhibited by the above figures, owing to the thousands of sheep and cattle which have gone to the butcher, died of disease, or been slaughtered and boiled down for the purpose of obtaining tallow.

Agriculture is carried on extensively by small farmers, who work with their families, hiring assistants in harvest-time, but conducting its operations in general without science. Manure, fallowing, and rotation of crops are seldom heard of; yet the produce of the ill-treated soil is surprising. Wheat, maize, barley, and potatoes are the principal products. Wheat is sown from the commencement of March to the end of June; the harvest is from November to January; but good crops of culinary vegetables are yielded, as potatoes, turnips, onions, and peas, planted or sown at almost any time of the year, a highly important advantage. Clearing land for cultivation is effected either by digging around the roots of the trees till they fall, or cutting off the trunks about a yard from the ground, leaving the stumps in the earth, and burning the fallen timber after using what may be required for buildings and fences. This is entirely an affair of trouble and expense, since the great mass of the Australian timber is valueless, being almost uniformly uneven, and so heavy that it will not float. But it is seldom necessary to clear to any important extent, owing to the great abundance of open or lightly timbered land. Fields are inclosed with split-rails morticed into upright posts. The construction of such fences has been followed as a distinct species of handicraft, at which labourers, paid by the rod, have readily earned from 6s. to 7s. per day. Ploughing is chiefly performed with bullocks; the ploughs, being generally made of wood, are easily repaired if damaged, and answer best among the roots which abound in the soil. In reaping, the wheat-ear is cut off near the top of the stalk; the farmer not caring to encumber his barn with straw, for which he has very little use. But purely agricultural products must necessarily be raised upon a limited scale, as there is no market for them beyond what the colonies themselves supply; for though Australian wheat has occasionally appeared in Mark-lane, the distance is too great to admit of profitable competition there with the continental grower. Husbandry embraces the cultivation of the vine for wine and raisins; orangeries flourish; tobacco is raised; the growth of the mulberry for silk-worms, and of the olive, may be indefinitely augmented, silk and olive-oil becoming articles of export; and great plantations of cotton, coffee, and sugar, to which the soil and climate of the northern regions are adapted, may mark the future history of the country.

The eminently agricultural region of Australia embraces the longest settled districts of New South Wales, on the maritime side of the Blue Mountains. The landscape has here many of the features of the old world—towns, villages, good roads, public-houses, tilled and inclosed fields, comfortable houses of stone and brick, surrounded with gardens and orchards. But on passing from the coast to the interior, the agricultural is left for the generally pastoral district, where little distur-

ance has been given to the primitive aspect of nature, and the sheep-farmer lives in a condition of rude independence, occupying a country overgrown with trees, shrubs, rushes, and grasses, with no inclosures but a few paddocks around his house.

The extensive tracts devoted to sheep-breeding are generally held on lease, from the government, for a term of years, and for purposes exclusively pastoral, no attention being allowed to be paid to agriculture, except the raising of as much grain, hay, vegetables, and fruit as the family or establishment of the occupier may require for domestic use. Having selected a district, or "run" as it is called, of unappropriated land, in the choice of which careful attention must be paid to water-provision and pasturage, he takes out a licence of occupation, at a rental proportioned to the number of sheep or cattle which the district is calculated to support. It must at least be capable of carrying 4000 sheep, or an equivalent number of cattle, for which an annual rent of 10*l.* is paid, with an extra 2*l.* 10*s.* per annum for every additional 1000 sheep, or proportionate increase of cattle. The capabilities of the location are estimated by a commissioner of crown lands. A half-yearly assessment is also laid on all the live stock at the station, a halfpenny per head for sheep, three-halfpence for cattle, and three-pence for horses. During the continuance of the lease no person can interfere with the holder's rights of occupation, and he may purchase at any time the entire run, or portions of it, at the price of not less than 20*s.* per acre. At the expiration of the term he has a claim for unexhausted improvements, with the right of pre-emption in preference to any other person; and very probably these licensed settlers will become leaseholders in perpetuity, and be somewhat analogous to the crown feudatories of the middle ages, paying an annual quit-rent for their possessions. To settle thus in the primeval wilderness is in colonial phrase to "squat," a barbarous appellation of transatlantic origin, but applied to a very different class of men to those denoted by it in America. The Australian squatters include many educated persons retired from their professions—military, naval, legal, or medical—enterprising younger branches of good families from the mother country; and, at the squatting stations, the vast quantities of wool shipped at the ports are mainly produced.

Sheep-runs vary in extent, according to the character of the ground and the means of the farmer, but they not infrequently approximate to the size of the small English counties. They commonly include thickly wooded hilly ranges, interspersed in a smoothly undulating country, which is lightly timbered, and sometimes spreads out into extensive flats bounded only by the horizon. Towards the centre of the run, if there is good soil, and a convenient supply of wood and water, the homestead is planted, a rude wooden building in the remote interior, with a garden, stores, offices, stock and farm yards adjacent. A spacious grass paddock, and some smaller ones for tillage, all inclosed with a post-and-rail fence, with a large shed for shearing the sheep and storing the wool, are other appurtenances of the headquarters. Nigh at hand may be seen a drove of horses, belonging to the master and his men, for

there are few labourers who have not purchased a horse out of their earnings, the passion for riding being universal. The lambing and shearing seasons are the grand epochs of pastoral life. They are times of anxiety to the sheep-owner, as a storm of sleet may destroy hundreds of his lambs, and the paucity of hands has usually rendered the engagement of shearers a work of some difficulty. Shearing forms a distinct occupation, men leaving their other pursuits in the towns for the purpose, and travelling on horseback from station to station, earning high wages. Thus it was before the gold discovery; but, at the last shearing time, it was found next to impossible to get the work accomplished. An anecdote, illustrating the unnatural state of the labour market at that season, has passed current. A flock-master, of mark in his own estimation, and in that of his men before the gold revolution, being in trouble about getting his wool shorn, went to a party at the diggings, determined to comply with extortionate terms, in order to have assistance for a few days. The men consulted, and agreed to comply, but stipulated for "all the wool" as the payment for their services. On his retiring in disgust, they coolly stated their want of a cook, and offered him the place at 15s. a day. Shearing, which lasts six weeks or two months, is performed in November, and under cover to avoid heat and rain. While the shearer is at work, a second hand gathers the fleeces, a third folds them up and passes them to a fourth engaged in pressing them into a wool-pack, to the number of about a hundred to the bale. The cargo is then conveyed by bullock drays to Sydney or Melbourne, sold to the foreign merchant and shipped for England. At the ports the bullocks are slaughtered, except those which are wanted for the lighter return journey, the settler conveying home such supplies of tea, sugar, and other articles as may be required till the same season again returns.

On an extensive sheep-farm, at the distance of some miles from the homestead, the sheep are kept at "out-stations," and pastured around them. These outlying establishments are also widely apart from each other, so that the flocks belonging to one may migrate over a considerable space without meeting and mingling with those attached to another. Each consists of a bark hut with two flocks, of from 500 to 1500, according to the capabilities of the ground, two shepherds, and a person who acts as hut-keeper and watchman. The shepherds take out the flocks in the early morning, travelling slowly, so that they may feed at leisure, and spreading them well over the ground. Each has the assistance of a dog, sometimes of two. By noon the greatest distance from the fold has been accomplished; the sheep are then brought to rest; and under some tree or bush the shepherd empties his wallet, taking his meal of mutton, tea, and "damper," a cake made of flour and water provided beforehand by the hut-keeper. After an hour or two, the flocks are led back in the same manner by a different route, watered by the way, and quartered for the night in yards or hurdles. The business of the hut-keeper is to cook for the shepherds, clean the yards, or shift the hurdles, and take charge of the sheep by night, sleeping in a moveable watch-box near the folds, armed with a

gun, to prevent the attacks of the native dogs. The *dingo*, or wild dog of Australia, resembles in many respects the English fox, but is somewhat larger, more wolfish in his appearance and habits, more audacious, also, and equally cunning. Instead of barking, the dingoes howl or yell in a most unearthly kind of tone. Pressed by hunger, they will approach close to the door of the huts, and leap over the hurdles among the sheep, on the side of the fold opposite to that of the watchman. They rarely kill at once, but coolly commence eating their victim at whatever part is first laid hold of, three or four often gnawing away together at the unfortunate animal. Sometimes, when negligently guarded, an entire flock is "rushed" or dispersed by the marauders, and may not be collected again for several days by five or six mounted men.

While sheep browse on one part of the run, cattle may be found pasturing on another, or cattle-grazing is pursued almost exclusively. Each herd, 1000 or 2000 strong, is under the charge of a stockman, who has a hut-keeper, commonly his wife, and whose habits are equestrian, the best horsemanship being required to manage the drove and collect stragglers. The stockman's business, unlike the shepherd's, is one of activity and excitement, not devoid of danger either, owing to the constant tendency of the cattle to run wild, and their difficult management when not thoroughly domesticated. To check this tendency, no plan is found more efficacious than that of milking the cows as far as possible, though the milk is often thrown away, and forming dairies, though they are not deemed in other respects remunerative. At certain times of the year, the herds are mustered and driven to the stock-yard, for the fat bullocks to be drafted off, and the calves to be branded with the owner's mark, as that operation is required by law, in order that stray individuals may be identified. On these occasions neighbouring stockmen lend their assistance to the grazier, expecting similar aid from him in return. Boots, spurs, trousers, shirt, and cap constitute the dress of the hunters. At their appearance, the frightened cattle are off at a gallop, and the riders are after them, armed with tremendous whips, the crack of which may be heard for miles. Cows low for their lost calves, and these for their mothers; bulls brought into close contact furiously menace each other; bullocks bellow after their decamped companions; and feats of horsemanship are performed by the drovers—sudden turns and twists to avoid chasms below and projecting branches of trees above—which with an English steed would be deemed impossible. Both cattle and sheep are annually slaughtered in great numbers, and the carcasses boiled down for tallow, which the foreign merchants buy for the London market as readily as wool, and which has now become a regular article of export, equal in quality to that brought from Russia. The gelatine of the meat either runs to waste, or is formed into cakes for cookery purposes; it might be preferred by the consumers of ox-tail soup in our metropolis to the Bermondsey glue with which that compost is frequently flavoured.

To improve the feed on a cattle and sheep farm, the apparently strange operation of firing the country is often adopted. Neither flocks nor herds will

thrive in the midst of overgrown grasses; but upon the rank vegetation being burnt off, they fatten upon the nutritious young shoots which speedily appear. A dry season and a windy day are selected for the conflagration. It quickly spreads over a vast extent of the surface, envelops the landscape in volumes of flame and smoke, originating that black and calcined appearance of the forest, which strikes the stranger with surprise, and gives it a forbidding aspect. "Viewed from a convenient height, an hour or two after the sun has disappeared below the horizon, there is an approximation to the sublime in the spectacle of forty or fifty miles of long and thick grass in one mass of conflagration—the atmosphere heated for many miles—dense volumes of smoke carried athwart the sky—birds, snakes, and quadrupeds hurrying away from the coming destruction—kangaroos, opossums, bandicoots, and emus rushing forward, being driven from their hiding-places." M. de Strzelecki has condemned the process, upon the principle that in so dry a climate the feed may be permanently crippled, by the roots being destroyed through long exposure to a scorching sun. But the lessons of experience, the true test of the practice, are at variance here with a probable theory.

Want of previous experience is no disqualification for Australian pastoral life. Situations speedily teach their duties where the mind is willing, and practice soon makes perfect. In fact, an English or Scotch emigrant shepherd will be trammelled in the vocation by his old training, and will not so readily accommodate himself to an altered position as an entire stranger to the work. Most incongruous professions have been followed by those who have gone out and prospered in a completely new sphere. A writer thus sums up the class of shepherds in his district:—"An apothecary, a lawyer's clerk, three sailors, a counting-house clerk, a tailor, a Jew, a Portuguese sailor, a Cinqualese, a barman, a gentleman's son, a broken-down merchant, a former lieutenant in the East India Company's service, a gipsy, a black fiddler, and a dancing master." The gentleman's son, the Jew, and the barman managed the best. It is difficult to speak of the rate of wages in the Australian colonies, owing to the sudden enhancement given to the monetary value of labour in consequence of the gold discovery. But though present extravagant prices may decline, there is little doubt that they will long continue sufficiently high to provide the industrious and thrifty labourer with the means of soon rising to comparative independence, even though on landing at Sydney, Melbourne, or Geelong, he may not have a sixpence in his possession.

THE TWO DUELLISTS.

ALIKE, AND YET HOW DIFFERENT!

A VERY instructive biography, abounding, amidst much valuable matter of a religious nature, in interesting anecdotes of departed men and things, has recently been published. We allude to the life of Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, and James Alexander Haldane, his brother—individuals who are honourably distinguished for their efforts at the beginning of this century to revive evangelical religion when

at a very low ebb in Scotland. The work is one of great and permanent interest. From amidst many passages, we select the following, which describes Mr. James Haldane as a duellist, and shows him afterwards, when under the transforming influence of the grace of God, as a reprove of the practice to which through a false shame he had himself formerly yielded.

"The ship was crowded with passengers; amongst these there was a cavalry officer, who was returning home—a notorious shot, a successful duellist, and much of a bully. It afterwards appeared that he had been forced to leave the king's service, in consequence of his quarrelsome temper and aptitude for such brawls. In the course of the voyage he made himself very disagreeable, and was rather an object of dread. On one occasion some high words occurred between him and Mr. James Haldane, arising out of a proposal to make the latter a party to a paltry trick, designed to provoke an irritable invalid as he lay in his cot with his door open, and was, in fact, actually dying. Mr. J. Haldane's indignant refusal issued in this captain's taking an opportunity deliberately and publicly to insult him at the mess-table, when, in return for a somewhat contemptuous retort, the aggressor threw a glass of wine in Mr. Haldane's face. He little knew the spirit which he evoked. To rise from his seat and dash at the head of the assailant a heavy ship's tumbler was the work of an instant. Providentially the missile was pitched too high, pulverized against the beam of the cabin, and descended in a liquid shower upon the offending dragoon. A challenge ensued, and Mr. J. Haldane consulted with a friend as to the propriety of accepting it. That the challenger was under a cloud with his own regiment was certain, although the particulars were unknown, and it was decided that it was optional to accept or decline the cartel. But, as the matter was then doubtful, it was ruled that, in obedience to the code of honour, it was safer to give the captain the benefit of the doubt; and he was himself the more clear on this point, as the reputation of the challenger as a shot might probably be regarded as having influenced a refusal.

"The preliminaries being arranged, it was agreed that they should meet at the Cape of Good Hope; but the captain of the ship suspecting mischief, refused leave to land. The meeting was accordingly postponed till they arrived at St. Helena, when they all went ashore, unobserved, very early in the morning. The night before, James Haldane made his will, wrote a letter of farewell to his brother in the event of his death, and then went to bed, and slept so soundly that he did not awake till he was called. It happened that, owing to the apprehension of being observed and detained, the duellists had only one case of pistols, which belonged to Mr. Haldane's second, a naval officer of some distinction, afterwards better known, during the war, as Admiral Donald Campbell, who commanded the Portuguese fleet, and also enjoyed a pension for services rendered to Lord St. Vincent and Lord Nelson. The two antagonists were placed at twelve paces distant, and were to fire together and by signal. Before the pistol was given into Mr. J. Haldane's hand, his second, in a low tone, repeated what he had before told him, that this was

a case in which he must have no scruple about shooting his challenger; that it was not a common duel, but a case of self-preservation, and that one or the other must fall. The signal was given, and, as Mr. J. Haldane raised his pistol, with strange inconsistency he breathed the secret prayer—'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit;' thus verifying the observation of Tertullian, that in moments of imminent danger men involuntarily call upon God, acknowledging his presence and his providence, even when they seem practically to forget his existence and trample on his laws. With this prayer in his heart, and, as Admiral Campbell testified, with his eye fixed on his antagonist, without a symptom of trepidation, he calmly drew the trigger, when his pistol burst, the contents flying upwards and a fragment of the barrel inflicting a wound on his face. The other pistol missed fire, and the challenger immediately intimated, through his second, that he was so well satisfied with the honourable conduct of Mr. Haldane, that he was willing that the affair should terminate. This message was accepted as sufficient. Bowing to each other, they parted with civility, but, as might be anticipated, without reconciliation. To such matters he scarcely ever alluded, but the facts were known to his brother, and by him repeated not long before his death."

A great change, however, passed over Mr. Haldane—that which scripture has declared to be necessary for all who would enter the kingdom of heaven. He was regenerated by the Holy Spirit, led to repent of his sins, to rely wholly on the merits of Christ for salvation, and to consecrate all his powers and possessions to his service. Having quitted the naval service, and devoted himself to the work of the ministry, he was not ashamed, on the following remarkable occasion, boldly to rebuke the sin into which he had himself been betrayed. The narrative of his biographer proceeds as follows:—

"Early in the spring of 1804, Mr. James Haldane preached a remarkable sermon on the death of Thomas Pitt, second Baron Camelford, who was mortally wounded in a duel by Captain Best, and died in great agony four days afterwards. This fatal catastrophe had produced an extraordinary public sensation, more especially following as it did on another duel, in which Colonel Montgomery, not many months before, fell by the hand of Captain Macnamara, in a wretched quarrel about their dogs. These events were calculated to arouse attention to the miserable fruits of the world's code of honour, in submission to which a young nobleman, at the age of twenty-nine, nephew to the great Earl of Chatham, and cousin to the prime minister, had forfeited his own life, extinguished a peerage, and sacrificed a great fortune, which chiefly fell to his sister, the wife of the celebrated Lord Grenville. Lord Camelford was not one of the common run of fashionable men living upon town. He had fine natural talents. His illustrious uncle had bestowed much pains on his education, and addressed to him a series of letters with a view to his improvement, which have been since published. He had been passionately fond of science, and in many subjects connected with literature was no mean proficient. But in those unhappy days, when duelling was reckoned a mark of

spirit, he had acquired in the navy and in the world of fashion, the reputation of a first-rate shot. He had provoked and been concerned in many duels, and on one occasion, where the death of a superior officer in the West Indies had left some doubt as to the seniority of the next in succession, he brought the matter to an issue by giving certain orders to his rival, a Lieutenant Peterson, on disobedience of which he shot him dead on the sea-beach, although at the head of an armed boat's crew, ready to uphold their commander. For this rash act he was tried by a court-martial; but being found in the right as to his seniority, and consequent title to give the order, he was honourably acquitted.

"The notoriety thus acquired was not diminished by the fact that he had returned Mr. Horne Tooko to Parliament for his pocket borough, and threatened to substitute his own black servant in case of his nominee being declared by the House of Commons disqualified as a clergyman. Lord Camelford and Mr. Best were both in the navy, and intimate friends; but they had at the time a bet of 200*l.* depending, as to which was the better shot. The meeting took place through the instigation of an abandoned woman, then under the protection of Lord Camelford, who falsely accused her former protector, Mr. Best, of having spoken disrespectfully of his lordship. This greatly incensed the irascible peer, who went up to Mr. Best at the Prince of Wales Hotel, in Conduit-street, where they usually dined, and after some altercation, pronounced him 'a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian.' Mr. Best observed that these were expressions which admitted but of one answer, and a meeting was arranged for the next morning. But in the course of the evening he conveyed to Lord Camelford the assurance, that the information on which his lordship spoke was unfounded, and that a retraction of the words used under a wrong impression would be perfectly satisfactory. They again met in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford-street, and once more Mr. Best pleaded for reconciliation, adding, 'Do not persist in expressions under which one of us must fall.' At this very moment Lord Camelford knew that he had been imposed on, and had written a declaration on his will that he was the 'aggressor in the spirit as well as letter of the word.' But false pride would not allow the haughty peer to listen to a remonstrance, which might impeach his courage, and he replied: 'Best, this is child's play; the affair must go on.' On proceeding to the ground behind Holland-house, he reiterated to his second, the Hon. W. Devereux, the statement he had appended to his will; but said that he was fearful that his reputation would suffer, if he made any concession to one whom he rather thought was the best shot in England. They were placed at fifteen paces from each other, fired together, and Lord Camelford fell, to all appearance dead. In an instant he recovered the shock, so far as to exclaim, 'I am killed, but I acquit Best; I alone am to blame.' Captain Best and his second instantly rode off; and Lord Camelford's friend, on pretence of going for a surgeon, did the same as soon as a countryman came up, who found his lordship lying on his back, in the lower part of a field overflowed with water. His lordship was unwilling to be

moved, but was at last placed in a chair and conveyed to Little Holland-house, where he lingered in great pain till the following Saturday, and then died. The ball had penetrated his right breast, passing through the lungs, and lodging in the backbone. He sent for his solicitor, and made a codicil to his will, in which he stated, that although most people desire that their remains might be conveyed to their native land to be interred, 'I wish my body to be removed, as soon as may be convenient, to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains.' The place he chose was on the borders of the Lake of St. Lempierre, in the Canton of Berne, where three trees stood on a particular spot. The centre tree he desired to be taken up, and his body being there deposited, to be replanted. He added, 'Let no monument or stone be placed on my grave.' At the foot of this tree, his lordship said he had passed many hours, meditating on the mutability of human affairs. He left 1000*l.* as compensation to the proprietors."

A pamphlet having been published by a clergyman, giving a very unscriptural view of Lord Camelford's character, Mr. Haldane felt it his duty to expose its pernicious statements from his pulpit.

"Of the multitude that thronged to hear that sermon there are now comparatively few survivors. Some have lately departed, and amongst these the venerable Christopher Anderson. In reference to this sermon, he wrote, not long before his own death: 'It was understood that Mr. James Haldane meant to examine and expose this melancholy affair. Familiar as he had been for years with sea life, and once himself under tyranny of these miserable 'laws of honour,' there was no man better qualified. The fear of God was now his governing principle, yet it required no common fortitude to meet such a case before such an audience.'

"The spacious building in which he preached, then capable of seating more than 3000 persons, was crowded to the doors. It was at the time of the threatened invasion, when the whole nation resounded with the clang of arms, and the most peaceful civilians were often arrayed in military costume. When he entered, there rose before him, not only the usual congregation, but officers in full uniform from Piershill barracks and the Castle—cavalry, infantry, artillery, and volunteers, officers on Lord Moira's staff, magistrates, men of letters and philosophers, men of business and retired gentlemen—all assembled to hear what was to be said in reprobation of duelling, and of the account circulating in print, from the pen of the Rev. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, who attended the death-bed of Lord Camelford."

Then follows a description of the sermon, for which we must refer the reader to the biography itself. Throughout its delivery, we are told, the immense audience was still, awed by his earnest manner and thrilling language.

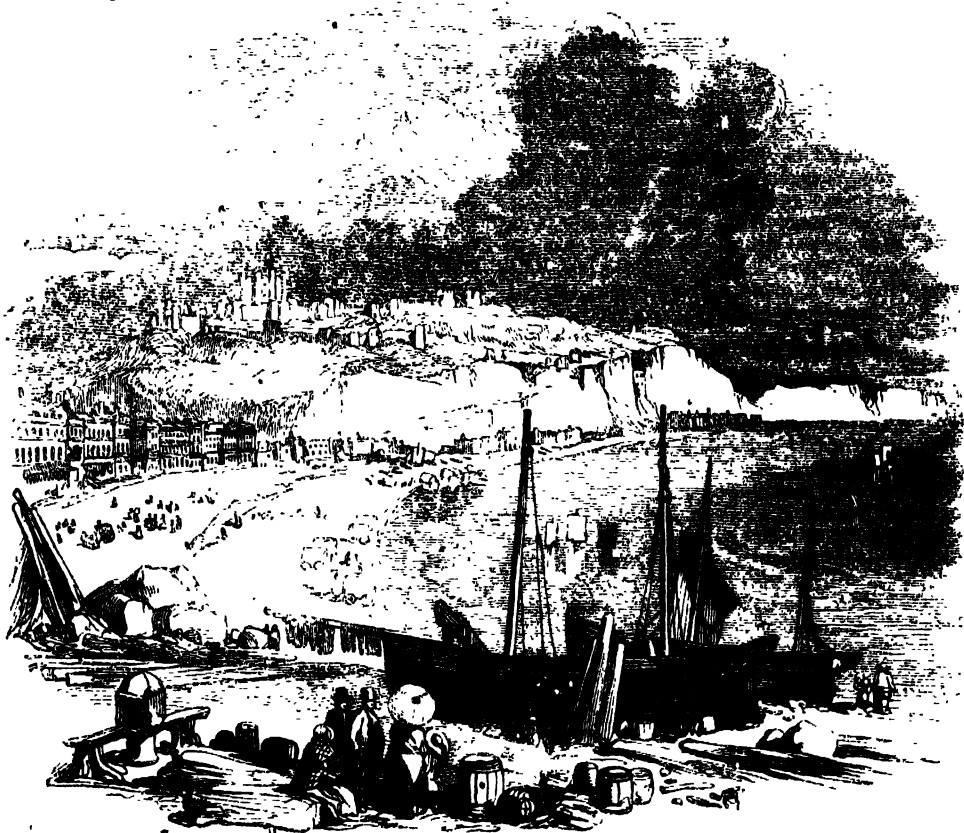
THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.—If we forget God when we are young, he may forget us when we are old.—If we expect to live with Christ in heaven, we must live with him on earth.—Christ satisfied the law of God to the uttermost, and therefore can save those who believe in him to the uttermost.

A FEW DAYS AT DOVER.

It was our lot to arrive at Dover upon the outside of a two-horsed stage, carrying a very civil and respectable but too modernized coachman, and a veritable old mail-coach horn, upon which, wanting a guard, he occasionally blew a twanging blast, to apprise intending travellers of his whereabouts. This coach awaits the evening railway train from Ramsgate, and forwards passengers to Dover in something less than a couple of hours. The ride towards Dover becomes interesting soon after leaving the town of Deal, in which there does not appear to be much demanding the attention of the traveller. The exploits of the Deal boatmen, and their heroic daring in the hour of danger when life is only to be saved at the risk of life, would redeem their town, however, from the charge of dullness, were it outwardly as dull as the Dead Sea. The truest heroism of all is that which dares death to save life; and over many a true hero, who has perished in thus daring, waves the green grass in the burial-grounds of Deal.

We had long passed Walmer Castle, the fortified seat of the Duke of Wellington, and had left several snug villages behind us, when, as the shadows of evening were beginning to descend, the grand outline of the old Castle caught our eye, and soon after the noble and picturesque valley at whose outlet towards the sea the old town is situated, opened upon our view. In the whole range of the southern coast of England, from Yarmouth to the Isle of Wight, there is nothing at all, in point of artistic beauty, comparable to this really magnificent valley, at the bottom of which the little river Dour works its industrious way, supplying motive power to corn, oil, and paper mills. On descending the Castle-hill, the villages of Charlton and Buckland are seen joining to Dover, and stretching away on the right, the houses half embowered in foliage, with here and there a patch of blue sky reflected in the river below; while in front, in bold and massive grandeur, rise the opposite heights, clothed with richest verdure to the summit, and which suddenly terminate on the left in lofty and precipitous cliffs of threatening aspect, overshadowing the town.

It is at the end of this beautiful valley, as we have already hinted, which seems to open its arms to welcome the sea, that the venerable town of Dover is situated. Taking its name from the *Dour*, or *Dour*, which runs through it, it is a place old as the annals of our country, and rich in historical associations perhaps beyond any other place of equal size in the kingdom. It would occupy more than the entire space allotted to this paper, barely to recount the numerous matters of interest which crowd upon the memory in connexion with Dover, from the time when the fighting and scribbling Julius, at the head of his favorite Tenth Legion, declined to attempt a landing in the face of British spears, and sheered off seven miles to the eastward ere he was able to set his foot on British ground—down to the last visit of the Duke of Wellington, who also is a fighter and a writer, and, like the old Roman, is invariably welcomed with warlike demonstrations, though in a different spirit. Enough to say that Dover was a place of importance long before the Conquest, though it is



DOVER CLIFFS AND CASTLE.

not often mentioned by our early historians, from the fact that Richborough (the ancient *Rutupia*) was the more usual port in landing from France. So far back as the year 1018, we have evidence of the spirit and independence of the townsmen of Dover, who, refusing to submit to the *droit de gîte* insisted upon by Eustache, count of Boulogne, drew upon themselves the animosity of that feudal baron, who attacked and slew them in their houses; an outrage which they returned in kind, killing a number of his followers and compelling him to seek safety in flight. The quarrel was renewed four years after, upon the return of Eustache, when earl Godwin took the part of the townsmen, Eustache and his men running away towards Gloucester. It is more than probable that the Doverians were thus bold in making head against a marauding baron, in consequence of the possession of certain immunities which, as we learn from the Domesday Survey, they had purchased from Edward the Confessor, at the cost of serving him for fifteen days in the year, with twenty ships. We believe that this is the earliest instance upon record, of a town virtually claiming a most important municipal privilege, and defending it by force.

But we must jump over centuries, and come down to later times, or the editor will be at us with his inexorable scissors. It will be remembered that the besotted and unfortunate Charles I re-

ceived his wife, the princess Henrietta of France, in the royal apartments of Dover Castle, which he fitted up in a style of magnificence for the occasion. And it may be remembered, too, that eighteen years after, the same king and queen, no longer begirt by admiring crowds, but friendless, solitary, and forsaken, driven from their throne and bereft of their revenues, met again upon the same spot to take a mournful and final separation from each other. Again, after another eighteen years, and Charles II, restored to the throne of his fathers, lands at Dover, amid the acclamations of the multitude and the roar of artillery. Twenty-eight years after that, and the Prince of Orange is at anchor in the bay of Dover, with an army and a fleet of more than 500 ships and transports, to deliver this country from the fangs of popery and the tyranny of despotism. He cast anchor off Dover, on the 3rd of November, and weighed for the western coast on the following day. To the success of that manful expedition, in all probability, we owe to the present hour our protestant liberties. We cannot, however, further indulge in these retrospections—our present business is with Dover as it exists at the present moment; and being at length snugly housed in the George Hotel, we must proceed to look about us and see what is to be seen.

We take an evening ramble through the streets and along the beach, after an absence of more

than a quarter of a century, and make the discovery that the place has almost grown out of all knowledge, and nearly doubled in size during these years. Piles of noble residences, of a class to which it had no pretensions five and twenty years ago, have risen up as if by enchantment, and taken their stand under the shadow of the Castle cliffs, upon the margin of the sea. A rookery of narrow wynds and mean buildings, which formerly half blocked up the access to the town from the London-road, has been cleared away; and a broad area, with handsome shops and a convenient space for marketing, occupies their place. The harbour has been new-modelled and enlarged, and sea-side promenades have been built, giving a new aspect to the old town.

But the grand object of interest to all strangers at Dover is the famous national bulwark, the Castle; and towards the Castle accordingly we bend our steps the morning after our arrival, being first furnished with an order from the commandant, giving us the privilege of admission to the keep, and with a most intelligent guide, in the shape of Butcher's Hand-Book, in our pocket—by far the best thing of the kind, by the way which we have met with in our perambulations round the southern coast.

The ascent of the Castle-hill is a rather wearisome task, especially under the burning rays of a summer sun. Upon landing at the top of a slight of steps, something more than halfway to the summit, the ears of the visitor are assailed by the pertinacious tinkling of a small bell, which directs his attention to an inscription soliciting contributions on behalf of the poor debtors confined in prison. Here the traveller, while he pauses to regain breath, has an opportunity of exercising his charity if he choose; after which he can pass on, under the eyes of sentinels at their posts, through many broad, trim, winding, and shingle-paved avenues, until he enters the courtyard of the Castle, and stands in presence of the keep, the massy square edifice which contains the principal objects of his curiosity. This huge erection, of about 120 feet square, is nearly 100 feet in height, and 168 feet above the level of the sea. It was built by Henry II. on the supposed site of the Roman prætorium. The keep is surrounded by rather dingy-looking buildings, apparently occupied as barracks, in one of which a most outrageous din was going forward, occasioned by some inexperienced tyros in the art of drumming, who were practising the tattoo with closed doors. Producing our commandant's order for admission, we were made over to a civil cicerone, who incorporated us with a party of expecting visitants. We were first introduced to the Royal chapel, which in spite of very serious and we should imagine preventable dilapidations, yet exhibits some beautiful specimens of Norman architecture. It was, however, far more interesting to us in its aspect of a prison than of a place of worship. A prison it most resembles, and a prison it was in the reign of queen Anne, when numbers of unfortunate Frenchmen were here incarcerated. Who shall tell the miseries of confinement for long years in such a place, built in with walls from twenty to forty feet thick, and shut out from the fair light of day, which even now, in the height of summer, can barely penetrate these

gloomy abodes? Of the manner in which these poor fellows employed their time, there yet remains many a melancholy memorial. Hundreds of them have carved their names in the solid granite, some of them with an industrious perseverance that must have engaged them for weeks in the operation. "François Amyott, 1709;" "Jean Moulin, 1708;" such are the inscriptions, as legible now as at the moment when they were finished nearly a century and a half ago. One wants to know what became of poor Frank and Jack, and their unhappy companions, and we look round and ask ourselves the question, Did they ever escape? and the reply is—stone walls, iron doors, meagre fare, and weapons of war.

Returning from the chapel, we enter on the ground-floor, and ascend the grand staircase which leads to the royal apartments. The guide informs us that it was upon this staircase that Charles I. caught the first view of the wife he was that day to marry, as she came forward to meet him upon his arrival. At present it has a desolate and old barn-like look, with its heavy craggy walls smeared with whitewash, and festooned with cobwebs; and it is further difficult to imagine what the royal apartments could have been, other than a very sombre kind of prison, even with all the aids of hangings, furniture, and gilding. From the royal apartments we are led up-stairs and down, through dark rooms and dusty corridors, stored with barrack furniture and military stock, until we are suddenly called to a halt in a dusky chamber formed in the solid wall, to group ourselves round the orifice of the famous well which the duke of Normandy required Harold to deliver up to him on the death of king Edward. As the tower we are in was built eighty-seven years after the death of Harold, it must have inclosed the well—a fact which would seem to endorse the supposition, that the keep stands on the site of the old Roman prætorium. The guide makes a sign for us to be silent, and producing a few pebbles, ceremoniously drops one into the well. We pause breathlessly, expecting to hear it strike the bottom; we hear nothing for some time, and are just on the point of denouncing the thing as a hoax, when—"click!" the stone strikes the bottom with a sound as audible as though it touched the ground at our feet. We all look for a second experiment, with which we are indulged to our perfect satisfaction. The guide informs us that the descent of the pebble occupies exactly seven seconds. If he had said seven minutes, we should almost have believed him—so much does expectation lengthen time. The depth of the well at present is 203 feet, but it was originally nearly 100 feet deeper; the difference is owing to its having been made the receptacle of rubbish by the French prisoners, who were probably but too glad of such a convenience for getting rid of the nuisances incidental to a condition of wretched durance.

From the well of Harold, through galleries and flights of stairs in the solid walls, we are led at length to the armoury, where tens of thousands of muskets, pistols, carbines, and edged tools of a very uncomfortable description, are ranged in stands and upon the walls, in artistic order. We learn that tens of thousands more are in process of manufacture, and will soon be stored away with

those around us, the possibility of a use for them at no distant day being thus plainly recognised by the governing powers. Hence the guide leads us to a window, overlooking the town of Dover and the surrounding landscape. We are standing upon the highest point of view possibly attainable, and we actually look over the head of Shakespeare's Cliff, and discern the sea rising in perspective above it, on the distant horizon. Descending now the wilderness of rugged stairs, we are shown into an apartment stacked with grim-looking pikes, the identical weapons which, fifty years ago, were put by the Government into the hands of the men of Kent, to enable them to present a bristling 'welcome to the army of Frenchmen then at Boulogne waiting the fiat which was to despatch them on an invading expedition to England. They would come again into circulation, if circumstances should demand their issue. Much more of warlike machinery and of the material of death we saw—shells, and mortars for projecting them; delicious bunches of grape-shot, and ammunition of all sorts—and then we were glad enough to emerge once more into the free air and dazzling sunlight of day, and to exchange for the appliances of bloodshed and destruction, the peaceful sighing of the south wind and the twittering of summer birds.

The keep, which one would think sufficiently protected by its lofty situation and the enormous thickness of its walls, is surmounted by bomb-proof arches, and in case of need can mount guns of 68 lbs. calibre upon its battlements. Besides the keep, there are several smaller towers well worthy of examination; but we must not pause to describe them. In one (Constable's Tower) the Duke and Duchess of Clarence resided during a part of the year 1817. Leaving the castle-yard and pursuing our way towards the edge of the cliff, we come upon a palisaded inclosure filled with stacks of cannon-balls of various sizes, from 120 pounders downwards; and a little further on stands Queen Elizabeth's Pocket-piece, an elegant piece of brass ordnance twenty-four feet in length, which is said to have been capable of propelling a ball to the distance of seven miles. It was cast at Utrecht, by James Tolkyne, in 1544, and was presented to the queen by the States of Holland. It is perhaps the handsomest thing of its kind in existence, being richly adorned with appropriate devices, and extremely graceful in design. On the breech are some lines in Dutch, which have been thus translated—

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
And batter down both mound and wall."

Since the time when we last saw it, it has been mounted upon an elegant carriage, said to be the gift of the Duke of Wellington.

Descending the Castle-hill at a much more rapid pace than we went up, we turn our face towards the Heights and Batteries, a grand military position formed at a vast expense in the beginning of the present century while the war was raging. The Heights are reached through a perpendicular shaft situate near the western end of Snargate-street. Three spiral staircases wind round the shaft, and an ascent of nearly 200 steps brings us to the barrack-yard. Here we enter upon a sort of soldiers' town; brown barracks, red coats, and green grass, are all that is to be seen in one direc-

tion. A squad of recruits are submitting to the process of drill, and the drill-sergeant storms and roars as though he were in a towering rage, though all the while he is inwardly cool as a cucumber, as you can see plainly enough by his good-natured face. At length he has done with them for the day, and off runs every man Jack of them to boil his kettle or pipe-clay his harness. We cross the barrack-yard and ascend the hill behind towards the Redoubt, from which we have had a distinct recollection, ever since we were suddenly shaken out of bed in the days of boyhood, that the salutes are fired in honour of the arrival or departure of certain great personages. There is no admission, however, to the Redoubt; a deep ditch bars the way, and we can go no further. South-west of the Redoubt stands the Citadel, also defended by deep ditches and numerous masked batteries. Every point of vantage in all directions is capped with cannon; and a stranger feels like a spy in an enemy's country, as he wanders about among these half-concealed and suspicious-looking demonstrations of mischief. Every part of these extensive fortifications is connected with every other by subterraneous excavations which are said to be sufficiently capacious to inclose an army. Besides the works on the Heights there is Arcliff Fort, lying west of the town; Mont's Bulwark, situated under the Castle-cliffs; and Guilford Battery adjoining it. Three other batteries, which were erected during the wars against American independence, have since been demolished. Thus much, and too much, of the warlike aspect of Dover. Let us now turn our attention to the peaceful doings of later years.

It is plain that from various causes the popularity of Dover as a place of marine residence has wonderfully increased. The growth of almost a new town in the neighbourhood of the Castle-cliffs, and the decided and necessarily expensive improvements in the old town, are sufficient evidence of this, to say nothing of the erection of new public buildings, and the costly renewal of old ones. The harbour of Dover has, however, been a constant source of disquiet, as well to the country at large as to the townsmen, for many centuries. Since the days of Julius Caesar to the present time, it has been nothing better than a make-shift, in spite of the immense sums of money and sacrifices of property which have been lavished to sustain it in a state of questionable efficiency. It has been ever plagued with a shifting bar of shingle, which choked up its mouth and debarred its access most at the very periods when it was most wanted, that is, in times of storm and tempest. Thousands of lives have been lost, and millions of property have been engulfed in the sea, which might have been saved had Dover Harbour been accessible at all times of the tide. The attempts on the part of the townsmen to remedy this evil have been most persevering and praiseworthy; and by means of sluices for the sudden out-rush of pent-up water, the channel has been kept as clean as possible, the shingle being thus swept away. The imperative need, however, for a large harbour for vessels navigating this coast, at length induced the Admiralty to fix upon this bay as the site of a Harbour of Refuge, which is to inclose a space of 700 acres in extent by a wall of more than two miles in length,

securing a depth of from thirty to forty feet at the lowest tides. This stupendous undertaking was commenced in April, 1848, by the Messrs. Loe, who undertook the first contract. We visited the works on the second morning after our arrival. The wind was blowing fresh, and a heavy sea was dashing in; but the solid structure of the truly Titanic masonry is such as to bid defiance to the action of the waves. The outer surface of this massive sea-wall, which is ninety feet wide at the bottom, and fifty at the top, is fashioned of solid blocks of granite scrupulously wrought to shape, each of several tons' weight, and adjusted without cement. The central mass is filled up with artificial stone of mingled cement and shingle, cast in moulds of exact shape, and hard as any millstone. The works are going on daily; about 100 men are employed; but from the arduous nature of the undertaking, the progress is necessarily so slow that few of the inhabitants with whom we conversed expected to live to witness its completion. The work has mainly to be carried on under water, in diving-bells; we saw them suspended with the workmen in them at our first visit. We questioned a labourer on his liking for submarine employment. He had no objection to it, he said; "he could see very well what he was about; when the sun shone, it was as light down there as it is up here on a cloudy day. It wasn't as good breathing—not near. They pumped him down plenty of air to breathe—never any beer to drink. They didn't know whether the wind blew hard or soft when they were down there. He stayed there four hours sometimes—sometimes three. He didn't think he was any the worse for it." It appeared to us that, of the 800 feet of the present contract, at least 700 must be finished; but the workman calculated that it would take three years longer to finish the contract. "When the whole would be done he couldn't pretend to say—in fifty years, perhaps." It is to be hoped that the new Parliament will be a little more liberal in voting money for a work so essential to the public welfare. It is, after all, a question of money rather than of time. Dover already derives some advantages from this gigantic undertaking. Packets can now disembark their passengers independent of the state of the tide. The Ramsgate boat runs to and fro daily, and steamers from various ports avail themselves of the new landing-places presented by the new sea-wall. Further, the very partial completion of the new works has stopped the accumulation of shingle at the mouth of the old harbour and rendered the old contrivances for its removal no longer necessary. On the other hand, it has diverted the action of the sea, which is now making inroads upon the beach further to the east, and has compelled the owners of noble residences recently built to construct a solid bulwark of stone in defence of their property—a work which would be needless were the harbour of refuge completed.

Close to the new harbour works stands the station of the South-eastern railway, which terminates here; and westward, at the distance of some half mile, rises Shakespeare's Cliff, now very different indeed from what it must have been in the days of that poet—it having lost much in height and perpendicularity, from the frosts and tempests of

between two and three centuries. It is still, however, a sublime and imposing object, and though, as we have seen, not so high as the hill upon which the Castle stands, it derives a grandeur from its isolation which the other wants. The railway, which here follows the margin of the sea, pierces its huge bulk, in a tunnel above three-quarters of a mile in length.

As might be expected, there are various objects interesting to the archaeologist, to be met with in this ancient town and neighbourhood. First, in point of antiquity, are the ruins of the church of St. Martin-le-Grand, which are yet to be seen on the western side of the market-place. This church was built by Widrid, king of Kent, about the year 700, and was used for service down to 1546. St. Mary's Church, in Cannon-street, probably dates from the time of the Saxons. It has undergone various alterations, and was enlarged in 1844 to meet the requirements of the parishioners. The tower, however, still retains much of its primitive beauty and singularity. St. James's Church, in St. James's-street, to all appearance an erection of the Normans, is a curious quaint little edifice with a dumpty broad square tower, such as artists delight to paint embowered in trees in some secluded dell. The remains of the Priory of St. Martin, consisting now of little more than an ancient gateway, are an object familiar to the lovers of the picturesque, through the medium of numerous engravings. We remember the ruins of the Priory as standing in the fields near Dover, and inclosed by a wall, but that has been lately removed and the ground built upon. Perhaps the most characteristic memorial of the monastic ages that Dover can boast of is the Maison Dieu, which is now used as a town-hall. This chaste and severely simple structure was erected by Hubert de Burgh, in the reign of king John, and was designed for the accommodation of pilgrims. It once possessed ample revenues, which no doubt decided its fate at the dissolution of religious houses under Henry VIII. It was suppressed in 1534, and was afterwards used as a victualling department of the royal navy. The corporation had the good sense to purchase the premises of Government, and have converted them into a prison, town-hall, and sessions house—thus securing the permanent sustentation of the edifice. There are several other churches in the town, and chapels of all denominations, which we have not space to notice. The traveller will find, too, a prodigious number of hotels and houses of entertainment of all grades, indicating provision for a much larger amount of travelling traffic than appears at present to prevail. There is no doubt that the recent rise of Folkestone, and its adoption as the port of departure for France, has in no small degree injured the commercial prosperity of Dover, and the hotel-keepers in particular must have suffered.

Folkestone lies about six miles to the west of the Castle, and a disagreeable ride of a quarter of an hour, though pitch-dark tunnels and ragged ravines, brings us within a few minutes' walk of the rising town. There is nothing particularly attractive in the aspect of the place, the interest of which is centred round the harbour, where a steam packet lies awaiting the next train which

is to bring passengers for France. In spite of a grand hotel, and a number of new buildings of a rather more pretentious appearance than the old ones, there is an air of forlorn solitariness about the town, and a dismal species of tranquillity quite alien from one's notions of comfort and ease. The coast wears a desolate and hungry look—no lofty cliffs, no umbrageous foliage, no available promenade, and, above all, no beach for loitering or bathing. These are disadvantages not speedily to be overcome; and though Folkestone is useful as a trajectory station on the route to the continent, there is little prospect of its becoming the chosen residence of the summer idler or the health-seeking invalid. There is an interest attached to it, however, as the birth-place of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood. He died in 1658, leaving his paternal estate for the support of an institution which he had founded in the town, and in which a yearly oration, now called the Harveyan, is we believe yet delivered.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Dover there are many picturesque little villages and places of interest, lying within the distance of a morning's walk. About three miles westward on the high grounds are the remains of St. Radigund's Abbey, once a place of considerable importance, now a romantic and ivy-clad ruin. It was founded about the year 1190. In the reign of Edward I its abbots were summoned to Parliament, and king Edward II visited it in 1319. It succumbed to the general doom under the reign of the wife-killing Henry.

Above three miles to the east of Dover lies the romantic and secluded little village of St. Margaret, to which the visitor can approach either by boat, by an up and down hill walk, or by an easy drive. The church in this village is a rare and curious specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture, adorned with many grotesque figures and richly-wrought stone carvings. St. Margaret's is the very place of all others for undisturbed seclusion from the busy world and for solitary communings with nature.

It is but a pleasant morning drive to the extensive range of Barham Downs, the battle-ground of numberless ancient conflicts, and the race-course of modern days. From these downs may be seen the tower of Bishopbourne church, where rest the ashes of the learned Hooker, the author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, of whose writings Pope Clement VIII observed: "There is in them the seeds of eternity, and they shall continue till the last fire devours all learning."

Lastly—for our space will not allow us to extend our catalogue—a pleasant drive of fifteen miles will carry the modern pilgrim to Canterbury, where he may visit the shrine of Thomas à Becket, who has been the subject of so much laudation and vituperation. The old city of Canterbury will afford matter for repeated visits; the cathedral alone being well worthy of a long and deliberate examination. Here lie Henry IV and Edward the Black Prince; and here, under the shadow of its lofty towers, are congregated a thousand objects of interest, concerning which the visitor will do well to inquire of the guides, easily obtainable on the spot, either dumb in stiff covers, or talkative in shabby broadcloth.

We have said nothing hitherto of what constitutes the principal charm, in our eyes, of a temporary sojourn at Dover; but it must not pass without recognition. We allude to the grand, varied, and picturesque scenery of the town and neighbourhood. The view of the Castle and the broad mass of sloping verdure upon which it has frowned for so many centuries, when seen from the pier and from many parts of the harbour, forms one of the finest subjects for the pencil to be met with on the whole coast. Its constant repetition on the walls of the Royal Academy shows the estimation in which it is held by the artist. The unusual aspect of the town itself, over which in some parts the chalky crags seem toppling ready to fall, strikes a stranger with a pleasing kind of dread. The boundless view to be obtained from the heights above the town, from whence the spires of Calais and the whole line of French coast from thence to Boulogne are distinctly visible, with the countless vessels ever passing and repassing—the long line of coast partly seen, partly suggested by rising towers and signals—the busy reeking town below, from which rises the still hum of occupation and traffic—altogether make up a panorama of surpassing beauty and interest, not likely soon to be obliterated from the memory. Then there is the pleasant valley of the Dour, with its mills, meadows, and villages below, and the grim Castle above, keeping watch and ward over the country's wealth. These views are endless in variety, ever changing with a change of place, and each revealing some new charm undiscovered before. Perhaps it is to the possession of these advantages, as much as to any other cause, that, among a people who have for years past been growing daily more alive to the perception of natural beauties, the ancient town of Dover owes its recent prosperity.

REMARKABLE BOYS.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD was born in the United States of North America, at Royalton, Windsor county, Vermont, on the 6th of January, 1836. Both his parents were persons of more than ordinary intelligence, and had been engaged in teaching during some portion of their lives. His father excelled in mathematics. Little Henry Safford was so delicate the first year of his life, that it was never expected that he could live. He began to talk at an unusually early age, and his questions were such as to excite the wonder and admiration of all who heard them. When three years old, the mathematical bias of his mind was first exhibited; but it was not strikingly developed until he was six. At this time he one day observed to his mother, that if he knew how many rods it was round his father's large meadow, he could tell the measure in barleycorns. When his father came in, she mentioned it to him; and he, knowing the dimensions of the field, told the boy it was 1040 rods; the lad, after a few minutes, gave 617,760 as the distance in barleycorns. And this was done by mental calculation, without any slate or pencil. Before he was eight years old, he read some books on algebra and geometry, and soon became acquainted with their principles, evincing

that he possessed not only great ability in mental arithmetic, but also the "higher power of comprehending and solving abstruse and difficult questions in the various branches of the mathematics." Nor did he make these extraordinary advancements in knowledge without any effort on his own part, as some wonderful children are said to have done; but it was remarked that he evidently progressed rapidly through study, and lost in proportion as he neglected it.

His temperament was ever of the nervous and excitable kind. On his recovery from a serious attack of typhus fever, while still in a very delicate state of health, he entreated his mother to reach him Day's "Algebra" and his slate. The book was given him, as it was thought better to indulge his fancy than irritate him by a refusal. He immediately commenced making a long statement which extended nearly across the state; but before he could finish it, his little hand failed, his pencil dropped, and, giving up in despair, he burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly.

In 1844 and the following year, he applied himself to hard study. He worked at "Hutton's Mathematics," and the "Cambridge Mathematics," and paid some attention to chemistry. He was often very restless at night, through the over-excitement of the intellectual system. In personal appearance he was pale, slight, and delicate, with a countenance indicative of intelligence. When seven years of age, he was taken to Hanover, where he beheld, for the first time, an extensive library and collection of mathematical instruments. With these he was delighted, and this visit gave a fresh impulse to his mental activity. He was here introduced to many eminent men of science, all of whom were astonished at the high development of his reasoning powers. When about nine and a half, he calculated the calendars of four different almanacs. Two editions of the one for Cincinnati were sold immediately; one consisting of 7,000 copies, and the second of 17,000. While this work was in progress, the Rev. H. W. Adams wrote of him:—"Not satisfied with the old circuitous processes of demonstration, and impatient of delay, young Safford is constantly evolving new rules for abridging his work. He has found a new rule by which to calculate eclipses, hitherto unknown, as far as I know, to any mathematician. He told me it would shorten the work nearly one-third. When finding this rule, for two or three days he seemed to be in a sort of trance. One morning early, he came rushing down-stairs, not stopping to dress himself, poured on to his slate a stream of figures, and soon cried out in the wildness of his joy: 'Oh, father, I have got it—I have got it! It comes—it comes!'"

As we before observed, young Safford's nervous system was exquisitely sensitive, and his daily abstraction and nightly sleeplessness testified to the too severely tasked energies of his mind. Knowledge is a very delightful thing, a great power truly for good or evil. And the intellectual faculties ought, undoubtedly, to be cultivated to the very highest degree of which they are capable. But when in early life mental exercise is stimulated unduly, to the neglect of bodily health, then the object in view is most often defeated, and the precocious child either dies, or degenerates into an

adult of quite ordinary attainments. Now, this should be carefully guarded against. Too long study hours are hurtful; continued intense application to any one subject, without change, is injurious; besides, it should be remembered, that knowledge is not to be gained from books alone. There is much to be learned from communion with God's works in the open fields, and from intercourse with men. And by thus varying the means of mental improvement, much more can be done, and far higher advancement will be made, than by pursuing the opposite plan. The student should wander forth at times amid the pleasant woodlands, and breathe the free pure air of heaven, and listen to the cheerful singing-birds, and to the music of the murmuring waters. Reflecting upon the power and beneficence of the great Creator as displayed in these His works, the spirit should overflow with gratitude and love; all peaceful and ennobling influences should descend upon the soul, and the student should return to his books and papers with more hearty enthusiasm than ever, and with powers expanded and invigorated for future efforts.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no advocates for idleness in any form. We would not substitute dreaming beneath the lindens, and listening to the brook-ripple, for true earnest work. Labour is not only a necessity, but a privilege. But a judicious course of study is one thing, and an overstraining of the faculties until they are fit for nothing is another. The truly wise is he who embraces every opportunity of acquiring knowledge; who learns lessons of wisdom alike in the silence of his lonely chamber, and amid the "overflowing solitudes" of mountain, and forest, and meadow; from the sweet lily of the valley and the calm majestic night, with "her crown of old magnificence;" from the wandering zephyr and the rejoicing birds amid the summer boughs.

From all we can learn of Master Safford, we should presume that the demands made upon his mind were by far too great, and that he often underwent vigorous examination with regard to difficult questions in the higher branches of algebra, when he would have been better employed in playing at cricket or driving a hoop. Once, while in the course of being examined by a clever mathematician, it was asked:—"A man and his wife usually draw out a cask of beer in twelve days; but when the man was from home, it lasted the woman thirty days. How many days would the man alone be drinking it?" He gave the answer instantly—"Twenty days."

Again: "Two persons, A and B, departed from different places at the same time, and travelled towards each other. On meeting, it appeared that A had travelled 18 miles more than B, and that A could have gone B's journey in $15\frac{1}{2}$ days, but B would have been 48 days in performing A's journey. How far did each travel?" In about a minute, Safford replied:—"A travelled 72 miles; B, 54; didn't they?"

After having answered a number of questions of this description, and others more abstruse, "the boy looked pale and said he was tired." While undergoing these interrogations, he was never still an instant, but would wander about from chair to chair, and play with anything within his reach.

The following interesting account of him is given by Mr. Adams:—"But young Safford's strength does not lie wholly in the mathematics. He has a sort of mental absorption. His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography, and history, are his sport. It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry. He understood them. I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas, by Professor Johnstone of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. Here his eyes flashed fire, and he began to explain the process. His memory, too, is very retentive. He has pored over 'Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences' so much, that I seriously doubt whether there can be a question asked him, drawn from either of those immense volumes, that he will not answer instantly. I asked to see his mathematical works. He sprang into his study, and produced me Greenleaf's Arithmetic, Perkins's Algebra, Playfair's Euclid, Pike's Arithmetic, Davies's Algebra, Hutton's Mathematics, Flint's Surveying, Gummere's Astronomy, etc. I asked him if he had mastered them all. He replied that he had; and an examination of him, for the space of three hours, convinced me that he had, and not only so, but that he had far outstripped them. His knowledge is not intuitive. He is a pure and profound reasoner."

When about ten years of age, that is in 1846, Truman Henry Safford was placed under the tuition of Principal Everett and Professor Pierce, on the invitation of the Harvard University. The memoir from which we have selected the facts here adduced, was published in the autumn of 1847, and since that time we have not heard anything more of this remarkable boy. If he still lives, he is yet young, and time alone can prove whether he will fulfil the promise of his childhood.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

CHAPTER I.

On a bright summer's afternoon of 18—, a young man of respectable appearance and prepossessing countenance, though pale, thin, and apparently sickly, made his way from the city, and walked at a rapid pace through Holborn and Oxford-street, carrying a portfolio under his arm. He threaded his way along the crowded pavements like one who had been accustomed to London traffic, looking neither to the right nor the left; and bent seemingly upon reaching his destination, whatever that might be, in the shortest possible space of time. Occasionally, however, he slackened his pace and halted; first, at a print-seller's shop, which detained him several seconds as he stood gazing with the eye of a connoisseur at the engravings exhibited in its window. The second time he stopped was at the establishment of a tea dealer; here he went in, and made a purchase. Again he halted, and hastily entered a somewhat celebrated wine and spirit store, where he ordered a pint bottle of old port, in the quality of which he seemed to be particularly interested; declaring himself indifferent to the price he paid if the article

were but first-rate and genuine. The waiter smiled rather contemptuously at the young man's assertion and his small order; protesting, however, as the purchaser carefully put the small bottle into his coat pocket, that wine of a better vintage or less adulterated than *that*, was not to be bought for any money, in London or elsewhere. For a fourth time, our young friend came to a standstill; and this time it was at a foreign fruit shop. His hand was hastily thrust into his pocket, and his fingers nervously played for a moment with the silk purse from which he had made his previous purchases. It was, by this time, grievously light; but whatever hesitation the young man might have felt, it was but momentary. He entered that shop too, and still further diminished his small stock of silver, by the price of a pound or two of foreign grapes, and a pot of tamarinds. These he carefully secured, then buttoned up his pocket resolutely, and stepped out the rest of his walk as though making up for lost time.

It is a long, at least a tolerably long walk from Cheapside to the further end of the Edge-ware-road, and especially fatiguing on a hot summer's afternoon; but, determinately shutting his eyes and ears to the persuasive eloquence of omnibus conductors, who seemed on that day particularly anxious for a fare to "Edge" road, our young pedestrian pushed on, now and then wiping his warm but still pallid face, until at length he reached his home. It was a neat dwelling, with no pretensions to gentility, having a small garden in front, circumscribed by painted wooden railings, and containing a few clumps of dust-covered and pining pinks, picotees, pansies, and auriculas, set in a narrow border of black London mould.

"And how is my father now, Mrs. Green?" asked the young man, rather anxiously, of the person who opened the door to him.

"Oh, he has been very comfortable all day," replied the woman, in a rather strong Sussex accent, but in a tone pleasant and musical nevertheless. "But," she continued, as she closed the door, "Master Edward, you are not to call me *Mistress* Green; I never was anything but Hester in the old house, and —"

"Quite right. You shall be Hester still. It is more homely. But I must not stay talking, even to you, Hester. My father will be expecting me."

"Stop a minute, Master Edward," said the woman, taking him gently by the arm; "you don't leave this room till you have told me one thing—have you had any dinner?"

"Yes, Hester," replied the youth.

"But to-day, I mean; have you had anything to eat since you set out from here this morning?"

"Why, yes, I have."

"Well, and what was it? Come, you don't go away till you tell me. I thought so," she continued, as the young man hesitated; "just a biscuit and a glass of water—nasty London muck that they call water. Isn't that it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Hester, my dinner was not a very hearty one; I hadn't much appetite. But what I had was better than dining with duke Humphrey."

"I don't know anything about your duke Humphreys," replied Hester; "but I know I am not

going to let you starve yourself while you live in this house. Look at your poor pale thin face in the glass, and your hands, how they tremble for very weakness and hunger. This won't do, Master Edward; so, slip upstairs and wash yourself, and then come down here again. You shan't go till you have promised that."

"But indeed, Hester, I do not care to eat; and I must go to my father; I promised to get back soon, and you say he has asked for me."

"I mean what I say, Master Edward. Come, be a good boy," she added in a beseeching tone; "you used always to mind what I said to you, and you must not rebel now. The dear old gentleman is asleep. He doesn't sleep much at night I am afraid, and it is a good thing for him to get these afternoon naps. So you see you must come down here, for fear of disturbing him."

"But I have no right, Hester, to eat up your food, even if I wanted it," said the youth. "I pay you little enough as it is; and it was our agreement——"

"Don't talk to me about agreements," said the woman, peremptorily (by this time, a snow-white diaper covered the table); "you'll make me vexed with you if you do" (a knife and fork were, by this time, laid upon the cloth). "There, do go and get a good wash, and take your boots off first, for fear of waking the old gentleman; here are your slippers, and leave your other things here; what do you want to take that great portfolio away for now? and put down that paper bag; you may as well take that bottle out of your pocket too, Master Edward; as if I didn't know what you had got as well as if I had seen you buy it. Ah! Edward, you can't deceive me, so it's no use to try. There, leave it all here; and I'll take it up when Master wakes. And mind you come down soon, and eat a good hearty dinner. How do you expect to be able to keep your hand steady painting and copper-cutting, when you starve yourself in this way? There, go along;" and she, at last, coaxed the youth to obedience.

"Oh, I do wait a good cry so," said Hester to herself, as soon as she was alone. "But I mustn't give way. Only to think of this! my good old master, and Master Edward too! but they shan't want." And with such-like broken exclamations, Hester, or Mrs. Green, wiped her eyes, bustled about, spread her table with a good extempore dinner, and prepared herself to wait on her young lodger.

Without much further explanation, it will have been surmised by the reader that the former relationship of Hester Green with her lodgers was that of an old servant; and that, under some reverse of circumstances, they had found shelter under her roof. This is a very cold way, however, of stating the case, and we must enlarge a little. Some twenty years before the time of which we write, a little girl, perhaps ten years of age, dirty and sickly, sat weeping on the door-step of a cottage near the town of T——, in Sussex. The sun was shining brightly; but the bright warm sunshine threw out in darker colours the miserable and neglected aspect of that particular spot. The cottage windows were broken and stuffed with rags; the garden was full of weeds and trampled down; the garden fence was broken, and a great

mantling pool of black filthy mud almost stopped the passage from where the garden-gate ought to have been to the cottage door. The girl was alone, and, as we have said, weeping bitterly, when a lady appeared upon the scene, carefully picking her way around the slushy path towards the little mourner. The girl's countenance brightened up when she saw the visitor, and she rose bashfully, but smiling through her tears.

"And so, Hester," said the visitor, taking the child by the hand, leading her into the cottage, and speaking in a tone of gentle kindness which found its way directly to the little throbbing heart—"And so, my poor child, your dear mother is gone?"

The little girl burst into a fresh torrent of tears, and sobbed very painfully.

"It is a sad trial, my dear girl," continued the visitor; "but you must not forget, Hester, that though your best earthly friend is dead, there is One who is not dead, who never will die, and who will be your friend if you ask him. Do you know whom I mean?" she asked.

"God," whispered the little mourner.

"Yes, God, for Christ's sake, will be your friend, Hester. He teaches us to say, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

"Yes, ma'am," sobbed the child; and then a renewed and overwhelming sense of her loss seemed to fill her with dismay, and she cried more bitterly than before—"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

The lady looked round her: everything bore the appearance of wretchedness and destitution; she looked at the girl's face more narrowly, it was care-worn and shrunken; she softly felt her arms, they were emaciated and flabby.

"What did you have for breakfast?" she demanded, suddenly turning to the child, and looking steadily in her face.

Hester's bosom heaved sadly: "Nothing, ma'am; there was nothing to eat, and father said I must wait till he comes home."

"And it is now past noon: has he not been home?"

The child shook her head mournfully.

"And when do you think he will come?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"This is very shocking: you seem half-starved; are you hungry?"

"Not very, ma'am; I am more sick than hungry, and my head aches so."

"And do none of the neighbours come to see you, when your father is away?"

"No, ma'am; father says they won't come because the fever's been in the house, and they are afraid."

"Poor child!" said the visitor, in a tone of deep pity, adding, self-reproachfully, "Why did I not come when I first heard of this? How wrong I was! Can you put on your bonnet, and come with me to my house now, Hester?"

This was the first introduction of Hester Batesman to the family of her former Sunday-school teacher, and into which she was soon afterwards received, as to a refuge from the callous neglect of an intemperate widowed father, and in which she remained thirteen years.

At that time, Edward Frankland was about two years old, and Hester became for several years his nurse and companion. This will account for the tone of real respect, but apparent familiarity and simulated authority, with which, in the conversation recorded, he had been addressed by her.

Mr. Frankland, at this time in the prime of life, was a person of some property and consideration in the town of which we have spoken; and a life of ease and much enjoyment seemed to lie before him. But sorrows came in their appointed course. Of several children, the little Edward was the only one who survived the time of infancy; and eventually the loss of his wife, by a slow consumption, completed the wreck of his domestic happiness. He speedily broke up his establishment, and removed to London with his motherless boy. Hester then had to seek another service; but her affection remained with her old master, and Edward, from whom she did not part without many tears, and not until she had obtained the boy's promise to write to her, that she might at least know where and how they lived.

After this, Hester had several places, but no home, as she said, until courted and married, and taken by her husband, who was a journeyman copper-plate printer, to live in London—London, that is, in the wide sense, which includes the further boundaries of Edgware-road within its limits. The seven years' tossing about in service had done three things for Hester: it had strengthened her body; it had disposed her to happy contentment as the wife of a good-tempered, considerate, and sober husband; and it had restored to her tongue the broad Saxon of her early youth, from which her previous thirteen years' intercourse with the Franklands had not entirely divorced her. It may be added, that it also intensified her devotion for her "dear old master and Master Edward;" and the thought that reconciled her above all others to living in "that noisy smoky London" was, that *there* she might perhaps see them again; at least, she would be living in the same place with them.

Very carefully had Hester Batenian preserved the letter of master Edward, which contained his father's direction in London; and no sooner was she herself settled down there as Hester Green, than she found her way to — street, Westminster.

Then, for the first time, she learned that "wave upon wave" of sorrow had rolled in upon her old master. He had lost all his property in some untoward speculation; his health had departed too under the pressure of adversity, and the exertions of "Master Edward" alone kept them from the extremest sufferings of poverty. It was not until Hester had found them in a poor and close lodging near the river, that she learned how matters exactly stood with them; and then something like this conversation passed between Edward Frankland and herself.

"Master Edward, your father will die, stoved up in this nasty hot poking place. He wants fresh air, and not this sticky damp fog off the river. It will be the death of him."

"I don't think it is healthy, Hester; but what can we do? We are poor now."

"You needn't tell me that, Master Edward; I

see that plain enough," she said, and burst into tears. "I never thought of finding you like this," she added; "but tell me now, how was it? Poor creature, and how pale you look too!"

Edward told her how it was; and how thankful he was to be able to earn something to support his father; and how, for his father's sake, he wished it were ten times as much.

"And what can you do to earn money, Master Edward?" Hester asked, in a pitying tone. She quite forgot that he was not the boy he used to be when she had nursed and played with him in earlier times.

"Such things as these," replied Edward Frankland, smiling: "are they pretty?" and he threw open his portfolio, and showed her a variety of designs for silk-handkerchief patterns. "What do you think of them?"

They were pretty, beautiful, fine, and so forth, Hester acknowledged; but she did not understand how Edward could earn money by painting such things.

Edward explained.

"Well, it seems all very strange, to me," said Hester, with a bewildered air; "but you seem to know all about it. And what do you call yourself, Master Edward?"

"Why I suppose I must call myself a designer; I can scarcely say artist yet; I may some day though."

"You may say what you like to me, now, Master Edward; and I may say what I like to you, I suppose, mayn't I?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I say, you must leave this dark damp place, and come to Edgware-road, I don't mean to say that *that's* very good air; but 'tis better there than here, and 'tis nearer the country. Master Edward, dear old master wants better air, and good nursing; and that, with God's blessing, will save his life; and, the long and short of it is, you must come and live with me. I'll be his nurse, and yours too, if you want one. I couldn't think," Hester added, "what put it into my head that I must find you out to-day, and told my husband so, and made him show me the way; but 'tis all plain now. So you must not go against Providence."

We need not lengthen our report of this interview, nor dwell on its immediate results. In the course of the next week, Mr. Frankland and Edward had shifted their lodgings; and in doing so, secured cleanliness, airiness, comfort, and an affectionate nurse. The remuneration they could at that time offer was comparatively small; but it was more than enough to satisfy Hester's husband; and as for Hester, but for delicacy's sake she would have served them day and night for nothing.

The agreement to which Edward Frankland had referred, was that his own dinner was not included in the bargain. He should often be in the city, he said; and he could never be certain about his dinner hour; so he would take care of himself between breakfast and tea; but how often Edward had "dined with duke Humphrey" never came to light.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—SHEEP-SHEARING.

AUSTRALIA:

IV.—EMIGRANTS AND EMIGRATION.

To emigrate to a far distant land is a step of such obvious moment, so vitally affecting the happiness of life, and so like adventuring upon an untried

ocean, which, with features favourable to a pleasant and prosperous voyage, is sure to have storms, shoals, rocks, and breakers—that without a full knowledge of the circumstances, dispositions, habits, and capabilities of individuals, no opinion can

be expressed as to their personal eligibility for the enterprise. The responsibility of determining upon the measure, must in general be left entirely to the parties themselves; and in the absence of an audibly divine voice, saying, "Get thee out from thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land which I shall show thee," they must carefully compare home and foreign prospects, impartially estimate their own energy of character and capacity for self-denial; as without such qualities, it is only a daydream of the imagination to suppose that simply choosing a different scene of action will render them victorious in the struggle of life. At the same time, in relation to Australian emigration, this remark has only special application to the case of families above the indigent class, and to respectable young men, who have not been accustomed to hard labour and domestic inconveniences; for with reference to the sons of toil, earning their bread literally by the sweat of their brow, it is hardly possible for the step to be otherwise than most auspicious, if they are only sober, industrious, and healthy. Assuming a departure to the opposite hemisphere decided upon, we will briefly indicate the prospects of different classes, and give some practical information relative to the transition which may be of service, beginning with those to whom digging up the glittering ore is the grand attraction.

The remarks made in a former paper upon the gold-fields are amply justified by advices which have since come to hand. It is desirable to record the latest information, dated at the commencement of April last. Operations had been largely interrupted at Ophir, and on the Turon, owing to floods, in consequence of which many of the diggers had retired to Sydney, where provisions were cheap, till the streams abated. An opposite state of things prevailed in the sister-colony of Victoria. The miners had suffered to a fearful extent from the want of water; and had retreated in great numbers to the towns, to wait the arrival of a more favourable season. New auriferous sites had been discovered; and the promise was maintained of the yield of gold answering the most sanguine expectations. The weekly produce of all the fields is estimated at about 35,000 ounces of the precious metal. This is at the rate of 1,820,000 ounces per annum, which gives a money value, at 63s. per ounce, of nearly 6,000,000*l.*; and it is confidently stated that, owing to additional adventurers, and greater skill being employed, the annual gold produce will amount to not less than the value of 10,000,000*l.* But let us take a sober view of the actual result. It is estimated that the mining population of Victoria now numbers 70,000; but as errors of exaggeration are commonly committed in such estimates, we will suppose the yield of 35,000 ounces to represent the labour of 50,000 persons. The result will be nearly three-quarters of an ounce of gold weekly per man, which, at the above price, will be represented by about 47*s.* The cost of the licence, and the high rate of certain indispensable articles at the diggings, besides food for man and horse, largely abate these average earnings. Flour at Mount Alexander is given at 6*d.* per lb.; butter, 3*s.* 6*d.*; cheese, of very poor quality, 2*s.* 3*d.*; maize, 12*s.* 6*d.* per bushel; bran, 6*s.*; oats, 20*s.*; and tubs for washing the soil,

20*s.* each. Horses are necessary to cart away the earth where water is at a distance—a very common occurrence. Licences (being individual, a party of three or four will have to pay 30*s.* per month each, and even the one who acts as cook, or tent-keeper, must have a licence*). Splendid, therefore, as is the aggregate result; yet when distributed among the thousands working like galley-slaves to obtain it, and properly checked by expenses, the average return for such labour has nothing to excite cupidity, and will not recommend it to the reflective working man, when adequate remuneration may be obtained in other channels, with greater certainty, less difficulty, and vastly more comfort. The grand bait of the gold-fields is the possibility of pouncing upon one of the richer "pockets" of our mother earth—drawing great prizes in the shape of substantial "nuggets," to be weighed by pounds instead of grains—and thus passing at a single leap, or by a few propitious explorations, from comparative poverty to affluence. But such instances of success are so entirely problematical, that they ought to be dismissed from the calculations of those who are sacrificing their all to reach the sites of Australian gold. On the other hand, attention should be paid to the fact, that numbers of gold-seekers, after labouring comparatively in vain, and spending their strength for nought, are reduced to distress, and inherit a broken constitution, instead of the fondly cherished dream being realized of going out with pick and shovel some fine morning in a penniless state, and returning with a fortune at their command. There can be little doubt, that the vast majority of the actual gold-diggers would be better paid eventually if, instead of depending on their own produce, they were working for regular wages, under employers of skill to direct their operations and of capital to sustain temporary disappointments. Such is now the state of mining adventure in California, and it will probably ere long become that of Australia also. Of the former region it has been stated, that of every hundred persons who have gone thither, fifty have been ruined, forty are no better off than they would have been had they remained at home, five are a little better, four still better, and one has realized wealth.

Records of individual experience of the successful kind abundantly illustrate the uncertain result of toil, with its onerous nature and the discomforts and hardships to be endured in the prosecution of it. "We have made," says one party at Mount Alexander, "a beginning; had our licence yesterday, 4th February; are sinking three pits. We perhaps go from twenty to thirty feet deep through rock as hard as iron; indeed it is an amalgamation of ironstone and granite, coiled up together—an eruption some time or other, and thus gold is found beneath it in pockets or veins. There are many hardships and privations to endure by all."

* The form of the licence is as follows:—"The bearer, Robert Grubgold, having paid to me the sum of One Pound Ten Shillings, on account of the Territorial Revenue, I hereby license him to dig, search for, and remove Gold on or from any such Crown land within the County of Bathurst as I shall assign to him for that purpose, during the month of ———, 186—. This licence must be produced whenever demanded by me or other person acting under the authority of the Government. (Signed) A. B.,
"Commissioner."

who dig for gold, but some are fortunate enough to repay themselves well for their pains. I know one party of six who met with 10,000*l.* worth, and perhaps their next pit, after sinking down twenty-five or thirty feet, may not produce a crown's worth, after perhaps a fortnight's work, and that very hard. I knew four brothers who came out in the same ship with me, who sank twenty-two pits before they got anything, and lost 1800*l.*, but the twenty-third pit proved lucky, and paid them for their losses; so you see it is quite a lottery. Many give it up for a bad job, and lose all they have, and want food, while others pay their expenses, and some make their fortunes. Hundreds are swollen blind, or nearly so, through the sun and a small fly which bites the eye. Many suffer through dysentery, sleeping on the ground. Thank God, we are all well, except our hands, which, if the skin is broken anyway, fester. Almost every person has bad hands and knuckles, knocking them against the sides of the pits. Ironstone and quartz cut like glass, so there are many things to put up with. We have sunk three pits, but little gold yet; hope it, will be better next week, but it is uncertain; must live in hopes of doing better—*nil desperandum*. It is awfully hot here, perspiration runs off one in style, sitting still."

The Victoria fields, owing to crowds of adventurers, are scenes of wild interest and strong excitement, especially by night. Let no one wishing for a quiet habitation, and not confident in the strength of his nerves, venture to their precincts. Stillness reigns at the camping-places during the day, the diggers being at work; but from dusk to midnight, the aspect of the ground is strangely barbaric. Fires blaze before every tent, and not unfrequently, from incaution, the landscape is further lighted up by the conflagration of a canvass tent. Men are shouting their wants, or violently expressing their passions; guns are discharging in all directions to remind marauders of the reception that awaits them; and thousands of watch-dogs add their bark to the general din. Reports are most unfavourable respecting the state of society, neither property nor life being secure in various places, through gangs of desperadoes from Van Diemen's Land and the total absence of utter inadequacy of police regulations. "I have been engaged," says a medical man, writing from Friar's Creek, Mount Alexander, "in the several occupations of gold digging, gold buying, and doctoring gold diggers, having been to almost all the diggings that have at present been found in these vast auriferous regions. The state of society at this part of the diggings is low in the extreme; the greatest insecurity of life and property exists; bands of the greatest ruffians under the sun are prowling about, unblinded by the police or the diggers; and every night, and even in broad day, the most impudent robberies are committed. You will be surprised to hear that I never venture from my tent by night or day without my revolver in my hand; that I never lie down to sleep without it by my side; that we watch the tent by turns to save our property, for the ruffians, knowing that we have a considerable sum of money always in the tent, keep a bright look out upon us. We keep our tent prepared for a siege—muskets, pistols, bayo-

nets, and revolvers always ready. My medicine chest, which weighs about two hundred-weight, is elevated to the post of the treasury box, and to each handle we have a fierce dog. The night is generally enlivened by the cry of murder, the muffled cry of some poor fellow gagged, the barking of dogs, and the occasional report of some description of fire-arms. We dare not stir, even if we see a man being robbed or gagged twenty yards off; for it is just a chance that it is a 'plant,' as they call it here, to draw you from your tent and then to suck it." The advertisements in our daily papers bear testimony to the reign of lawlessness. Rifles, revolvers, and arms of all kinds are offered to emigrants at the lowest possible prices. Thus, John Spittire & Son, gunmakers, 10, Thunderbolt-street, beg respectfully to inform gentlemen proceeding to Australia, that they have always on hand a large stock of guns, pistols, and rifles, suitable for the colonies, at very moderate prices; the newly improved six-chamber revolving pistols (a most useful defensive arm for those proceeding to the diggings); every description of shooting tackle."

Still, in spite of hazard and hardship, emigrants will rush to the diggings, influenced by an insatiable thirst for gold, and the love of exciting adventures. We have only to tell such parties what they have to expect, and then leave consequences to themselves. Office-clerks, and neatly attired attendants at the counter, will find breaking stones by the road-side in England an easy and genteel employment compared to gold digging. They may surely calculate upon stiff limbs, sore knuckles, inflamed eyes, blistered and swollen faces, rheumatic cramps and twinges from exposure to alternating heat and cold, along with garments as wet, dirty, and ragged as ever were seen in the annals of beggary, and often only water of the filthiest description to drink, which a bullock would hardly take to at home. They may be strong enough to bear up under this discipline, and perchance be disabled by it, or disgusted with it in a week. They may also hit upon one of nature's well-stored "pockets," and be amply remunerated; or have unprofitably to huck and hew their way through twenty feet of rock, washing tons of grit and gravel, till means are expended, and little strength is left for ordinary paying employments. These are contingencies of the case which certainly demand serious consideration. On proceeding to this field of labour a few tools may be taken out, not occupying much space; but all cumbrous implements are better purchased abroad. Clothing adapted to heavy rains and sleet storms, to which the mining districts are subject, and tents, are indispensable.

The needy dependants of the upper ranks; the struggling of the middle classes; small traders and farmers who have large families, with some means left, but no prospect at home, except that of seeing their little capital annually dwindle, while their children are reduced to menial service; and the really poor; may hopefully contemplate commercial, agricultural, or pastoral industry in Australia. But it behoves the former to settle well the point beforehand, whether they can dispense with those appearances of gentility common to the circles in which they have moved—white hands and kid

gloves; can renounce feather-bed comforts, rough it in the bush as occasion demands, becoming not metaphorically but literally hewers of wood and drawers of water, pitching their own tent, lighting their own fire, and cooking their own food. If they can do this, and decidedly prefer seeking an active independence to the lounging life of drovies, they may emigrate with the prospect of success, but certainly not otherwise. Persons with money should on no account invest it in goods, to be taken out on speculation; for loss will be added to endless trouble and vexation, as they cannot compete with the established mercantile firms. On getting out—a task of little difficulty to such parties—they will do well to take to some temporary employment, easily obtainable, before investing their means in the purchase or lease of land and procuring stock, placing their cash in the mean time in the banks. This will afford time to choose a suitable location and gain colonial experience, should agriculture or stock-farming be contemplated; for previous training in these pursuits is of little avail to their prosecution in an entirely new position, and is often a hindrance. Children, who are here incumbrances to the needy man, dead weights upon his progress, are in Australia valuable auxiliaries, realizing the scriptural saying: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

• We quote the following from the printed circular of the Committee of Australian Colonists, 11, Poultry, London, who corresponding with the colonies, possess ample information respecting their circumstances, and readily place their knowledge at the disposal of inquirers. A working farmer, or a market gardener, may always earn a comfortable living by renting or purchasing land within a convenient distance of a town. The following trades are good:—carpenter, blacksmith (first-rate), bricklayer, stonemason, sawyer, well-sinker, miner, wheelwright, tailor, bootmaker, tanner; in short, all trades, except those hereinafter mentioned. Ornamental trades are in very moderate demand, such as cutters and gilders, etc. Demand for compositors and printers limited. A man who can handle tools in a rough useful manner, drive a team, fell, dig, and plough, and understands cattle will do best of all. For industrious, sober, married couples, suitable for farm servants and shepherds, and for stout intelligent boys of ten and upwards, the demand may be said to be unlimited. Good wages may also be earned by the young children of a shepherd, or ploughman, from even the age of eight.

To the thousands dependent upon weekly wages, and inured to hard manual toil, emigration to Australia is like passing from the wilderness to the land of promise, no matter whether life has been spent in smoky cities or rural retreats, at the loom or at the plough. It is only required of the labourer to be strong of body and mind, ready for work and able to do it, loving an industrious independence better than a degrading pauperism, and a serene mind more than drink; for if sordid habits have been contracted, they will be facilitated by the cheapness of intoxicating beverages, and prove as much a bane and curse at the antipodes as in the old country. General reliance may be placed upon the annexed items relative to wages,

which have only been subject to an upward tendency since the date of publication:—

Married couples, for home stations, 45 <i>l.</i> to 50 <i>l.</i> per ann.	Bush carpenters, 40 <i>l.</i> to 45 <i>l.</i> per annum.
Married couples, as house servants, 50 <i>l.</i>	Bush carpenters, per week, 25 <i>s.</i> to 30 <i>s.</i>
Married couples, as farm servants, 40 <i>l.</i> to 55 <i>l.</i> and 50 <i>l.</i>	House carpenters, per week, 30 <i>s.</i>
Married couples, for out-stations, 35 <i>l.</i> to 40 <i>l.</i>	Fencers, per rod, 1 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> to 2 <i>s.</i>
Labourers, 1 <i>l.</i> per week.	Blacksmiths, 45 <i>l.</i> to 50 <i>l.</i> per annum.
Shepherds, 25 <i>l.</i> per annum.	Wheelwrights, 55 <i>l.</i> to 60 <i>l.</i>
Shepherds, per week, 1 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i>	Stockkeepers, 35 <i>l.</i>
Hutkeepers, 24 <i>l.</i> per annum.	Milk and dairy men, 35 <i>l.</i>
Hutkeepers, at home stations, 25 <i>l.</i>	Milk and dairy men, per week, 15 <i>s.</i>
Generally useful servants, 25 <i>l.</i> to 30 <i>l.</i>	Peapera, 12 <i>s.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i> per acre.
Bullock drivers, 35 <i>l.</i>	Shoovers, 16 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i> per hundred sheep.
Bullock drivers, per week, 1 <i>l.</i>	
Ploughmen, 35 <i>l.</i> per annum.	
Ploughmen and farm servants, per week, 1 <i>l.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i>	
Gardeners, 10 <i>l.</i> per annum.	
Gardeners, per week, 17 <i>s.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i>	
Jobbing men, on stations, 15 <i>s.</i> to 1 <i>l.</i> per week.	

FEMALE SERVANTS.

Thorough servants, 10 <i>l.</i> to 18 <i>l.</i> per annum.
Housemaids, 14 <i>l.</i> to 16 <i>l.</i>
Cooks, 18 <i>l.</i> to 20 <i>l.</i>
Laundresses, 18 <i>l.</i> to 20 <i>l.</i>
Nursemaids, 8 <i>l.</i> to 12 <i>l.</i>
Nursery governesses or needle-women, 15 <i>l.</i> to 18 <i>l.</i>

It is important to remember, that in addition to these money wages, board and lodging are provided. House servants, of course, share with the family; but farm labourers, shepherds, stockmen, and other hired assistants at grazing establishments, have separate huts found for them, with cooking utensils and weekly rations consisting of 10*lb.* flour, from 10*lb.* to 14*lb.* butchers' meat, 2*lb.* sugar, and 3*lb.* tea. Such provisions would be deemed affluence by a Dorsetshire or Wiltshire peasant, who has to maintain a family and pay rent, perhaps on 9*s.* per week. To such a man mere existence is often a struggle. Even if in the possession of transcendent abilities, he has frequently scarcely any prospect of rising in the world and bettering his condition. He commences his career as a weekly labourer, and the great probability is, whatever his talents and industry, that as a weekly labourer he will end his days. But "hope's fair star" shines resplendent to the eye of the Australian peasant. He may, if not improvident, in a few years save sufficient out of his ordinary wages to purchase a small farm, and make some permanent provision for himself and family.

There has always been in Australia, to the injury of manners and morals, a deficiency of females as compared with the opposite sex. This disproportion, though greatly abated of late years, still exists to a serious extent, and is doubtless at present on the increase, owing to male emigration to the gold regions. In England, while females are in excess, an immense number are without the prospect of adequate maintenance or protection, procuring a miserable subsistence as needle-women, and exposed to social degradation by the hardships of their lot. The position of such would be vastly advanced in the colonies, where there is scarcely any limit to the demand for them as domestic servants; nor is it trenching upon the bounds of delicacy to state, that they are wanted for a speedy settlement in married life and in comfortable houses. But in order to this result, proper testi-

• The above scale of wages agrees with the table of the Victoria labour market in December, 1851, as published by the Committee of Australian Colonies in London. They add: "It is believed that the above rates of wages obtain in all the Australian colonies."

mony as to their history and character must be taken out; and the protection of relatives on shipboard is needed, or of those who will answer for their respectability. This may be obtained by the friendless, whose credit is undeniable, through the medium of the Female Emigration Society, founded by Mr. Sydney Herbert, and other committees in London formed for the same purpose. The best advice that we can give to such on getting out is, not to make friends too fast; for, though there are many good and worthy people in the colonies and on the way to them, there are many of an entirely opposite class; not to take to the employment that offers to bring the most money, but that which is most conducive to the maintenance of good principles, estimable character, sound health, and general happiness; and not to be in haste to marry, as the evil of an unsuitable alliance, may thereby be incurred; whereas, a happy one is almost certain to the virtuous and industrious, who are content to wait for it. Governesses, and others of education, not used to handicrafts, but accustomed to move in genteel circumstances, are not in request as such, nor as wives, unless they can accommodate themselves to the ruder domesticities of life, and dispense with many social comforts. Thoroughly must the idea of a canary-bird kind of existence be dismissed. The Australian settler is eminently a utilitarian in matrimony. He wants a churning, baking, pickling, cheese-making helpmate; one who will soil her fingers as occasion demands, be up with the lark, and lay "her hands to the spindle;" not a dancing, painting, novel-reading, poetising companion. The girl who is reputable and active, ready-handed and stout-hearted, though with few personal pretensions, is an eligible candidate for emigration, while any marked predilection for toilet-tables and crochet-work, singing "I'd be a butterfly," or strumming the "Battle of Prague," are decided symptoms of unfitness.

The persons most wanted in Australia are those who are the least able to get there by their own resources. But to meet this difficulty funds have been provided by the colonies for the transport of approved emigrants, which are administered by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners according to fixed rules. 1. The most eligible are married agricultural labourers, shepherds, or herdsmen, and women of the working class. These are taken, up to the age of 45, at 12s. per head; between 45 and 50, at 62s. per head; and between 50 and 60 (when they are comparatively useless to the colony), at 112s. per head. 2. The next best class are married mechanics and artisans, and these with their wives are taken, up to 45, at 22s.; between 45 and 50, at 62s.; and between 50 and 60, at 142s. 3. The children of both these classes, under 14, pay 10s. a-head. 4. Single men, if accompanying their parents, are required to pay 22s. a-head, and if not accompanying their parents, 32s. a-head. Of the latter, very few are taken, both because they are the most likely at once to resort to the gold-fields, and because there is already so great an excess of males in Australia. 5. Families with more than four children under 12, are also considered ineligible, both because a number of young children interfere with the engagements of the parents in the colony, and because their presence on shipboard tends to engender sickness and

to increase mortality. 6. Single women under 18 are not eligible, unless under the care of their parents. Certificates of good conduct are required to obtain these free passages. For the sum paid, the emigrant gets a mattress, bolster, blankets, counterpanes, canvass-bags, knife, fork, drinking mug, which will be useful in the colony. During the first five months of the present year, 12,000 emigrants were in this way sent out; and on June 1, for the remaining seven months, government had in hand funds sufficient for the despatch of 20,000 more. Further particulars may be obtained of S. Walcott, esq., Secretary, Emigration Commission, 15, Park-street, Westminster.

To persons who can pay for their own passage, the Family Colonisation Society, originated by Mrs. Chisholm, offers important facilities, securing to those who comply with its terms a cheap, safe, and respectable transit. Intending emigrants who desire to go out in the Society's vessels, must first become members of it, stating their name and age, place of residence and occupation, whether married or single, and paying an entrance-fee of 1s. each (the same for children) on having their names enrolled. But in order to be accepted, certificates of good character must be produced from at least two respectable householders; and married persons are required to show their marriage certificates. Meetings are held for the purpose of forming emigrants into family groups, and introducing friendless young women to the heads of families, who are responsible for their welfare during the voyage, the same protection being offered to youths. The price of passage varies, owing to the variation in prices at which vessels can be procured at different periods; but it may average about 15% per head, which is payable by weekly instalments. Children between one and fourteen years of age are taken at half price, and infants go free. None but A 1 ships, that is the best class, are engaged; and each vessel carries an experienced surgeon. Inclosed cabins are furnished to each family, of a size according to the number of individuals. Children above fourteen years of age are provided with compartments for sleeping separate from those of their parents. One inclosed cabin is allotted to seven single families; also an inclosed cabin for seven young men, in parts of the vessel appropriated by classification to those berths. All passengers are on a footing of equality; all possess the privilege of walking on the poop; and are amply secured against any over-crowding of the vessel. Any information that may be desired can be obtained by applying personally between 10 and 12 A.M., or by letter, to Mrs. Chisholm, 3, Charlton-crescent, Islington, or at 29, Bucklersbury, City. If application be made by letter, two stamps must be inclosed for reply, or no answer will be sent.

A third mode of obtaining a passage is by arrangement with a private shipowner, and the emigrant has need to exercise the greatest caution in all his proceedings. He should on no account treat with agents, but with respectable ship brokers; select a moderate-sized vessel, registered A 1 at Lloyd's, with a good height between decks; ascertain that no patent fuel or foul cargo is on board; have his exact cabin or berth pointed out; examine the quantity of provisions and water allowed per

week; and, if taking children with him, see that they are not to be put upon half or quarter rations. A written agreement should be obtained respecting the time of sailing, for the dates announced in advertisements are frequently changed.

The following is the minimum list of outfit required for government emigrants:—

For Males.	For Females.
Six shirts.	Six shifts.
Six pairs stockings.	Two flannel petticoats.
Two ditto shoes.	Six pairs stockings.
Two complete suits of extra clothing.	Two ditto shoes.
	Two gowns.

With sheets, towels, and soap. Two or three serge shirts for men, and flannel for women and children, are strongly recommended. This being the smallest outfit allowed, emigrants should, if possible, furnish themselves with a greater number of each article, and a good supply of flannel and under-clothing; and as very hot and cold weather will be experienced, the apparel should be adapted to both extremes. Any garments at all fit for use, and suited to these conditions, will suffice on shipboard. Strong boots, striped sailor shirts, blue or red woollen Jerseys, fustian or cord trousers, a good blanket, a waterproof rug for sleeping on damp ground, a large loose coat well lined with mackintosh, caps, and a northwester, are needful articles. On board Mrs. Chisholm's ships, conveniences are provided for washing clothes twice a week, which renders it less necessary to take a large supply of linen for the voyage. As to other personal effects, the rule is to take nothing but what is absolutely indispensable to colonial life, in order to avoid encumbrance and expense. Mechanics and artisans should take such tools as are required for their occupations, ~~and~~ not heavy or cumbersome; and some articles of domestic furniture, as knives and forks, which may be packed in small compass, will be serviceable. A few stores in addition to those provided by the shipowner, as effervescing draughts, lime-juice, disinfecting fluid, simple medicines, and savoury food, are highly useful and convenient on the passage, especially in the case of families. All packages of baggage should be distinctly marked with the name of the owner, and also with the words "cabin," "wanted on the voyage," or "not wanted on the voyage," in order that they may be properly stowed. One book—the Bible—we trust the emigrant will not forget to carry; and let him prize it as his best treasure, adapted to strengthen his mind under difficulty, soothe him in sorrow, and guide his footsteps from the uttermost parts of the earth to "a better country" than the land of his birth, or that of his adoption. Let him search it with earnest prayer for the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit. Reconciled to God through faith in the Son of his love, and taking up the light and easy yoke of Christ, he will in all his wanderings have a Friend and Father to sustain, console, and support him.

A VISIT TO THE CORK EXHIBITION.

It was remarked by the late lamented Eliot Warburton, in his "Memoirs of Horace Walpole," that "It seems to be the peculiar characteristic of the Irish, that they should on trifling occasions, and

for unworthy causes, expend those energies which, properly directed, might lead to their assuming the dignified position of a people." There is much truth in this; and unhappily there are still deeper causes for the moral and physical degradation of that eminently intelligent and vivacious race, into which it is not our present purpose to enter. We introduce the observation as a prelude to a brief notice of the National Industrial Exhibition, now open at Cork, and which presents a cheering forecast of what Ireland may accomplish, when striving, not amid the crooked paths of political agitation, but in the peaceful road of industrial art and science.

Not many months since, the idea was first started of holding in our "beautiful city" of the south, an Exposition of Industry, every article being *bonà fide* Irish. Great exertions were made to carry out this object. The Corn-market, a new and handsome building, was lent by its trustees, and it was instantly placed in the hands of a skilful architect to be rendered as far as possible worthy of the purpose for which it was designed. It would be tedious to dwell on the progress and statistics of the erection; it will suffice to remark, that it gave employment to crowds of hungry artisans, and enabled many a poor decent family to escape the stern alternatives of poverty—starvation, or the workhouse. While the building was in progress, the question arose—"What shall we get to fill it with?" And most satisfactorily has that question been answered. The rooms consist of one long, lofty, arch-roofed hall, named the Fine Arts' Court. At one end is a magnificent organ by Telford, which is played on every day. At the other, you ascend a few steps, and come into the work, embroidery, and lace department. Two side halls—transepts they are called by courtesy—open out of the principal court. From these again you enter an antiquarian department, a statuary room, a machinery room, and a department of the useful, but not ornamental, manufactures. In one obscure nook of this portion of the building are interesting specimens of the various articles made in gaols, and workhouses. Amongst the latter are several collars of sewed muslin work, done with coarse thread on coarser muslin, but touching from the words affixed to each:—"Johanna Burke, aged 12; 11 years in the house." "Adelgide Chapman, aged 9; 7 years in the house." "Julia Daly, aged 8; 6 years in the house." Poor little ones! knowing no home for their infancy but the bleak walls of an union workhouse; and yet it is well for them too to have even that shelter from the illness, vice, and starvation of our city alleys.

There are several fine paintings, all by Irish artists, in the Fine Arts' Court. Amongst these, one of the best is Maclise's design for the fresco executed in the House of Lords—"The Spirit of Justice." And beneath it, on an old crumpled bit of paper, is a pencilled likeness of Sir W. Scott, taken by Maclise when a young boy, on the occasion of that great author's visit to Cork. It is an interesting relic; and a useful lesson may be learned from the artist's career: his own genius and industry having raised him, from the poverty and obscurity of his origin, to the lofty position which he now occupies amongst the living painters of Britain. Danby's splendid picture to illustrate Shakspeare's

"Tempest," and which it is difficult to believe mere paint and canvass, and not real sea and sky, adorns the opposite wall. But it would be tedious to enumerate all the fine paintings which the Exhibition comprises; and, at best, written descriptions can convey but a very imperfect idea of objects of sight. We will, therefore, turn to the specimens of oak carving, several of which are exquisite. Perhaps all our readers may not be aware that, lying deep beneath the surface of the Irish bogs, huge trunks of oak-trees are frequently discovered, the timber perfectly preserved, as black as ebony from age, and susceptible of a very high polish. During late years, the manufacture of this wood into various useful and ornamental forms has become an important branch of Irish industry. The beauty and exquisite finish of some of the articles are quite wonderful. From a tiny brooch, or ornament for a lady's watch-chain, to large pieces of furniture, every thing has been made of it. There are several specimens in the Exhibition which might vie with the most elaborate pieces of foreign mediæval carving. This elegant and useful branch of industry already gives employment to numbers of artisans, and promises to extend daily.

Many fine pieces of sculpture, all by native artists, adorn the Exhibition. In the department of antiquities is the ancient Irish harp belonging to the University Museum, commonly called Brian Boru's harp. The tradition is, that some time after the death of Brian, who was killed at Clontarf by the Danes, in 1014, it was presented to the pope of Rome, one of whose successors presented it to Henry VIII., by whom it was returned to Ireland to be figured on his coins, in compliment to the musical taste of the Irish. In the course of the last century it was given to the Dublin University Museum in a mutilated state. The present director of the Museum, Dr. Bull, restored the parts of the harp to their proper position, and supplied the lost portions from analogy. These consisted of about five inches of the lower end of the bow and the foot of the harp. The national emblem, the shamrock, which is seen on the original, having two leaves of a scroll pattern, has been carried down in the restoration on the part supplied. The I. H. S. in one of its early forms is engraved on the arm. The harp, when perfect, had thirty strings, and though it is now impossible to prove that it was Brian Boru's, it has not been questioned that it is the oldest known Irish harp. It is about four feet in length, of graceful design, and ornamented with geometrical tracery, scroll work and jewels.

There is also a curious piece of oak panel, with tritons carved in relief, dated 1620, taken from a house in Cork, in which King James II at one time sojourned.

In the northern hall are some ingenious novelties, exhibited by Mrs. Vevers of Mohill, consisting of parasol covers, black embroidered silk mits, twines, veils, insertion, fishing-line and network, made from the fibres of woodbine, nasturtium, marsh-mallows, *kerria japonica*, and Solomon's seal. How many objects are still lying useless around us, which by ingenuity and industry may be elaborated into articles of utility or ornament.

There is a very pretty collection of stuffed animals, which although, of course, greatly inferior to the far-famed "Comical Creatures from Wurtemberg,"

proves almost as attractive as they did to the youthful visitors. One group in particular finds especial favour with the children. "Come, papa, I want to look at the monkey shaving the cat," may be heard from many a little coaxing voice; and many a bright and laughing young eye may be seen fixed on poor puss, seated on a chair with a napkin pinned tightly under her chin, which is covered with a magnificent lather of soap-suds by a barber monkey, who in full official costume stands with a razor in his hand, prepared to operate on his frightened and reluctant client.

Beautiful specimens of a new process of taking off exact fac-similes of plants and flowers in printers' ink are shown, the work of an ingenious gentleman. By this method, which, although simple in theory, requires much care and dexterity in practice, the botanist and the lover of flowers in general can make his specimens *paint their own likeness*. Every minute fibre and marking is reproduced in beautiful perspective, and the whole has the effect of a very fine lithograph. The common nettle and the bramble, two of the most despised wild plants, when delineated by this process, look what they really are—exquisite specimens of the handiwork of our Creator, and proofs that everything He has made is indeed very good.

It is interesting to turn to the work department, and inspect the various fabrics, which, delicate and beautiful in themselves, are doubly worth notice when we remember that the greater portion of that crochet-work, so fine that it is difficult to distinguish it from the best Guipure lace, has been wrought by the fingers of wild Irish girls, who most probably have never known in their lives what it was to taste animal food, or to wear shoes and stockings! During the potato famine, the late Lady Deane, acting on the true principle, that reproductive industry, and not gratuitous almsgiving, is the proper method of bettering the condition of the poor, established at Blackrock, near Cork, a plan of instructing the female children and adults in crochet-work. There was no building for the purpose, no regular school, that would have required large funds, and would not, after all, have answered the benevolent purpose intended so effectually as letting each girl work in her own cabin at her leisure moments, and receive every week the price of her industry. During the last five trying years, many families have been preserved from actual starvation by these earnings of their female members. By practice and perseverance, the workers have now reached such perfection in their elegant art, that large orders for the work arrive almost every day from various parts of the three kingdoms, and it can hardly be produced in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. It is needless to say, that not only the physical but the moral condition of the workers is raised by the cultivation of industrious habits, and the delightful consciousness that they are ministering to the support, in many cases preserving the very lives, of sickly or aged parents and helpless little brothers and sisters. Indeed, without any patriotic partiality, we may fairly assert that the Exhibition is highly creditable to the taste, talent, and industry of Ireland, and we trust it is only a foretaste of better things to come for that hitherto misguided and degraded land.



A DAY OR TWO AT HASTINGS.

WE arrived at Hastings by an early morning train; and being entire strangers to the place, immediately commenced a survey, after securing a temporary home. Except in the article of dust, of which there appears to be a plethora at the present moment, we found the town remarkably clean and well ordered. Preferring the old to the new, we naturally first directed our course to Hastings proper, as distinguished from the new suburb of St. Leonard's. The old town consists of an assemblage of old-fashioned and narrow streets, among which are many buildings of a modern character and recent date. There is no lack of handsome and well-filled shops and libraries, to say nothing of an extensive bazaar in the main street. A long parade of substantial stone-work fronts the sea, and forms an admirable promenade ground for the inhabitants. Passing along this from west to east, and threading certain narrow and somewhat fishy passages, we soon found ourself wandering in the fishermen's quarter, upon the beach, beneath the massive, bold, and picturesque crags of the eastern cliffs. These cliffs present, perhaps, the finest artistic studies to be met with on the coast. The substance of the rock is not here, as it is at Ramsgate and Dover, of soft and soluble chalk; but of a light warm-coloured grey sandstone, which stands

piled in broad and regular stratification, mass above mass. As a consequence, the seaward surface of the cliff is much more irregular, and in places more precipitous and impending than it could be were the material chalk. Further, it is pierced in innumerable places by dark caverns, the work of many industrious generations of sand-boys and sand-merchants, to whom it presents an inexhaustible quarry. We understand, however, that their depredations have latterly been stopped by the interference of the corporation—*not* before some interference was required, seeing that they are reported to have undermined whole furlongs of the cliff. In one of these caverns thus artificially produced, we were informed that an Irish family, consisting, as Irish families often do, of animals as well as humans, had taken up their abode, and living free of rent, rates, or taxes, go by the designation of the Robinson Crusoes.

The broad level shingly beach beneath the cliff is nothing less than a fishermen's village, and presents a novel and interesting scene to the eye of a landsman. The huts built of pitched planks, in the form of long narrow black boxes stuck on end and heaped together in clusters, serving as well for warehouses of nets and fishing-tackle as for habitations, appear to be a modern improvement upon the plan of converting an old boat into a new house, by sticking its stern in the ground, and

transforming the hatchway into the parlour window. We arrived just in time to witness the ceremony of a fish auction, in which the seller appeared to transact the business according to some abstract formula with which we were unacquainted, and which it is not very easy for a bystander to fathom. It happened that there was very little fish for sale: the mackerel, it was averred, had left the coast; three-fifths of the boats had declined to go to sea, and those that went had returned without catching enough to pay expenses. Consequently, the beach was crowded with idlers, lazily smoking or sleeping in the shadow of their little cabins, while miles of tarry nets were undergoing the process of repair, or drying in the sun, along with the linen of 500 families, fluttering in the wind. Altogether, the population subsisting by the fishery amounts to between 3000 and 4000. There is a handsome fountain on the beach, a goodly stone erection, benevolently reared for the accommodation of the fishermen's families, and bearing the not unnecessary inscription, "Waste not, want not." Beyond the town in this direction the coast is indented in a succession of little bays and bold headlands; but he had need be a stout pedestrian who undertakes to travel far upon a beach which buries him up to the ankles in pebbles at every step, and against a stiff breeze blowing in his face.

Declining, therefore, the coast route, by which we thought of attaining to Lovers' Seat, we retraced our steps, and re-entering the town, ascended a hill towards the high grounds. A walk, partly along the road and partly through fields, brought us in less than an hour to Fairlight Place, where turning to the right, and descending an unbragous and particularly swampy lane, we soon entered a delightful forest solitude, so completely overgrown with tall trees and thick underwood, that, with the exception of the path at our feet, not a foot of soil was visible. Following the path through sundry turnings and windings, we came suddenly upon the genius of the place in the shape of a sumbunt matron, who was literally "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," seeing that she reclined upon a bank in company with a dozen ginger-beer bottles, and as many biscuits, "under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree." We asked the way to Lovers' Seat, and she called a lad who had ensconced himself in the branches thirty feet above her head, and bade him "come down and show the gentleman the way." The boy dropped from his perch in an instant, and leading onwards, we soon emerged upon an open down, where it was as much as we could do to stand against the violence of the wind. Making head against the gale for the distance of a few hundred yards, a sudden turn and an abrupt descent of a few feet landed us on the famous Lovers' Seat. Seating ourselves upon the rude bench, and under shelter of the rock which forms a rough kind of arbour, we were at last enabled to look about us. The view from this elevated point is strikingly grand and wild. The spectator is seated upon the eastern edge of a wide ravine which opens in a vast chasin towards the sea. The centre and western side of the gorge are densely clad with wood and shrub almost down to the very margin of the beach. Beneath him is a craggy, precipitous, but not impossible descent of between 300 and 400 feet, and immediately in

front is the broad breast of ocean, flecked with cloud shadows—

"Now brilliant with sunbeams, now dimpled with clouds,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,"

and visible from this commanding elevation to a distance of fifty or sixty miles. Of course there is a foolish sentimental legend attached to this spot—a tale "of true love," of "cruel parents and guardians" who were outwitted in spite of all their precautions by the young couple who were bent on committing matrimony—and who *did* commit matrimony "and lived happily ever afterwards," as old stories say. We might relate the legend at full length, had we nothing better to write; but as facts are so much better, and sometimes so much stranger than fiction, perhaps we may be excused for substituting in its place a leaf or two from the life of an old man whom we found standing sentinel over a few strawberries and bottles of lemonade at Lovers' Seat. The day, though bright and brilliant with sunshine, was so excessively windy, that besides myself not a person had ventured forth upon this high ground, and we found the old man all alone with his little stock of refreshments, and pacing up and down upon the rocky platform waiting for customers. He had been a soldier, had seen much service abroad, and could speak half-a-dozen languages. He had spent the best part of his life in the battle-field during the long war against Napoleon. A German by birth, he had fought as a legionary for English pay. He was at the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1801, and in the subsequent operations in the Sound. He had undergone unspeakable sufferings in the disastrous retreat of Corunna under Sir John Moore, the horrors of which were still vivid in his recollection. He had subsequently joined the lines at Torres Vedras under Wellington, had stormed San Sebastian and Badajoz, and fought in almost every murderous conflict from Salamanca to Toulouse; and finally fleshed his bayonet at the crowning carnage of Waterloo. He had seen his comrades dashed down dead in ditches at the rate of hundreds a minute, or blown into the air like chaff by a whirlwind; he had been badly wounded himself three several times; and here he was after all, perched on a lone rock overlooking the sea, playing in his old age the part of Amphitryon to sentimental tourists, for the sake of a living. Conrad Oldershausen had got a pension of ninepence a day: "Bote you know," said he, "dat vont maintain de family; I moete do something to keep de ouse." He showed his medals—one for Waterloo, and one for a whole column of battles fought in the Peninsula. Upon one of them the medallist had spelt his name wrong! What a practical satire upon warlike fame!

Leaving the old veteran "alone with his glory" and his lemonade, we retrace our steps to the wood we had left, and to the noble beech-tree, in a ravine in the rear of which our boy guide led us to the "Dripping Well." This is a very small but very picturesque little affair. A thin stream of clear sparkling water drips through innumerable crevices over the face of a rock into a channel below, where it is almost immediately lost in the rank and luxuriant grass and herbage. Here, parting with our guide, we descended some way through

Fairlight Glen, and skirting a wood on the right, came upon the old Dripping Well, which no longer drips. The ascent to it is not very pleasant, but there is a fine prospect from the summit above. Pursuing our way by the sea-board; now diving into a deep woody gorge with a swamp at the bottom, across which we swing by the aid of a friendly bough; now toiling wearily to the brow of some monster cliffs, from which we catch a panoramic picture of sea and land; now broasting the breeze by the side of the waving corn upon the very edge of the beetling rocks; we arrive at length at the grand and beautiful ravine or valley of Ecclesbourne. Next to Lovers' Seat, this is the most picturesque scene in the neighbourhood of Hastings. The glen is richly wooded and sheltered on either side by bold and lofty eminences. A few hundred yards inland stands the neat cottage of Rocklands, once the favourite retreat of George Canning; and far below at the base of the cliff is seen the coast-guard station, nestling under the rock at the edge of the sea. On the western side of the ravine is the entrance to the Strawberry Gardens, which we have the satisfaction to find well stocked at the time of our arrival; and where we are but too glad to sit and refresh ourselves with the delicious fruit. The walk to Hastings from Ecclesbourne commences with a wearisome and almost perpendicular ascent to a height of nearly 300 feet, after which an agreeable and gradual descent leads us again into the town, near the Fish Market.

After dinner, being inclined for a leisurely stroll, we turned towards the fashionable quarter, or west end of Hastings, which bears the name of St. Leonard's. This elegant suburb was commenced but little more than twenty years ago, and for a long time was considered as a separate town, a mile and a half from Hastings. The interval is now, however, as completely filled up as that between London and Westminster, and the two towns are to all intents and purposes one, occupying a line of sea-beach two miles and a half in length. Some of the buildings are designed on a classic model, and bear a strong resemblance to those of Regent's Park, being the work of the same architect, though we question whether Mr. Burton had anything to do with the non-descript triumphal arch—half Roman, half Grecian, and whole abortion—which stands at the entrance of the Marina, and of which the less that is said the better. At the back of Maze-hill, to our thinking the finest portion of St. Leonard's, lie subscription gardens, a shady retreat, laid out with good taste in yalks "whose curvature of slow and easy sweep gives ample space to narrow bounds." These gardens boast a piece of rock called the Conqueror's Table, from the supposition that William dined upon it after his landing. St. Leonard's has been frequently the residence of royalty; and the poet Campbell once occupied a house in the Colonnade, where he wrote his well-known "Address to the Sea"—a piece, by the way, which will not bear comparison with the one on the same subject, written at Scarborough, by James Montgomery. There are some curiosities in the shape of caves and excavations in the soft rock, to be seen in this neighbourhood. St. Leonard's Caves, near the church, are said to be worthy of inspec-

tion; they are inhabited by a family who exhibit them for a fee: the entire excavation is above 100 feet in length. Besides these, there are the St. Clement's Caves which run under the West-hill; they were originally the work of sand-diggers, but have been since enlarged and cut into saloons and illuminated for holiday purposes. The long rows of elegant buildings which make up St. Leonard's, are fronted by a noble esplanade upon the sea margin; and this, almost joining with the stone parade of Hastings, affords the inhabitants a promenade of two miles in length. The coast to the west of St. Leonard's presents no temptations to the pedestrian. The cliffs have disappeared, and the land recedes in irregular and broken hillocks. The natural defence of the cliffs is substituted by Martello towers, now in the occupation of the Preventive service. They are dumpy round buildings, having at a distance very much the aspect of inverted washtubs.

We commenced our second day's view of Hastings by a morning visit to the old castle. Of the origin of this fortress, which is now nothing but an antique ruin occupying the crown of the West-hill, there is no information to be obtained. Grose conjectures that it was in existence in very early times, long before the coming of the Normans; a conjecture which is in some degree countenanced by the traces of a Roman encampment on the East-hill, which would seem to imply that the opposite eminence must have been fortified at the same period. After the battle of Hastings, the castle, with the rape or shore of Hastings, was given by William, to Robert earl of Eu, by one of whose descendants it was forfeited to the Crown, in the reign of Henry III. In the reign of Elizabeth the castle belonged to the Earl of Huntingdon, who sold it to Sir Thomas Pelham, through whom it has descended to the present owner, the earl of Chichester. It is evident from the appearance of the place that it has until recently been suffered to fall into complete neglect. For many years, perhaps centuries, the sheep and cattle browsed between its walls, which no man deemed worthy of preservation, and which became overgrown with herbage and heaped up with soil. In the year 1824, however, excavations were made by order of the present proprietor; and many interesting remains having been discovered, the inner area of the old castle was gradually denuded of the accumulations of centuries, and restored to its present condition. There are many legends relating to this place—the more, no doubt, because its real history is a blank. One of them states that Henry VIII here pestered a lady with his axe-boding addresses, and that she threw herself from the cliff to escape his true-love with a scaffold in perspective.

The ascent to the castle is a capital "constitutional." A toll of three-pence is demanded for admission; an elderly couple keeping watch and ward at the gate, and residing permanently in a portion of the old building refitted for their accommodation. We found the interior in excellent trim, resembling nothing so much as a tea-garden in the neighbourhood of London, and almost suggesting the suspicion that the ruins are a sham, got up as tea-garden ruins are, for the sake of the

picturesque. The suspicion, however, will not endure for a moment. The presence of hoar antiquity hovers over the spot where the deeds of a thousand years lie buried in oblivion. The massy walls of the ruinous old tower, and the time-worn steps by which you may ascend nearly to its summit, attest an age greater than that of the English monarchy; while the remains of the chapel, the chancel, nave, and aisle of which may yet be identified, together with the relics of an antique font, suggest the not impossible idea, that here, on this very spot, Christianity first found a home and a sanctuary on British soil. At the present day, whatever may have been its history during the past, the Castle of Hastings is literally

"The castle high of indolence"—

the place of holiday resort, of evening tea-parties and pic-nics. For all such purposes it is most admirably adapted and most conveniently situated, being accessible in a very few minutes from any part of the old town. The civil matron who looks after the threepences, will also boil the kettle and furnish the cream. There are seats and arbours, and blooming flowers, and smooth grassy swards, and no danger, spite of all the legends that have been said or sung, of tumbling over into the town below. We don't know a better use, after all, to which an old castle could be applied, and should have no objection to see a few more which we could mention, guffed for the same purpose. But we can stay here no longer, and must be off to Hollington and Battle, both of which we mean to see to-day.

Not being a bold dragoon, or anything of the sort, we do not intend marching to Battle on foot; so we hire an open chaise which we find standing in the street, and for want of a companion, we are driven off alone towards Hollington. For the village of Hollington, if there be such a place, we care nothing; all we want to see is Hollington church, which bears the reputation of being a hermit church, standing alone in the middle of a wood. The drive thither leads us through a picturesque track, with occasional fine views both seaward and inland. After a run through cross-roads for about three-quarters of an hour, the driver pulls up suddenly at a five-barred gate opposite to an old barn, and announces that we have reached Hollington. We see nothing but the barn and the gate, which latter we are directed to climb over; we do so, and advancing some hundred yards, there stands the little church in the centre of the wood beneath. Descending the steep brow of the hill, a neat white wicket invites entrance a little to the left. Here a narrow foot-path, embowered with tall hazels, where the milk-white clusters, as yet untouched by ravaging boys, hang temptingly, leads forward to the little graveyard, in the centre of which, alone with the sunshine and the dead, stands the rude primitive miniature edifice. It is little more than a couple of small pan-tiled cottages placed side by side, the larger one having the additions of a small porch, two or three buttresses, and a wooden steeple very like the top of a windmill, and leaning most delightfully out of the perpendicular and over the roof. The windows are cottage casements, the fittings of the interior are of worm-eaten deal, and every plank, every pane of glass, and every stone

within reach, is cut, scratched, and carved with the names of innumerable pilgrims, who have thus left their memorials upon the spot. The graveyard is inclosed by a low hedge not higher than your elbow, which, at the present season, is almost one mass of wild roses matted together by the tendrils of the fragrant honeysuckle, and half buried in the long grass, among which the broad white blossoms of the dew-berry glimmer like stars. A delicious odour fills the air, in which the only sounds are the chirp of birds, and the hoarse dirge-like cawing of a solitary rook sailing slowly aloft. Around, "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and have slept, some of them if one may judge from their mouldering tombs, for many generations; but we can learn nothing positive as to the date of this curious structure—all our inquiries terminating in a silly legend, ascribing its situation to the interference of the evil one with the operations of the builders. Not very many years ago Charles Lamb visited this spot, and thus describes it in a letter to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. "I have just returned from Hastings, where are exquisite views and walks.

There are spots, inland bays, &c., which realize the notions of Juan Fernandez. The best thing I lit upon by accident was a small country church (by whom or when built unknown) standing bare and single in the midst of a grove, with no house or appearance of habitation within a quarter of a mile, only passages diverging from it through beautiful woods to so many farm-houses. There it stands, like the first idea of a church, before parishioners were thought of, nothing but birds for its congregation; or like a hermit's oratory (the hermit dead), or a mausoleum; its effects singularly impressive, like a church found in a desert isle to staid Crusoe with a home image: you must make out a vicar and a congregation from fancy, for surely none come there; yet it wants not its pulpit and its font, and all the seemly additions of our worship." The description of Lamb will hold good to the present hour, and the building may still suggest the same ideas to an imagination as rich as his. Standing upon a tombstone we caught a distant glimpse of the sea, and, in various directions, of the snug comfortable farmhouses whose inmates make up the actual congregation who weekly meet here for worship; and then taking another path through a stunted copse overshadowed by tall trees, and literally choked with wild flowers of all hues, we regained, by a circuitous route, the five-barred gate, not without looking back more than once upon this ecclesiastical old babe in the wood."

The drive from Hollington church to Battle occupies the best part of an hour. The whole ride is through a picturesque track, increasing in interest as we recede from the coast. The town itself appears to consist of but one long street, containing nothing remarkable. The Abbey, which stands at the end of the town, is the grand source of attraction, being the ruined memorial of the great event which decided the fate of England, at the most critical period of her early history. It owed its erection to a vow made by the Conqueror to build and consecrate a church, if God would grant him success. It was commenced in the

second year of his reign, but was not finished until twenty-eight years after, in the reign of Rufus. The ruins at the present time occupy an area nearly a mile in circumference, though their aspect at a distance is anything but imposing. Very little of the original pile now remains, the greater part having been rebuilt under the later Henrys. After the dissolution, the abbey was granted to a person who, after dismantling it, and selling the materials, disposed of it to Sir Anthony Browne, and it was finally purchased by Sir Thomas Webster, an ancestor of the present owner. The mansion was erected by Sir Thomas, and it forms one of the sides of what was formerly an immense quadrangle. On entering it, the visitor is introduced into a fine baronial hall, 57 feet in height, as many in length, and 31 broad. Under the window at the south-end, and over a dais with a canopy, hangs an immense painting of the Battle of Hastings, by Wilkins. On the side walls are a few family portraits by Sir Joshua, Vandyke, and Hudson, and some specimens of ancient armour. On the floor is a unique mortar, said to belong to Bodiam Castle. Besides the hall, the only other part of the house into which visitors are admitted, is the vaulted drawing-room, supposed to have been the *locutorium*, or reception-room, in the time of the monks. This chamber is about the length of the hall, but not nearly so wide. The vaulting of pointed arches is supported by three pillars in the centre, and twelve corbels at the sides and angles.

The ruins of the old abbey are highly interesting, but, from their great extent, it is impossible, within our limited space, to notice more than a few of the most prominent objects. Among these we may glance first at the only remaining portions of the church, which consist of nine handsome arches filled up with masonry, standing in front of the dwelling-house. It was on this spot that Harold planted his standards; it was here that the last struggle took place for the possession of that standard, which cost the lives of a dozen Norman knights; it was here that the brothers of Harold fell in its defence; and it was here too, in all probability, that Harold himself, the arrow in his brain, fell a corpse upon that soil which he died in vain to defend. The ground plan of the church is no longer traceable; a spot is pointed out where the foundations of the choir were dug up, and in the choir stood the high altar, which was reared over the place where the body of Harold was found. The refectory, which Walpole thought was the church, is a magnificent ruin 150 feet long, and 35 broad; the east and west sides, and the south end, are still in a good state of preservation, but the north end has been destroyed. The walls are pierced on all sides with lancet windows to the number of twenty, and there are several fireplaces yet remaining. Under the refectory, along its whole extent, are a number of vaulted chambers, the most remarkable of which are a crypt, and a spacious room with transomed windows, which was perhaps the *scriptorium* or library. Eastward of the refectory are the foundations of the chapter-house, and also a subterranean prison. One of the most striking parts of the whole ruin is the great gate at the entrance of the quadrangle, which directly fronts the street from the London-

road. Though not more than 25 feet high, it is a singularly imposing structure. It forms, however, no part of the ancient edifice, being probably erected about the time of Henry VI. The arch of the chief entrance is massive, and obtusely pointed, and the style evidently of the Tudor period. At each side of the gateway rise handsome octagon turrets, crowned with battlements. The apartment over the gateway was formerly used as a town-hall; but at the latter end of last century the roof was driven in by a violent tempest, and the town-council of Battle had to seek another place for their assemblies.

Before leaving Battle, the tourist may bestow an hour in a visit to the parish church. It was built by one of the abbots of the abbey somewhere about the twelfth century. It contains some curious monumental brasses, the monument of Sir Anthony Browne, and some ancient mural paintings. In the churchyard is a gravestone to the memory of an old servant of the Webster family, who died at the age of 120.

Here we must of necessity cease our personal narrative, and close this paper with the addition of such scraps of information on the subject of Hastings and its neighbourhood, as it is desirable that the stranger should be made acquainted with. The first thing which strikes us as worthy of note is a matter specially affecting the invalid; we allude to the variety of climate, and the salubrity of atmosphere which this spot presents. The old town of Hastings, possessing a southern aspect open to the sea, and being sheltered in every other direction by high lands and lofty cliffs, is perhaps as little subject to sudden changes of temperature as any place in England. Further, from the nature of the soil, which is principally of sand and sand-rock, which speedily absorbs humidity and prevents evaporation, this part of the coast is, to a great extent, free from those cold land-fogs which are the terror of the asthmatic and consumptive. In the next place, the neighbourhood of Hastings is so rich in natural beauties for the lovers of the picturesque, and so abounding in objects of archaeological interest to amuse the antiquarian, and in historical associations and legendary tales, that few places could be found possessing such various means of pleasurable excitement. Of some of these natural beauties and historical relics we have given a description; to others our space forbids us to do more than merely advert.

Let us recommend the summer resident at Hastings to pay a visit to Winchelsea; a town which has been once pushed from its original site by the fury of the sea, and then abandoned by the sea altogether, till its harbour was choked up and its trade ruined; and which is now little more than a barren memento of past prosperity. There he will find manifold memorials of ages long past and forgotten; and one still pleasanter to look upon of a great man never to be forgotten, which, in the form of a stately tree, stands in Winchelsea churchyard. Under this tree, John Wesley, on the 7th September, 1790, preached the last sermon of the tens of thousands which during a long life he had delivered in the open air.

Let the visitor also proceed to Rye, which was once the refuge of the French protestants, when, taking warning from the massacres of St. Bartho-

lomey, they fled from the assassin sword of the French king, and where to the present day the names of the inhabitants attest their French extraction. Rye, like Winchelsea, has once seen better days; and the relics of these are the objects that most interest the traveller. In the fine old church, of mixed Norman and English architecture, are a communion table and a clock which were part of the spoils of the Spanish Armada (so says the popular account), and presented to the town by queen Elizabeth.

Besides these, we might mention many other places within the distance of an easy drive or a healthy walk:—Pevensey, where the Conqueror landed, and which was the birth-place of the eccentric physician, Andrew Borde—Hurstmonceaux, with its noble castle, grand and dignified in decay, and its ancient church, where yet reposes William Ffienes, knight, and pledges his knightly faith, upon a tablet of brass, that whoever will say a paternoster and an ave for the repose of his soul, shall secure six score days of pardon!—Crowhurst, which boasts the largest yew-tree in England, measuring thirty feet in girth, and the road to which forms one of the most romantic and picturesque drives in the neighbourhood,—and Brede, renowned for the beautiful interior of its old church, and the remarkable old monuments it contains. All these places the visitor who has leisure at command will do well to explore, and in the course of so doing he can hardly fail of meeting with many others, possessing equal claims to remembrance.

We have packed our carpet-bag and are ready to start for Brighton; but the train will not arrive for an hour or two, so we drop into Hastings old church of All Saints, a venerable and substantial building of the early part of the fourteenth century. This church, is most appropriately situated at the entrance of the town from the London road, and the churchyard slopes up the hill, the pathway through it being bordered with trees. There are many curious relics of the ingenuity and piety of a past age, cognisable by the careful observer, both within and without this ancient structure; but in our view it is chiefly remarkable from the fact, attested by an entry in the church books, that the notorious and infamous Titus Oates was, during a part of the period of the protectorate, its officiating minister. This unhappy man was a native of Hastings. His father was rector of All Saints', and had previously been chaplain to Colonel Pride. Titus was convicted of perjury in the reign of the second James, and underwent a sentence so savage, and executed with a severity so intense, as to give rise to a suspicion that it was intended to be fatal. If so, he disappointed his judges; for he lived to the age of 75, enjoying in his later years a liberal pension from the government of William, and the reputation of a martyr!!

But we must bid reluctantly a farewell to Hastings, railway trains being more imperative than time or tide. The train is signalled as we approach the station. We drop into our seat, and in one minute are dashed into the utter darkness and cold chill of a tunnel a mile long, which blots Hastings from our view for a twelvemonth to come—perhaps for ever.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF FISH.

A VERY interesting little pamphlet under the above title has been recently published, describing the practical application by two French fishermen of a process by which fish in rivers may be multiplied almost indefinitely. The details of the discovery are scarcely adapted for our pages; but the following quotation from the pamphlet referred to will probably be read with great interest, promising, as the discovery does, to open up to our labouring population enlarged and cheap supplies of a wholesome article of diet.

"For this glorious but singularly simple idea the world is indebted to two humble fishermen, named Gehin and Remy, of an obscure village called La Bresse, in the department of the Vosges, in France. The department of the Vosges is traversed by the Moselle, and possesses many of the tribularies of that beautiful river, together with several streams and some lakes. The fine clear waters of all these, made them the most famous resort of trout in all France; and the production of that fish was so considerable that it formed a large portion of the food of the population.

"Several years ago, however, the yield was observed to decline, and it continued year after year to diminish. Messrs. Gehin and Remy made it their business to attempt to discover if any, and if so, what means could be devised for checking the evil. Having watched the proceedings of the male and female at spawning time (it is in the month of November in the Vosges), they soon saw how they were to act. Their first experiment was crowned with extraordinary success. This was in 1841. In 1842, 1843, and 1844, they again repeated their experiments, and in each case in the most triumphant manner. In the latter year, to encourage them, the Société d'Emulation des Vosges gave them a bronze medal, and granted them a sum of money. They were subsequently employed to exercise their system in the different rivers and streams of the department, and in those of the adjacent departments. In the course of a short time they succeeded in stocking these waters with millions of trout.

"It is to be observed, that although the fecundation of the eggs of fish by the means employed by Gehin and Remy was known to scientific ichthyologists, it was perfectly unknown to them. These poor men had never heard of Golstein or Jacobi; of Lacépède or Samoni; they had probably never in their lives opened a book on the natural history of fish; consequently it was by their own unaided intelligence and patient investigation that they arrived at the discovery of the 'great fact;' and surely the same credit is due to them for it, as if it had been quite original. Though they came after Golstein, they rank as high, nay higher, for they had none of his instruction or means of observation.

"Though bad news proverbially flies fast, information really useful to the public not unfrequently travels very slowly. It was so in this case. Until the beginning of 1849, nothing was heard of the discovery and its great results beyond the department of the Vosges and its immediate vicinity; and perhaps nothing would have been heard of it

until this day, if an eminent and learned physician residing in the department, who had taken much interest in the matter, had not called attention to it. For performing this act of justice and kindness, a very deep debt of gratitude is due to him, not only from his own countrymen, but from foreign nations.

"This gentleman, Doctor Haxo of Epinal, perpetual secretary of the Société d'Emulation, and member of the Conseil Académique of the department of the Vosges, addressed, in the month of March, 1849, an admirably written communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, describing Gehin and Remy's *modus operandi* and its astonishing results. The sensation which this paper created was extraordinary, amongst the public as well as in the Academy; and surprise was generally expressed at the singular fact that it should have fallen to two uneducated fishermen to show the practical value of a discovery known to the learned for nearly a century.

"The Academy, seeing at once the immense national importance of the two fishermen's proceedings, hastened to call the attention of the government to it. The government, on its part, after making proper inquiries and finding all that was said was true, resolved, as was plainly its duty to do, to have the system applied to all the rivers in France, and especially to those in the poorer provinces. Gehin and Remy were accordingly summoned to Paris, and taken at once into the employment of the government at good salaries; their duties being first to stock with fish, by their system, such rivers as should be pointed out to them, and next to teach that system to the peasantry. They were treated, too, as men who have made a great scientific discovery and secured an immense benefit to their country. Many *savans* vied with each other in doing them honour; and the President of the Republic and his ministers made them dine at their tables and figure at their receptions. A commission, consisting of distinguished scientific men, was appointed to superintend their operations.

"Shortly after Dr. Haxo had, by his communication to the Academy, called public attention to the discovery, very liberal offers were made to Gehin and Remy, by the governments of Spain and Holland, to introduce their system into those countries, but they declined to quit France.

"Since they have been taken into the service of the French government, they have stocked streams and rivers at Allevard, Pontcharra, Sassenage, Veurey, Vizille, Bourg d'Oisans, Rives, Pont-en-Royans, Paladru, Lempdes, St. Geoirs, Arandon, La Buisse, and Grenoble, in the department of the Isère; in numerous places in the department of the Haute Loire; also in the departments of the Allier, the Lozère, the Meuse, the Meurthe, the Haute Saône, and several others.

"M. de Caumont, a gentleman of property, has experimented on their system in Normandy with great success; as have also the director of the canal from the Rhone to the Rhine, in the vast reservoirs of Huningue, and different noblemen and gentlemen in Burgundy, in Brie, in the neighbourhood of Dijon, and in numerous other parts of the country."

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

CHAPTER II.

MICHAEL ANGELO was a painter and sculptor; William Hogarth, in his day, was an engraver as well as a painter; and Edward Frankland was both a designer and an engraver. The first art he had studied as a profession; the second, as a recreation. His prospects in his profession had been flattering; but the commercial panic which had swept away his father's property and his own, had also brought to ruin the house in which he had found lucrative employment, and had greatly deadened that branch of business in which he was engaged, as well as almost every other. Thus, at the time the grateful and affectionate old servant sought out her former benefactor, the prospects of the Franklands were very dark and gloomy.

There is an old book which encourages us to cast our bread upon the waters, with the assurance that it shall be found again after many days. The same old book also bids us not to despise the poor, not to say to a hungry and destitute brother or sister of the human family, "Depart in peace, and be ye warmed and filled," withholding at the same time "those things which are needful to the body." The same old book teaches us to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to do good and to communicate blessings; to be merciful, even as He who is our Father in heaven is merciful; and to bestow, freely, heartily, and disinterestedly, not hoping nor wishing to receive again.

And little did the kind-hearted lady, whose compassion was touched by the sight and sounds of distress in the poor neglected motherless child, and who thenceforward provided for her a home, imagine that, twenty years afterwards, and when she herself should have escaped the changes and sorrows of life, the tables would be turned, and that this child would be the humble but kind and efficient stay of husband and son.

On the day that our story opened, Edward Frankland had endured much of that sickening anguish of spirit which, though not incidental to professional life alone, is in no class felt more keenly. He had gone from warehouse to warehouse, wearied and dejected, to meet rebuffs at almost every turn. It had seemed to him—perhaps disordered fancy that purse-pride, impatience, capriciousness, and contempt, had been concentrated upon his poor devoted head on that day. His portfolio of designs had been, in some places, unceremoniously and impatiently thrust aside; in others, it had been opened only to draw down upon him sneers at his taste and exceptions to his execution. One house alone—its living representative we mean, of course—had sparingly bestowed commendation and encouragement, and had laid down the money for one design; but had given him no very sanguine hope for further orders. But even for this slight gleam of success poor Edward had been thankful, and hastened, as we have seen, to expend the limited proceeds of his day's weary labour in luxuries for his sick father.

Could a stranger have peeped into the small sitting-room in Edgware-road that evening, and heard the conversation of Mr. Frankland and Edward—how the son talked hopefully of future

days, cheerfully of his day's engagements, enthusiastically of his determination to succeed, if success could be won by perseverance, and gratefully of Hester Green and Hester Green's husband;—how he avoided even the shadow of an appearance of a desponding look, or the vibration of a desponding tone, that might distress the invalid;—how, with affectionate earnestness, he urged his father to drink the wine and moisten his lips with the fruit, and afterwards poured out for him the cup of fragrant tea, bought, as he said and believed, at the best tea-shop in London, which would compose him for his night's rest;—and then have seen how the sick man strove to conceal his desponding griefs, if he had them, and his bodily infirmities; how he sipped the wine, and ate the fruit; not so much probably to please his own palate, as to content his boy; could the stranger have heard, too, how the father talked of the past with thankfulness, and of the future with hope, while on both father and son a bright gleam of happiness, not of this world, but of another and a better, seemed to rest, irradiating their pale faces, and chasing away every shade of blighted fortune and depressing pain, and drooping expectation:—we say, could all this have been witnessed by a stranger, that stranger would have learned a lesson worth a long and painful pilgrimage to have attained.

Three years passed away, and brought with them but little change in circumstances, or variation in the daily occupations of our young artist. It was a struggling life. Sometimes a gleam of better success had cheered him on, to be again thrust back by some unlooked-for disappointment. His father lived, however, and even regained some of his lost health; and this was in itself happiness to Edward Frankland. They still retained their lodgings, and Hester was as motherly as ever; and Edward earned enough to keep clear of debt. But he could obtain no permanent engagement; and he had to submit to the innumerable caprices of those who occasionally employed him, and who, without remorse, tore to rags and tatters—metaphorically speaking—the most favourite productions of Edward's hand and brain. His time, too, was sadly wasted with hawking—we can use no better word—hawking his designs about town, and in altering—spoiling he said—to suit the whim of the purchaser, almost every design he composed. With all this, however, Edward's time would not have been entirely occupied, but for his increasing devotion to the art which he had chosen for a recreation. Night after night, long after laying aside his pencils and palette, and when his father had retired to his bedroom, did Edward trim his lamp afresh, and strain his eyesight over his graving tools. And thus, for three years, as we have said, had the young artist struggled on.

During this time, Hester's husband had been able to serve young Frankland very materially with the results of his experience as a copper-plate printer, and by obtaining for him facilities for proofing his work in the office of his (Green's) employer. For several months, indeed, there seemed to have been secrets of no mean interest locked up in the bosoms of the young artist and his friend Green, to which neither old Mr. Frankland nor

Hester was to be admitted. Almost every evening, the retirement of Mr. Frankland for the night was the signal for the printer to creep stealthily into Edward's workshop, as he chose to call a small garret with a sloping roof and no furniture save the materials of his two arts, and a German stove, which same garret the young artist had, with Hester's consent, appropriated as his own. There the two friends held solemn conferences, till Hester herself began good-naturedly to make believe to grumble.

The mystery, whatever it was, had continued for some time, when one evening Edward Frankland returned home, accompanied by Hester's husband. The latter held in his hand a brown paper parcel, which he laid upon the table of the little parlour. Snatching it up with a trembling hand, Edward rapidly cut the string, at the moment when Hester had entered the room with a light. "Why, what have you got there?" she exclaimed. "Oh, that is beautiful!"

This exclamation was uttered as Edward held up the proof impression of an engraving, which he looked at with the affection that a young artist might well be pardoned for feeling in the contemplation of an apparently successful effort for fame and—subsistence.

"Thank you, my dear good friend," he said, with suppressed feeling; and he still gazed upon the picture.

"So that is what you have been about so long, and have made such a secret of, is it, master Edward? Well, it is beautiful; I can't think how you manage such things: and do you think you are going to make a fortune by it, master Edward?" asked Hester.

"I am afraid not, Hester; that is, I don't know that I want to make a fortune by it; if I can only get a decent price for the copyright, I shall be contented; but that is yet to be done."

"Copyright! what's that?"

The young artist explained.

"Well, that's all a mystery to me, and I don't understand it, and never shall," replied Hester: "now, why don't you have a lot of them printed, and sell them at once?"

Edward still attempted to enlighten his kind-hearted friend, but with little success. Then turning to James Green, he talked over the matter of copyright; and gradually, in spite of all his friend could say, he lost his gratified and exulting air and tone.

"I don't know that Hester is not right," he said; "she thinks this is a wild-goose chase, I know; and now that it is done, I am afraid my time and your kindness, my dear friend, will have been wasted. Who will have anything to do with an artist like me, without a name and, what is worse, without connexions?"

But Green would not admit that there could be a difficulty. It was a good work of art, he said, a striking subject, a capital design, a novel yet glowing conception; it was splendidly executed and beautifully finished; in short, it must, it would, and it should achieve a name, and open a new path for his young friend.

It was, perhaps, a month later, that the young artist might again have been seen hastily walking

towards his quiet home. His countenance, thinner than ever, was alternately pallid and flushed, his eyes were downcast, his bloodless lips compressed, and his limbs trembled either with weakness or suppressed emotion—perhaps with both. It was the old story of genius rebuked, talents underrated, and hope destroyed; it may soon be told. Disheartened by his growing experience as a designer, and, it may be, ambitious of employing himself in a higher walk of art, Edward had both studied hard and worked hard, and had patiently but hopefully looked forward to the day—the day which at length had come.

One strong and influential motive had both impelled and sustained the young artist: this was an affectionate concern for his invalid parent. Nothing, he had been told, could restore Mr. Frankland to his former health but generous living and the enjoyment, for a time at least, of sea-breezes. The first of these remedies Edward had procured by acts of long-continued and secret self-denial; the latter was to be the reward of his more recent labours with the graver. Could he, to compass this, realize enough ready money by the copyright of that engraving upon which he had concentrated all his skill and genius, he should be more than satisfied. And with this consummation of his wishes in view, the young artist had, with trembling eagerness, introduced himself to one publisher after another. We will not follow him in his mortifying and most painful course. It was all in vain. He had neither name nor introduction—how could he expect to succeed? This is the story in short. How much heart-sickening anguish it includes and implies, let the reader judge.

Worn, weary and prostrated in spirit, young Frankland, on that evening, reached his home. He had laboured in vain; the thought and skill and midnight labours of many months had been wasted, and worse than wasted. He entered his chamber and shut the door.

Fear not, reader, he shall come out unscathed. "Blessed is the man," is the declaration of Him who cannot deceive, "that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is." Edward Frankland entered his chamber cast down and almost in despair; he left it composed and even cheerful. He had sought and found relief in prayer. An hour or two later, Edward was once more in his "work-shop," and with him was his constant, faithful friend Green. The young artist had put out of sight, hoping perhaps to put out of mind also, all traces of his engraving, and was busy with his ordinary occupation of pattern designing.

"I must make up for lost time," he said to his friend.

"Then you have not succeeded to-day, Mr. Edward?"

"No," replied the young artist quietly, though there was a suppressed sigh and a quivering of the eyelid which did not escape the notice of his quick-sighted companion: "No. I suppose I must believe what every one tells me, that I have mistaken my road; and, all I have to do is to get back again as soon as I can."

"Everybody does not say so, Mr. Edward."

"True, you and Hester; but you know that your wife would think anything that you or I

could do, a marvel of cleverness and a triumph of art; and as to you, my good friend, you are only too kind and partial."

"I was not thinking of myself or Hester either," said James Green; "but I want to beg a great favour of you, Mr. Edward."

"I am sure there is nothing I *can* do for you, that I would not—what is it?"

"I want you to let me have that plate, to do what I like with, and to ask no questions about it, for—say one month."

"A very worthless favour that, my good friend. Take it, by all means, and do what you please with it."

This was a winter's evening dialogue. Summer came, and on the healthy downs of the Sussex coast, near Hastings, might be seen every fine day, through two entire months, an elderly gentleman, in infirm health, but gaining fresh strength and muscular power daily, accompanied and supported by a young man, who watched every step of his more aged companion with the solicitude of a tender nurse, or rather of an affectionate son. They were father and son; they were our friends the Franklands. All day long they seemed to have little to do but ramble; but when evening came, and they were shut up in their comfortable lodgings, and the elder visitor had withdrawn for the night, the younger, with hope and enthusiastic love of art lighting up his countenance, sat down to the work that was no longer doubtful in its promised results. In the course of a few short weeks, a strange alteration had taken place in his prospects.

The poor despised engraving, upon the copyright of which no one could be found to venture more than the value of the copperplate as old metal (so Edward had been assured), but which the persevering kindness of a journeyman printer—a *mere mechanic*, as some would have said—and the discernment of that man's employer, had introduced to public notice—had become the popular engraving of the day. At first the few proof engravings, for one of which a vacant frame in a picture dealer's shop had been found by Green's employer, went off but slowly; but they did go. Then came a demand for more, and more, and more. Then came orders from one house after another, and the press was kept busily at work to supply the demand. Then hastened the happy journeyman printer to pour out before his astounded young friend the golden produce of the first week's sale. Then came fresh orders, until in every picture-shop might be seen the first production of the burin of the promising young artist. Then came proffers for the copyright, such as a short time before would have made Edward's heart jump for joy, but which now he wisely and steadily refused; and then came —, but we need not add to our "then comes," nor is it necessary to say precisely how many scores of pounds the young artist gained by his first public trial of talent as an engraver. Nor need we enlarge upon his future smooth and prosperous course. He had broken through the charmed circle which keeps aloof the unknown and unrecognised artist, and outside of which many a poor son of genius has, we fear, lain down to die, in hopelessness and want. Filial duty had reaped its reward.

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SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—TRANSPORT OF WOOL FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

AUSTRALIA.

V.—NEW SOUTH WALES AND VICTORIA.

In closing this series of papers on Australia, we propose to give some details relative to the two colonies to which the tide of emigration is now

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flowing, of an historical, topographical, statistical, and miscellaneous nature.

I.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE oldest, most extensive, and populous colony of Australia received its name from Captain Cook,

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who fancied that portions of its scenery bore a strong resemblance to that of the southern part of Wales, in the mother-country. It stretches along the shore of the Pacific Ocean, upwards of 1000 miles northwards from Cape Howe, the extreme south point; and has a coast indented with numerous bays, well adapted as anchorage ground for vessels of the largest size. Inland it extends to the 141st degree of east longitude, which is the artificial boundary from South Australia—a distance of more than 500 miles. The province of Victoria lies on the south, from which it is divided generally by the Murray river. Owing to its northern limits being at present undefined, the area cannot be given, but it may be roughly estimated at fully ten times the size of England. The settlement of this great region as a place of exile for criminals, commenced in the year 1788, when a number of male and female convicts, with officers and privates, under Captain A. Phillip, governor of the projected colony, arrived at Botany Bay. This spot had been so named by the naturalists of Cook's expedition, owing to the diversity of its vegetation. But it was at once seen to be a wholly ineligible site; and the magnificent estuary of Port Jackson being discovered a few miles to the north, the fleet removed thither, without any of the transports having been disembarked. "On the evening of the 26th of January," says the official account, "Governor Phillip arrived in Port Jackson, and anchored off the mouth of the cove intended for the settlement. The spot chosen for this purpose was at the head of the cove, near a run of fresh water which stole silently through a very thick wood, the stillness of which had then, for the first time since the creation, been interrupted by the rude sound of the labourer's axe and the downfall of its ancient inhabitants; a stillness and tranquillity which were from that day to give place to the noise of labour, the confusion of camps and towns, and the busy hum of its new possessors. The whole of the party then present were assembled at the point where they had first landed, and on which a flag-staff had been purposely erected, and a union jack displayed, when the mariners fired several volleys. A portable canvass-house, brought over for the governor, was erected on the east side of the cove, which was named Sydney. Every person belonging to the settlement being landed, the numbers amounted to 1030 persons. As soon as the hurry and tumult necessarily attending the disembarkation had a little subsided, the governor caused his Majesty's commission, appointing him to be his Captain-General and Governor-in-chief, in and over the territory of New South Wales and its dependencies, to be publicly read, together with letters patent for establishing courts of civil and criminal judicature in the territory."

Such is the recorded account of the first settlement of the parent colony of Australia, and of Sydney, its capital. The infant establishment underwent great privations for some time, owing to the hostility of the natives, and want of provisions, supplies from home being lost by shipwreck. It made little progress till governor Macquarie's administration commenced in 1810. From this date, during a period of twelve years, great attention was paid to the moral and instructional improvement of the convict population; the passage of

the Blue Mountains was effected; the fine pastoral region of Bathurst to the westward was discovered; and the general capabilities of the country becoming widely known, numbers of reputable individuals were attracted to its shores. It has since advanced with rapid strides to a high state of prosperity and improvement, justifying the remark of Strzlecki, that the Anglo-Saxon reproduces his country wherever he hoists his country's flag. This progress has been made in the teeth of peculiarly unpropitious circumstances; for, expressly originated as a penal settlement, and continually receiving importations of infamous and daring offenders to undergo their punishment—the sweepings of English, Irish, and Scotch jails—the colony has had the most frightful moral and social evils entailed upon it by the convict system. Prisoners absconding from the masters to whom they were assigned as bondmen, or especially from the government gangs, became bushrangers, the Ishmaels of the wilderness, whose hands were against every man, and roamed the country as brigands, well armed and mounted, in search of plunder, to the terror of settlers and the discouragement of enterprise. Others, upon the expiration of their sentences, merging in the general mass of society, with characters unreformed, contributed to demoralize the community by their habits of debauchery and crime. But an end has been put to these evils in their grosser form. Transportation to New South Wales ceased in the year 1840; and owing to the fact of the more dissolute of the felon class having died off, added to the great influx of respectable immigrants, the taint of convictism is now confined to a comparatively limited circle, while vigorous religious and instructional efforts have had an improving effect upon the general state of society. Still intemperance, gambling, an insatiable love of money, and a somewhat lax commercial morality are lamentably prevalent vices.

The population of the colony stood as follows at the last census, 1851:—Sydney and suburbs, 53,924; country towns, 83,306; rural districts, 100,013; total, 187,243. It appears from the details of the census, that the proportions of professional men, clerical, legal, and medical, to all other persons, is considerably greater in the colony than in England.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and according to the aspirations of its inhabitants, destined to be the metropolis of a great Australian empire, was so called in honour of Viscount Sydney, who was Secretary of State for the colonies at the time of its foundation. It is situated on the southern shores of Port Jackson, a harbour capable of accommodating the shipping of a maritime empire, rarely surpassed by any other known port for convenience and beauty. The inlet received its name under somewhat singular circumstances. Soon after Captain Cook's expedition left Botany Bay, the first spot at which he cast anchor in Australia, a seaman named Jackson who had the look-out at the mast-head of the Endeavour, hailed an opening in the coast, now called "Sydney Heads," and forthwith announced a harbour in sight. The intelligence was duly conveyed to the commander, who being at dinner was in no hurry to appear on deck. When he did so, the opening had become nearly shut in, owing to the speed at which the ship was going. Unable, therefore, to perceive any

indications of an important inlet, the great navigator reprimanded the seaman for needlessly disturbing him. Upon the man persisting in the truth of his statement, Cook, still dubious, replied, "We will call the harbour by your name," and as Port Jackson, it was marked in the ship's log, with the description of "boat harbour" appended to it. Eighteen years later, the vigilance of the seaman was vindicated by Captain Phillip, who while in search of a location for the first settlement, stopped to examine the inlet so marked in Cook's chart, and rediscovered the noble estuary. The coast in the neighbourhood is bold, and in many places perpendicular, resembling in general effect and outline our own Dover, only the cliffs, being sandstone, are darker coloured. Suddenly the voyager comes to a breach in the sea-wall, from one to two miles wide, guarded on each side by majestic headlands, known as the North and South Heads, between which he passes from the tempest-tossed ocean into tranquil land-locked waters. The estuary extends upwards of twenty miles inland, when it terminates in a creek, called the Paramatta River, from the town of that name on its banks. It is, in fact, a vast collection of bays, or coves as they are locally termed, meaning harbours on a smaller scale. Sailing on its surface the scene is animated and beautiful in the extreme. Noble vessels are seen riding at anchor; steamers and small craft are plying in all directions; picturesque islets charm the eye; while the shores, covered in various places with gum-trees, different species of Banksia and other peculiar shrubs, remind the emigrant of his removal from the hedges, hollies, and elms of England.

Viewed from the direction of the sea, Sydney wears a most pleasing and busy aspect, extending full two miles along the southern shore, and situated about seven miles from the Heads. Long ranges of stone warehouses, roomy wharves, and the usual adjuncts of commerce, fringe the water-side; behind these appear the churches, and public buildings, with the luxuriant foliage of many graceful trees intermingling with them; while the heights of Woollomooloo, a native name, from the background, are crowned with the residences of the opulent classes. On landing, the new-comer may find it difficult for a moment to realize the fact of being near the antipodes of his native land, as he listens to the cry of "Cab, sir!" or hears an omnibus driver salute him with "J'addington," the name of one of the suburbs. But if he visits the Market-place, in the centre of the city, he may see something very un-English—beef and mutton, selling at a penny or twopence per pound, turtle retailed at about the same price, and pine-apples and bananas as plentiful as vegetables at Coyent-garden. There is a magnificent government-house, of recent erection, in the Tudor style; an ample supply of places of worship, with benevolent and scholastic institutions. There is likewise a botanical garden, and a fashionable drive, or Hyde Park. Sydney College, devoted to the higher branches of education, was founded by a convict, a skilful physician, transported for his share in a fatal duel, who nobly endeavoured to repair the injury he had done to society by a subsequent career of usefulness. The population, including the suburbs, according to religious profession, ranged as follows, in 1851:—

Church of England	24,746
Church of Scotland	4,478
Wesleyan Methodists	8,132
Other Protestants	4,454
Total Protestants	36,806
Roman Catholics	16,134
Jews	618
Mohammedans and Pagans	76
Other persuasions	291
Total	53,924

After the capital, though far inferior to it, the principal provincial towns are:—Paramatta, distant 15 miles; Liverpool, 20; Windsor, 34; and Bathurst, 121 miles. Sydney is 587 miles overland from Melbourne, 641 from Geelong, 1100 by sea from Adelaide, 13,288 from Southampton, England, by the isthmus of Suez, and 12,700 by the isthmus of Panama. By Act of Parliament, passed in 1850, the Crown is empowered to erect the territories north of the 30th degree of south latitude into a distinct colony, which will form the separate government of North Australia.

II.—VICTORIA.

THIS fine province, embraces the most southerly portion of Australia. It stretches from the Murray on the north to the remarkable projection of Wilson's Promontory; a mass of granite twenty miles long, by from six to fourteen wide, rising to the height of 3000 feet, and connected with the island-continent by a low sandy isthmus. The district lies directly opposite to Van Diemen's Land, from which it is separated by the channel of Bass's Straits, and is equidistant from Sydney and South Australia. Roughly estimating its extent, it may be stated at 250 miles from north to south, and 500 from east to west, with a coast-line of about 600 miles, indented with capacious havens, the whole area embracing 80,000 square miles, being about equal to that of Great Britain. Owing to its greater distance from the tropics, it enjoys a more moderate temperature than the adjoining colonies; and possesses a larger quantity of lake, river, and surface water. The soil being also more extensively adapted for the best cereal agriculture, as well as for pastoral purposes, it has superior capabilities for maintaining a large population upon a limited territory; and seems destined on that account to become the great centre of Australian civilization. Sir Thomas Mitchell, one of its early explorers, struck with the appearance of its green hills and flowery plains, proposed to name the region Australia Felix. It was commonly known as the Port Phillip district, while included in the government of New South Wales; but owing to the great distance from Sydney, along with a rapid rise to prosperity, it was formed into a distinct colony in 1850, under the name of the province of Victoria, receiving a local governor and legislature.

This fertile tract of country had no permanent connexion with the civilized world till so recent a date as the year 1835, when a number of graziers from Van Diemen's Land removed their flocks and herds to the locality, obtaining large tracts of pasture ground from the aborigines of Port Phillip. A singular adventure occurred to a party of the early settlers, which deserves to be related. They were living in a rudely constructed hut, with several

native families encamped around them, when an individual was observed, whose appearance caused great surprise and some alarm. This was a man of gigantic stature, his height being six feet, six inches. He was enveloped in a kangaroo skin rug, had a long beard, and was armed with spear, shield, and club. The settlers believed him to be some great chief, and were in no little trepidation as to whether his intentions were friendly or not. Their astonishment rose to the highest pitch, when it became apparent that his features were European; and after considerable difficulty, he was ascertained to be an Englishman. The tall savage at first gazed listlessly upon his curious observers; but when accosted, he seemed to be roused from his lethargy, and was observed to repeat slowly the words uttered, as if memory was seeking to bring back some long-forgotten ideas. He could not in the least express himself in English; but after the lapse of ten or twelve days, he was enabled to speak it with tolerable fluency, though he frequently inadvertently used the language of the natives. His name was Buckley. The following is an outline of his curious story:—Buckley was born in Cheshire, and having entered the army, was, after two or three years' service, transported for life, having at Gibraltar, with six others, threatened the life of his commanding officer, the Duke of Kent, the father of our present queen. He arrived at Port Phillip in 1802, with a detachment of prisoners, under lieutenant-governor Collins, who was instructed to found a penal establishment at that place. Circumstances proving unpropitious to this design, the governor re-embarked the convicts, sailed to Van Diemen's Land, and commenced the settlement now known as Hobart Town. But before this removal took place, Buckley, with two other men, named Marmon and Parr, effected their escape, and took to the woods. The latter speedily left his companions intending to return to a convict state, being exhausted for want of food and other privations. Marmon finally imitated his example; but neither of them was ever heard of afterwards. Buckley, thus left alone, continued his wanderings along the beach, and completed the circuit of Port Phillip. He afterwards proceeded a considerable distance along the coast towards Cape Otway; but becoming weary of a lonely and precarious existence, he also endeavoured to rejoin his countrymen. Soon after he had reached, on his way back, the neighbourhood of Indented Head, the solitary fell in with the aborigines; and with them he continued to live till July 12, 1835, a period of thirty-three years, during which he never saw the face of a white man, and had entirely dismissed the outward characteristics of a civilized being. His memory failed him as to dates, but he supposed his encounter with the natives to have occurred about twelve months after his absconding. They received him with great kindness. He attached himself to the chief, named Nullaboin, and accompanied him in all his wanderings. For the first few years, his mind and time were fully occupied in guarding against the treachery of strange blacks, and in procuring food. He speedily acquired a perfect knowledge of the language, and became quite as one of the community, but was unable to introduce amongst them any essential improvements, feeling that his safety depended chiefly on

his conforming exactly to all their habits and customs. The family with which he had long resided was greatly attached to him, and bitterly lamented his leaving them. But he returned with joy to the pale of civilized society, readily obtained a formal pardon from the government, served the office of constable at Melbourne, and is now, we believe, numbered with the dead.

The annals of civilization supply no example of great and rapid progress equal to that afforded by the province of Victoria, a sure indication of which may be gathered from the trade and cattle returns. Though unoccupied by civilized man when the year 1835 commenced, it possessed on January 1, 1849, about 60,000 inhabitants, 16,500 horses, 380,000 head of cattle, 5,500 pigs, and 5,130,000 sheep, live stock which cannot be valued at less than 3,000,000*l.* sterling. It imported also as much British merchandise as the large and long-established kingdom of Spain, and one-fourth as much as the vast empire of Russia. Instances of individual prosperity are on record of the most extraordinary kind, solely the result of untiring industry, combined with the judicious application of effort. An illustration of what has been accomplished by prudence and perseverance with the smallest means, is given by Dr. Lang, from the history of one of his own Scottish countrymen. On arriving at Melbourne, this person had only from five to ten shillings in the world, and that small sum had been earned by some petty service rendered on board ship to one of the cabin-passengers. But he had nine sons and a daughter, of whom the eldest was about twenty years of age, and the youngest in infancy. Labour was high priced at the time; and having no mechanical employment, he engaged himself as a stonemason's labourer, at 2*l.* a-week. Those of his sons who were fit for service of any kind, were also hired at different rates of wages, by different employers. The earnings of the family appear to have been all placed in a common purse, and with their first savings a milch cow was purchased at 12*l.*; another and another being added successively at a somewhat similar rate. Pasture for these cattle on the waste land quite close to the town cost nothing; and there were always children enough otherwise unemployed to tend them; while the active and industrious wife and mother rendered valuable assistance by forming a dairy. In this way, from the natural increase of the cattle, and from successive purchases, the herd had increased in the month of February, 1846, to 400 head; and as this was much too large to be grazed any longer on the adjoining waste land, a squatting station had been sought for and obtained by some of the young men, on the Murray river. "As it happened" says Dr. Lang, "to be spending an afternoon in that month at the house of my worthy friend, John McPherson, Esq., of the Moonee Ponds, near Melbourne, the herd was actually pointed out to me as it was passing his house at some distance, under charge of the young men, to their station in the interior."

But the prime advantage of the province is its special adaptation to agricultural and commercial pursuits, owing to a vast extent of arable soil fit for the plough, the greater moisture and cooler temperature of the climate, more permanent water, coal and other minerals in abundance, with a cen-

tral position in the midst of the Australian colonies. Mere pastoral occupations necessitate the dispersion of population, the isolation of families and individuals—a condition of existence always unfavourable to social advance, while irregular habits are the inevitable concomitants of a life of wandering after flocks and herds. On the contrary, agriculture and commerce are directly auxiliary to civilisation, by fixed habitations and regular employment being inseparable from their pursuit, and by requiring the immediate contiguity of numbers to each other, who share the advantages of mutual intercourse, the discipline of friendship and neighbourhood, the restraints of society, and the supervision of public opinion.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, stands on the Yarra Yarra river, at the distance of about seven miles by the stream from its entrance into the spacious bay, or rather inland sea, of Port Phillip. The site, abandoned a few years ago to forest trees, kangaroos, and a few straggling natives, now possesses many commodious public buildings, government offices, churches, hospitals, hotels, and banks, a court-house, custom-house, botanical garden, mechanics' institute, and extensive stores. The most creditable and beautiful structure, Prince's-bridge, crosses the Yarra, with a single arch of 150 feet span, and cost, with the approaches to it, 15,000*l*. The population numbered, at the last census, upwards of 23,000; but owing to recent events, it has been emptied of its inhabitants, who have gone off to the gold fields, although again filled to overflowing by their return, and the arrival of shoals of emigrants. At present, no new comer should calculate upon finding house-room. The second town in the colony, Geelong, is forty-five miles distant, on the western shore of Port Phillip, and will probably equal or surpass the capital, owing to superior maritime advantages. Port Phillip, now so often named in our newspapers, abounds with real "Blackwall white-bait." It is entered from Bass's Straits by a channel scarcely two miles wide, and then expands into a capacious haven, the opposite shores of which are not discernible from the centre, unless the land lies high.

We must now bid farewell for a season to Australia, having supplied some homely notices of its physical features and industrial resources, with information for the embarking or intending emigrant, calculated to facilitate his passage and promote his welfare. Let him not be surprised or discouraged if, on reaching his destination, the bright anticipations with which he set out pass away, and dissatisfaction is felt with present circumstances, while gloomy apprehensions of the future are indulged. This is a natural and almost universal experience. It arises from the utter strangeness of scenes, objects, and duties; from the realities of his position not answering to previous conceptions; and from obstacles to progress appearing, which had not entered into his calculations, while in a foreign land he is thrown entirely upon his own resources. But if difficulties are encountered in a manly spirit, he may expect to rise superior to them; and becoming prepared by experience to overcome them with greater ease, they will soon cease to have a depressing influence, while the feeling of personal loneliness will be dissipated day by day. One word at parting, addressed to the emigrant class:—"When

thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes.—But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth."

AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY.

THE queen and princesses were very fond of sea-bathing, and also sailing about in the yacht, so that, excepting during very boisterous or rainy weather, they daily indulged in one or even both of those diversions. The royal family were called from their beds every morning at five o'clock, in order that they might be out by six. It will be readily imagined that such early hours at Gloucester Lodge produced equally early movements throughout the population of Weymouth, and the shops were opened very regularly at half-past five o'clock; for by six the streets were as thronged with all the fashionable at court, and also by those who were anxious to be thought so, as Regent-street is at present from three till six in the afternoon.

The great attraction was to see the queen and princesses walking from Gloucester Lodge to their bathing-machines, or to cheer them on their embarkation with the king and a select party on board of the royal yacht. These water excursions occurred generally three or four days in every week; and the king in particular was so much attached to them, that the royal family, when embarked, usually passed the whole of the day in sailing about at sea, sometimes at a distance of eight or ten miles from the land, but always within a chain of frigates to protect the yacht from being surprised by the enemy's cruisers.

Although I had not been hitherto in the constant habit of being out at six o'clock, yet here I immediately fell into a practice so general, and out I went accordingly, with all the fashionables of Weymouth. Thus, on the second morning, after a whole night of heavy rain, I sallied forth to walk on the Esplanade, in the hope of seeing the queen and princesses on their way to bathe. In proceeding along a cross street, my steps were for a few moments arrested to look into the window of a caricature shop, where amongst those prints were several of the royal family, but particularly some of the king, and others of the queen (Charlotte). I had not been standing there many minutes, intermixed with several other persons, when I heard from behind me a voice repeating, "The queen, the queen," which induced me to search with increased diligence throughout the caricatures in the window for one of the queen, to which I had thought the voice from behind me had alluded, but in which I was unsuccessful. At this moment, the various clocks beginning to strike six, reminded me that unless I hastened forward I should be too late to see the royal ladies proceeding to their bathing-machines. I immediately began to move on, still, nevertheless, keeping my eyes fixed upon the window in search of the queen. I had not, however, taken two steps in that way, without looking before me, when I felt that I had come in

contact with a female, whom, to save her and myself from falling, I encircled with my arms; and at the same moment, having observed that the person whom I had so embraced was a little old woman, with a small black silk bonnet, exactly similar to those now commonly worn by poor and aged females, and the remainder of her person was covered by a short, plain, scarlet cloth cloak, I exclaimed "Halloo, old lady, I very nearly had you down." In an instant, I felt the old lady push me from her with energy and indignation, and I was seized by a great number of persons, who grasped me tightly by the arms and shoulders, whilst a tall stout fellow, in a scarlet livery, stood close before my face, sharply striking the pavement with the heavy ferule of a long golden-headed cane, his eyes flashing fire, and loudly repeating: "The queen—the queen—the queen, sir!"

"Where?—where?—where?" I loudly retorted, greatly perplexed and even irritated, as I anxiously cast an inquisitive look about me, amongst the thirty or forty persons by whom I was surrounded.

"I am the queen!" sharply exclaimed the old lady.

I instantly perceived the voice proceeded from the little old lady whom I had so unceremoniously embraced, and had addressed with such impertinent familiarity.

On this discovery, I did not totally lose my presence of mind; for without the delay of a moment I fell on one knee, and seizing the hem of the queen's dress, was about to apply it to my lips, after the German fashion, stammering out at the same time the best apology I was able to put together on so short a notice; when the queen, although I believe much offended, and certainly not without cause, softened her irritated features, and said, as she held out to me the back of her right hand:—

"No, no, no, you may kiss my hand. We forget; you must be more careful: very rude—very rude, indeed; we forget; there, you may go."—
Recollections of Col. Landmann.

HORTICULTURAL PALACES AND GARDENS.

THE conservatories of the Horticultural and Botanical Societies, the palm-house in the Botanical Gardens at Kew, and especially the conservatory at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, the seat of his grace the Duke of Devonshire, at once present themselves to our minds in connexion with the subject of our paper. The "Crystal Palace," which forms the wonder of princely Chatsworth, is a conservatory of glass, covering several acres, and securing in its ample inclosure all the climates the earth knows, with land and water to meet the wants of all vegetable growth. But the orangery also at Chatsworth is a horticultural celebrity, with its perfumed attractions and rich beauty. Before we speak of the enormous glasshouse itself, a few words of the orangery will only be introductory. It is a noble room, 108 feet in length, 27 feet in breadth, and 21 feet in elevation. The structure is remarkable for containing the trees of the express Josephine, reared and cultivated by her own hand at Malmaison. The fragrance of these richly loaded leaves, and the splendour of the fruit, are

most grateful to the senses. A splendid *Rhododendron arboretum* lately grew in this building. This glorious plant in one year bore more than 2000 roseate flowers, thus forming in itself a real bower of roses. "We passed," says a recent visitor, "to the apartments of flowers. The extent, the variety, the beauty, the magnificence cannot be pictured. You are decoyed along, almost unconscious of the change, till you find your feet treading silently on the velvet lawn, soft, verdant, fresh, enriched and cooled by the unseen spray thrown from the many jets, or sent abroad from the giant cascades, far above the palace, as if to defy the scorching heat and draught of the seasons, and to secure ever-continued freshness to these gardens of beauty and scenes of science and art."

You approach the conservatory by a romantic ravine, surrounded by scenery imitative of nature in her wildest aspect. This magnificent and unexampled structure has a central curved or arched roof, 67 feet high, with a span of 70 feet, resting on two rows of iron pillars, 28 feet high. Floral and all the choice productions of the varying latitudes, have here their native soil and genial temperature, adapted to the nature and necessities of each species; and every part of the globe has become tributary to this countless collection of vegetable growth. The form of the immense edifice is a parallelogram of 2,707 feet by 123. In the year 1845, her majesty Queen Victoria, and her court rode through Chatsworth conservatory in six carriages drawn by eight horses each, with the other accessories of state. Very recent experience has shown that magnificent as is the Duke of Devonshire's palace of glass, it has been outdone in grandeur and nobleness of architecture and spaciousness by the celebrated "Crystal Palace." With the new palm-house erected at Kew most of our readers are doubtless familiar; it also forms a formidable rival of the Devonshire conservatory.

Having duly recognised the leading palaces of glass in our own country, we may with the more complacency look around and acknowledge the existence of similar vitreous edifices devoted to exotic botany, belonging to foreign nations. The autocrat of Russia has, in the imperial gardens at St. Petersburg, a palm-house, so to call it, the construction of which presented, we are told, to the French horticulturist, Maudin, "considerable engineering difficulties." It was required that this hothouse, when completed, should be raised in its entirety, bodily launched in fact, to be placed on its destined foundation. The conservatory was built and made in complete readiness in a short space of time; just as much time indeed as is allowed tropical plants for exposure, without the danger of sustaining fatal injury, to the cold air of a northern climate, like that of St. Petersburg. The work was commenced in the month of May, and by the month of November the house was finished, and the plants comfortably domiciliated.

The Parisian conservatories deserve mention on account of their capaciousness and general completeness. One of these hothouses is situated in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and is always an object of interest and curiosity; the other edifice ornaments the *Jardin d'Hiver* in the *Champs Elysees*; it recommends itself, like its contemporary, by its skilful and elegant construction. The classically

modelled conservatory attached to the "Apothecaries' Hall" of Paris, possesses important scientific attributes, comprehending whatever is known in the art of heating and forcing for horticultural purposes.

We have now to speak of a novelty in horticulture, more remarkable, perhaps, than any yet referred to in this article. Not yet have the great and wealthy in England or France introduced into their mansions the kind of structure we are about to describe. The magnates of Russia possess a peculiar kind of conservatory, only to be found in the houses of the Russian gentry. It is a sort of factitious or superficial garden, always placed in some convenient recess of the saloon or drawing-room. Three cases of plants are inclosed in their beds by glass, as may be observed in cucumber beds; but the elevation of these little kiosque-looking gardens permits the access of one or two persons at a time towards them. The plants and flowers are protected by a trellis-work or internal palisade of gilded wood. Around these elegant floral boudoirs the ivy creeps, while other parasitical plants wind about the trellis-work, producing a wild luxuriant effect pleasing to look upon, contrasted as it is with the situation of the artificial garden, in some large and well-furnished drawing-room, which the gilded cornices of an elaborately worked ceiling, the burnished candelabra, and the ornate and massive furniture render sufficiently striking to the eye. But the verdure and freshness imparted by the *alternna*, as the kiosque conservatory is termed, are additional luxuries, and the Russian ladies delight to enjoy them when at home in their domestic interiors. The *alternna* is said to be an importation from Asia.

Prussia has a claim to our notice by reason of the attention paid in that country to gardening. The Kroll winter garden, at Berlin, is a magnificent and an almost entirely new structure. A spacious hall conducts us through a vestibule to the garden. Elegant staircases of ironwork lead to a corridor, and a spacious saloon, which has a length of 80 feet by 36 feet of breadth, and is 26 feet high. The walls, etc., are painted gold, white, and red, and the ceiling has casettes which surround fresco paintings. By a colonnade which divides the saloons—for there are two—the saloon called the King's Saloon is reached. This apartment has a length of 100 feet by 78 feet broad, and is 40 feet high. Six chandeliers spread the light of 960 gas tapers over the space. The walls and ceiling are ornamented in the *Renaissance* style of architecture. A third apartment of this fine edifice is devoted to the purposes of horticulture, and is called the Knight's Saloon, and is of the same dimensions as the saloon last alluded to. The whole of the apartments are supplied with the most tasteful and scientific arrangement of plants and shrubs, and the effect of the *tout ensemble* is described as being delightfully refreshing.

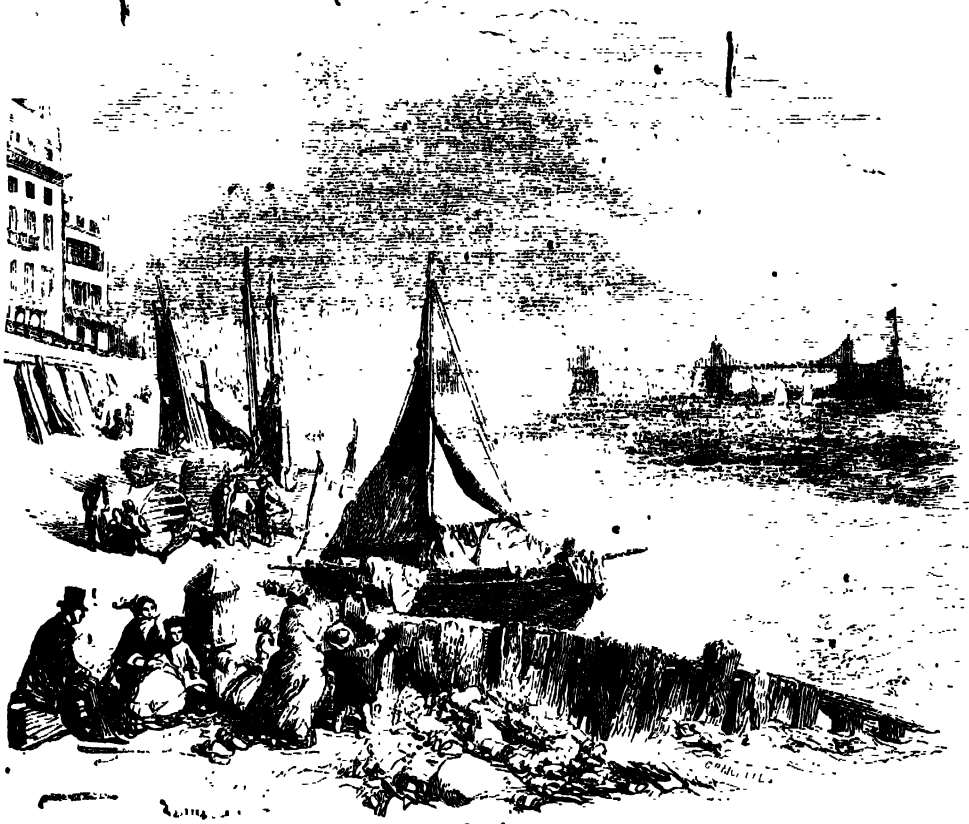
The origin of conservatories deserves to be glanced at. Botanic gardens were first established in Italy. Leyden boasted the first conservatory, which was erected by Lecluse, in 1599. Leyden's Italian garden possessed the high approval of Linnaeus. The subject of solar influences in ripening fruits was first treated by the pen in England by a Dedouillier, a Frenchman, about the

year 1699; Sir Thomas More and other English writers on horticulture followed. The "Prince of Gardeners," however, was Miller; he it was who first practically treated the science of horticulture. The names of Hoyle, Anderson, Stuart, Jorden, Weeks, and Loudon, and last, not least, Joseph Paxton, not to mention other contemporary horticultural architects, are identified with the construction and improvement of hothouses.

By understanding the process by which artificial climates are created, the horticulturist is enabled to evoke summer from the frigid bowels of winter, and to bring to perfection the delicious fruits and splendid flowers of the torrid zone in a temperate country. To possess such a knowledge is to give to the possessor command over nature, enabling man to realize the desire of the divine lyricist, "Sustain me with flowers, strengthen me with fruits."

We ought not to conclude without making due reference to the celebrated horticultural garden at Chiswick. The "Horticultural Society of London" owes its rise to the exertions of the late Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., who was the first president of the association, and also to the taste and patronage, in all that concerned gardening, of Sir Joseph Banks. The society was formed in 1804, and obtained a royal charter in 1809. From the latter date, the society has enjoyed great and eminent patronage and support up to the present day. The Chiswick garden was acquired by the association in the year 1824. The society's "Transactions" show that the garden has in its time undergone some adverse vicissitudes. Latterly, however, a specific rather than a merely general object in gardening has been followed and carried out under the superintendence of an experienced and learned botanist, Dr. Lindley. The most beneficial consequences to the science have resulted, and our readers need not to be told that the horticultural gardens at Chiswick, with their conservatories, rosaries, and plantations, are unequalled as bearing the character of a favourite resort in the summer months.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbour, that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed, but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.—Isaak Walton.



A DAY OR TWO AT BRIGHTON.

THE city of Brighton claims precedence over every other watering-place on the English coast, as well on the score of the general patronage it has enjoyed and yet enjoys, as on account of its superiority in point of extent and architectural display. Its history presents one of those social phenomena which could only be developed in a country abounding in wealth, and among a class to whom luxury is a necessity. Its rise has been as sudden as its success has been decisive. Less than a century ago, it was little more than an obscure fishing town, with some dilapidated remains of fortifications, which it had been provoked to erect by occasional hostile attacks on the part of the French, but which had been suffered to fall into decay. At the present moment, it is a large and magnificent city, occupying a site of nearly three miles in extent, and possessing a population of upwards of 60,000 persons. The first step towards effecting this marvellous transformation was taken, perhaps unconsciously, by a physician of the name of Russell, who, about a hundred years ago, moved to Brighton, and recommended his example to persons of rank, his patients. Ten years after, a chalybeate spring was discovered at Wick, a mile westward of the town, and Brighton rose gradually in repute. As early as the year 1770 it had become the sum-

mer residence of a limited circle of fashionables, and we find Mrs. Thrale among them, who was here visited by Dr. Johnson, followed in all probability by the talk-provoking Boszzy, and other less amusing satellites who revolved around the burly lexicographer. Soon after this, the Duke of Cumberland took up his temporary abode here, an example which was followed by other members of the royal family.

But the prosperity of Brighton, and its rapid growth to a gay and brilliant city, are almost exclusively due to the predilection suddenly conceived in its favour by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. "The finest gentleman in Europe" paid a visit to his uncle in 1782, and, becoming enamoured of the place, afterwards took up his residence at Grove House, which, under his direction, was subsequently enlarged and altered into the famous Pavilion. Here he constantly spent a good portion of the summer season; and here he was visited and surrounded by the companions and instigators of his youthful follies and vices—from the intellectual colossus, Sheridan, to the insolent and witty achiever of coat-collars, Beau Brummel. The patronage of the heir to the throne had an immediate and surprising effect upon the fortunes of the town. No sooner did it become apparent that he had chosen Brighton as a permanent marine residence, than the place began

to expand as if by enchantment. In 1782, the population was under 4000; before the close of the century it had more than doubled, and the buildings had become on all sides so numerous that the Steyne, formerly an open slope of grass land towards the sea, had become inclosed. Brighton became the rage in all fashionable and would-be fashionable circles. Every recurring season witnessed an increased influx of visitors; and, as fast as they came, new accommodations of a more pretentious and luxurious character were prepared for their reception. This abnormal increase in population and prosperity continued to advance year by year. The Chain Pier was erected in 1823, and the fine church of St. Peter in 1824; the old Block House was removed, and King's-road completed in 1825; the direct line of road from the eastern to the western cliff was opened in 1826; and subsequently a substantial bulwark against the encroachments of the sea, extending from the Marine Parade to Kemp Town, was constructed at the cost of 100,000*l*. It might have been thought that a prosperity so sudden in its rise was destined to a decay almost as sudden; but Brighton appears to contain the elements of permanency within itself. The accession of the favouring prince to the throne, and his protracted absence from the Pavilion, had but a trifling effect upon the rising prosperity of the city; nor did the death of the royal patron in 1830, or the later and final abandonment of Brighton as a royal residence, cause any very perceptible pause either in the progress of improvements or in the extension of the boundaries of the place. Building is still going on in every available quarter, and within the last six or seven years additions have been made in the neighbourhood of the railway station alone, nearly amounting to a new town.

We arrived at Brighton by an evening train from Hastings, after a pleasant ride of two hours, and next morning strolled towards the Pavilion, whose fanciful peaks rising above the trees challenged our attention as we sat at breakfast. It is not very easy to give a stranger an adequate idea of this singular building, the numerous summits of which are each crowned with an onion-shaped dome terminating in a point, like the fool's-cap of old times, but wanting the bells. These domes are interspersed with slender columns, having spear-like heads pointing to the sky and supporting nothing. Altogether it is a strange design, which has in its time provoked a great deal of criticism, most of it not very complimentary. Perhaps this is partly owing to the Pavilion being a perfect novelty in architecture, and comparable to nothing which has been reared in this country either before or since. We are not disposed to denounce it with that unqualified censure with which many good judges have spoken of it. If it have the fault of incomprehensibility, it has at least the merit of airiness and lightness; and it can hardly be condemned for violating architectural rules by which it has no claim to be judged. It was commenced in 1784, it is said from a design by Nash, and was finished in three years. But the original erection was soon found too small, and various alterations, enlargements, and inclosures took place up to the year 1817. As the residence of their royal patron, it was long the pet and the

boast of the inhabitants of Brighton; but no sooner was it rejected by her present Majesty as a marine residence, than the process of spoliation commenced, and the interior began to fall into a state of dilapidation! In 1849, a bill was brought into Parliament to enable the Crown to sell the Pavilion, and to devote the proceeds to the improvement of Buckingham Palace. This led to a negotiation between the Brighton authorities and the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, which ended in the purchase of the Pavilion by the former for 53,000*l*. It is now, therefore, the property of the town, and the beautiful grounds are freely thrown open to the inhabitants—a boon in itself worth all the money paid for its purchase. The Pavilion is now open to view to the public at a charge of sixpence for admission, and to the rate-payers one day in every month gratuitously. We paid our sixpence and made the tour of the rooms. The exhibition is decidedly cheap, and in one sense instructive, seeing that it shows all that a petty taste can accomplish, even with unlimited means at its command. It is not, however, without a certain barbaric splendour, which is impressive in a melodramatic way. One is agreeably deceived to find rooms of such noble extent and loftiness beneath a roof of bristling peaks and pepper-boxes, and we become almost reconciled to the anomalous appearance of the domes without, on seeing the agreeable effect some of them are made to produce within. Thus, in the banquetting-room, the design of the dome is a plantain-tree rising into the sky, with a noble chandelier hanging from its branches; and again, in the music-room, the dome is lined with a glittering green tinsel of a delightful hue, and a brilliancy quite startling. The decorations of the chambers are in what we suppose must be called the oriental style, though one hardly knows whether to look for Aladdin with his lamp, or a mandarin with a long tail, as the most appropriate figure for such a scene. There is everywhere a profusion of gilding and silvering, and mirrors, some of them of enormous size, and there is a great deal too much of positive colour, both in the drapery and on the walls, for the requirements of good taste. But the worst offence of all is the prevalence of monsters of all shapes and colours, which would appear to be the presiding genii of the place. You have bronzed serpents at your feet, and horrible dragons over-head; boa-constrictors twist themselves round the pillars, and birds of prey soar among the lights; and in the music-room, the finest chamber of the series, there is actually a monster griffin, or something of the sort, surmounting the chandelier. The people of Brighton plume themselves on having restored the palace to the condition in which it was left by the last residing sovereign. It might have been none the worse had the restoration not been so complete.

From the Pavilion to the sea-side is but a few minutes' walk, and a few minutes more bring us to the Chain Pier, a light and elegant structure of iron which runs out into the sea, immediately fronting the New Steyne, to the distance of something more than 1100 feet. It cost 30,000*l*. in construction, and has proved a work of great utility to the town, as well as a select and agreeable promenade for visitors. A toll of twopence is demanded at

the entrance, which is found sufficient to secure a respectable class of promenaders. This pier is built on the principle of the suspension bridge, having four handsome iron towers, at the distance of two hundred feet apart, to support the chains; it terminates in a broad and roomy square platform, shaded with awnings in summer time, and amply provided with seats. From this platform there is a complete panoramic view of Brighton, taking in the whole sea-front of the town from east to west. A more luxurious spot for enjoying the sea-breeze in the dog-days could hardly be selected. Sheltered from the sun, fanned by the west wind, and lulled into dreaminess by the strains of an excellent band of musicians, who perform here at times for a couple of hours—we have no wish to wander further, but quietly yield ourselves to the delights of the hour. Pleasure-boats are abroad on the clear green waters; their white sails belly to the breeze, and between the pauses of the music we hear the merry voices of the voyagers calling to friends on the pier. Watermen hail us to come on board of their bonts, and ladies and gentlemen, tempted by the weather, dive down below to the landing-place, and embark for a ride on the billows. The pier, however, is not solely devoted to pleasure. The interior of each of the iron towers is fitted up as a shop for the sale of fancy articles, among which the most prominent, and the most expensive, are the various useful and ornamental trifles manufactured from pebbles picked up on the beach, and cut and polished for various purposes. Some of these are extremely beautiful, but the labour of cutting and polishing is not always repaid to the workman, who may spend much time on a worthless specimen before he discovers its want of value; and ~~it~~ renders the finer specimens so much the more expensive. ~~These~~ pebbles are much worn as brooches, bracelets, and necklaces, many exquisite samples of which may be seen in the jewellers' windows. The Chain Pier has suffered once or twice from the effects of severe storms. In October, 1833, damage was done to a considerable amount; and on the 29th of November, 1836, while the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, one of the centre bridges began vibrating, and soon, snapping short the iron rods which bore it up, fell into the boiling surge. Measures have since been taken which it is supposed will prevent the recurrence of such a calamity; if these measures be sufficient to prevent vibration, they may be successful—if not, the first violent and enduring tempest will show their futility.

From the Pier we ascend again to the Parade, and extend our walk eastward along the sea-wall in front of the long rows of lofty palatial residences which characterize Kemp Town. There are few finer buildings than these to be met with in any city in the kingdom; they are to Brighton what Belgravia is to London—and, like Belgravia, they stand in almost voiceless and dignified seclusion, aloof from the din of traffic and the pursuits of commerce. The visitor, however, who should form an idea of Brighton from the brilliant face which it presents to the sea, in one unbroken line of near three miles in length, from the extremity of Kemp Town east to Adelaide Crescent west, would come to a very erroneous conclusion. Like all great towns, it has its comfortable, demoralized,

and poverty-stricken districts. Wherever luxury and wealth condescend to dwell, there poverty and crime are pretty sure to congregate; and the haunts of these latter are fully as plentiful in Brighton as in any other city of equal extent; but they retire from the fashionable gaze, and lying back from the sea-board, and mostly on the high grounds in the rear, have the advantage over kindred spots in London, of light and fresh air. Of the importance of air and exercise to the inhabitants the authorities of the city appear to be well aware, if one may judge by the throwing open of the Pavilion gardens, and the free use of the square in which stands the elegant fountain, where children of all classes are allowed to play: either of these places in the heart of London would be infallibly tabooed and locked up from public intrusion, or reserved for the recreation of a privileged class.

In a town which has grown up almost within the memory of man, the antiquarian will, of course, not expect to meet with much to interest him. Still the parish church of St. Nicholas, which stands on a commanding site at the western end of Church-street, and which was probably built in the reign of Henry VII., should not be passed over. It presents nothing remarkable in its exterior—appearing to have been enlarged since its original erection; and, though spacious and convenient within, boasts of but one unquestionable antiquity. This is the font—a curious specimen of ancient sculpture, supposed to have been brought from Normandy in the reign of the Conqueror, though some have contended that it is of Saxon origin. It is a sculptured column-shaped vase, reared on a plain circular platform; the sculpture represents the supper of our Lord with the apostles, but the whole is much worn by time as well as defaced by carelessness or wantonness. In the old churchyard, however, there is something more attractive—to wit, the tombs of two remarkable characters, both patriots in their way. The one is a slab of black marble to the memory of Captain Nicholas Tetter-sell, who, it will be remembered, on the 14th of October, 1651, received the fugitive Charles II., after his defeat at Worcester, on board his brig, and carried him safely over to Normandy in spite of the vigilance of the republican cruisers. As a recompense for his loyalty he received at the Restoration an annuity of 100*l.* a year. The history of his patriotic deed is engraved on his tomb, and a long inscription of very laudatory and very doggerel rhymes immortalizes his memory. The other tomb is that of Phœbe Hessel, who was born in 1713; she served for many years in a regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and was wounded by a bayonet at the battle of Fontenoy while fighting under the command of the Duke of Cumberland. She spent the latter part of her life in Brighton, where George IV. allowed her for many years a weekly stipend, and she died in 1821, at the age of 108 years. Among the remaining churches of Brighton, the handsome Gothic structure of St. Peter, which stands at the junction of the London and Lewes roads, is the most remarkable. It was built in 1824, at a cost of 15,000*l.*; and from its admirable site, and finished style of architecture, it forms one of the most striking ornaments of the city. There are at least a dozen other churches and chapels of ease for episcopal service, none of

which demands particular attention, and which therefore we need not enumerate.

At the back of the eastern part of the town, almost in a direct line north of the Chain Pier, lies the Park. Here a somewhat singular establishment, under the name of the German Spa, invites the attention of the dyspeptic and the valetudinarian. The waters of Carlsbad, of Ems, of Marienbad, etc., are here scientifically compounded by artificial means, and, professedly, in such perfection as not to be distinguishable, either in flavour or effect, from the original springs. If this be the case, then all the invalid requiring these waters has to do is to go to Brighton instead of Nassau, and save himself the trouble and expense of a foreign journey. This is bringing the mountain to Mahomet—and if the end is answered just as well, of which we do not pretend to form any judgment, the faculty of Brighton will of course reap the profit of it. The Park is elegantly laid out, and adorned with some handsome villas; but its proximity to the sea is unfavourable to the growth of fine trees, in which the neighbourhood of the coast is invariably deficient. If Brighton go on increasing for many years longer, at the rate it has hitherto done, some of her citizens may live to see the Park in the centre of the town.

Following the road which skirts the eastern wall of the Park, we arrive in due time at the race-course, and the high downs which overlook the sea. Here a most extensive and varied prospect rewards the trouble of the ascent. Seaward the view is bounded only by the horizon, and the broad expanse, spotted with white sails and streaked with long lines of cloud shadow, lies apparently motionless, like a polished mirror, reflecting the sky; while on the right, in the hollow valley beneath, the city we have just left pours forth from her thousand chimneys a volume of smoke that might almost rival "Auld Reekie" herself. We are now no longer left to guess at the actual size of Brighton; the city is mapped out before our eyes, and at one glance we take in everything, from the handsome viaduct of the railway down to the beach where the fishermen are hauling in their nets, or hanging them out to dry. It is easy to see that these downs form one of the many attractions of Brighton. Gentlemen on prancing steeds, and ladies in riding habits, are galloping about in all directions, probably in search of an appetite, which the bracing air of this elevated spot will be pretty sure to produce; at any rate it has that effect upon ourselves, and we accordingly wend hotelwards to a late dinner, which puts an end to our rambling for the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SINGER OF EISENACH.

It was a winter evening in the year 1498. The hoar frost lay white on plain and forest, and a heavy mist was rolling down from the Thuringian mountains on the ancient town of Eisenach, while the broad red sun, now low in the west, gleamed fitfully on the homes and churches of the little city. There were few passengers in its narrow streets, but the firelight flashed brightly from door and window. The din of loom and hammer, mingled with the

sounds of domestic preparation, came from every dwelling; for the good wives of Eisenach were getting ready their German supper, and the rest of its industrious population were hastening to finish the work of the day. All that machinery, now accomplished, and much that commerce brings ready-made to European doors, was there executed by the hands of the craftsman or the labour of the household; Eisenach, like other old country burghs, had therefore few idlers among its people in those days. Even in the great square of St. George, where the richest families lived, there was not a looker-out to be seen at the windows, except Dame Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, master of the guild of woollen weavers.

Dame Ursula was the admiration and envy of many a neighbour, for the blessings of this world which seemed showered upon her. She was the only daughter of a distinguished burgomaster, well beloved, richly dowered, and wedded to the husband of her choice, a just and kindly man, who was, moreover, the wealthiest citizen of Eisenach. She had health, beauty, and fair fame; and was then a young wife, happy in her pleasant home, with her infant son and her loving husband. Dame Ursula was also somewhat vain of the damask kirtle and veil of Flemish lace, in which she heard mass or vespers; of the scarlet gown and golden chain in which her husband led the guild in holiday and festival processions; and of the workshop with twenty looms, which occupied almost the whole of the lower story of that large timber house, wherein four generations of Cottas had lived and died. Conrad usually presided there; but that evening he sat in council with the chiefs of the guild, on a point of dispute between them and the woolcombers' company, which threatened the peace of the city; and his wife expected him home with two of his latest and wealthiest friends, Hans Gortland the burgomaster and Doctor Ambrosius the dean, who were to sup with the Cottas.

Matters were fully arranged for the reception of those important guests, and great was the display of domestic magnificence. The venison pasty was baked and the ale spiced; the great gilt tankard, the silver-rimmed drinking-horns, and the plates of English pewter, stood forth in fair array on the long table of walnut-wood, with carved stools ranged on each side of it; a bright wood-fire blazed in the ample chimney, and shone on the tapestried walls and floor of polished oak; for the room in which Dame Ursula stood was her best parlour.

The narrow window of thin horn, interspersed with diminutive squares of glass, afforded but an uncertain view in the gathering darkness. Dame Ursula opened it, and looked over the quiet square. There was no trace of her husband or his friends; but through the deepening twilight came a clear young voice, singing a German version of the forty-sixth psalm, "God is our refuge." Ursula had heard it sung in many a church, but she thought never so sweetly; and, as the singer came nearer, she perceived that he was one of the poor scholars from the neighbouring Augustine convent, who were accustomed to sing every evening in the streets of Eisenach for what the charitable or pious were disposed to give. In most cases this was their only means of subsistence. The convent

afforded them lodging and education in return for all manner of domestic service, but they were expected to find their own bread; and being generally the sons of poor parents, who lived far away in the country, they had no resource but that of singing hymns and carols in the streets of the nearest town. The same causes which led to the large increase of monasteries, had latterly augmented the numbers and diminished the good repute of the poor scholars. Even charitable people remarked that they learned importunate begging and vagrant ways. The magistrates and city guards looked on them as so many nuisances, while wise and observing men saw in them only a growing harvest of those mendicant friars by whom all Europe was overrun at the period.

Ursula remarked that the boy seemed a new comer, and looked more poverty-stricken than the other scholars of the convent. He was thinly clad, and scarcely fifteen; but there was an air of rustic respectability and diffidence about him ill calculated to succeed in his present vocation. He had approached the first house in the square; it was that of Doctor Ambrosius the dean, and stood opposite the parish church. The door was open, and having sung a few verses, the dame, still bending from her window, heard him ask, in a timid broken voice, for some bread or beer to help the poor scholar. Old Gretchen, the housekeeper, had that day lost her cat, and got into bad temper; so that scarcely was the humble request uttered when she slammed the door in the poor boy's face, ordering him to be gone with his psalms and begging, for there were too many of his sort in Eisenach.

The boy staggered back at her rude repulse. It was the third he had met with that evening—~~for~~ two hours he had sung in the streets, but obtained nothing, and now the worn-out child moved silently away, and leaned against the porch of the church. Dame Ursula's house had been grievously pestered by the poor scholars. In common with most of the good wives of the city, she would have felt thankful if tempers like that of old Gretchen had driven them completely from the town; but as the firelight from the cheerful homes around him shone on the boy's face, it had a desolate, hungry look that smote upon her heart. She thought of her own infant son, now fast asleep in his cradle. Might not he also be poor, and a stranger to some far-off town; there were tales of as great reverses; and rising hastily, the young mother filled up a powder flagon of the warm ale, took a small loaf from the supper bread, and hurried down to the door of the hall or great kitchen.

"Come, child," said she, stepping out with that welcome present; "here is some supper for you. Come in and eat it by the fire, and you will sing us a psalm before you go home to the convent."

The boy took the loaf and flagon from her hands. He tried to speak, but Dame Ursula saw that the tears were gathering in his large blue eyes, and led him in to the stone bench by the great kitchen fire, which blazed and crackled on the broad hearth. The servants who had assembled for supper, and the weavers who poured in from the workshop—for, in the fashion of those times, all whom Conrad Cotta employed formed part of his household—were surprised to see their mistress give such countenance to a poor scholar;

but they gathered round to hear what news or gossip he could tell—the boys of the convent being famous for knowing all that happened in the principality. To their many inquiries, the boy, who had by this time recovered himself, answered that he was a stranger; that his parents lived far away, and were poor miners; that his name was Martin, and he had come to the convent with his father and mother's blessing, hoping to be made a scholar and a good priest some day. The weavers laughed loudly at the last of his expectations, and Peterkin, the wit of the workshop, inquired if he "wouldn't rather be an archbishop?" But Dame Ursula, who ruled her husband's household discreetly notwithstanding her youth, commanded them to be silent and civil when a stranger sat by the fire, and give thanks for their supper.

"A sound advice, wife; and one we are right ready to take," said the deep but cheerful voice of Conrad Cotta, as he bustled into his own dwelling, followed by the dean and burgomaster at a pace befitting their superior rank. The only entrance to the tapestried chamber, or best parlour, of a wealthy citizen in those days was through the great kitchen, where ordinary meals and sundry domestic operations were conducted; and his men and maids, now taking their places at the long table, which almost bent under the weight of barley cakes, cheese, and strong beer, did reverence to their master and his guest. The burgomaster nodded solemnly in reply to their salutations; Doctor Ambrosius muttered a Latin benediction; and Conrad said, "A good supper to ye, children;" but as the poor scholar's modest bow caught his eye a frown darkened on the good man's face.

"You are one of these convent boys who trouble the town, and have given us such a job with the woolcombers," cried he, in sudden anger; for Conrad's temper was quicker than his judgment at times. "Sirrah, was it you who stole old Jasper's cards and combs, and laid the blame on our weaver boys, with your fine stories?"

"Husband, the boy is a stranger," said Ursula, "and too modest to be guilty of such things."

"Ay, they're all modest when they get into good honest houses, & all warrant," interrupted the burgomaster: "but one of them shall not be suffered to sing in the town for a twelvemonth; and, dame," he added, with an admonishing look, "it might be well that they were less encouraged."

"I never stole cards or combs," said the boy, setting down his flagon, with a crimson cheek and a flashing eye; "I never told tales of any one. My father is an honest miner: though we were poor, he brought me up like a Christian, and I would never sing at doors if I were not hungry."

"A proud boy, indeed!" said Doctor Ambrosius, smiling. "Don't be too hard with him, Conrad: he may come to a cardinal's hat yet. Pope John, they say, begged in his time." And with a laugh at the dean's joke, in which even the grave burgomaster joined, Conrad and his guests went up to their supper room; while Ursula gently bid the boy finish his supper, saying she was sure he had stolen nothing, and there would always be some bread and beer for him when he sang at their door. Cheered by her kindly words more than by the supper she had given him, the poor scholar drained the flagon, deposited a remnant of the loaf in his

wallet for the benefit of less successful schoolfellows, and took his way to vespers at the convent. Ever after, in the cold evenings, Ursula had a welcome and a supper for the stranger boy. At first he came seldom, and only when he could obtain bread at no other house; but the dame knew his voice in the square, and beckoned to him from her window, or called him in at the door. Conrad, too, began to perceive that there was a difference between the miner's son and the rest of the convent boys, against whom the burgomaster's threat was not yet put into execution. He would never think of taxing him with a stolen utensil, or a street disturbance. Even with the rude weavers and servants the poor scholar grew popular. There was not a better singer in the monastery, nor one more thoroughly versed in the old hymns and carols; and though modest and pious, he had a ready wit and a species of learning which delighted those rustic minds. Many a morality and saint's tale had he related for their edification; when, one evening, at the beginning of summer, young Martin stepped in to say that he was going to learn greater things in a distant convent. All the household, including Peterkin the wit, hoped he would do well, and come to be a good priest yet, which the older men said was a thing not over plentiful just then in the country. Dame Ursula gave him many good advices, besides a loaf and a groschen. Conrad bestowed upon him an old woollen gown, with a declaration that the other scholars should be sent out of town as soon as he was gone; and singing, at the special desire of these good friends, the old Thuringian carol of "We are Pilgrims all," with the twenty-third psalm in Latin, the poor scholar departed from Eisenach.

Twenty-three years never pass without change over house or head, city or people; and so many springs and harvests had passed over the peaceful old German burgh, carrying its story far into another century; for it was a Sabbath morning in the winter of 1521. Since the poor scholar sung in the square of St. George, strong men had grown grey and stooping, girls that once were fair had turned staid and substantial matrons, infants had become tall youths and maidens; but greater changes had been brought upon the land. A light, unknown to their fathers, had flashed on the homes and churches of Germany; doubts long working in the minds of thoughtful men at length spoke out, making priests and princes hear. The veil of awful mystery which for ages had covered papal palace and cloister cell had been rent, giving to the people sights of corruption and iniquity never to be forgotten. Cities cast away their creeds, and universities their learning. The miracle play and the holiday procession were neglected by the populace; for young and old crowded to hear the preachers of the new doctrines; and everywhere prince, scholar, and peasant talked of nothing but an ancient book called the bible, and one who had brought it to light among them, whom they named Martin Luther. It was he—the leader of that mighty movement; the man who had questioned the faith of centuries and set the authority of Christendom at naught; solemnly excommunicated by the whole Roman church, and now on his way from the great Diet of Worms, under the ban

of the German empire as a contumacious heretic; it was he who that day proposed to preach in the parish church of Eisenach.

Never had the old Gothic pile been so well filled: peasants with their wives and children had poured in from the surrounding hamlets, and nobles with their trains from the mountain castles; rich citizens were there with their dames, humble artisans with their hard-working helpmates, and mendicant friars half-concealed among the crowd which thronged gallery, nave, and aisle. The chiefs of all the guilds sat in their accustomed places, but Conrad Cotta was not among them. Hans Gortland the burgomaster occupied his wonted seat of honour. Sadly deaf and dull had he grown with years; but still mindful that John Frederick the elector, then lord paramount of Eisenach, favoured the new religion. Close behind a pillar which sheltered him from public gaze, sat Dr. Ambrosius the dean, now white-haired and bending on a staff, but curious to hear the popular heretic, and wondering much what things would come to with the clergy. He had employed his clerk that morning in writing out a declaration for the satisfaction of his spiritual superior, to the effect that he could not help Luther's preaching in the church.

At length the Reformer entered; and all eyes were turned upon the face that had not blanched before prince and prelate, cardinal and leiser, when they stood in hostile array against the Wittenberg doctor. It was that of a still young man, strong to work and will: traces of early care and great thought-conflicts were on it; but these were over, and the calm brow and fearless glance seemed brightened by the full assurance of faith. As the preacher took his place, a poor and way-worn pair, whom nobody knew or regarded, moved slowly forward and seated themselves on the steps of the pulpit. Their attire was that of the humblest peasants; their hands were hard with toil; and none could recognise in the aged weather-beaten faces the once prosperous Conrad Cotta and his fair wife Ursula. Both had grown old before their time, for strange and sad were the changes wrought upon their fortunes since that first evening of our story, when the dame looked out for her husband and his friends. The infant son had died in fair and promising childhood. Two others had come and grown up only to squander much of their father's well-won wealth in sin and folly, and at length enlist in the emperor's army. A quarrel with the burgomaster brought on a ruinous lawsuit, which utterly impoverished them; an accidental fire consumed the goodly mansion of the Cottas; from workshop to tapestried chamber; and a charge of heresy by Dr. Ambrosius, who took part with the burgomaster, obliged them to fly from the city. Of all their possessions nothing remained to the desolate pair but a poor cottage and a field, which Conrad had purchased in a small hamlet among the Thuringian mountains. Thither they retired; friends forgot and old neighbours lost sight of them, and they laboured for their daily bread like the poor peasants around. The seasons were adverse, Conrad's strength was failing fast, and Ursula's heart was broken; for tidings had reached them some months before that their two sons had fallen in the Italian wars. They had hoped that

the boys might return to support and comfort their old age. They had thought too, with a lingering of former pride, that their sons might redeem the family rank by rising in the military profession, and they might live to hear them called great captains; but all these hopes were stricken down, and their souls had no anchor. Conrad and his wife had been always piously inclined, according to the creed of their fathers. Willingly would they have sought comfort in religion, but the only faith they knew offered none of its highest consolations to the poor. No convent would receive them; they could bring neither rank nor riches. It was not in their power to make pilgrimages to any of the shrines, for being poor and honest they thought it right to journey on their own charges, and it was their greatest grief that they had no money to pay for masses to benefit their lost sons.

"All things are for the rich," said Ursula. "Even the holy church keeps her blessings for them. Yet I have heard say that Christ was poor! What can this new doctor be who speaks so much of him?"

"Our priest says he wants to bring back paganism," said Conrad. "But I hear he preaches much against the covetousness of the clergy. That's true, I'm sure, though it was for saying so that Doctor Ambrosius called me a heretic. Also they tell me he talks wonderfully concerning somewhat called free grace, and that it is to be had without money and without price."

"That would answer us, husband," said Ursula. "They say this doctor will preach next Sunday in Eisenach, and as our good elector has forbidden all search after heretics, let us go and try to hear him."

So the pair went a weary journey, and sat them down on the steps of the pulpit. They had occupied higher places and been saluted by many a non-forgetful neighbour; but these things were forgotten in the wondrous tidings unfolded by the preacher. He told them of the worthlessness of mass, penance, and pilgrimage, and of one mighty to save, who said, "Come unto me; all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That sermon was like dew on the dry ground to their souls. Each thought, "Surely this is truth; we will go home and grieve no more, but trust in the only Saviour; and seek for the city that hath foundations." Then memories had grown faint and confused over many losses, and the name which floated highest on the great controversy had not been recognised; but, when the preacher's voice rose in the psalm, old scenes and days came back upon Ursula, and she knew that the miner's son who had sung long ago in the streets was the same Martin Luther whom the pope excommunicated and the people blessed. It was the psalm too that she had heard through the misty evening. He had sung it with his friends before setting out to meet the threatening Diet; and now, through all the desolations of their latter days, it came to the aged pair like a voice of faith and comfort—"God is our refuge!"

The multitude departed, wondering and talking of what they had heard. Conrad and his wife also turned homeward; but in the porch of the church a hand was laid on Ursula's worn cloak, and turning they saw the preacher.

"Friends," said Luther, "your faces seem familiar and yet changed to my remembrance. Tell me, if it be not too bold to ask, what are your names?"

"We are the Cottas," said Conrad, "who lived, long ago, where yonder tavern now stands, in the good house of our fathers. We have become poor, and our neighbours have forgotten us."

"Alas, friends!" said Luther, "that I have nothing wherewith to return the kindness you showed my youth. Were it not for the charity of those who bear my charges, I might want in this war. The Lord repay them and you also."

"He has repayed us an hundredfold," said Ursula, "and his ways are wonderful; for we divided to you the bread of this world, but you have broken this day the bread of life to us."

So the three parted: Luther went his way only to be shut up in the castle of Wartburg, where he translated the Bible; Conrad and Ursula returned to the cottage, where their neighbours said they never grieved after, nor came to want; for some how Luther's friend, the elector, heard of them. No one in their native city seemed to know that the Cottas had been there; but the mountain peasants, among whom they lived and died, entertained a rude reverence for the pair, because they had been kind to their great Reformer long ago, when he was but a singing boy of Eisenach.

THE HAMAL OR FARLI BEETLE OF SYRIA.

I HAVE often been very much amused, while strolling about the mountainous district in the vicinity of Alexandretta, by watching the untiring and laborious exertions of that peculiar species of insect which, from the nature of its occupation, is nicknamed by the Arabs the *hamal* or *farli* beetle, that is, the *porter* or *labourer* beetle, from the fact of its being almost invariably employed in rolling what, in comparison to its size, must prove weighty burthens; at the same time displaying in all its manœuvres the utmost skill and judgment, together with indefatigable patience and a marvellous instinct. As the porters, at Alexandretta roll the heavier bales and barrels landed from European vessels to the respective warehouses, so do these active little creatures push and tumble over the huge balls of amalgamated substances, which they have first with great care and patience shaped into a convenient form (and which in all probability contain their winter stock of provisions), till they are finally and safely lodged in the subterranean caverns that they inhabit, these being for the most-part situated at the root of some of the many fir-trees with which these mountains are thickly set.

This beetle has nothing prepossessing in its appearance: unlike the gold and green-backed beetle of India; whose shell is so eagerly sought after to decorate the thin muslin ball-dresses of young half-caste and Portuguese ladies, the *farli* beetle is a common ugly black insect, much resembling in size and shape that most abominable of all boardship nuisances, a full-grown cockroach. The *farli* (thus let me call it for the sake of brevity) has wings, but it seldom or never makes use of them,

unless indeed to assist it in moving some unusually heavy weight; and then, when its whole energy and strength are put to the test, I have seen the hard horny-looking wing brought into play, and answer much the same purpose as a man's shoulder does when he puts it to the wheel, or against some obstinate unwieldy door. These farlies have their habitations underground, and for the most part choose the roots of old and decaying trees, preferring, for convenience sake, such as are planted close to the high roads frequented by horses, camels, and other cattle. The manure of these animals, the grains of wheat, bits of straw, atoms of flour, and innumerable etceteras that drop from the sacks with which the caravans are loaded, or the remnants of the fodder for the cattle or of the camel-drivers' frugal dinners, become a source of eager investigation to this beetle tribe: they subsist upon them daily so long as the fine season continues, being careful each day to accumulate as much winter stock as they possibly can, which is carefully laid up against a rainy day.

Many a time, after a long forenoon scramble in search of the haunts of partridges and hares, have I, weary and overpowered by the heat, sought repose at the foot of some stately old fir-tree, whose pleasant shadow held forth an irresistible invitation to the sun-burnt wayfarer; and there have I for hours remained, watching the most minute proceedings of a colony of these beetles. Their busiest season is the autumn, when the sun, whose brilliancy has hardly for an hour been eclipsed during the summer months, now becomes oftentimes shrouded by heavy portentous clouds, full of dark predictions as to the approaching wet season. At this period, these beetles are all activity and life; the young ones content themselves with feasting upon the good things left by the roadside, and have apparently no care or forethought for the future; not so papa and mamma (for they work in couples, and, I presume, are male and female); these are indefatigably employed, brushing together by means of their forceps and feet every imaginable article of food, and when they have raised a little mound sufficient to require their united strength and efforts in transporting it to their home, they industriously set to work in cementing the whole together, which they do partly by the aid of a natural glutinous saliva of which they seem possessed, and partly by adding particles of fresh manure, which helps to form the whole mass into a species of clay, in which also are firmly imbedded grains of wheat and other seeds and etceteras upon which the insects exist. Thus much being accomplished, the next business of these beetles is to shape this substance into a form the easiest for transportation, and the wonderful instinct of the insect is now manifested by the method it adopts. The male and female bring mouthfuls of fine sand, which they assiduously scatter all over the mass, and which as it hardens helps to strengthen the original cement. This done, they literally stand up to their work, and supported on their hinder legs, bring the other six legs and the wings into action in pushing with all their united strength against the little mound they have raised, having first carefully swept or carried away every bit of gravel that might prove an impediment to their

progress. As the mass is rolled over, it goes on gradually collecting small particles of sand, and finally assumes a perfectly round shape, and becomes of a consistence hard enough to resist fractures or even indentations by falling into a rut or coming in collision with a stone—two events which frequently occur in its transit to the beetles' nest, and the former of which occasions no small labour and fatigue to the poor insects in their endeavour to roll it up to the surface again. When the ball is perfectly shaped and hard, the male and female beetle methodically set to work, the one standing up in front and tugging and pulling it towards it, the other pushing it from behind; the one in front occasionally loses its hold and falls on its back, where it kicks and struggles for several seconds before it can regain its footing; the other seems to miss the force lent to aid it, and runs round inquisitively to see what is amiss. Sometimes a little stone impedes their progress, when they are obliged to change the line of march by a few inches. The ball is finally brought to the mouth of the cavern, and then, by their united efforts being tumbled over, rolls to the bottom, there to remain till the wants of the beetle family require its contents for home consumption. I have seen a couple of these balls, often as large as a good-sized apricot, collected, shaped, and carried a distance of from twelve to thirteen feet by these industrious insects in somewhat less than an hour and a quarter, and I took the trouble to time their movements on more than one occasion.

From November to June you may seek in vain for the farlie beetles in their favourite and most frequented haunts; they never show their noses above ground till the heat of the hot sun of July penetrates to their subterranean cells, and warns them that the season for occupation and enjoyment has again returned.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

CHRISTIANS are not so much required to *live out* of the world, as to *live above* it. A hard duty, indeed! yet there is a victory which overcometh the world.

Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he may become worse: for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Religion is much talked of, but little understood, till a man's conscience is awakened; then a man knows the worth of a soul and the want of a Saviour. •

Religion must be our business, then it will be our delight.

Four things a Christian should specially watch after; to be humble and thankful, watchful and cheerful.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves those that are lawful.

If you follow Satan, you will find the tempter prove a tormentor; if you follow the spirit, you will find the Counsellor prove a Comforter.

They that spend their days in faith and prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort.

Poetry of the Birds.

BIRDS.

Ye birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear;
Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise:
Ye would bid us all grovelling scenes despise
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toil, ambition is pain,
That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven:
Ye would teach us to fix our aim in heaven.

Beautiful birds of lightsome wing,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of Spring;
We see you array'd in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn!
Though rainbow-splendour around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows:
Oh! what a lesson for glory are ye,
How ye preach the grace of humility.

Swift birds, that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward, by night or day,
As in your unwearying course ye fly
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky;
Oh! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds, that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
You remind us that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise;
There's something about you that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky! C. W. THOMPSON.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
"We come from the shore of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er the cities, in song renown'd,—
Silent they lie, with the deserts round!
We have cross'd proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
And each worn wing had regain'd its home,
Under the peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt:
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh joyous birds, it hath still been so!
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

"A change we have found there, and many a change!
Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were, have a brow of care,
And the place is hush'd where the children play'd:
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have pass'd;
So may we reach our bright home at last!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound;
Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, and music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing,
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale the shady wood;—
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine:
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WORDSWORTH.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The humming-bird!—the humming-bird,
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dusk palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower—
Where hangs, from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion-flower—

Where, on the mighty river banks,
La Platte or Amazon,
The cayman, like a forest tree,
Lies basking in the sun—

There builds her nest the humming-bird
Within the ancient wood,
Her nest of silky cotton down,
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero tolls his song,
And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing the changeful green and blue
That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
No Winter round thee loams,
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without sweet flowers!

A reign of Summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given:
Thy food, the honey in the flower,
Thy drink, the dew from heaven.

MARY HOWITT.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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"Filling a cup with a refreshing draught which her own hand had prepared, she offered it to Sir Edward," p. 581.

POCAHONTAS: .

A STORY OF THE FIRST ENGLISH EMIGRANTS TO NORTH AMERICA, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.

THE numerous obstacles which the formation of a
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new colony on the American continent encountered, were at length happily overcome by a band of enterprising men from Plymouth and London. King James I, who had looked very favourably on the undertaking, and had sanctioned all the plans

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which the originators had proposed, finally more than equalled their most sanguine expectations, by securing to the colonists on the other side of the Atlantic equal rights and privileges with the citizens of the mother country, and promising to extend to them his royal protection. The news of this favour, which quickly spread through the counties of England, greatly increased the desire for emigration, and the number of colonists far exceeded the original intentions of the founders. Of course it was necessary to use circumspection in the choice of well-established, well-qualified, and strictly honourable men, and the provision of a suitable outfit was no light matter. But perhaps the greatest consideration in the formation of a new colony was the selection of a judicious governor and leader. This was happily met in the person of Sir Edward Smith; and with every requisite for a settlement in a wild and unknown country, the adventurers sailed from Plymouth on the 17th of April, 1607, amidst the cheers of an immense concourse of people.

As though in sympathy with the joyful hope that filled the hearts of the voyagers, the sails swelled with the fresh land breeze, and England's shores quickly disappeared from view. What mixed feelings must have agitated the breasts of the exiles as they saw their fatherland no longer but as a faint streak on the horizon; and even now, amidst the excitement of their bright anticipations, many a tearful glance was sent across the waters, and many a thought of grief and regret was wafted to the loved ones at home! There was no one amongst them who more manfully strove against the sorrow of separation than Sir Edward himself, who had just bidden adieu to a beloved wife and two young children, leaving them on English shores whilst he went to form in an almost unknown part of the world a new settlement; the issue of which, brilliant as the prospect might seem in the eyes of many, could not but be involved in some doubt and obscurity. He had been leading a happy domestic life when, in accordance with the wishes of his friends and the expressed desire of his royal master, he accepted the conduct of an enterprise which he felt to be in many respects difficult and hazardous. Amidst these reflections, which the brave man kept hidden in the sanctity of his own heart, other anxieties oppressed him. Many a time had he braved the dangers of the ocean; but then he had been surrounded by an obedient and devoted crew, who held their strict but just captain in the utmost respect and veneration, and to whom they rendered hearty and cheerful service. Now the case was altered. He was for the most part amongst strangers, for whose peculiar interests he felt that he must watch and provide, while this enlarged sphere of labour would demand very great prudence and activity.

By degrees, however, the difficulties which he anticipated, vanished. He won the respect and confidence of all, and their love soon followed. And once, when in a fearful storm, like an old and well-tried sailor, he succeeded in animating the fearful and despondent Jack Hanway, his faithful servant could not resist seizing his hand and saying: "Ah, sir, your gentleness makes you here, as everywhere, the unlimited master of all around you."

After many anxieties and discouragements dur-

ing the voyage, a joyful acclamation was one morning heard on board, that the American shore was in view; and before evening they arrived at the wide mouth of the James River. The utmost life and activity prevailed on board; every breast was beating high with expectation of the coming day, when the vessel was to run up the stream and a suitable landing-place would be selected. Joyous songs resounded from many a voice, but whilst the leader's bosom was cheered, he felt it important to abstain from the demonstration of any very sanguine hopes. He perceived it would require the utmost exertion of his influence and patience to lead his companions through the privations of a settler's life, to moderate any extravagant joy, and to repress outbreaks of anger and fits of despondency of which he had already seen indications during the voyage—those rocks on which other adventurers had too often split. There were some amongst them, indeed, who did not hesitate to declare that their captain grudged them their innocent joy, when he checked its exuberant display; and but for the friendly efforts of Jack Hanway, who always knew how to place his beloved master's words and actions in the most favourable light, his motives would frequently have been misconstrued by the company.

On the next day, at sunrise, a clear and resplendent May morning, as far as the eye could reach they beheld the richly wooded coast of America, which to the enchanted gaze of the Europeans appeared incomparably beautiful. The majestic river rolled proudly into the sea, and appeared to smile on the weary voyagers and bid them a hearty welcome. Its banks were clad with the utmost luxuriance. Trees, of whose gigantic magnificence and beauty no European can form a conception, here offered to the eye an infinite variety. The evergreen oak raised its proud head far into the blue air, vying with the slender pine, the fir, and the larch. Acacias of various kinds in fragrant blossom, the white-stemmed platanum with its lordly crown of leaves, fine nuts and chest-nuts in rich bloom, completed the lovely forest scene. Many a bird of strange form and plumage, unknown to the English, hovered among the branches. Beneath the trees were splendid flowers, among which they recognised the evergreen rhododendron and the sweet magnolia. All these sylvan riches the settlers contemplated with increasing satisfaction, and from the richness of the vegetation they augured well of the capacity and productiveness of the soil. Amidst all this fragrance the ship, with a fresh and favouring gale, entered the river's mouth, and as they passed the beautiful banks they saw many a roe feeding in the distant pastures—a glad sight for the voyagers, as it gave them the prospect of abundance of fresh meat.

The vessel had already made considerable progress, when they unexpectedly came upon an admirable spot for anchorage. The river here inclined considerably to the right bank, and making a deep indentation into the land, formed in its current back a fine peninsula, presenting also an admirable harbour for the vessel. For some miles a beautiful plain extended itself, and the whole lovely spot was inclosed by a range of lofty hills. A sparkling stream, clear as crystal, rose at a short dis-

tance and gradually enlarged into a river. Sweet, wholesome fountains gushed out here and there from the fertile soil; while the magnificence of the trees, as well as the luxuriance of the vegetation, proved that no better site could be chosen for the colony. A consultation of the elders, whose patriarchal influence Smith had been anxious to secure, was quickly held. The anchor fell; and, amidst the loud cheers of the crew, the boat put off, and the captain, with the principal persons in the ship's company, prepared to set foot on the ground which was henceforward to be their home.

As soon as they were landed, and Thornton, a fine grey-headed old man, had uttered a short prayer, commending the new settlement to the Divine blessing, the captain took the axe, and striking the first blow on the stem of a plantain, he cried out:—"James-town shall be the name of this colony, which, with God's assistance, we propose to found in honour of our Lord the King, James I."

A unanimous shout of joy testified to the satisfaction of the hearers, and, at a sign from Smith, they all formed a circle around him, when he proceeded to unfold the king's patent, nominating him to the governorship of the colony, and binding the settlers to obedience. When this was concluded, he addressed them in a forcible and persuasive manner. Once more he enlarged upon the discouragements and difficulties which awaited them, urging them to perseverance and industry, and warning them against despondency if all things should not succeed to their expectations. He entreated them to prove themselves worthy of the king's favour, and of the trust reposed in them by the founders of the enterprise; impressing on them the necessity of harmonious and united effort towards effecting a secure establishment in the country, and the policy as well as duty of gentleness and humanity to the aborigines. He concluded with assurances of the utmost zeal, fidelity, and self-sacrificing energy on his own part, and his desire to promote their interests.

By this powerful address, so well suited to the occasion, the spirits of his companions were raised, and with one accord they lifted up their hands to the blue sky, pledging their faith and obedience to him and firm adherence to one another.

"Let us, then, with God's help, go to work," said Sir Edward, with deep emotion; and in a moment the forest resounded with the stroke of the axe, under the skilful blows of which many a wood-giant fell. He allowed them to clear a considerable space, sparing one enormous plantain, which he designed as the centre of the colony, and under whose spreading branches, which described a large circle, Smith, cheerfully assisted by the rest, built his own log-house.

When the hour for repose drew near, great was the rejoicing at the result of their labour in the quickly constructed hut; and after due precautions for safety had been taken, they lay down to sleep for the first time on the soil of their adopted country, and enjoyed the sweetest repose after the labours of the eventful day.

After fourteen days' hard labour, there stood in regular rows the well but roughly built log-houses of the English. By each house was a plot of garden-ground, to be cultivated and planted during certain hours when their labour was not re-

quired for the general good; and, James-town might now be declared founded.

Smith, whose constant aim it was to secure the greatest amount of prosperity to the colony, saw the importance, at the very commencement of the new life, of an equitable division of labour. Whilst the husbandman tilled the newly acquired soil, and the carpenter was preparing beams for the larger dwellings, the mason erected houses better adapted for winter habitation, and the captain himself with the young and active men of the company would often chase through the forest, and, following the Indian trail, would bring home to the weary labourers many a wholesome and nourishing meal, whilst the small number of old men amongst them would take the boats and fish in the plentifully supplied stream. A happy simple life did they lead; and pleasant it was in the evening hour to collect in ranks around their wise governor, and recount the employments of the day, each rejoicing in his share of the labour for the prosperity of the whole.

During the expeditions which the hunting party made to the least frequented parts of the wood, and from which they never returned without rich spoil, it was Smith's great desire to establish a friendly intercourse with the natives. But in vain he sought to accomplish it. It is true, that when they halted to rest, they not unfrequently found torches the fire of which was scarcely extinct, proving beyond all doubt that those they sought could be at no great distance, and yet they never on any one occasion came in contact with the Indians. The existence of the English could scarcely be unknown to the inhabitants; still less was it probable that fear kept them concealed, for Sir Walter Raleigh, who had already discovered this line of coast and had called it, in honour of the maiden queen, Virginia, had spoken in high terms of the bravery as well as the good character of the tribe. Sometimes Jack Hargway and Thornton imagined that they saw the red form of the Indian on the opposite shore. They had even made signals of peace, and beckoned to them to cross; but in a moment the figure dived into the green thicket and left them in doubt whether they had not altogether been under a delusion, as the width of the river was considerable. At length, after close observation, which Smith deemed necessary, it was plain to him that the suspicious Indians skulked about their settlement, as he daily discovered footmarks on the newly ploughed fields. There must at least have been twenty men, judging from the number of footsteps; and that they had been holding a long conference was also evident, as on a certain spot the marks were all close together, and the ground much trodden down. The night watches were much astonished at this discovery; for close as the Indians must have approached them, not the slightest noise had reached their ears.

"A crafty enemy surrounds our peaceful homes," said Smith in the council; "let us follow his track, and try to be reconciled to him."

"Do you think that this will become us?" asked the aged Thornton. "Have we," continued he, "offered an offence to the Indians?"

"Can you read the wild man's heart," asked Sir Edward. "If you can, then you may find there

some just indignation against the bold stranger who enters his forest, kills his deer, and without permission takes up his abode amongst them. What have you to answer to this?" said he to the old man, looking earnestly at him.

"I was in error I fear in indulging the thought," said Thornton. "Let us then hold out the hand of friendship and try to appease them. Do you depart, sir, and leave with me all cares for the rest. May you succeed in your efforts to protect us! and if you do not prosper—then, alas! innocent blood must flow."

"Let it be as you say, Thornton," replied the governor. "Obey him," he said to his hearers; "he will fill my place for a while. But who will follow me?"

In a moment, twenty strong men ranged themselves on the captain's side, and said with one voice, "We will follow."

He allowed them to carry arms, and to furnish themselves with ammunition from the store. He then took provisions for a five days' journey, besides several trinkets which it is customary to offer to the natives as presents, and did not forget a looking-glass for the chief.

When the expedition was ready to start, Sir Edward perceived for the first time that Jack Hanway was amongst them.

"Stay here, Jack," said the captain. "At your years an adventure like this is no longer suitable." But Jack was immovable.

"Who knows what may befall you, sir?" replied he; "and I have promised the good lady never to leave you. My word I must keep."

"But you will be more burden to us, Jack," answered Sir Edward, "than you can possibly be of service."

"No, no, Sir Edward," replied the old man earnestly. "Trust me, Jack is not quite useless yet."

Smith reluctantly gave way; and, accompanied by the best wishes of the settlers, the caravan was set in motion and followed the trail of the Indians, which they discovered to be in a westerly direction.

They had crossed the line of hills which formed the natural barrier of James-town, and were now approaching another considerable chain of mountains, without having arrived at any Indian encampment. On the third day of their journey, the path lay through an almost trackless wood, and as evening drew near, after kindling their watch-fires, they lay down to rest.

Although the Indians' trail had described no straight line, the settlers had never entirely lost sight of it, and the further they advanced the more numerous were the marks of the wild men. The night passed peacefully away, and on the following morning they pursued their journey with renewed strength and vigour. The track now forsook the river's bank, and lay along a little stream which branched off from the larger river. Wilder and grander was the scenery. High rocks towered above them, and more and more impenetrable were the mighty forests. At noon, they arrived at a spot in the mountains, the extraordinary appearance of which excited their astonishment. They had wandered a short distance from the mountain path, when suddenly an enormous ravine opened before them. In a frightful abyss, before which

the stoutest heart trembled, the torrent roared loudly, sending up abundance of white foam. Walls of limestone rock arose on either side to an immense height, and across this dizzy pass was arched a bridge, cut as it were out of the rock itself, equal to any that the art of man ever constructed, but Nature alone was the architect.

With feelings of wonder which he had never before experienced, Sir Edward gazed on this scene of awful sublimity. His companions shared in his sensations. Not a word was spoken. For a few moments they stood thus, lost in the prospect, when a loud whoop sounded in their ears, and a cold thrill ran through their veins. It was the Indian war-cry. A shower of arrows at the same instant assailed them, and one of their company fell.

Sir Edward immediately collected himself, and gathering a bough of a tree held it up as a sign of peace. It was a vain effort. The red men pressed towards them in a mass, still uttering their piercing cry. Most reluctantly did Smith give permission to his men to fire, yet only in the air, and they had scarcely done this than, seized with mortal terror, the Indians fled. Smith followed them for some distance, still holding out the branch of peace, bound with cloth, and calling to them persuasively to return.

After pursuing the savages for some time in their disorderly flight, the latter suddenly halted in an open part of the forest; and casting an anxious glance towards their dwellings, which were now in view, the natives appeared to come to the resolution to treat for peace. Having, therefore, allowed the party to approach, they in their turn plucked a branch and extended it to the enemy.

With some dignity, Smith now stepped towards the chief—an old man, in whose countenance it was difficult to say whether shrewdness and cunning or an undaunted courage predominated—and boldly stretched out his hand, which the Indian, not without some trepidation, accepted. The presents were then produced and distributed amongst the eldest of the tribe, who must have numbered at least one hundred. By means of signs, Smith testified his desire to live on terms of amity with them, which they appeared to understand, and to which proposal, with some hesitation, they assented.

The chief now motioned to Smith to be seated, and considered for a few moments how he should make himself intelligible to the captain. From his replies, it appeared to the Indian that his signs were misunderstood, for suddenly leaping from the ground, and with the most savage and expressive gestures, he exclaimed:—"Why do you come into our forests? Who called you over the great salt water? Take away your swimming houses! take away your thunder and lightning! and leave us to our wild life and our peace."

Sir Edward, who comprehended the sense of the chief Powhattan's words and vehement gesticulations, hastened to appease him; and laying his hand on his heart, he assured him of his friendly and peaceful intentions. Powhattan was evidently softened, and the presents too were not without their effect; and in a few minutes he took his spear and stuck it deep in the ground; an example which was followed by the remainder of the tribe, although in many cases with evident reluctance.

An amicable conference ensued, and the settlers,

nvited by the Indians, proceeded to the encampment, which lay in a deep valley not far from the natural bridge in the rocks.

A wild cry from the children of the tribe welcomed the returning Indians. Women and maidens stepped out of every hut and looked with undisguised curiosity at the white strangers, feeling them over and laughing loudly. The tumult was universal, increasing every moment. It appeared that the women believed the English to be prisoners, for a savage joy gleamed in their eyes as they thought of the joyful feast when the captives should be sacrificed.

Whilst this observation was going on with the natives, Powhattan took Sir Edward's hand and led him towards his hut. A maiden came out to meet them. She was scarcely eighteen; even in European eyes, the symmetry of her form and her handsome and regular features excited admiration and surprise. With much natural grace she went up to her father, and after relieving him of his weapons, looked with a melancholy and compassionate interest upon the white stranger, asking her father if he were a prisoner. On his reply in the negative, but that he was unally with whom he was about to break the bread of peace, her fine face lighted up with benevolent joy, and filling a cup with a refreshing draught which her own hand had prepared, she offered it to Sir Edward, who courteously accepted it.

Pocahontas was the only child of the chief Powhattan, the joy of the old man's heart; and the ornament and delight of the tribe. She had been sought in marriage by the noblest of the Indian youths, but hitherto her affections had been closed against them all. Her love had one centre, one sole object, and that was her aged father; her mother having been dead many years. Often had Powhattan urged her to marry his favourite nephew, the son of his deceased brother, as he would at the chief's death succeed him as head of the tribe; but in vain. She shunned Jukka, so the young chief was named, as she had shunned the other youths of her own people; and until the moment that Smith entered her father's dwelling, she had never experienced a feeling of preference for any human being. But when the white stranger—the grave man of six and thirty—stood before her, the poor unsuspecting child of the forest felt a new feeling of affection spring up within her, and gave way to it in her simplicity and ignorance without reserve. She set before her visitor the best food she could procure, waited on him with the utmost assiduity and care; and when Sir Edward, in distributing the presents he had brought, presented her as her share with a gay string of coral beads, she felt unspeakably happy.

The captain partook with Powhattan of the meal which Pocahontas had provided; they drank in token of amity out of the same cup, and thus confirmed the treaty of peace and friendship, much to the satisfaction of the governor, who well knew that peace was the only element in which his infant colony could thrive; and this peace he had, he believed, secured.

The comfort which he felt in the success of his mission made the usually thoughtful man cheerful and even playful. He thought he saw, in Powhattan's intense love to his child, that the way to

the chief's heart lay through that of the maiden. As it was, he made it his study to please Pocahontas—little suspecting that, in the attentions which he paid her, he was insensibly kindling hopes in the untutored breast of the Indian maid which could never be realized. We are narrating, be it remembered, no fancy story. Pocahontas, we may observe—at the risk of anticipating our narrative—was a real character, and her name is well known to those who are familiar with the early history of America. Surely some misgiving should have entered Smith's manly heart, some fear lest, in his policy to the Indian, a feeling which he could not extinguish might be kindled in the breast of his daughter. Sir Edward remained for three days in the Indian encampment, and both he and his companions continued to be on excellent terms with the tribe.

One man alone, Jukka, had preserved a suspicions and almost savage demanour towards the English settlers. Powhattan appeared not to regard it, but was very far from having any serious intentions of keeping his contract with the English, especially since Jukka had endeavoured secretly to kindle the latent spark of hatred in his breast, by the worst insinuations against the colonists. Craft was, as we have observed, a leading characteristic with Powhattan. When the Indians gathered a second time round the fire of council, in order to confirm the bond which had been already made, he was for a time outvoted in his intentions of destruction towards the English; it was, however, only for a time, for to root the white man from the soil was his firm and abiding resolution.

The treaty was at length ratified in the presence of the whole people, and a solemn promise given by them shortly to encamp on the right bank of the James River, in the neighbourhood of the new colony, in order to secure its protection from other hostile tribes, and an oath was finally taken by each party never to break the peace. Early on the following day, the settlers set out on their homeward journey. They proposed to take the route by the bridge of rocks, in order to inter the corpse of their fallen comrade, and Powhattan and his daughter accompanied them for a short distance on their journey. They were quiet and solemn. The separation from Sir Edward evidently gave pain to Pocahontas; yet she could not have forsaken her aged father even for him. She walked quietly by his side, now plucking him a sweet berry, now gathering a lovely flower, and as he took the simple gifts he observed that the tears glistened in her eye at the prospect of parting.

Again they stood beside the extraordinary natural bridge, which but a short time before had excited their astonishment. Deep in the abyss, on a thorn bush, was suspended the body of the unhappy man who had fallen in the previous fray. No wild animal had discovered the remains. He had been a brave man; and it was with true sorrow that his comrades dug his lonely grave in the wilds, and covered it over with the earth. Pocahontas looked earnestly on at the ceremony, and still more serious was her gaze when the Englishmen, with folded hands, joined their commander in the simple and impressive burial service of their church, the solemnity of which the Indians seemed to feel, although unable to comprehend its meaning.

Before the train moved, Powhattan took a long draught of the "fire water," a temptation which he always felt to be irresistible. Poccahontas, with downcast eyes however, watched the preparations of the Englishman and his party for their departure. As Sir Edward Smith, after bidding her father adieu, held out his hand to her, the tears which started from her eyes and coursed down her cheek betrayed her secret emotions, and for the first time there dawned on the governor the conviction that Poccahontas, rude Indian maiden as she was, carried within her feelings as sensitive as those of the daughters of a more civilized clime.

Heading his party, and strictly keeping to the same line which he had pursued in his journey to the encampment, the governor and his men now wound along the river's side; but, ere they had gone far, Sir Edward turned round to glance once more at that noble work of the Almighty Architect, the bridge of rock, and there he beheld Poccahontas standing, mournfully waving a green bough in token of farewell. He stood with his men immovable at this spectacle, their eyes resting on the form standing on that dizzy height.

While they were yet gazing, they observed Poccahontas joined by a young Indian of her tribe, from whom she seemed to draw back with an attitude of abhorrence and dislike. At that moment, the eye of the savage fell on Smith and his party. Quickly the bow was snatched from his shoulder, and an arrow whizzed through the air before Poccahontas could arrest his arm.

A piercing long-continued shriek echoed through the rocks. The governor however had happily avoided the shaft by glancing behind the trunk of a tree, and the arrow fell harmlessly on a spot close to that on which he stood. When he came from his hiding-place Poccahontas and her companion had disappeared; and with their minds filled with suspicions of the Indians, and dark forebodings of future treachery on their part, the band of settlers hastened homewards.

"It must have been Jukka, the Indian whom we noticed in the wigwam of Powhattan, who shot that arrow," said Jack Hanway to Sir Edward. "Know you, sir, wherefore he did that?"

"I am as little curious to know the secrets of the Indians as to unravel their riddles," replied the captain gravely; and Jack, who knew his master well, retreated. Smith's spirit was at that moment soaring far over the blue sea to his wife and beloved little ones at home: the images of her and his little ones came before his troubled spirit with a soothing influence.

WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO PAY ONE'S DEBTS.—It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances. It removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind; it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions; it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue; and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of a business reputation.—*Shenstone.*

OUR SECOND DAY AT BRIGHTON.

On the morning succeeding the day whose rambles we have already described, having resolved upon an inspection of the environs, we were off to Shoreham by an early train, which, after passing near the village of Hove, the ruins of Aldrington Church, and the little hamlets of Southwick and Kingston, dropped us at the station in a little more than a quarter of an hour. There are two Shorehams, the old and the new, lying about half a mile apart. New Shoreham, where we alight, is, as its name implies, a new town, which of late years has risen into some degree of importance. It boasts a harbour capable of accommodating shipping of considerable burden, and ships are built in the dock-yards adjoining. We arrive just a day too soon to witness the launch of a fine vessel destined for Australia, of which we are informed the berths are engaged before she is afloat—such is the rage for emigration to the gold diggings. We walk round her broad copper-clad bulk, resounding with the noise of a hundred hammers. She is ready, at the given signal, to leap from the stocks into her proper element, and will no doubt be far off on her voyage before this paper sees the light. The river Adur, which runs into the sea near New Shoreham, is here spanned by a handsome suspension-bridge, built by the Duke of Norfolk. There are no remarkable buildings in the town, with the exception of the church, which is a fine specimen of mixed Gothic and Norman architecture, and bears evident traces of having once been of much greater extent than it is at present. The ruins of two massive walls extend from either side of the western window almost to the boundary of the churchyard; and between them, in what may have been the nave of the original church, a sturdy tree has grown to maturity and is falling to decay—indicating that many centuries have passed since these old walls were roofed in.

We pursued our walk to Old Shoreham, desirous of a glimpse at the old church, which we remember in days of yore as a picturesque ruin. Old Shoreham is now but an inconsiderable village, though centuries ago it was a place of some importance, and is mentioned by historians as the spot where Ella, the first king of the South Saxons, landed to complete the conquest of England. We found the old church entirely restored and rebuilt, and glittering in the sun with the hues of new bricks and new roofing. It presents a most beautiful and interesting specimen of ancient Saxon taste and skill in the garb of modern materials, but has been rather overdone with ornament in undergoing restoration.

We were picked up at Shoreham by a friend in an open chaise, and returned to Brighton along the road which runs nearly all the way by the sea-side; a most pleasant and animating drive commanding a rich and ever varying prospect. That part of the town west of the Steyne is more especially devoted to commerce; rows of admirable shops fronted in truly metropolitan style, and crammed with the wealth which industry creates, extend along the best part of the sea margin, and attest at once the prosperity of the citizens and the activity of commerce. The sun being yet high in the sky, we proposed to our friend an impromptu excursion to the Dyke, one of the chief lions of the neighbourhood. The trip being agreed on, and a bargain

struck with the driver—a very necessary preliminary in these cases—we set off at once. We cannot say very much for the pleasure of the drive to this place. After leaving Brighton, the road begins very soon to remind us that Macadam cannot have been in that direction for some time past, and before we have got half way we are as dusty as millers on a busy day, and considerably more gritty. As we begin to ascend the final hill, we are compensated by purer air, and a new and more extensive view which gradually unfolds itself. The Devil's Dyke, as it is ordinarily termed, owing its ugly name to its gloomy and precipitous appearance, is one of those natural chasms which occur so frequently in the mountainous ranges of the Sussex downs. The traveller who approaches Brighton from Hastings will see before him, about midway, a lofty hill of many miles in extent, whose long ridgy back cuts the sky at an elevation of several hundred feet above the plain upon which he is rushing along. Upon the sides of this mountainous range he will discern a number of sudden and declivitous hollows, resembling on a colossal scale the sharp circular cavities in a snow-drift, and suggesting the idea that the whole mass of the mountain was once an infinity of atoms in motion under the influence of some mighty tempest, which suddenly subsiding left it fixed for ever in its present form. Such a cavity is the Dyke; we are inclined to think it is not the most remarkable one which could have been selected, but being within six miles of Brighton, and conveniently situated for a morning's drive, it has become a notoriety, and indeed is well worth incurring the dusty pilgrimage which a visit to it entails. The top of the hill is said to be the highest point of the entire area of the Sussex downs. The view towards the south, fronting the sea, comprehends the whole line of coast from the Isle of Wight on the west to Beechy Head on the east; and from the loftiness of the elevation, the eye, on a clear day, takes in an expanse of ocean which startles the mind, and almost realizes the dreams of imagination. Looking inland, the prospect is, if possible, still more magnificent and impressive. The valley upon which the spectator looks down is said to be more than a hundred miles in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth; and the prospect spread out before him is bounded only by his own powers of vision. We cannot pretend to rehearse the number of counties, towns, and towers which were pointed out to us, nor even to guess at the distance at which some of them lay. Persons are to be met with on the spot to whom the whole living map is familiar from long acquaintance; but we always prefer generalizing in the presence of such scenery, and have no relish for being taken by the button and lessoned in geography, while

“Our soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,”

and revels in the vain but sublime endeavour to grasp the whole. There is a comfortable and well-furnished inn on the spot, where refreshments may be obtained at a reasonable charge, and civility and information are thrown into the bargain.

Another favourite resort of the lovers of the panoramic and picturesque is the Miller's Tomb, a plain brick and stone mausoleum, erected by an

eccentric miller named John Oliver in the year 1766, twenty-seven years before his death. This person had a singularly repulsive and sepulchral taste; besides his tomb, built so long before he had any use for it, he is said to have provided his own coffin, which he kept under his bed, and which by touching a spring might be made to run out on castors. The tomb of the miller is on High-down Hill, not far from the Goring Station on the Brighton and Chichester Railway. Near the tomb is a summer-house, also built by the miller, who found his greatest enjoyment in contemplating the delightful prospect it affords. John Oliver at his death, which happened in 1793, left an annuity of 20*l.* a year to keep the tomb and the summer-house from falling into decay; but by some flaw or malversation the funds have not latterly been applied to their legitimate purpose, and the summer-house is already crumbling into ruin. The view from this summit is of a different character from that seen from the Dyke, and would perhaps be preferred by the lovers of rural English landscape; it is very extensive, and the scenery is reckoned the finest in the district. We did not on this occasion visit the Miller's Tomb, but have mentioned it in connexion with the Dyke, because both places are somewhat similar in character, and are frequently the object of excursion rambles to visitors at Brighton.

We have but little space remaining, and the hours of our holiday too are hastening to a close; but before finally leaving the gay and brilliant city of the South, we must proceed to point attention to a few other places in its neighbourhood which demand the notice of the visitor. A pleasant morning's walk of about four miles along the coast eastward of Kemp-town, will bring the pedestrian to Rottingdean, a small neat and agreeable marine village, which is in some degree to Brighton what Broadstairs is to Ramsgate. It does not contain above a hundred houses, but many of them are buildings of a genteel class, and are let in lodgings to invalids and the lovers of seclusion and tranquillity. It possesses every accommodation as a marine residence, as well as an excellent inn. There is a tradition that the wells of Rottingdean are empty at high water; we do not vouch for the literal truth of it, but suspect that it has some hidden and oracular signification.

Five miles beyond Rottingdean, and nine from Brighton, lies the port of Newhaven. It was here that Louis Philippe, on his escape from the Revolution of 1848, landed under the pseudonym of Mr. Smith, and was appropriately received by Mrs. Smith at the Bridge Inn. The room he there occupied is preserved as he left it, and is shown by the landlady to the curious in such matters. In the year 1800, the “Brazen” sloop of war was wrecked off Newhaven, when above a hundred of the crew were drowned. A monumental obelisk erected near the churchyard commemorates their sad fate. The church of Newhaven is a modern structure of no note; but it has an antique tower which is evidently the remains of a former edifice, and which stands at the east instead of the west end of the present small church.

The borough of Lewes, which was once a place of importance, and at the present day contains a population of 9000, or 10,000, demands more

notice than we have space to give it. Lewes is supposed to occupy the site of a Roman station. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, upon one of which, about a mile distant from the town, was fought the great battle between Henry III and the barons, under the leadership of Simon de Montfort, in 1264. The Castle of Lewes is an ancient and interesting ruin: the gateway is yet in tolerable preservation, being partly of Saxon architecture and partly of a later date. Besides the gateway, a considerable portion of the central fortifications yet remains. There is a road running through the western rampart, and a part of the area of the castle has been converted into a bowling-green. Thirteen years after the Conquest, a Priory was founded at Lewes by Earl Warren, and his Countess Gundreda, for the monks of the Cluniac order. The remains of the founders were unearthed during the excavations for the railway in 1845; they were found inclosed in leaden cists, which were legibly inscribed with the names of the deceased. These remains are now deposited in Southover church, beneath a handsome monument. There were formerly extensive works at Lewes for the casting of cannon; but the only manufacture of any note now carried on is that of paper—a significant and suggestive change in the commerce of the town. Lewes lies at eight miles' distance from Brighton, and may be reached in half an hour by the Brighton and Hastings railway.

The veteran archaeologist, who finds his greatest pleasure in contemplating the greatest ruin, should direct his steps towards Bramber Castle. By following the valley of the Adur upwards from Shoreham bridge, he will soon come in sight of its lofty remains. In the feudal ages this was an enormous stronghold, and must have presented a formidable barrier to the aggressions of our invader. A good idea of its ancient strength and extent may be formed from an inspection of its bulky ruins, though all that is now standing is a portion of what is supposed to have been the original gateway and a few mouldering walls. The date of its construction, like that of the Castle of Hastings, is not ascertainable. In Domesday book, which was compiled in 1086, it is mentioned under the name which it at present retains. It is said, though it is difficult to realize the fact, that so late as the protectorate of Cromwell this castle was garrisoned by the parliamentary forces. The village of Bramber, containing but a few thatched cottages, which are burgage-holds, conferring a right of voting upon their occupants, was disfranchised by the Reform Bill. The church, which is a curious structure and looks much older than it is, is built in the fosse of the old castle, the stones of which probably supplied the materials. The wreck of the castle stands on a circular hill, and is visible from a considerable distance in all directions.

We can recall to memory a pleasant trip which we made some years ago to Arundel Castle. The romantic and picturesque scenery surrounding this magnificent seat of the Duke of Norfolk—its embowering woods and rural shades—are yet fresh in our recollection, and above all, the noble works of art in the gallery, which the public were then permitted to view. That permission is, however, obtainable no longer, the castle being now closed against visitors. An hour's ride upon the railway

will bring the tourist to Arundel Station, and as an outsider, he may if he choose yet visit the castle, and enjoy a delightful ramble among the slopes and dells of its well-wooded precincts.

In the above brief summary of Brighton and its neighbourhood, we have been compelled (to use a proverbial and homely phrase) to cut our coat according to our cloth, and sometimes to condense within the limits of a paragraph subjects which would have furnished matter for a sheet. We must plead the necessity of the case in excuse; and in bidding farewell to the brightest of towns, we may be allowed earnestly to pray, that no predatory *Join-ville* be permitted to play the part of *Smash-ville* at the expense of the inhabitants, and by a storm of shot and shell in their shop windows, their lofty attics, or on the porcupine upper crust of their Pavilion, put them in bodily fear. In these days of long-ranges, and what-d'ye call 'em rifles, which knock a man down before he comes in sight, one can't help thinking that Brighton, with its pop-gun battery of six guns, presents a very tempting target to a piratical enemy emulous of distinction. It is true, such fierce aggressors have already been warned off by Captain Warner; but if a war should break out, they would be but all the more anxious to show their contempt of the long-range and the futility of the warning. In such a case, the existence of Brighton would depend from day to day and hour to hour upon the superiority of the British ships in the offing over anything which the enemy could bring against them. May the peace of nearly forty years continue unbroken, and our forebodings of disaster be as false as our desires for the welfare of Brighton are hearty and true!

THE GENESEE GIRL AND HER LITTLE RED BOOK.

AN AMERICAN INCIDENT.

On a very cold morning in February, 1831, says Grant Thorburn of America, the well known original of "Laurie Todd," we left Hoboken, fifteen of us, well packed, in a stage with wheels, besides a very neat coach which held only four. We afterwards were transferred to a Jersey vehicle. It began to rain, and when we reached the next stage, to change horses, we looked like moving pillars of salt; our hats, cloaks, and storm-clothes being covered an eighth of an inch with ice transparent. Here we were placed in a covered box with runners, the cover being white-wood boards, placed an eighth of an inch apart, without paint, leather, or canvass. The rain descended, and snow came; our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another.

Among our passengers was a young woman who, from her appearance, might have seen seventeen summers. Having finished her education in New York, she was returning to her friends in the West. Most of the day there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio; a man of sound principles, and who, by his observations, must have seen much of men and their manners. On her left sat a young man about twenty-two, in the vigour of life and health, and whiskered to the mouth and

eyes. Our farmer, in answer to a question by a passenger, when speaking of the inhabitants in the new settlements, remarked, that wherever there was a church and a stated minister, the people, for five or six miles around, were more orderly, sober, and circumspect than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This remark drew forth the tongue and the learning of our young whiskered companion. He had been to college, and was studying law in New York; he spoke long and loud about priestcraft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the Bible of Mohammed than the Acts of the Apostles. He said death at the worst was only a leap in the dark. But ah, this leap in the dark! We little thought we were so near the precipice, and that our courage, in a few minutes, would be put to the test. It had rained all day, the road got bad, and the driver said he would take to the river: the passengers, one and all, remonstrated to no effect. At every stopping-place, while the horses drank water the driver drank rum. Our fears arose from the danger of getting into air-holes, which could not be seen, as the ice was covered two feet with water. Fear was now on every countenance. I looked on our farmer; his eye was uneasy, startled, and twinkling with fear. I asked what he thought? He said it was very unsafe, and very imprudent. I looked on the young woman; she was pale, thoughtful, and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small willow basket. While I watched the effect of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket a *little red book*; she opened it, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read about a minute. As she shut the book and replaced it in her basket, she turned her face towards the heavens; she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. I looked on the young man; he trembled in every limb. This *leap in the dark* had taken him by surprise; he was like one without hope,—while she, placing her slender foot firmly on the Rock of Ages, with her hand took a grasp upon the skies, “bid the waves roll, nor feared their idle whirl.”

We arrived at Albany by sun-down. The young woman and I put up in the same hotel. Supper being ended, we took sweet counsel together till 10 P. M. I asked to see the little red book. Its title was, “*Daily Food for Christians; being a portion of Scripture and a Hymn for every Day in the Year.*” I asked what portion pleased her so much when we were dragging in the water? She pointed to the text for that day in February—it read: “As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.”

Returning the book, I said, “There be many who say the Bible is all delusion.” “They may call it what they please,” she replied; “but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life.” I now learned that this young lady was the adopted daughter of the Hon. William Campbell, surveyor-general to the State. She was married, in April, 1835, to Dr. Grant, of Utica; a few weeks thereafter they sailed from Boston for Constantinople, as missionaries to the Nestorians in Persia; and there she died, January 4th, 1839, aged twenty-five years.

THE PEASANT-NOBLES; OR, THE BETHUNE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the humblest of peasant cottages, in a rural district of the county of Fife in Scotland, lived, some twenty years ago, a family of the name of Bethune. It consisted of the parents and two sons, both grown up to manhood. The family was poor, very poor. The father had spent most of his life as a farm-servant, and had been for years very much of an invalid, so that the support of the family devolved on the sons, who, judging from appearances, had not been very successful in the art of making wealth. The dwelling in which we find them, after the labours of the day, assembled at a very spare and frugal meal, consists of one room used for all purposes, now perhaps blinding with smoke; or, if rain has fallen heavily, saturated with water, which oozes through its insulicient roof. Yet there is an air of calm intelligence and gentle affection about this group, which contrasts somewhat strangely with the misery of their outward circumstances. We are, in truth, in the company of a family of rare excellence and rare endowments. John Bethune, the father, is a man of clear sound judgment, and noted in the parish for his high integrity and independence of spirit. He is a decided Christian, moreover; and so is his wife, Alison Christie; a noble woman withal, who has managed, amidst the toils of domestic servitude and the still greater hardships of her own house, to cultivate a love of reading, especially of poetry, and a warm appreciation of all that is good and beautiful and elevated, not often found so strong and pure in any rank of life. In those sons, on whom the parents' eyes are resting with fond affection, we have the poet brothers, whose sad story has thrilled many a heart. “Ah! poets,” exclaims some reader, who is not yet acquainted with the particulars of their history, “there is the secret of their poverty. Poets should be born to fortunes; if indeed they can manage to keep them, it is all that can be expected of the improvident race. Men who have to work for their bread had better eschew poetry, at least so far as composing it is concerned.” Nay, gentle reader, not so hasty in your conclusions. True, unsteadiness and improvidence have too frequently been found in connexion with poetic gifts, but the conjunction is not a necessary one, a proof of which, though happily by no means a singular one, is afforded by the lives of the Bethunes.

John Bethune, the youngest of the group, was born in the year 1811. He was first initiated into the mysteries of learning by his mother. When he reached his sixth year, however, it was judged proper that he should go to school. And so one cold dismal winter morning the poor urchin was trudging off with a young companion, to an humble seminary of learning some two miles distant from his home. The scene did not suit the child. He came home that evening downcast and discouraged, and he never returned to school. Thus with one day's tuition began and ended the school education of the future poet. Alison resumed her work of teaching him to read, and by and by his brother, who numbered seven more years than John, gave him such lessons in writing and arithmetic as his

own slender stock of accomplishments enabled him to impart.

Poor boy! other and harder work quickly fell to his lot. Before he numbered his thirteenth year, he, with his brother, was breaking stones on the public road. It was winter, the weather intensely cold, and he had to resort to the wildest gambols to restore warmth to his nearly frozen legs and feet. But he winced not. Already the spirit of independence and strong endurance which characterized the man is seen in the boy. His father had been long ailing, expenses beyond his means had been incurred, and the two young sons cheerfully betook themselves to their hard task morning after morning, that their parents' debt might be cleared off, their anxieties removed, and a few comforts added to their lot.

Severe as was their toil, the wages were miserable, and weaving being then a more profitable employment, John was apprenticed in 1821, to a person of that trade in the village of Collessie, a few miles distant from his home. He quickly became expert in the business, and could earn as much as 2s. 6d. in the day, a large sum as compared with his former wages. And now it was resolved that the brothers should become weavers on their own account, the elder learning the business from the younger. Accordingly, a house was taken for the purpose, and 10*l.*, which had been saved by the most desperate economy, laid out in the necessary implements. But scarcely was everything ready when the great failures in this business, which took place at the end of 1825 and beginning of 1826, almost ruined the trade for a time, and the looms and other implements in which the entire fortune of the Bethunes was placed, were rendered nearly useless.

It was a hard stroke to the struggling youths, but they were not the men to lose time in unavailing regrets. There was nothing for it but to return to their former work, and to this they immediately betook themselves. Meanwhile a love of intellectual culture had taken strong possession of both minds. At their mother's knee, listening to her recitals from the most sublime of all books, the Bible, and to passages from her favourite Cowper, thoughts and feelings higher and more refined than those of their class generally had been awakened. In the fleecy clouds which rolled over their heads, the shadow which fell on the placid face of the lake, the waving branches of the trees, or the sighing of the winds, our young poets saw and heard and felt many things unthought of by their fellow-labourers. And in the few books which they were able to buy or borrow, worlds of thought and feeling were opened to them, to which these others were perfect strangers. Yet none of their comrades performed his daily work better; none of them husbanded his scanty earnings more prudently; none of them had more consideration, more affection in all social relations. A useful lesson this, both to the man who dreads knowledge and the cultivation of taste in the working classes as inimical to the steady and cheerful discharge of their daily tasks, and to the still more erring votary of literature, who thinks his real or fancied endowments release him from the common obligations of social life, and believes himself entitled to eat though he does not work.

But the life of the Bethunes had a higher and nobler lesson still to teach men. It tells us that a man may be true, upright, and industrious. He may work hard and live sparingly, and yet he may not succeed. He remains in the cold grasp of sordid poverty. And when it is so, when Providence, as it were, seems to frown on his every effort, he may kiss the hand that afflicts, and from the heart acknowledge that all things are ordered aright by the Ruler of the universe. It is well that worldly success usually follows honest industry. It is well also that there are exceptions to this rule, when in these cases the proper spirit is shown under trials; for then men learn that there is a reality in faith in the Eternal, in the control of his providence over all things, and in the wisdom and love of that providence, even when it seems most adverse. And truly a Job's history is the future career of the peasant poets. We have trial after trial, as if Satan had obtained permission to try them in every way; and the maintenance of integrity, faith, and submission, a grateful though sad heart, and a kindly though mournful spirit, under all. While yet a lad of seventeen, John was engaged in winter in out-door work, which required him to stand nearly up to the knees in water. The result was what might be expected, severe illness which laid him up for three months. A heavy affliction this in any circumstances, but doubly so when daily bread is dependent on daily labour. Two years after, his brother was dreadfully mangled by a gunpowder explosion, and during four months was unable to contribute his share of labour to the family stock. John now worked for all by day, as Alexander had done before, and took his turn of nursing the sufferer by night. And well and tenderly was the task performed. A beautiful thing was the devoted and self-sacrificing love of this family. It shines through the whole of their sad history, like a thread of gold in a dark texture, or a single bright ray in a gloomy sky.

Again, we pass over rather more than two years; at the end of which we find that, though the younger son was somewhat in debt at the period of his brother's convalescence, he had managed in this time to save 14*l.* His earnings were about 19*l.* a year, out of which he supported himself and one of his parents, gave considerable sums in charity, and bought books. His personal expenditure, we are told, could not possibly have exceeded 7*l.* per annum, food, clothing, and everything included. Frugal enough this, surely, even if he were not a poet! Yet there was nought of avarice in these savings. Independence was the great prompter, the determination of working unaided for himself and his own, owing no man anything but love. His little fortune was, however, not left long to accumulate. Renewed affliction was at hand. His brother was again subjected to a gunpowder accident while working in a stone quarry; and by the time he was able to resume his accustomed tasks, every farthing of John's savings was expended. The next year he was himself the sufferer; influenza, measles, and small-pox following each other in quick succession, laying him of course aside from work, and adding to the poverty of the already embarrassed family.

Notwithstanding the deep shadow of adversity which ever hung over him, our young poet's intel-

lectual taste strengthened and matured. "Where there is a will there is a way," John Bethune knew this, and found the way, difficult as it was to the hard-worked, sickly, miserably poor day-labourer. Who so unlikely to acquire knowledge and cultivate taste? yet he did both. Stinting himself of food to buy books, and of rest to study them, he enjoyed them with a zest not to be understood by those whose access to these treasures is readier. His poetical talents and taste, were, like those of all Scotch peasant-poets since the time of Burns, greatly developed and formed by the works of that great master; unlike, in this case, in moral tone, as were the reckless self-indulgent master and the nobly self-restrained pupil. With our chief modern poets he became acquainted through a poor St. Andrew's student, who taught a school in his neighbourhood, and was in the habit of amusing the ladies who had a taste that way, in the evenings, by recitations from Scott, Byron, Moore, and Campbell. As he listened, the fire burned within. All a poet's feelings, tastes, aspirations, were his. A poet he was, and wrote he must: with what success the reader may judge from the following lines, one of many pieces written by him when little more than seventeen.

Hail, hallow'd evening! sacred hour to me,
Thy clouds of gray, thy vocal melody,
Thy dreamy silence oft to me has brought
A sweet exchange from toil to peaceful thought.
Ye purple heavens! how often has my eye,
Weirded with its long gaze on drudgery,
Look'd up and found refreshment in the hues
That gild thy vest with colouring profuse!

O evening gray! how oft have I admired
Thy airy tapestry, whose radiance fired
The glowing minstrels of the olden time,
Until their very souls flow'd forth in rhyme.
And I have listen'd, till my spirit grew
Familiar with their deathless strains, and drew
From the same source some portion of the glow
Which fill'd their spirits, when from earth below
They scan'd thy golden imagery. * * *

O evening gray! my dearest purest joy,
While yet an untaught, wild, and wayward boy,
Loitering and dreaming by the waveless lake,
Was to gaze on thy mirror'd face, and make
Curious conjectures and strange phantasies
Of thy high world of clouds, whose thousand dyed
Drew forth my boyish soul, till it would mix
With the deep glory, and I tried to fix
Ideal boundaries to those vapoury domes
Which seem'd of spirits the celestial homes.
Thy clouds of purple, edged with colour dun
By heaven's high painter—the receding sun—
To my young eye appear'd the bless'd abode
Of souls who fled through flood and flame to God.
Ay, there methought the glorious martyr band
Sat smiling on their once-loved native land;
And—crown'd with never-fading bays and palms,
While heaven was made harmonious by their psalms,
Rejoicing with immortal joy to see
That land, for which they died, now happily free—
That hope, which made them in the dungeon smile,
Bright'ning each vale through Albion's favour'd isle—
That faith, for which their limbs had erst been bound,
Preach'd full and free to multitudes around—
That holy book, whose every word is life,
In palace, hall, and humble cottage life—
The words they spoke, the dying songs they sung,
Treasured in every heart—on every tongue.

Such were the dreams with which, for many a day,
I mus'd the peaceful evening hour away;

And still, with fancy's ever-dreaming eye,
I saw these martyrs' brethren in the sky?
The placid heavens above them, softly blue,
The green earth far beneath them, full in view,
And clouds around, beyond expression fair!
Still I could almost wish to see them there.
And then I wish'd my thoughts, my soul to twine
With those pure spirits in that holy shrine.
And then I listen'd for the songs they sung,
Till in my ear faint melodies were rung;
Cheated by fancy, I enjoy'd the cheat—
Deceived, yet I believed not the deceit!
And still they sung in harmony, methought,
While the faint zephyrs caught each wandering note,
And from the glowing west bore them along,
Till earth was bless'd with the harmonious song,
Which seem'd to fall in many a hallow'd close,
On the green wood which shelter'd my repose.

A finer example of indomitable perseverance, and the triumph of mind over physical suffering, can scarcely be conceived than is presented to us in the daily life of our peasant youth at this period. His health was very delicate; he was already afflicted with several internal diseases which rendered it painful for him to lie in bed longer than five hours at a time. At three o'clock in summer, and four in winter, he was up surrounded by his books and papers, which occupied him—the Bible first—and then whatever happened to be the object of his present study, till it was time to set out to work. All his way thither he was still busy. He carried in his hand a tiny volume, "The Christian Remembrancer," from which he seemed to be committing something to memory. The fact is, that poet and writer as he had been for some time, his orthography was still very imperfect, and he was thus learning to spell. Piece after piece of the poetical selections in this book were taken, and word by word, till the spelling of each was firmly fixed in his memory. This was done while walking to and from his work. There the mind was not less active than the hands, and when a good thought struck him, it was quickly noted down in pencil on a slip of paper which he carried with him for the purpose. The day's work ended, and his frugal supper despatched, his papers were again drawn forth. They consisted of paper bags ripped up, or any such like scraps of this material, originally employed as wrappings for groceries, now become the depositories of verses immeasurably superior to many which dainty hands have traced on perfumed and gilt-edged pages, and sent forth for the admiration of the world. A fit desk for such papers was an old copy-book placed on the writer's knee, and the study was the one room of all uses, already described. Beside our author when thus occupied, stood a table with an old newspaper lying on it; and as a neighbour's foot was heard approaching, the writing materials were hastily deposited there under cover of the newspaper provided for the purpose. And often enough the neighbour's foot was heard, perhaps at the moment that thought was flowing most freely, and the poor student was obliged to submit to have his train of ideas fatally interrupted by the intrusion and silly gossip of some ignorant idler. These neighbours wondered a good deal at this strange lad, so quiet, so reserved, caring so little for the amusements common to his age and condition, and apparently substituting nothing else of the same kind for them. If, however, a kind office was heeded, nobody was

applied to sooner than John Bethune. Poor as he was, there were others poorer, and more destitute still; and it is truly affecting, ay, and reproachful too, to the most of men, to read with how great a self-sacrifice he managed to help them. The benevolence of the poor to each other has often been remarked, and it is a beautiful feature delightful to turn to from the cold selfishness which seems as it were to ooze out at every pore of society, spreading its blighting and hardening influence everywhere. John Bethune felt it so, and sweetly and truthfully has he brought out these lights of poverty in his pictures of humble life; but better and rarer far than portraying and praising such scenes, he acted them. When the spring came, with the delightful freshness of its verdure, its gushing minstrelsy, its universal rejoicing, who could more enjoy the quiet ramble, dreaming of all things beautiful and good in this delightful season, than our poet? Who more needed to give himself up to whatever cheering influence came within his reach, and enjoy whatever relaxation his circumstances made possible, than the young invalid, a sufferer in body and in mind, from the weight of labour and cares too early laid on him? But he sought it not. His own day's work over, he hurried to the garden of some poor widow, to cultivate that without fee or reward. One season he took the charge of five such gardens, making his labour in the spring months extend from five in the morning till daylight failed, which, when the season was far advanced, was not till nearly ten at night. The parties so generously served could understand the kindness of adding this labour to the toils of the day; but they could not appreciate the whole amount of sacrifice which the studious youth made in thus devoting to their service the evenings so precious to himself. How does the lustre of many actions, applauded far and wide as noble and generous, pale before the grandeur of such conduct; this, persevered in year after year, with no thought of notice or of praise! He might well indite touching tales of the struggling poor. He had earned the right to do so. And Providence gave him the ability to picture what he saw, and express what he felt, with exquisite pathos. What, for instance, can surpass in simple, truthful, mournful beauty, the following lines:—

THE REAPER'S CHILD.

I saw upon the harvest field
A mother and her child;
The mother look'd disconsolate—
The bairn never smiled.
It did not laugh as it was wont,
It neither stirr'd nor play'd;
But, by the stock's warm sunny side,
Lay still where it was laid.
The mother kiss'd it tenderly,
And wrapp'd it in her plaid,
And clappit it, and dauntit* it,
And stroked its curly head.
Then look'd upon it mournfully,
And tears fell on its face,
As she fondled it, and folded it
In a farewell embrace.

* A Scotch term for fondled.

And when she went, its faint complaint
Her ear with anguish struck;
And back she turn'd, and came again
To take another look.
And closer yet she laid the sheaves
To shield it from the breeze;
And kneel'd once more, to comfort it,
Upon her trembling knees.
And gladly she had watch'd it there,
But the hour of rest expired;
And she was call'd again to toil,
And slowly she retired.
Her children's bread depended on
The labours of her arm;
And there she left that child alone,
And hoped it safe from harm.
But every handful which she laid
Behind her in the sheaf,
She cast on her sick infant's couch
A stealthy look of grief.
And when the long and weary day
To the uttermost was shewn,
She hurried back before the rest,
To soothe her latest born.
But when she came where it was laid,
She started back, in fear,
To see its alter'd countenance,
And then again came near.
Its large black eyes were firmly closed,
Its wee white hand was chill,
And deep solemnity reposed
On its face so pale and still.
It neither answer'd to her voice,
Nor raised its drooping head,
Nor breath'd, nor smil'd, nor sobb'd, nor sigh'd—
Alas! the child was dead!
The dying struggle was unseemly,
Its infant soul had fled,
While its poor mother struggled hard
To earn her daily bread.
And those fond mothers who have seen
The greenest loveliest leaf
Of their life's summer withering,
Will know that mother's grief.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.—A pin and a needle, neighbours in a work contract, being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, "what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head?" "What's the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes; but you will not live long." "Why not?" said the needle. "Because you always have a stitch at your side," said the pin. "You are a crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back," said the pin. "I'll pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle. "And I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head," said the pin. While they were thus contending, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull the thread through the cloth, she soon pulled its head off, and then threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle; "how much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers, till they lie down in the dust together as we are."

THE SUBMARINE ELECTRICAL TELEGRAPH.

A STRONG-minded woman was my grandmother. Not that she was one of your fast-talking, bustling, noisy females, with voices which always remind me of exasperated cockatoos; the vigour of whose minds keeps them always rattling about the house or the neighbourhood, who scorn at lady-like manners as affectation, and who seem to think that the highest achievement of their sex is to leave "an impression" on the world. My grandmother, in her proper sphere, at home and abroad, was activity itself; but it was veiled by a quiet and unostentatious manner, which is the invariable characteristic of the true gentlewoman.

Ah! well do I remember her in her ancient, high-backed, and capacious chair, with her books, or her work, or both, on the table before her, while we boys and girls listened with intense curiosity and admiring wonder to the pleasing or strange things she was accustomed to relate. Many an hour did we thus delightfully and profitably spend, when the snow was on the ground, and the neighbouring ponds spread over themselves, for increased warmth, a mantle of ice, and the wind in its wintry gambols was making eddies in the air, or, rising to the fury of the storm, scattered far and wide its devastations.

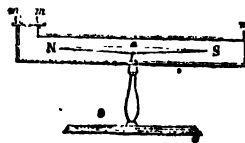
Now, it was in one of these nightly musings and chatings—for even in our little way, we did not talk without thinking, or think without talking—that we were trying to find out, in answer to one of her questions, how people could speak to one another though they were a long way apart. But, in vain did each one of us put on our "considering cap;" while our several faces went entirely through the series of changes into which they were accustomed to be thrown in the most difficult cases of puzzle-ation. The solution, after all our efforts, remained as far off as that of the celebrated problem: given, the length of the vessel and the amount of her tonnage, to tell the name of the captain. The most persevering of our tribe stuck to it heartily; for a long time he refused to "give it up," but, at length, he too struck his flag, and we unanimously acknowledged that the query involved an inscrutable mystery.

My grandmother smiled, and going to her little library of carefully selected and well-read books, and taking down a volume of "the Spectator," which, by the way, was published when the last century was about eleven years old, put us in possession of a very striking fact. For Addison mentions there, that in one of the works of Strada, the old Latinist, he gives an account of a "chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loudstone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner." He tells us too, that each of the friends being possessed of one of these needles, made a dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty letters of the alphabet in the same manner that the hours of the day are marked on the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without

impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. He further states, that the friends having to part, and to visit distant countries, they agreed to retire to their rooms at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundreds of miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye on his dial-plate. If he wished to communicate anything to his friend, he directed the needles to the letter which formed the words of the sentences, making a pause at the end of each word and sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend meanwhile "saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. Thus they were enabled to converse with one another, though separated by any extent of distance."

Such is a very remarkable anticipation of the Electric Telegraph, but it is not the only one; for in the "Century of Inventions," the Marquis of Worcester has the following:—"How, at a window, as far as one can discover black from white, a man may hold discourse with his correspondent;" while both in England and France the telegraph, and subsequently the semaphore, were employed for the same purpose. Between sixty and seventy years ago, when Arthur Young was travelling in France, he met with an ingenious mechanic, M. Lomond, of whom he wrote:—"You write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith ball; a wire connects it with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motion of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful."

But of the utility, as well as the beauty, there was the rapidly vegetating and expanding germ in the great discovery of Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen—the deflection of the needle by electricity. The experiment he made may be very easily understood. In the diagram, N S is a magnetic needle, with a wire passing round it, capable of connexion with the poles of a galvanic battery by



any of the mercury cups *m, m, m*, so that a current may be sent above, below, or round it. N is the north, and S the south pole of the magnetic needle. When the current passes, the needle will instantly change its position. If the current is *above*, the needle will turn to the *east*; if *below*, to the *west*. And so, not to mention other changes, the electrical current brought to act on the needle causes it to turn from its usual point in different directions, and on these we may calculate with absolute certainty.

Here, then, is the basis of the electrical telegraph, which Mr. Wheatstone thus describes, and which more than realizes the most sanguine specu-

lations of Strada and Lomond—"On a dial with five vertical magnetic needles, twenty letters of the alphabet are marked, and the various letters are indicated by the mutual convergence of the two needles, when they are caused to move. If the first needle turn to the right and the second to the left, 'h' is indicated; if the first needle deviates to the right and the fourth to the left, then 'b' is indicated; and if the same needles converge downwards, then 'y' is pointed to. These magnetic needles are acted on by electrical currents passing through coils of wire placed immediately behind them. Each coil forms a portion of a communicating wire, which may extend to any distance whatever. These wires, at their termination, are connected with an apparatus consisting of five longitudinal and two transverse metal bars in a wooden frame, the latter being united to the two poles of a voltaic battery, which ordinarily have no communication with the longitudinal bars, on each of which two stops, forming two parallel rows are placed. When a stop of the upper row is pressed down, the bar on which it is placed forms a metallic communication with the transverse bar below, which is connected with one of the poles of the battery; and when a stop of the lower one is touched, another longitudinal bar forms a metallic communication with the other pole of the voltaic battery, and the current flows between the two wires, to whatever distance they may extend."

"Will you allow me, sir, to see the Marine Electrical Telegraph?" asked an elderly lady, a short time ago, as she entered the office of the company; expecting, doubtless, that the gentleman she addressed would open a door, invite her to follow him, and then disclose the mighty wonder, just as if it was as visible as an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, or occasionally went into, and came up from the water, just like its far-famed Hippopotamus.

It is, indeed, no easy thing to take up our standing on the sea-shore, and to realize distinctly and firmly the absolute fact. Mighty ships, are wafted onwards as the wind fills their sails, or steam, a scarcely less wondrous agent, plies the paddle-wheel or the screw, plunging the waves on the ocean's surface; troops of fishes sport and frisk and flounder in mid-water, each of them happy in its own existence; while sunk amidst the sea-weed, the shells and the pebbles of the bed of the deep, is that iron cable, along the meanderings of which words and thoughts are silently chasing one another, hurried on the lightning's wings, from island to continent, and back again from continent to island.

That we may form a correct idea of this newly devised agency for international communication, we must first visit the works of the Submarine Telegraph Company, situated at Wapping, where, notwithstanding the unsurpassable aggregate of tar, smoke, and steam, many highly distinguished persons have felt there existed a powerful attraction. Reaching the High-street, and entering the factory, the eye immediately rests on two well-constructed machines, each about twenty feet high and fifteen in circumference, a large iron framework, in fact, in the form of a cupola, with a shaft or cylinder in the centre, worked by a steam-engine of five-horse power. A bell rings, and immediately the work-

men from the establishment of Messrs. Newall of Gateshead, gather round one of these machines for the first process. And now there issues from it a layer composed of four electric copper wires, known as the sixteen-wire gauge, each incased in a covering of gutta percha, of a quarter of an inch diameter; and these, aided by the manipulators, are twisted and plaited in spiral convolutions, like an ordinary rope or cable. The next superincumbent coil to this consists of hempen yarn, previously saturated in a reservoir of prepared pitch and tallow, and this, in its turn, is tightly twisted and compressed, impermeably, over the gutta percha, with its inclosed copper wires. This, too, is overlaid with a series of hempen yarns, five or six in number, and about an inch in diameter, saturated in the pitch and tallow, with the design of "worn-ing," as it is called, the gutta percha, acting in fact, as a protective covering; while over this is drawn a coat of mail of galvanized wire.

Such, then, is the first process: the second consists in hauling off the wire so far completed, and passing it, in another compartment of the factory, to another wire-rope machine, where the cord is completed, covered over with ten galvanized iron wires, each wire being about the thickness of a common lead pencil, and known as No. 1, galvanized iron wire-gauge. This sheathing is to defend the inner layers from the action of the sea, and the weight is considered sufficient to sink the cable. The appearance of the cable thus completely incased in a coat of galvanized iron, and divested of tar and dirt, is quite silvery. The coil when completed is drawn off from the machine, and draughted out by the men, just as sailors haul rope, into the factory yard, where it will remain, for a time, rolled up into a circle some five feet in height, and twenty feet in circumference, representing a dead weight of two hundred tons. It is tested by firing a fusee through it, from one of the batteries which are in the building. In this way the whole of the numerous miles of communication, represented by the wires of the Submarine Telegraph was prepared, tested, and found complete, by Mr. Wollaston, in the Regent's Canal.

Let us now proceed to a neighbouring wharf, where the Blazer, a government vessel, has arrived, for the purpose of conveying this curiously constructed and enormous cable to Dover; the masts, funnel, and boiler being expressly removed for the occasion. Here ingenuity diminishes the toil which its removal necessarily involves; for the cable is passed over an elevated revolving wheel, placed above the coil, thence to another wheel, some seven feet in diameter, on to a stage perhaps fifty feet high, overlooking the High-street, and thence through a wooden trough across the street on to the wharf. Next it is hauled, with sailor-like dexterity, on to the prow of the vessel, over what are termed "chocks," or triangular-shaped pieces, to regulate its progress, at the rate of a mile an hour, and then stowed away in coils in the hold. Thus laden, the Blazer proceeded on its way, and arriving in Dover, the necessary arrangements were made at the South Foreland.

The subsequent history of the cable may be speedily told. Early the next morning, the steamship Fearless, with a picked crew, was ready to pilot the convoy across the Channel. As there was

not sufficient depth of water for the *Blazer* to be brought near enough ashore, the first thing was to convey the extremity of the cable on to the South Foreland coast. The *Fearless* then after having made fast her towing tackle to the hull of the *Blazer*, steamed ahead, at the rate of two miles an hour, out to sea, the men on board the latter vessel "paying out," as the phrase is, the cable over her stern, from whence, by its own weight, it sank into the submarine sand and valley.

The track thus taken between the South Foreland and Sanngate, the corresponding point on the French coast, had been deliberately selected, as presenting, from previous soundings and surveys, the fewest obstacles and probable disturbances; it was marked out by pilot buoys, the depth of the sea-line being from 20 to 30 feet at the starting point, while the maximum depth was 180 feet. As the paying out continued, complimentary messages were transmitted by means of the cable, through the waters to Dover. After three days had been occupied in stretching the cable across the Straits, it was brought up on the French coast at Sanngate, about three miles below Calais, whence it was carried underground to the Telegraph Station of the Great North of France Railway. The same evening the electric currents were passed from coast to coast, and on the following day a series of experiments took place with the most satisfactory results. Two conditions regarded as absolutely essential have by the combination of tact, energy, and perseverance for which the people of England stand high among the nations, been effectually secured. The conducting medium has been so completely insulated as to resist the pressure of the immense mass of water to which it is subjected, while it unites the flexibility requisite to allow of its being coiled and uncoiled, with a strength and weight sufficient to enable it to retain its position at the bottom of the sea, and to ward off the effect of any natural violence. And then, the points on either coast are so connected, that the line between them presents no other causes of accident than have been foreseen and guarded against in the preparation of the cable, while these have been reduced to the lowest possible amount. Some time ago indeed, the papers gave currency to a rumour, that the fluke of an anchor had grasped a part of it, and the imaginations of many pictured its being rent asunder again and again. Curious to know what had really happened, we made a call at the office of the company expressly to inquire; but the party applied to, with the most perfect self-composure replied:—"We do not know that the anchor caught the cable at all: it might have been a reef, or part of some old wreck, or—perhaps it was the great sea-serpent!"

It is difficult to over-estimate the international value and commercial advancement of the enterprise so auspiciously consummated. To Paris, Lille, Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend, Liège, Cologne, Hanover, Brunswick, Berlin, Frankfurt, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Breslau, Stettin, Cracow, Vienna, Trieste, Venice, Milan, Turin, and Genoa—winged words may be wafted, with the rapidity of the lightning's flash.

The Howth and Holyhead Submarine Telegraph has more recently become an established

fact; its history being not a little remarkable. Three several companies had been advertised for telegraphing across the Irish Sea, but they proceeded slowly towards the accomplishment of their design. "He walks swiftly," said Napoleon, "who walks alone;" and it is no unusual thing for the *one* to leave the *many* far behind. So it was in the present instance; for while others were scheming, Mr. R. S. Newall, to whom the desirableness and practicability of an Irish Telegraph had occurred, had induced the firm of which he is a member, actually to undertake it. He now went to the Gutta Percha Works, Wharf-road, with the inquiry, "Can you supply us with eighty miles of telegraph wire, doubly covered with gutta percha, within a fortnight?" "I'll try," was the reply of Mr. Statham; and the effort was successful, the wire being produced towards the close of the time appointed, at the rate of twelve miles a day. The coated wire was then sent down to Gateshead to be surrounded with twelve galvanized iron wires twisted round in a spiral. Mr. Statham now proceeded with a staff of assistants, and the requisite apparatus to Holyhead; the Admiralty kindly sent down Captain Beechey, to give his valuable advice and assistance, and they also lent the *Prospero*, Government steamer, Captain Aldridge, to aid in carrying out the undertaking. Meanwhile, the *Britannia* was hired to bring the cable from Whitehaven, and afterwards "pay it out" from Holyhead to Dublin. The enormous cable, eighty miles in length, weighing a ton a mile, and all in one continuous piece, was wound up into immense coils, placed on trucks one after the other, and drawn by steam from one side of England to the other.

But now arose a series of difficulties. On the *Britannia* arriving at Whitehaven, it was found that the dock was too narrow at its entrance to permit the vessel to enter; the coils had therefore to be replaced on trucks and carried to Maryport, where they were at length embarked, and speedily conveyed to Holyhead. If now a clear path was hoped for by any, Mr. Statham, who had achieved the Dover and Calais connexion, knew too well the dangers and accidents to which those concerned were liable in the event of a gale, to proceed one step without a careful preliminary inspection. The result justified his caution; the insulation of the copper was tested, and found to be defective; then the portions stowed in the various departments of the ship were examined separately, and at last it was ascertained that the fault lay in some eight miles of line lying at the bottom of the hold. There was no alternative but to disembark the Leviathan bulk, and track it step by step to the exact seat of the defect. This was accordingly done, the fault was remedied, and the gigantic rope was ready to be placed in its abiding home.

Early on that morning the *Britannia*, towed by the *Prospero*, commenced "paying out" the cable along the route from Holyhead to Howth. Occasionally difficulties were still experienced in running out the coils, but they were all overcome by the skill and energy of the parties concerned. Slowly the vessels ploughed on at the rate of from three to five miles an hour; and, at length, between seven and eight o'clock on the same evening, the *Britannia* anchored off Howth. An electric current was sent through the wire to Holyhead, and the

returning answer brought the pleasing tidings that the line was complete throughout, and perfectly insulated. The portion of cable requisite for completing the connexion with the shore and land line was now laid down, and the parties engaged in this arduous undertaking, sought about daybreak some repose, after nearly two days and nights of excessive and intense exertion.

It was natural to suppose that all was now smooth and prosperous; but though those who had already suffered so much in the attempt, went down at noon, buoyant with hope, to the Amiens-street terminus, yet when the batteries were put in action, the wires connected, and a reply was anxiously expected—there was *none*! They took a boat and rowed to the ship. A message sent to Holyhead, brought back the reply that all was right there. It was therefore manifest that the fault lay somewhere between the Britannia and the shore. Again it was necessary to take up this portion of the line, and test it little by little; when it was supposed that the defect was caused by the straining of the ship upon a line comparatively short; when discovered, it was soon remedied on board. Again the wire was recoiled into an open boat, the crew of which made a renewed attempt to lay it down on the shore.

In the meantime, Messrs. Statham and Newall proceeded to shore in another boat with the instruments, but when they overtook the boat which had been engaged in laying out the cable, they found the process at a stand, the crew having managed to sink the whole line while at some distance from the shore. Again Mr. Statham had to return to the ship, to obtain another mile of cable uncoiled, to recoil it in the boat, and then to run to where the deficient extremity of the cable remained. All this, however he energetically accomplished: and there, in an open boat, at two o'clock in the morning, with the aid of a little burning spirits to solder the wires, reunite the gutta percha, and restore the cable to a continuous and insulated state, he completed his task. Ample was the success of that night of toil. On the following morning, the Britannia let go the cable and steamed away: while those on shore, after repeated experiments, were satisfactorily convinced that no impediment whatever existed in communication with Holyhead.

M. Dupont proposes a work far more stupendous. It is to span the Atlantic. He would suspend a cable like that already described, by buoys placed at certain determinate distances apart, say thirty feet, and never allow it to sink beyond the depth of forty feet.

The water is calm and still below,

whatever the agitation and fury of the waves above. And from buoy to buoy he would carry the electric wires till the entire distance was accomplished. The very thought is startling of a message from the city of London traversing the breadth of England, Ireland, and the great Atlantic Ocean, and being delivered in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, with electrical speed; yet, who that looks on what has been already and so recently accomplished, will venture to affirm that even this wonder shall not become familiar to another generation.

Miscellaneous.

A FINE PICTURE.—"I have just seen a most beautiful picture," said Mr. E.—to his friend, Mr. T.—as they met to spend a social hour after the labours of the day were over.

"What was it?" said Mr. T.—

"It was a landscape. The conception is most beautiful, and the execution well-nigh perfect. You must go with me and see it to-morrow, before it is removed."

"I have seen a fine picture to-day, myself."

"Have you? What was it?"

"I received notice this morning that there was great suffering in a certain family, and as soon as I could leave my business, I went to see what could be done. I climbed up to the garret, where the family was sheltered, and as I was about to knock at the door, I heard a voice in prayer. When the prayer was ended, I entered the wretched apartment, and found a young tradesman, whose shop I had just been in, and whose business I knew was very pressing. Yet he had left it, and had spent some time in personal labours for the comfort of the sick and suffering inmates of that garret; and when I came to the door, was praying with them, preparatory to taking his leave. I asked him how he could find time to leave his business at such a busy season, and he replied, that 'it was known that the condition of the family had been communicated to several professing Christians, and that he was afraid the cause of religion would suffer, if relief were not promptly given. It is not absolutely necessary,' said he, 'that I should make money; but it is absolutely necessary that Christ's honour should be maintained.'"

Surely Mr. T.—did not speak inaccurately, when he said he had seen a fine picture. Compared with such pictures, the efforts of the greatest masters lose their power to charm. Such scenes relieve the deformities of the moral landscape, and inspire emotions which it is beyond the power of art to reach. Such pictures *we may all have a hand in painting.*

THE DYING NOBLEMAN.—A certain nobleman, as the story goes, had a rude wit in his employ, called a fool. Amused with a remark of his one day, the nobleman gave him his walking-cane, with this injunction: "Take this walking-cane, and keep it until you meet with a greater fool than yourself, and then give it to him." In process of time, his lordship was laid upon a dying bed, and sending for his attendant, bade him "Farewell!" "Where is your lordship going?" said the man. "I am going to my long home," replied the nobleman. "Your long home! How long is your lordship going to stay there?" "Oh," said the dying nobleman, "I am never to return!" "Never to return!" exclaimed the man, "never to return!" "No," said the nobleman, "I am going to eternity, and am never to return." "Has your lordship made any preparation for your journey?" "No," said he, "I have not." "Then," replied the man, "your lordship will please to take the walking-cane; for with all my folly, never have I been guilty of folly like this!"

TRUE AND FALSE PLEASURE.—"All pleasure," says John Foster, "must be bought at the expense of pain; the difference between false pleasure and true is just this; for the *true*, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the *false*, afterwards."

RELIGION IN SOCIETY.—A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, resembles a person taking off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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POCCA HONTAS COMMUNICATING TO SIR EDWARD SMITH INTELLIGENCE OF IMPENDING DANGER.

POCCA HONTAS:

A TALE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH EMIGRANTS TO NORTH AMERICA, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the absence of Sir Edward Smith and his
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party, the anxiety of the inhabitants of Jamestown had been intense; for they had observed here and there, on the right bank of the river, troops of Indians, whose threatening gesticulations plainly indicated their unfriendly intentions. Thornton,

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who, it will be recollected, had been left in charge, armed every man that remained with him, and even the women were inspired to resolution and courage for the defence of all they held dear.

The Indians, too, on their part, made close observations on the colonists, and endeavoured to discover the more vulnerable parts of their settlement, until the tribe should receive an accession to their numbers by the return of the rest from the great council of Niagara, to which place the chief was travelling when he first met the settlers at the bridge of rocks. The Indians observing the preparations of the English for defence, quickly withdrew; and when Thornton sent some of his best men from James-town in a canoe to the opposite shore to reconnoitre, no certain trace of the natives remained.

But the English were not thrown off their guard; they well knew the cunning of their enemies, and still kept on the alert, longing for Sir Edward's return. The eighth day passed without bringing the travellers, and the sorrowful groups of women and children with many a desponding countenance gathered together beneath the sun's declining rays, to talk of and to mourn the absent. On Thornton's spirit, too, as on that of all the older men, what a load was pressing! for with their brave governor the hope of the colonists was all lost to the settlers; and James-town, so fresh, so young, and full of promise, would shortly become again the wilderness which they found it but a few months before.

Night drew on; the stars, those images of hope, stepped forth in all their radiance out of the murky sea of heaven. No sleep refreshed the eyes of the anxious and the sorrowful ones, when hark! there arose in the distant plain a well-known melody. It was a Christian song of praise. The night-watch joyfully aroused Thornton with the news, and all arose in glad confusion. The bonfire blazed merrily as soon as the wanderers' approach was confirmed; and ere another hour had passed, those who were mourned as dead were clasped in fond embrace. In a few moments, Thornton led them all to the large plantation before the captain's house, and with an earnest and solemn air said:—"Let us praise thee, O Lord our God." True devotion and thanksgiving filled many a heart there, as they joined in this act of worship, and prepared with a spirit of new gratitude to the Giver of all mercies, to hear the joyful tidings of the peaceful conclusion of the journey.

Months passed on in useful labour among the settlers after the governor's return; the first rich harvest was reaped; brighter than ever were their hopes for the future, yet more cheerful their exertions, yet firmer their trust in the happy result of their undertaking.

Smith's plans in preparation for the winter season were, gradually to clear the forest for the greater salubrity of the place, and in order to increase the quantity of arable land which was to be disposed of in lots to the settlers. Frequently, accompanied by a few trusty companions, he would make excursions to the opposite shore of the stream, to observe how far the wildmen seemed disposed to keep their treaty. It appeared doubtful, however, whether they would fulfil it.

Summer and autumn passed, and still the In-

dian huts had not been erected on the spot which Powhattan had pointed out as their winter quarters. Whatever doubts he might cherish in his own heart of the good faith of the natives, he dared not give utterance to them, fearing to open afresh suspicion and despondency in his companions' minds, and only Jack and Thornton were made the depositaries of his anxieties. He clung, however, to the hope that when the beaver hunt was over, the Indians would visit them; and then the friendly face of Poccahontas would come to his remembrance, and her partiality to him seemed to promise better things than his forebodings whispered.

In this manner the winter passed wearily away. The trees were clad again, and the fields were green once more; but Powhattan had not come, and undoubted signs of the renewal of unfriendly feelings on the part of the wild and wandering Indians appeared.

One of the hunters of the colony, a young and active man, did not return one evening, at the accustomed hour, from the chase. Little observation was made on this occurrence at first, as it was not unusual; but when the second evening came, and no one had seen him in James-town, Sir Edward sent a trusty party of men in the direction which he was most likely to have taken, and with intense anxiety was his return awaited. Towards noon of the following day, the party returned, bearing with them the corpse of the hunter, whose head, according to the barbarous custom of the Indians, bore marks of the scalping-knife. His body had been found bound to a tree, with unmistakable signs of having endured great suffering and violence. The horror which this deed of the Indians spread through the colony was universal, and awakened a thirst for revenge. Smith, who mourned for the loss of the man sincerely, had abundant cause for uneasiness. This deed not only indicated the disposition of the people of the forest towards them, and the inconsistency of their nature; but proved how powerful the influence of Jukka must have been over Powhattan, when even the efforts which Poccahontas had doubtless made for preserving peace, had failed.

Since the return of the Englishmen to their homes, there had been a great strife for mastery between good and evil in Powhattan's heart. Jukka had from a child been an object of affection to the old chief; he had been brought up in his hut, had learned the art of war from him, and had on his behalf gallantly fought against the hostile tribes of the Missouri, and had been happy enough to save the old chief's life by his unremitting attention to a wound received from an arrow. Through his bravery, he was honoured by old men as well as young; and even in their solemn council, where only the elders were accustomed to have a voice, Jukka was encouraged to speak, and never failed to discover that his advice met with applause, and had considerable weight. Thus it was that Jukka stood so high in the chief's favour, and, happily for him, the enjoyment of this preference did not excite the envy of the rest of the tribe, who fully estimating Powhattan's barbarous virtues, his rich experience and keen foresight, trusted that these qualifications would be transmitted to the adopted son.

Although Poccahontas had so favourably influ-

enced her father's heart towards the English, yet it was counteracted by an opposite sentiment, inspired by Jukka; who, finding that the daughter of Powhattan did not regard him with favour, and observing her attachment to the leader of the English party, was inflamed with a deep feeling of jealousy. As rightly conjectured by the governor's trusty attendant, it was he who had from the bridge of rocks made the ineffectual attempt upon Sir Edward's life. Jukka's fierce hatred imperceptibly spread to Powhattan, and a murderous desire for vengeance arose in the chief's heart, which was already prejudiced against the settlers. It was the same with most of the influential men of the tribe, whose animosity Jukka spared no pains to inflame; and although at present the time did not appear come to wage open war, the seed which the young man sowed was that of bloodshed, and only awaited the occasion to yield its bitter fruit.

For some time, the Indians kept at several miles' distance from the colony. Powhattan closely watched the conduct of his daughter, whilst Jukka skulked about James-town, eager for an opportunity of irritation which might excite the settlers to some breach of the contract. At length, the day arrived of his encounter with the English hunter. Craftily and noiselessly as the serpent he glided along his track, and coming behind the defenceless man, in a few moments mercilessly slew him. Having perpetrated this deed of cruelty, he trusted that the indignation of the settlers would be awakened, and that a declaration of open war would ensue. Often would he haunt the district of the colonists, thirsting for the blood of Smith, but in vain. Indeed, even after the horrible murder of the young hunter, the advice of the governor was still to keep peace, if possible; a very different result from that which Jukka had anticipated.

What now was Jukka's course? He went home one day in triumph, covered with slight wounds which he had inflicted on himself, and bearing the scalp of his murdered enemy, declared that the hunter, without provocation, had attacked him, that he had killed this man in the struggle, and that this breach of faith undoubtedly called for retaliation. A wild storm and howl arose from the impetuous Indians, in reply to Jukka's narration, whilst the terrific war-cry echoed through the wilds. A cold shudder ran through Pocahontas' frame, when she heard those well-known tones, the sound of which already fell on her ear. She hastened away; for she too well understood the meaning of Jukka's invented story, she too well comprehended the fearful oath of vengeance; and as she saw the confusion and universal preparation for warfare, an indescribable anguish seized her. She retired into the hut, therefore, calmly to contemplate Sir Edward's situation. One thing is certain, she thought, "if the treacherous Jukka's story be not an invention, the destruction of the English is determined, and the noble chief, whose very eyes speak peace, is yet in ignorance of his fate. His innocent blood shall never flow unwarned!" And with these words she rose quickly, glided out of the hut, and was soon lost in the darkness of the forest.

That night preparations were made in the camp

for the speedy attack on James-town. At the council fire, around which the elders of the tribe were seated, the mode and time of assault was discussed. The noisy tumult was succeeded by a death-like stillness. The assembled people of the tribe in a wide circle stood in solemn consideration, round the fire by which the old men squatted. Silently they awaited the words of the old chief. At last he raised his voice. In the flowery style of the Indians, so rich in imagery and so full of expression, he first painted Jukka's services in war, and in an extraordinary burst of eloquence enlarged on his bravery and glory; he then alluded to the white men, who without right had dared to raise their dwellings within their hunting territories, cutting down the noble forest trees, and digging up their native soil, which never more would afford pasture to the creatures of the wood. By such pictures his discourse increased at each word in vehemence and ferocity. His voice rose, and his eloquence transported both himself and his hearers. Then he spoke with bitter scorn and deep indignation of Smith's breach of faith. "Has he not eaten of the flesh of my flocks? has he not slept on my couch? and has he not drunk from my cup?" cried he with fresh anger; "and yet has he not broken the sacred peace? Death to the chief and to his people!" "Death to the chief and to his people!" was the fearful echo of the whole tribe.

After the lapse of a few hours, it was unanimously resolved, as the moon was at the full, to proceed on their march, and to lie hidden on the right bank of the river until morning dawn, when they would swim through the stream, fasten upon the settlers' ships, and destroy the inhabitants themselves. This plan met with universal approbation, and without losing another moment the forces of the tribe silently set out on their journey. To the steps of Pocahontas, in the meantime, anxiety for the precious life of the 'white chief' had added wings. Like the fleetest roe she fled through the woods, her light foot leaving scarcely an impress on the soft moss. Whilst the Indians were yet sitting in council, Pocahontas had reached the place where, on the left bank of the river, James-town lay in apparent repose. Smith's foresight had so thoroughly supplied the land-side of the settlement as well as the river bank with sentinels, that they were well prepared for invasion. The greater part of the stores had been conveyed to the vessel, which lay at anchor in the creek, and which in an emergency would afford a safe refuge for the colonists. Thornton commanded this post. The brave old man had that very night, as though his heart misgave him of coming danger, loaded the cannon without Smith's command, and made every possible preparation for an attack which sooner or later he knew would undoubtedly come. The moon had already silvered o'er the curling waves of the river, when Smith, after an inspection of the watch, quietly entered his blockade, and Jack closed the doors. At the same time, at a distant part of the river, on an outstretching point of rock, another watchman stood and whistled a cheerful tune, whilst his eyes wandered to the opposite shore where all was quiet and peaceful.

Suddenly, the man thought that he perceived a dark form, which a moment after plunged into the water, and ere long reached the opposite bank.

He took up his gun and looked attentively at it, thinking that it was possibly some wild animal that was driven by hunger and came in search of prey. Perhaps it was a deer that had been hunted. He strained his eyes to discover the truth, when the moon withdrew behind a cloud and the spot was left in total darkness, while only the regular and monotonous ripple of the water fell on his ear. But even this startled him, and shouldering his weapon, he glided round the rock to that part of the shore where he expected the figure to land. He was examining the bushes and underwood very closely, when in the beams of the moon which had just emerged from the cloud, there stood before the astonished gaze of the settler something which he had certainly little expected to see—the dripping form of an Indian maiden, holding in her hand a bough of peace. It was Poccahontas.*

"Hush!" said she, putting her finger to her lips and pointing to the opposite shore. "Hush! Where is the chief? Poccahontas brings him evil tidings."

The settler led her to Smith's quarters. Since the hunter's murder Smith had been accustomed to lie down in his dress that he might in a moment be at his post. Great was Sir Edward's surprise when intelligence of the arrival of an Indian messenger was brought to him; and when the maiden was ushered into his presence, eagerly she communicated to him, in her rude Indian speech, the danger that was impending. Anxiety and joy, however, so agitated her that she could scarcely speak, as she told him how she had been obliged to venture all in order to warn him and his party of their danger.

"And what will become of thee, Poccahontas, if Powhattan discover thy act?" asked Sir Edward Smith; for, along with his companions, he involuntarily felt deeply touched by the spirit of kindness towards himself and the new settlers, which the Indian maiden had displayed.

"He will not discover it," she answered, "if Poccahontas hasten back on the left shores to her hut, and even should he discover—what then? Poccahontas would gladly encounter even greater danger to save thee."

"As she uttered these words, Poccahontas swiftly rose; and before her intentions of departure had been even guessed at, glided from amidst the group of settlers, with that swiftness of motion and fleetness of foot for which the Indians are so remarkable.

Sir Edward had little time to muse on conduct so devoted and generous, for danger was evidently imminent. He waited a few moments, however, until he had resolved on the preparation necessary to be made, when he hastened to awaken the sleepers in James-town. When they were all gathered under the branches of the great plantain, Sir Edward apprised them of the approaching danger. Women and children were without delay conveyed to the ship, and everything put in a state of defence. The settlers concealed themselves amongst the thick underwood on the banks, and after the lapse of an hour everything was as quiet in James-

town as if its inhabitants were wrapped in their accustomed nightly sleep.

Intense was the anxiety, and long the suspense. Often were their eyes directed to the opposite bank; but not a sound nor a movement indicated the approach of the Indians. The stars grew pale in the light of the morning sky, the moon sank behind the ocean wave, and no sign of life appeared. At length, dark forms were visible on the opposite shore, crowding one against another, and evidently holding an argument of some importance, when, in a few moments, they uttered their frightful war-cry, and dashing into the stream, swam rapidly across. As they approached the bank, however, they were assailed by a volley from the ship, which spread death and consternation amongst the children of the wild. Like otters, some dived beneath the water, coming to the surface at a considerable distance with the most frightful yells; but continually saluted by fresh fire from the English, they fell thick and fast on the bank of the river.

Their number was already greatly diminished, but their courage was by no means daunted; and now began the fearful fight of man to man, hand to hand. The contest was a bloody one on either side, but soon declared itself in favour of the English, whose forces received an accession quite unlooked-for by the Indians, from the neighbouring vessel.

Suddenly, flames darted up from amongst the shingle roofs of the loghouses, towering high into the air, whilst the prolonged war-cry of the Indians, was heard all around, and bespoke their unflinching courage. They fought yet in wild desperation.

"Let the huts burn," said Smith to his comrades; "only defend yourselves bravely."

The command was scarcely needful, for they fought for their own homes and hearths, for their leader and for their lives. Fearful was the animosity on either side. In the thick of the battle, Smith and Powhattan struggled together. With a roar of vengeance Powhattan had seized the blood-stained club, and whirling it around the captain, would in a moment have felled him to the ground, when, by a sudden turn, Sir Edward escaped the destructive blow, and the chief losing his balance owing to the weight of the weapon, Smith availed himself of the opportunity and struck him to the earth at his feet.

Jack, who, true to his master, had never left his side during the affray, no sooner saw the chief fall, than he uttered a cry of triumph. The Indians were for a moment arrested. They sought out their chief, but no longer perceiving him, and finding that the white men fought with increased ardour, they fled in the wildest confusion, and rushed howling to the stream.

The river was in many parts crimsoned with their blood, and some of their senseless bodies were borne by the rapid current into the ocean grave. Those who had not fallen in the battle were partly imprisoned in the town, and partly scattered in flight, leaving the settlers stained with their blood, victorious on the field of battle, the soil of their new and hitherto peaceful home being covered with heaps of slain on both sides, whilst many a cry of widowed and orphan grief arose on that awful morning. Alas! what a melancholy thing

* A marble sculpture in the Capitol at Washington commemorates the services which Poccahontas, on this occasion, rendered to the inhabitants of James-town.

is war, even on a small scale! The captives, however, were secured, the corpses of the Indians thrown into the river, and the fallen settlers buried amidst tears and silent grief.

Smith showed the utmost lenience to Powhattan, the captured chief, as well as the other prisoners. The chief who had expected nothing less than a frightful and suffering death from the conqueror's hand, which would have been his fate among the tribes of his own nation, manifested a cold and imperturbable resolution; along with that resignation peculiar to the Indian, which enables him to suffer silently the utmost tortures without an expression or gesture of pain, which could be construed into cowardice. He was mute and immovable; no sign passing over his features but that of bitter mortification and rage at his captivity. The fire had not wrought the devastation which the English had feared. It was soon extinguished. The magazine still stood, and to those whose houses were burned down, the doors of the more fortunate were freely opened, while the industry of the settlers and the abundance of timber, soon restored things nearly to their accustomed appearance.

Often did Smith endeavour to win Powhattan to open communication, but every effort failed; he remained pertinaciously silent; and even when the offer of freedom was from motives of policy made to him, he rejected it with scorn. Smith was perplexed at the obstinate character of the man. He would willingly have granted him his liberty at first, but prudence had thrown fetters around him. He hoped, however, through gentle and kindly treatment of the powerful chief, first, to make him his friend, and on the foundation of friendship to establish a more secure and lasting union with him.

If he were surprised at the conduct of the chief, Powhattan was no less so at that of Smith to him. He expected a violent death; and instead of this, he met with mildness and even an offer of freedom. He could not but compare the behaviour of the settlers with that which Jukka had shown to them, and gradually some doubts of Jukka's veracity arose in his mind. The habit of distrust was, however, too powerful with the Indian; and attributing Smith's kindness to craft, he still prepared himself for death. Already eight days had passed since the attack of the wildmen; everything had returned to its usual routine in the colony, with this exception, that Smith was fortifying James-town by a strong bank of earth and a deep moat.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

THE newspapers, soon after the *coup d'état* of December last, stated that Louis Napoleon had issued an order for the cessation of all public works in France on the Sunday. How far the restoration of the Sabbath to a class of workmen who have never learned to appreciate its real value, may result in teaching them in what that value consists, we cannot pretend to judge; we may, however, hope for the best, and trust, with what confidence we can, that the first step taken towards diminishing the desecration of the day of rest may in time lead to others conducive to its proper observance. How great, the change which will have to be effected in the habits and predilections of the

French population before this desirable end is accomplished, may be gathered from the following cursory sketch of a Sunday in Paris; the scenes of which are yet vivid in the recollection of the writer.

I was awoke, at half-past six in the morning, by a noise outside the window of my apartment, a room on the fifth floor of an hotel in the heart of the city. The sun streamed his rays brightly upon the hexagonal tiles that formed the flooring of the bed-chamber, when I, hearing a noise, leaped up and ran to the window to see what caused it. There, on the edge of a parapet jutting over a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet, stood a couple of young fellows in their shirt sleeves, hotly engaged in the practice of fencing, in which both were adroit practitioners. A false step would have precipitated either to immediate destruction; yet there they practised unconcernedly for a full hour, in evident high spirits, as if earning an appetite for breakfast.

Having dressed, and spent an hour or two in retirement, I sallied forth in search of a breakfast for myself, and entered a coffee-house as the only resource. Though only a little after nine, the place was swarming with customers, sipping strips of bread in coffee, and reading the news; and I noticed that at least every third man, as soon as he had finished his meal, ascended a spiral iron staircase into the billiard-room above, where the ceaseless click of ivory balls and the babble of fifty tongues informed me that the game was in full play. I now turned my steps towards the Champs Elysées, in search of the Protestant chapel, the service at which I was told commenced at eleven. I had hardly left the coffee-house when, turning into the Rue de la Monnaie, I came upon a group reading aloud the play-bills of the day. A new piece was coming out at the Opera, and a drama abounding in incidents of murder at a minor theatre. My way led me through the gardens of the Tuileries, where well-dressed children in numerous groups, attended by parents and nurses, were met to amuse themselves with ball and toy. In the Champs Elysées, as it was yet early, there were but few pleasure-takers on the spot, but preparations were making on all sides for their entertainment. Booths and tents gaily decked, seats without number, countless bottles of various drinks, stores of viands, and the preparatory tuning of musical instruments, gave sufficient intimation of what was to take place. It was close upon eleven when I entered the Protestant chapel in the Hôtel Marbeuf, and there in comparative quiet I spent the two following hours.

Service over, I made the circuit of the Champs Elysées, not without some curiosity to witness the Sunday habits of a people to whom I had hitherto been a stranger. It was a day of unclouded sunshine and but moderate warmth, and all Paris seemed to have left their homes to reap the enjoyment of the summer. The booths were filled with merry-makers, and pic-nic parties reclined beneath the trees and spread their tablecloths upon the ground. Here a waltzing party was wheeling round to the music of a full band. There a group of attentive listeners had congregated round a quintette of Italian minstrels, who gave them, in exchange for their small coin, the newest airs from

the Opera. I was forcibly struck with the appearance and bearing of the minstrels themselves, who, dressed in perfect fashion, aped the airs of professors and public favourites. The girl who carried the collecting cup wore a gold-watch and chain, and a pair of pearl drops which would have become a countess.

In the open spaces of ground, parties of young men were noisily pursuing an exciting game, the skill of which consisted in keeping constantly in the air a huge inflated ball of India-rubber, which they received as it fell, not as with our foot-ballers on the toes, but upon their clenched fists, from which the black globe would rise like a rocket above the tops of the tallest trees. Fathers of families and matrons of mature age were playing at battledore and shuttlecock; and further on, a vast crowd had gathered in a circle to witness the strange and semi-human antics of a company of performing dogs.

I had subsequently occasion to visit the Palais Royal. In its gardens, seated round the cool spray of the fountain, men of all the nations of Europe sat or reclined in the full luxury of semi-oriental enjoyment or did the honours of hospitality to their female companions. Waiters active as spaniels, darted about, carrying in all directions coffee, fruits, wine, ices, and cooling drinks.

After dinner, I accompanied a friend beyond the Barrier de Neuilly, and noticed as we passed along the streets that they were comparatively empty, and that even those of the inhabitants who had remained on guard at home, had assembled as by one consent to amuse themselves at their own doors. Childish games were played by grey-haired men, and a species of gambling, by pitching leaden weights into the small compartments of a machine shaped like a miniature chest of drawers, seemed to be much in vogue among the lower orders. But high and low, rich and poor, were on all sides ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, plainly without a thought that they were otherwise than profitably engaged. Outside the barriers we came upon groups of citizens riding upon wooden horses perched upon roundabouts. Men of all ages, in genteel garb, and accompanied by wives and daughters mounted on side-saddled blocks, were whirled round and round fifty times for a penny, which penny they might even save were they dexterous enough to detach, by the aid of a mimic lance with which each one was furnished, a certain number of rings strung upon a horizontal pole. Multitudes of gazing spectators, waiting their turn to mount, flocked around. Further on, horse-racing by female jockeys attracted prodigious crowds of the lower orders; and in inclosures by the road-side, somewhat resembling the tea-gardens in England, men and women mounted on wooden steeds as large as life, or seated in cars, were rushing at railway pace down the side of an artificial mountain of poles and planks. There was no pause in the sound of music which rose on all sides, and which, mingled with shouts of laughter, the hum of voices, the clapping of hands, the shuffling of busy feet, the clink of glasses, the gurgle of disgorging bottles, and the frequent sharp crack of rifle and pistol shots from marksmen practising at the doll, formed a concourse of sounds altogether strange and portentous to ears accustomed to the tranquil repose of an English Sabbath.

I left the tea-table of my friend about seven o'clock, returned through the barrier, and crossing the Avenue de Neuilly, found myself, after threading some narrow defiles, in the Allée des Veuves, which, stranger as I was, I could not fail to recognise as a favourite resort of a lower grade of the population. Here mirth and jollity, freed from polite conventionalisms, ran riot; intemperance, too, looked in upon the scene, and coarse banter and practical jokes qualified the merriment. With many of the middle classes were more of the lower and labouring, and all found every want anticipated in the abundance of food prepared in the numerous ginguettes, at a price which all could afford. Dancing here, as elsewhere, seemed the occupation of the day; but both music and motion were of a less refined stamp than obtains in more genteel resorts. The waltz, accelerated in time after the first or second repetition of the tune, until it had grown into a confused and rapidly twirling whirlpool of human forms, was the dance most in favour. Here the blouse eclipsed the broadcloth, and clean faces and shaven chins had not been regarded as indispensable accompaniments to the Saturday revel.

From this bewildering scene I soon emerged into the open space of the Champs Elysées, where the crowd had amazingly increased since the morning. The athletic sports had ceased, and thousands reclining under the trees in the faint beams of the now almost level sun, found a new pleasure in rest after the day's excitement, and dallied over their evening repast, economizing the luxury of the hour as a Frenchman only knows how. Still thousands of unwearied dancers footed it on the greensward to the stream of music which from one quarter or another never ceased to flow. I looked for the effects of the wine-drinking, which, from the appearance of the crowded tents, had been going on all day. It is proper to add that I could recognise no sign of excess; it was plain that this was not the arena of drunkenness, repulsive to the mind as was its Sabbath-day aspect.

The sun had gone down when I entered the gardens of the Tuileries. Here the multitude was more dense than in the scene I had just quitted; but there was no band of music, no dancing, no wine. The seats, the walks, the dark avenues, all were crowded with groups of talkers, of a class more sedate, and on the whole more aged, than the votaries of pleasure in the Champs Elysées. Yet amusements were not wanting. Here a man entertained a small group with clever juggling tricks. There a child, not three years of age apparently, played "*C'est l'Amour*" upon the fiddle, accompanied by another in his second year, upon the tambour, to the great delight of the well-dressed circle of young people, who rewarded them liberally. But darkness was coming on, and presently the drums began to beat the signal of retreat from the garden. Strange drumming it was—at first like the faint roll of distant thunder—then a sudden pause of six or eight bars, and then the simultaneous bang of twenty pairs of drumsticks in one clear explosion unisonous as a cannon-shot.

I left the gardens, and passing along the quay, stopped occasionally to watch the fitting figures upon the bridges, reflected in the rapid stream

below. Near the Louvre, a dense crowd had congregated to listen to the performance of a favourite street minstrel. It was a singular and characteristic spectacle. Just within the edge of a circle whose diameter was nearly the width of the road, and which was formed spontaneously by the populace, stood a tall moustached militaire, in a rusty coat, whose long tails almost swept the ground. At his feet was spread a large white sheet, broad enough for his couch. Round the sheet, at intervals of a yard, he had lighted and stuck in the ground a pound of thin candles, which burned glaringly, fanned by the evening breeze. He now drew his violin from a long pocket, tuned it in a few seconds, and, drawing a sonorous chord, struck up a martial air with astonishing force on double strings: the effect, musically speaking, was really grand, and the breathless attention of the listeners showed their appreciation of his power. Not a word was spoken, but by degrees the white sheet became spotted all over with the copper encumbrances of the mob: sometimes a small piece of silver fell upon the cloth, and was acknowledged by a stately bend of the minstrel's rigid form. Suddenly the measure changed, and the rich tones of his powerful bass voice were added to the charm of his wondrous instrument—and then the copper shower pattered hard and fast upon the white linen. Then he would pause for a few moments, look around him, and invite the liberality of his patrons by exclaiming "*Courage! courage, mes amis! on commencera encore, courage!*" Then waving his bow with the air of a magician, he would run, rapid as thought, from the lowest note to the very apex of the harmonic scale, far above the shrillest pipe of the finest feathery songster; and then down again with the most comic and sarcastic imitations of the roulades and cadenzas of the reigning prima donna, till the whole throng were convulsed with laughter and more willing to give. When the contributions had accumulated to his content, he concluded with a popular air of Beranger's, chanted with tremendous energy, and accompanied with an amount of fanciful skill rarely if ever surpassed. Then, collecting the four corners of the sheet, he bundled up the coins, deposited them, with a graceful bow, in his long pocket—kicked the flaming candles out of his way and departed.

Not till then was I able to penetrate the crowd and return to my lodging. I found the old porter and his wife playing a game of dominoes in their little chamber, having fatigued themselves with a bout of battledore and shuttlecock for two hours in the afternoon. It was ten o'clock, but I was the only lodger who had yet returned home from the exercises of the Sunday. It is not my object to comment on the scene, but to narrate what I saw. At a time when it is proposed to open the Crystal Palace on the afternoon of what the Bible has distinctly called the "Lord's day," and thereby assimilate English to Continental Sabbaths, it may not have been unimportant to have shown what a Parisian Sunday is.

BENEFIT YOUR FRIENDS, that they may love you more dearly still.

BENEFIT YOUR ENEMIES, that they may at last become your friends.

PLEASURE IS CHEAP.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—Give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! They will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighbourhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him find to it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face—say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbour.

"Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropt in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell."

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy; the discontented cheerful; the afflicted resigned; at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbour; whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning." Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."



CARISBROOK CASTLE.

RAMBLES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

NO. I.

If a person were to be asked to describe the character of the beauty of the Isle of Wight in one word, the most appropriate word he could use, would be, variety. A constant succession, a diversified panorama of land and sea views, each of peculiar beauty in itself, but all deriving an increased loveliness from association with, or contrast to, some scenes of so totally different a character, that their combination constitutes both the marvel and the loveliness.

There is a peculiar convenience as well as delight in traversing a little sea-girt region of twenty-three miles from east to west, and thirteen from north to south without danger, or great fatigue; and at a very moderate expenditure of time and money, seeing rocks, cliffs, sands, caves, bold promontories, lovely bays, fairy creeks garlanded with woods nearly to the water's edge. And then, contrasting these sea views, landward, to have green downs intersected by exquisite valleys, rich pastures, smooth lawns, well-watered plains, pretty picturesque villages nestling at hill sides, and thriving towns where all the elegance as well as comforts of life can be found.

Yet the testimony of tourists, in reference to this isle, differs more than that of travellers in

any other picturesque part of the United Kingdom. Of course, the far greater portion are delighted, some in ecstasies of rapture, while others are very much disappointed. These latter are generally persons from romantic districts of the kingdom, as Derbyshire or Devonshire, who, used to the wild, the wonderful, and the lovely, go with exaggerated expectations to the Isle of Wight, and are annoyed, that the picture made by their imagination is unlike the reality, whereupon they instantly begin to depreciate the scenery.

Steam travelling has brought the Isle of Wight within three, or at most seven, hours of the metropolis. The South-Western Rail to Southampton is the usual route; or, if preferred, Gosport or Portsmouth, whence steam-boats ply several times a day to the island; the passage to Ryde taking on an average about half an hour. The channel, or Solent sea, varies at different places from two to seven miles in width. In the old times of sailing-packets, from one to seven hours was the vague period allotted for crossing. The three towns on the north side of the island (opposite the Hampshire coast), where tourists mostly land, are Yarmouth, Cowes, and Ryde. Passengers from Lymington go to Yarmouth; from Southampton, usually to Cowes; and from Portsmouth or Gosport, to Ryde. Decidedly the roughest passage is from Lymington to Yarmouth; the sea there has a

strong current called "a race," and in winter time steam-boats do not regularly ply with passengers. The other and more usual routes are very pleasant. They give just enough, and not too much of the sea for those poor tourists who are bad sailors; and the island rising, with its verdant uplands and terraces adorned with waving trees, out of the sparkling waters, reminds one of "a fair gem set in a silver sea." It is more lovely and alluring than grand or stupendous in its appearance as you approach. Cowes has a very picturesque harbour. The town is situated on a steep declivity of a semi-circular point of land, on the summit of which is placed the church. The town is divided into east and west by the river Medina, which here empties itself into the sea. The Old Castle on West Cowes was erected to protect the harbour in the reign of Henry VIII. The streets of the town, though considerably improved of late years, are narrow, and have very little but their fine locality to make them interesting. East Cowes, as the abode of royalty, the marine residence of the royal children, is naturally an object of attraction to all tourists. Osborne House is a spacious mansion, known for far more than half a century as one of the most commodious dwellings in the island. It is situated on a gentle eminence among embowering trees, and commands sea and land views of considerable extent and beauty. The inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood have acted very judiciously, and set a good example to tourists, by never indulging in those habits of intrusion, which (though affection and loyalty may be the motive) are so likely to be annoying to the royal family. In this sweet island retreat our beloved sovereign and her children enjoy privacy and quiet, which to them must be the greatest luxury; and visitors, catching the manner of the place, leave that quiet unbroken.

Ryde is the town most likely to prove immediately attractive to the tourist. The steam-boats from the opposite coast touch at a very long and handsome pier to land the passengers; and it is worth while to give a caution to all who study economy, that it is best to have their luggage in one package, for each distinct parcel pays pier dues. One bag or box, when carried by the owner, passes by the fee (twopence) that he pays for himself.

During the last thirty years, many towns have grown up in England; none however, as a marine place of resort, more rapidly than Ryde. There was a time, and persons who are but entering middle life can well remember it, when, if passengers wanted to land at Ryde, carts used to come over the sands at low water, and take them from the packets; and sometimes, at high water, rough-looking women used to take passengers on their backs and carry them through the surf to the landing-place. We do not set this down as hearsay; we look through the vista of thirty-four or thirty-five years, and calling up the keen recollection of early childhood, can bring to mind a portly gentleman and sundry others being, on a wild winter evening, thus conveyed ashore at Ryde. Past and present jostle very curiously in reference to this same town of Ryde. At the period adverted to, it was a kind of straggling village, on a fine declivity sloping to the sea. The lower part that was by the sea-side consisting of scrambling houses and

mean huts. The upper part, on the top of the ascent, comprised a few cottages and humble tenements. There was a kind of sloping field lying between these two sections. That was Ryde. Now it has long, wide, well-paved streets running up the ascent from the sea, with very handsome shops and every fashionable attraction. On a fine morning, no promenade in a town can be more delightful than to walk down the principal street of Ryde—a steep descent, with the sea appearing to hang like a brilliant transparent blue curtain across the end. In certain conditions of the sun and atmosphere, the sparkling waters seem of a deeper blue here than we have ever seen them in the British seas. Great taste has been displayed in this charming town, by the way in which the streets for private residences are laid out. The houses are mostly detached, and surrounded with gardens. As trees and flowers thrive all over the island, and the usual sterility of a sea coast is unknown here, there is a look of rural elegance and comfort in these pretty dwellings very unusual in a bathing-place of fashionable resort.

When people rest themselves at Cowes or Ryde, they generally turn over a map of the district, and if at all interested in physical geography, they notice that the island is of an irregular rhomboidal or oval form; it has a chain of Downs running from east to west, like a back-bone, along the whole length of the island. The character of the scenery is totally different on each side of these Downs; on the one side being bold and romantic, and on the other, soft and rural. The river Medina, rising at St. Catherine's, runs from the south to north, and dividing the island into two equal parts, empties itself into the sea at Cowes. All the scenery is beautiful, but it is not all romantic. The back of the island, as it is called, (that is, the south,) from Freshwater on the west, to Culver cliff on the east, possesses the points of highest natural interest to the lover of the picturesque. This region has not only the rocks, cliffs, and bays, but the "Chimes," as they are called—chasms or rents in the cliffs—and the unrivalled undercliff, a natural terrace along the face of the cliffs, a quarter of a mile wide, and six miles long, terminating at each extremity with the bold promontories of St. Catherine's and Shanklin, and possessing the utmost fertility.

In taking pleasure, as well as in everything else, order and method are necessary. Some folks suppose, when they look at the map, and think of twenty-three miles by thirteen, and seventy in circumference, surely the island can be seen in a long day; so they take a scamper along some roads, over a down or two, get a peep at the sea from a cliff and return to the main land, confused for the most part and consequently dissatisfied, and never able to recall any scene very clearly. The Isle of Wight, like a friend, cannot be known in a day. If people have but a day, they had better take a cruise round the island. Steam-boats from Southampton are constantly, during summer, making these excursions, and few trips can be more delightful. The passengers are allowed to land at Ventnor, or some place of equal beauty. Tourists, who can spare three days, can see the island tolerably; while those who can stay a week may see it well. The custom mostly is to visit Newport, from

whence, as it is nearly in the centre of the island, many tours may be made with advantage.*

Though this little metropolis is situated on the least interesting part of the island, few country towns of its size are more lively and respectable, and none cleaner. The uncommonly productive soil of the island, its brisk trade, and numerous visitors, with the industrious habits of the islanders, have always, time immemorial, made them a well-to-do community; and Newport, in its good streets and handsome shops, has borne always the marks of prosperity. The town has changed very little during the last thirty years. It certainly argues either a very happy lot or great contentment, perhaps both, when people, particularly English people (proverbially restless), are so little prone to change. Trade, commerce, and manufactures have altered their localities and ruined or raised numerous districts. Railroads have set up new towns and put down old ones in various places. Emigration has changed, if not obviously thinned, the population. London has gone so far out of town in the time named, that it is difficult to say where the Great Metropolis begins or ends. The continent of Europe has been convulsed to its centre and changed hands, as to governments, as though it were a chess-board. And yet cosy little Newport has pleasantly jogged on, like a merry child singing in the sunshine.

On arriving at Newport from Ryde or Cowes, less than an hour's ride, it is usual after a stroll through the town to visit the ruins of Carisbrook Castle, an interesting place in itself, but peculiarly so in an island where there are very few picturesque ruins.

The road to Carisbrook is strait out of Newport from the High-street. The village is pretty, and the castle stands on a commanding elevation. The citadel or keep is the most ancient part of the castle, and some authorities claim for it a very high antiquity. It is certain there was a fortress here long before the Norman Conquest. After that event William bestowed the lordship of the island on William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, who, it is thought, built much of the present structure. It passed through many hands until it came into the possession of Lord Woodville, the brother of Elizabeth, the beautiful queen of Edward IV,

and it was sold by him to that monarch, since which time it has been affixed to the crown. It fell into decay, and was repaired by Queen Elizabeth in 1598. In 1647-8, it became the prison of Charles I. The gateway flanked by the remains of two round towers, the castle yard, a well three hundred feet deep, a window said to have been that of Charles's prison, the keep, and the extensive ruined walls whence lovely views are obtained on all sides, are all that remain to tell of feudal grandeur and oppression, or of the dwelling of an imprisoned king during the last year of his melancholy life. In this spot, the student of English history will recall many scenes; the fierce Norman baron displacing the Saxon; the wars of the Roses, when the mild Henry VI bestowed the Isle of Wight on Lord Warwick, and crowned him king of it; the Woodville family lifted into splendour and sorrow by the marriage of the fair Elizabeth to the luxurious Edward IV, when the castle became a regal appanage; Elizabeth's improvements; till Charles's suspense, sorrow, and abortive attempt to escape concluded the record. Nor will Hammond, the governor of the castle at the time it was a prison for royalty, be forgotten. He was a type of a large class in Britain in those troublous times. Allied to both parties, his duties and his feelings would have a bitter struggle. He was the nephew of Dr. Hammond the king's favourite chaplain. He was the husband of a daughter of the patriot Hampden, and therefore related to Cromwell. Hammond has been abused by the royalists; but recent history has shown that he acted according to his views of right in a difficult crisis. We should add also that there are some interesting historical associations connected with female names in the records of the castle. Isabella de Fortibus illegally bequeathed the castle on her death-bed to Edward I, which caused some lengthened troubles in subsequent reigns. The Countess of Pembroke, during the civil wars of the 17th century, held the castle for a time against the Parliament, with a heroism similar to that of the Countesses of Derby and Arundel, her two contemporaries. And here, too, youth and sorrow have combined to leave a mournful recollection, for Elizabeth, the second daughter of Charles I, died a prisoner, at the age of 15; royalist writers say of a broken heart.

Ascending the steps of the keep, there is, on a clear day, a magnificent view; the cliffs of Freshwater are visible, while the eminence of the castle, on a hill rising three hundred feet at least out of a lovely valley, gives it every advantage of a commanding prospect.

Returning to Newport, the tourist will not fail to observe the comfortable look of the working classes; and it is a fact, honourable to the intelligence and benevolence of the islanders, that long before the parliament devised a plan for the better mode of administering the poor law, there was in this little isle an asylum for the destitute poor called "The House of Industry," where employment was found for the inmates, and their labour was made beneficial to themselves and the institution; where the degradation of pauperism was not inflicted, and habits of idleness were not fostered. In this respect, the islanders set an example to all England.

* The following routes have been followed with ease and satisfaction:—

FIRST DAY, WESTERN TOUR: FROM NEWPORT TO CARISBROOK CASTLE.—Brixton, Millstown, Brook-point, Freshwater, Needles, Yarmouth, Calbourne, Swanstown, and back to Newport.

SECOND DAY, EASTERN TOUR: NEWPORT TO WOTTON.—Ryde, St. Helen's, Brading, Sandown, Ashley, and back to Newport.

THIRD DAY, SOUTHERN TOUR: NEWPORT TO STANDEV.—Piddford, Niton, St. Laurence, Ventnor, Bonchurch, Shanklin, Arreton, back to Newport.

A better route still is the following, much of it pedestrian, and arranged for a week:—

MONDAY.—Journey from London to Newport, *via* Southampton and Cowes. Walk to Carisbrook Castle and the environs of Newport.

TUESDAY.—Ride to Calbourne, thence to Alum Bay, and stroll to the sea-shore at the foot of Arreton Hill.

WEDNESDAY.—Walk or ride over the Downs to Freshwater Gate, and from thence by Afton and Shalcombe Downs to Brook Point, and by Brixton through Atherfield to Blackgang Chine.

THURSDAY.—Explore the Undercliffs by St. Lawrence, Ventnor, Bonchurch, to Shanklin; if not too tired stroll to Dunnose Point.

FRIDAY.—By sea-side to Sandown, thence to Brading and on to Culver Cliffs, thence, proceed to Ryde.

SATURDAY.—Binstead-Quarries, and thence *via* Ryde and Portsmouth to London.

The prettiest rural walk in the neighbourhood of Newport is to a wood most incongruously called "Marble Wood," (probably a corruption of "Marvel,") where, though the trees are not large, they are very beautiful, and the undulating surface is draped with a wild and lovely growth of under-wood; and the banks, during spring and summer, are thickly enamelled with wild flowers. Indeed, the botanist and florist may rejoice in the flowers of the island as much as the geologist in its fossils.

A short walk on the Cowes road brings the visitor to Parkhurst, where we will pause before taking a ramble to the romantic south coast. Near the barracks, and looking like a barrack, is the prison for juvenile offenders—once called by a better name—"The Reformatory." Some lines of a poetess on this place—lines full of thoughtful beauty—may well close our present sketch.

"A mournful memory in my bosom stirs !

A recollection of the lovely isle

Where, in the purple shadow of thy firs,

Parkhurst ! and gloomy in the summer's smile

Stands the CHILD'S PRISON ! * * * * *

Alas ! what inmates may inhabit there ?

Those to whose infant days a parent's roof

In lieu of a protection, was a snare ;

Those from whose minds instruction held aloof

No hope, no what made in their behoof ;

Whose lips familiar were with blasphemy,

And words obscene that mock'd at all reproof,

But never utter'd prayer to the Most High,

Or learned ope gentle hymn his name to glorify . .

The saved are there, who would have been the lost ;

The check'd in crime, who might have been the doom'd ;

The wild brier buds, whose tangled path was cross'd

By nightshade poison, trailing where they loom'd !

The wreck'd, round whom the threatening surges

boom'd,

Borne in this life-boat ! far from peril's stress ;

The shelter'd, o'er whose heads the thunder loom'd ;

Convicts, (convicted of much helplessness,)

Exes whom Mercy guides through guilt's dark wilderness."

THE PEASANT-NOBLES; OR, THE BETHUNE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER II.

IN our sketch of the brothers Bethune, we have hitherto chiefly followed the track of the youngest, the latest born, and the earliest taken, whose story, just because of this, is in some respects the more touching of the two. Yet the history of the one is very much the history of the other. Brothers in blood, they were in a most remarkable degree brothers in mind, in character, and in fortune likewise. In industry, in daily labour, in fine intellectual tastes and perseverance in cultivating them, in unselfish devotion to their parents and to each other, and benevolence to all mankind, in stern independence and integrity, and a high ever-living sense of duty, it were difficult to say which surpassed the other. Old Ailly herself could scarcely tell which of her boys she should regard with most pleasure: Alexander, running with his four pounds, all he could call his own, to prevent the sale of his poor neighbour's cow; or John, though fagged and wearied, sallying forth on some other errand of mercy and kindness; or each in turn pouring into her delighted ears some of his own

sweet verses. Yes, it was joy indeed to her mother's heart to see all this, and to know too, that in the struggle of life, each had in each a true brother to his soul. No separate interests, no separate burdens, no separate joys were theirs. A oneness most lovely in itself, yet mournful in that it was so much a oneness in sorrow, privation, and disappointment, runs through their entire history.

The first literary efforts of both the young men were poetical. At the age of seventeen, John had planned and wished to write a poem of the didactic kind, which as he intended should resemble, in some particulars, Cowper's "Task;" that is, he was to treat in it any subject which struck his fancy, observing only a natural transition from one to the other. This poem he was to call "Vigils of the Night;" but after working at it occasionally for a long period it was ultimately abandoned. In 1833, the brothers projected a joint work, to be called "The Poetical Preacher;" but John's successive illnesses in that year, already referred to, prevented the accomplishment of the design. Two years after, Alexander writes to Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, soliciting advice in regard to his literary plans; and, ere long, two of his sweet rural stories, "The Harvest Day" and "Hazelburn," appeared in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal. The following summer, he visits Edinburgh in search of a publisher for a volume of Tales, the ms. of which he carries with him. A few of these have been written by his brother, but far the larger number are from Alexander's own pen. His hopes of success in visiting the Scottish metropolis are not the brightest. He feels that the probability is, he may have to return with his ms. as he went. This once, however, his fears are disappointed. Almost by accident, as we in our short-sighted wisdom should say, he becomes known to a gentleman who takes a warm interest in his concerns, and ever after proves a most valuable friend. This gentleman gets in time a publisher for Bethune's book, and acts as man of business, critic, everything in short, for the poor author. The correspondence, which through many years is carried on between them, is highly honourable to both. On the side of the critic, there is much taste and discrimination, with most anxious solicitude for the success of his friend, and unwearied efforts to promote it; while, on the other side, there is a beautiful willingness to take advice, and readiness to be corrected with a free and intelligent exercise of the author's own judgment. Early in 1838, Alexander Bethune's volume appeared, under the title of "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry." Its reception was favourable. Many of the papers praised it highly; and the author had the honour of a favourable review in the "Athenæum," written unsolicited, and by a perfect stranger to him. The pecuniary advantage he derived from the work was not great; but the circumstances attending its publication were encouraging, and Alexander writes to his friend in Edinburgh, with a gaiety unusual to him, of the commotion excited in the little town of Newburgh, by finding that all unknown to them, such a book had gone forth from their midst; how the inhabitants besieged the little bookshop of the place for copies, and how the perplexed vender of such wares had to send in all haste to

Perth to obtain the means of gratifying their curiosity. In this work, and indeed in all the tales of its author, his great power of fine and just description of external nature, and his keen and delicate perception of character, strike the discriminating reader at once. These gifts were strong in him, and he early began to exercise them. The hot labour of the harvest-field could not destroy the feeling and sentiment with which he looked round on all things bright and beautiful which God had made, or scanned with keen and curious but never cynical eye the characters of the toiling group assembled there. This scene is described by himself.

"The many faces too which there were met,
With all the signs of feeling, passion, thought,
Which flitted o'er them. * * *
Form'd a rich field for an observant eye—
A field where Fancy for herself might reap,
And hold an hourly revel of her own.
Among them first I tried to read the lines
Grooved in "the human countenance divine,"
To search the eye for sentiment, and trace
Its look askance, upturn'd or downward bent,
With all the attitudes—the idle hands
Which seem'd to play with trifles, or were clasp'd
Upon the bosom, or were firmly clench'd,
Although no foe ostensible were near,
To some according impulse of the heart,
Of which these were so many outward signs.
Among them too I learn'd the little all
I'er could know of human character;
And this to me was much, for I was fain
To study man, his manners, thoughts, affections,
And woman too."

While the fate of "Tales and Sketches" was yet hanging in the balance, the brothers occupied their evenings with another work of a grave character, "Lectures on Practical Economy." The subject suggests itself to John, who explains it to his brother, as neither political, moral, nor domestic economy, but that sort of economy which they had themselves practised; and which, if it were adopted by others, might enable a greater number of people to live independently on their own earnings than had as yet thought of doing so. Their first design was to deliver these lectures in the towns and villages round, selling admission tickets, and afterwards publish them; but the speaking part of the project was soon abandoned. The composition of the lectures however went on, with no other help in the way of books, at the commencement, than an article on Accumulation in the Penny Encyclopædia. Afterwards, the authors were supplied with Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and some other sources of information. They had also the advantage, through means of Alexander's ever zealous literary friend, of receiving in the revision of their work, friendly strictures from Dr. Murray, Lecturer on Political Economy. This gentleman characterized the work as in the circumstances perfectly wonderful, and entered into the authors' views with much kindly interest. "To those who are curious in literary matters," Alexander writes, "it may not perhaps, be uninteresting to know, that these lectures were at first written upon brown paper bags ripped open, shreds of paper which had come to the house with tea, sugar, tobacco, etc., in short, everything which would carry ink, while the writers had no better writing-desk than their knees. The whole

of the writing, too, was performed with two quills, which were more than half cut down before they were applied to that purpose."

While these things were transpiring in the literary history of the Bethunes, their outward condition had its vicissitudes also. For one year John held the situation of overseer of the plantations in which he had formerly worked. The income was small, but better than he could procure otherwise. His brother accompanied him as assistant, and altogether this position was an improvement on any they had hitherto occupied. To the promotion of his master's interests, the young overseer devoted himself with a zeal which left him scarcely any time for his favourite literary pursuit. But he was not destined to reap a present reward. At the end of the first year's engagement, the property changed hands, and he was coolly told that his services were no longer required. This, and still more unworthy treatment, repeatedly experienced, heightened the natural independence of the brothers almost to a morbid degree; so that, when some friends desired to procure for them situations in a bank, or government employment, they decidedly declined the offers. Anything approaching to patronage, in whatever shape or form, they would have none of.

To the old cottage at Lochend the brothers returned; but they soon found that even there they must not stay long. It was hard to be turned out even of this miserable hovel. The parents felt it keenly, for there their noble boys had grown up by their side. And these young men too, as they gazed for the last time on the trim and pretty garden which, with the patient labour of years, they had converted from a wild piece of ground into what it was, sighed to leave the flowers and shrubs, the green walks and pleasant arbour, which had become as very friends to them. But it must be; and the sons, anxious that their parents, in their declining years, should not be exposed to the risk of being turned out of home at the caprice of a landlord, determined to set to the task, formidable in their circumstances, of building a house. They chose for the site a spot called Mount Pleasant, in the neighbourhood of the little town of Newburgh, and laid the foundation of their dwelling on the 26th of July, 1837. "Had it been known to the world," says Alexander, "that we purposed to finish a house thirty-six feet in length and twenty in breadth, without asking or taking any assistance except such as we could pay for at the ordinary rate, and with no more wealth than two bolls of oatmeal to serve as summer provision, the thews and sinews of two human beings, and about 30*l.* in money, reflecting individuals would have probably pronounced us fit for Bedlam: yet such was the case." The brothers had taught themselves to work at whatever came in the way—now as masons, now as carpenters, now as gardeners;—and they found abundant use for all their mechanical skill. Their labour while this house was building was frightfully severe. The elder son gives us a minute account of his brother's work, and we may rest assured his own share of the burden was not lighter. "He (John) left home every morning before five o'clock, travelled three miles, commenced work immediately, and wrought till nearly

half-past seven in the evening, with no more rest than was absolutely necessary to swallow his breakfast and dinner. The last of these indeed, which consisted exclusively of bread, he frequently ate from his pocket, working the whole of the time. He had then to travel three miles back to his home; and after being thus engaged in hard labour, and travelling for nearly fifteen hours, it may be believed that he was sufficiently tired before he reached it."

The house was finished in due time, and the dutiful sons rewarded by the delight of their parents when conveyed thither. But this pure joy was soon sadly quenched. A few months after they had taken possession, the venerated father sickened and died. It was the first breach made in this fondly attached family, and long and bitterly was it mourned over by the survivors.

Meanwhile their literary prospects are brightening somewhat. The publication of "Tales and Sketches" has been followed by offers of employment from various periodicals. Both the brothers are now contributors to Wilson's "Tales of the Borders," and believing that they have a reasonable prospect of realizing by their pens, from one quarter or another, a sufficiency for their very moderate wants, towards the close of 1838 they abandon manual labour, and devote themselves entirely to literature. This step was taken but as a trial. In the case of the younger son, much time was not given to see how it might succeed; yet enough to know that, like all the other projects of his life, it yielded nought but bitter disappointment. There was partial success to be followed by deep gloom. For two stories, "actually printed from the first sketch," he receives the sum of six guineas. Two other stories are quickly produced, on which he bestows great pains, the whole had been written twice over, and some parts three times, and again six guineas are the pecuniary reward. This is encouraging, and he turns to his papers with renewed diligence. Tale after tale is produced, composed with great care, but written only to be rejected. They are returned "with an editor's sentence of death passed upon them;" and from the quarter to which he most trusts, he hears that nothing more can be accepted for at least three months to come. To add to the suffering of this most trying season, they learn that the "Lectures on Practical Economy" have fallen almost dead from the press. This is a deep disappointment; for on this work great pains had been bestowed, and much was hoped from it. John gives expression to his sad and—rare thing with him—almost bitter feelings in a short poem called "Rejoice." A few lines only we can quote:—

"Rejoice! And why? To see my hopes
All wither'd, one by one;
To feel my life's last treacherous props
Fall broken and undone.

"To sink into a timeless grave;
And feel that I was born
And liv'd, and toil'd, for nothing, save
To suffer and to mourn."

Poor fellow! there were no more causes of earthly joy in store for him; and few more sorrows. The weary struggle of his life was drawing to a close. Cold, taken while acting as secretary to the Newburgh Temperance Society, early in

1839, was speedily followed by symptoms of consumption. For months he lingered on in all the varied states of this insidious and flattering disease. We cannot here detail the particulars of this season; how he worked on, till the pen dropped from his trembling hand, and his once clear and vigorous mind refused to think—how patiently and cheerfully he bore all his sufferings, ever thinking of others, never of himself—or how devotedly he was nursed by his agonized brother, who, while John is yet able to get up, wears his clothes on his own body in the morning that they may be warm for the invalid when he dresses; who, spite of his pinching poverty, gives up all other employment that he may devote himself entirely to the sick man, and contracts debts, hateful as that is to him, that he may have the means of removing him from place to place, in the hope of benefit from change of air or a more sheltered situation. Nor can we wait to tell how the consolations of that gospel, the love of which had made his life so noble, sustains and cheers the dying poet when he sees his sun descending ere it is yet noon. When flesh and heart faint and fail, he bears witness that "God doth fail him never;" and in the midst of deepest distress he exultingly exclaims, "God is the treasure of my soul—the source of lasting joy." Then follows the prayer of a heart longing for perfect holiness, "Lord, purify me from all corruption, and elevate my thoughts to a pitch only known in the New Jerusalem." Again his mind is specially fixed on those words which have so often illumined the gloom of the dark valley, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." When the last enemy seemed very near, his brother asked him if he could still fix his thoughts on the things of another world. "Yes," he replied; "I can still think composedly, though I know not how long I may be able either to speak or think; but I have placed my confidence upon the Rock of Ages. I have committed my soul into the hands of the Saviour, and he will keep it though every faculty should fail." On the forenoon of Sunday, the 1st of September, he was heard to articulate the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" They were the last sounds which proceeded from his lips. With scarcely a struggle the wasted body resigns its immortal tenant.

It is all over. Poor old Aily has but one son left, and that son is brotherless. Brotherless! oh the agony of that sound to the survivor on earth of these twin souls. The fragrance has passed from his life. If success should reach him now, it would but recall more vividly and bitterly the fact, that his loved one was no longer beside to share his joy. A month after the sad event he writes to a friend, "I have no need of anything to keep me in mind of him, for he is never absent from my thoughts; and yet it seems as if everything recalled the memory of the past, and brought it before me in a fresher colouring. We had lived so long under the same roof, and nestled at night on the same couch of repose—buffeted so many stormy and dark days in company—been so often engaged in the same pursuit—and encountered so many hardships and struggles together, that we had become almost a part of each other's existence;

and now, when I am left unaided and unfriended, and as it were alone in the world, I feel as if the better part of myself, and all my hopes and prospects of future enjoyment were buried with him in the grave." So overwhelming was this sorrow, that the mourner, though a Christian, seemed for a time to overlook to a sinful degree the many great consolations connected with the bereavement. A bitter and abiding sense of his own desolate loneliness clung to him. In the following lines, he gives affecting expression to this feeling:—

"When evening's lengthen'd shadows fall
On tower, and tree, and castle wall;
When homeward bends the toil-worn hind,
The bliss of mutual smiles to find,
The comforts of his home to share—
The blazing fire, the ready chair.
But home, alas! no more can be
With such enjoyments bless'd to me.

"No friendly hand remains to greet,
No eye with welcome bright to meet;
But shadowy walls and fire extinct
As evening bids the day-beam sink,
Give solemn welcome, still as death,
To him who yet must draw life's breath,
And stumble on, devoid of cheer,
A sad and lonely pilgrim here.

"When evening's lengthen'd shadows fall
On cottage roof and princely hall,
Then brothers with their brothers meet,
And kindred hearts each other greet,
And children wildly, gladly press,
To share a father's fond caress:
But home to me no more can bring
Those scenes which are life's sweetening.

"No friendly heart remains for me,
Like star to guide life's stormy sea;
No brother, whose affection warm
The gloomy passing hours might charm.
Bereft of all who once were dear,
Whose words or looks were wont to cheer;
Parent, and friend, and brother gone,
I stand upon the earth alone."

Little of joy or hope as Alexander Bethune now knows, he works as perseveringly as ever. Manual labour again occupies his days, while his evenings as before are devoted to literature. During the few months which followed his brother's death, he wrote a considerable number of literary articles, and managed besides to prepare a memoir of the loved lost one, and make a selection from his poems for publication. This latter part of his task was a work of great labour, from the character of the materials on which these verses were inscribed. Yet it was most truly a work of love, and every scrap of paper, soiled as it was, and scarcely legible as its contents might be, was carefully numbered and registered. Five hundred subscribers are obtained, and the work is in the press, when the editor's mother is struck with paralysis. Poor old Aily! she has endured much, and the last great affliction which deprived her of her youngest son, so much her pride and stay and hope, left a sorrow which could never be lightened while life remained. She was seldom seen to smile after, and to her remaining son she clung with an unspeakable intensity of affection. In all his midnight vigils, while preparing his brother's papers for the press, she insisted on being his companion, not once did she leave him; spite of all his affectionate remonstrances she would stay up to keep his fire bright, and visit him after he had retired to rest,

to bestow a few words of comfort or spiritual instruction. And now, she too was about to be taken. For five months she lay utterly helpless, watched over night and day by her dutiful son, who abandoned all other employments to attend to her, and during all these weary months never once undressed except to change his linen. While thus occupied, "The Life and Poems of John Bethune" appear. An impression of seven hundred copies has been printed, and the whole is at once disposed of. The public is deeply interested, and most favourable reviews are sent forth from highly influential quarters; all which encourages the editor to have a second edition published, in the hope of being able from its profits to provide a few more comforts for his afflicted parent. The edition is published, but ere that time the pious Aily is beyond the need of human help.

The last of the Bethunes is now a sad and solitary man indeed. In announcing his loss to a friend, he says, "The few words which I have already written will make you acquainted with the annihilation of the last shred of that little world of domestic affection, in the midst of which I once was happy, and among the remaining ruins of which I still wished to dwell. But all is now over: the last green spot around which memory, imagination, and fancy were alike fain to linger, has for ever disappeared, and an unvariegated desert remains behind." "Since a little after my mother's death," he again writes, "I have been the sole inhabitant of a house which, by the road, is at a distance of more than a hundred yards from any other; and there I cook and eat my solitary dinner, and days pass in which I never see 'the human face divine,' or once try my voice at speech."

Shortly after, we find the author in very different circumstances. He is in Glasgow, a turnkey in the jail. Strange unfit situation for such a spirit this seems, and it was so. The mind of the reader is relieved to know that he occupied it but a few days. And now he wants to know how he ever came to fill such a position. The story is a simple one. Mrs. Hill, the wife of the inspector of prisons, reading the "Life of John Bethune," conceives a strong and truly kindly interest in his brother, and opens and maintains with him a friendly correspondence. He is still a day labourer, and she, anxious to better his condition, requests him to accept some prison situation. He consents, looking forward to some such work as that of a teacher or librarian, and repairs to Glasgow, where he is shocked to find himself put into the office of a turnkey. He determines at once to resign the post, but through feelings of delicacy to his intended benefactress, does not abandon it immediately. Ere a week elapses, however, he takes severe cold, and is compelled by the state of his health to leave, and with a relieved and thankful heart returns to his dear though solitary home Mount Pleasant. In excuse for offering such a situation to such a man, his biographer justly remarks, that it must be remembered he always begged Mrs. Hill to think of him "as one in no way superior to the common race of day-labourers, who are to be met with upon our public roads."

What remains of Mr. Bethune's short life we can merely glance at. The publication of his brother's "Life" had procured him the sympathy and friend-

ship of many excellent persons both in England and Scotland. For their kindly feelings towards him he felt very grateful, and had much pleasure in their correspondence, but by no means which they could devise would he be prevailed on to accept pecuniary help. Money sent to him he immediately returned, always gratefully and respectfully but most decidedly; and when, to oblige his acceptance, it was forwarded anonymously, he lodged it in a bank till he could discover the donors. The only way in which he would be served was by the sale of his brother's "Life," and of this means his friends availed themselves extensively. It is affecting to read that even at this period, when on a visit to his friend and future biographer, Mr. McCombie, he was obliged to leave at a certain time, because he was engaged as a reaper for the harvest.

In February, 1843, "The Scottish Peasant's Fireside" was published; a second volume of Mr. Bethune's, of much the same character as his first. About the same time, he was offered the editorship of a newspaper about to be started at Dumfries, and thus had at last the prospect of occupying that position to which he was entitled. But though the goal seems at hand, he is destined never to reach it. His health has been for some time delicate, and now some signs of consumption appear. All that friendship can do to stay the progress of the fell disease is attempted. His English friends urge his removal to some milder climate than that of his present home, and assure him that they will feel deeply favoured by his allowing them to provide the means. Perhaps it was as well, however, that he declined the offer. Death was at hand, and it was a consolation to meet it where those so fondly loved by him had died, and have his ashes mingled with theirs. On Monday, the 13th of June, Mr. McCombie, who had come to visit his dying friend, left him. On taking leave, Mr. McCombie expressed the hope that through redeeming mercy they should meet in another and happier world. "Seeing it is so," replied the sufferer, "why should we part melancholy? let us part joyfully." The following evening Alexander Bethune was numbered with the dead. His sad pilgrimage ended, his rejoicing spirit, we trust took its place before the throne of the Redeemer, and this family, so noble and so lovely on earth, reunited in the better land, never again to know sorrow or separation.

LONDON POLICE.

An exceedingly interesting and instructive article upon the Police Force of London, in the Edinburgh Review for July, furnishes us with the following curious facts:—

BOW-STREET OFFICE.

As population swelled in amount and crime increased, the duty of administering justice in town became more toilsome and repulsive, so that gradually men of education, or the class engaged in their own important avocations, withdrew from the thankless task. Their places were filled by persons of a low grade, attracted by the fees which the almost irresponsible power of the Justice enable him to demand. These officials evinced a shameless ra-

pidity in extracting money, and under the name of *trading justices* became a by-word for every species of iniquity. The poor were, of course, the chief sufferers; for where they sought justice, they only found extortion and oppression. The tribunal of Bow-street was the spot where the first step was taken towards a better system. About the middle of the last century, a responsible presiding magistrate with a salary was appointed to this court. The improvement which followed was so remarkable that Bow-street attracted business from all quarters, and rose to deserved celebrity, and the constables attached to the office, sharpened by practice and stimulated by high rewards, became famous for their sagacity and skill in the detection of crime. . . . The old Bow-street professors of the science had attained to great perfection; they enjoyed great advantages, and received great rewards. The peculiar nature of their business made them be courted by the great, as well as feared by the small. Townsend was an intimate, we may say, of princes. Dressed in his customary suit, a yellow waistcoat, blue coat with metal buttons, nankeen pantaloons, white silk stockings, and a flaxen wig, he might be seen walking down Constitution Hill in familiar chat with the Lord Chancellor.

WATCHMEN IN THE LAST CENTURY.

The office of high constable, one of great labour and no salary, was much sought after, principally, by coal merchants, who soon make the publichouse keeper aware that the liberty of the subject did not include the liberty of purchasing coals where he pleased. No infamy of conduct prevented the renewal of a publican's licence, if he paid black mail to the headborough and beadles. In some parishes, to keep down the poor rates, they employed as watchmen old worn out paupers. In Camberwell, the watchmen were provided with Welsh wigs and snug watch-boxes, in order to insure a vigilant watch, and armed with blunderbusses, that they might keep the peace. The watch-houses, instead of being a terror to thieves, were often turned into receiving-houses for stolen property. . . . These valuable functionaries exercised their sway in circumstances of infinite variety. The city magistrate's warrant had no force in the county, nor the county magistrate's in the city; so that while the law offered no impediment to the thief, but compelled the constable to halt at every corner to obtain fresh authority, the former could hardly be caught, except through extraordinary inactivity on his part—if not through pure good nature. Deptford, with 20,000 inhabitants, had not a single watchman. Kensington took a middle course; it had three drunken constables, and three drunken beadles, who having no pay but their fees did no duty at all, except that of making out very long bills. Twelve bewildered parishes had no night-watch of any kind, and the principal protection of the inhabitants, so the Secretary of State for the Home Department officially declared, was the honesty of the thieves.

POLICE FORCE OF LONDON IN OUR OWN DAY.

It consists, besides the two Commissioners, of 1 Chief Superintendent, 18 Superintendants, 124 Inspectors, 585 Sergeants, 4797 Constables. In all, 5525. About 3700 men are on duty all night. During the night, they never cease patrolling the

whole time they are on duty, being forbidden even to sit down. To every beat certain constables are specially assigned, and they are provided with little maps called beat cards. The business of the constable on duty is to perambulate his beat in a fixed time, according to an appointed route; as soon as he has gone over it, he immediately begins his round again, so that the patrolling sergeant knows at any moment where the constable ought to be found, unless something unusual has occurred. The beats vary considerably in size; in those parts of the town which are open, and inhabited by the wealthier classes, an occasional visit from a policeman is sufficient and he traverses a wide district. But the limits of the beat are diminished, and of course the frequency of visits increased, in proportion to the character and density of the population, the throng and pressure of the traffic, the concentration of property, and the intricacy of the streets. Nor must it be supposed that this system places the wealthier localities at a disadvantage; for it is an axiom of police, that you guard St. James's by watching St. Giles's. A considerable number of the policemen live in the station-house, so that a reserve is always at hand; and here on the watch, like a spider in the centre of a web, an Inspector is always in attendance. When anything occurs in the district worth communicating, the intelligence is conveyed from one constable to another till it reaches the station-house,—thence, by an admirable arrangement of writers and messengers, it passes to the central office at Whitehall; thence along radiating lines to each division, and from the divisional station-house to every constable in the district. In case of emergency, the Commissioners could communicate intelligence to every man in the force, and collect the whole 5000 men in one place, in two hours.

SALUTARY INFLUENCE OF THE NEW POLICE SYSTEM.

Things described by witnesses before the Committees on Police, seem now like tales of another country. No member of Parliament would now venture to say that it was dangerous to walk in the streets of London by night or by day. We have nothing now of the old amusement of bull-baiting, which was regularly practised on Sundays and Mondays, in parts of the metropolis. A bull purchased for the purpose was worried and tortured into madness, and then hunted through the streets, a couple of thousand people joining in the pursuit. The lowest blackguards were accustomed to assemble round the places of worship, to insult those who were going in. Groups of fifty or sixty boys used to gamble on Sundays in the streets; and indecent songs were openly sung in public thoroughfares. Bad as the dens of infamy in London still are, they are not to be compared with those older places of hideous profligacy, which public officers spoke of "as most dreadful."—There were streets into which a constable would not have ventured, without a guard of five or six men. Crimes, too, are greatly diminished in atrocity. The large gangs of desperate robbers, thirteen or fourteen in number, now no longer exist, partly from being broken up before reaching the most advanced stage of criminality, and partly from not being driven to desperation by the unsparing resort to capital punishment.

Anecdotes of the Electric Telegraph.

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE TABLE.—Two professional gentlemen met each other in Leicester, shortly before dinner, and a knife-and-fork invitation was given. "Would accept with pleasure," was the answer of the invited, "but have to go to York to-day, to see a friend." "Oh, come along," rejoined the inviter, "and let us begin dinner: your friend may not be at home; we'll send to the electric telegraph to ask." The lawyers linked arms, and walked off together. A messenger was then sent to the railway-station, who returned while the dinner was disappearing, and reported that the person inquired for was "not at home," having been suddenly summoned to London. So the host and his guest made themselves quite "at home" for the remainder of the day.

"LESS THAN NO TIME."—By the electric telegraph on the Great Western Railway has been accomplished the apparent paradox of sending a message in 1815, and receiving it in 1844! Thus, a few seconds after the clock had struck twelve, on the night of the 31st of December, the superintendent at Paddington signalled his brother officer at Slough, that he wished him a happy new year. An answer was instantly returned, suggesting that the wish was premature, as the year had not yet arrived at Slough! The fact is—the difference of longitude makes the point of midnight at Slough a little *after* that at Paddington; so that a given instant, which was after midnight at one station, was before midnight at the other.

AID TO AN INVALIDED LAWYER.—A solicitor to the assignees of an estate in bankruptcy being unable, from illness, to leave Southampton, sent up the grounds of opposition through the wires. They were reduced into writing at Nine Elms, and forwarded by express to Mr. Smith, of Sergeant's Inn, who tendered them to the Commissioners; Mr. Smith stating, for the edification of the court, that on one occasion he had a message from Southampton reduced to writing, and delivered at his offices, in seventeen minutes after the communication had left Southampton!

THE MURDERER TAKEN BY THE TELEGRAPH.—The wondrous working of the electric telegraph is shown in the capture of Tawell, the murderer of Sarah Hart, at Salthill, near the Great Western Railway Station, Slough. After the committal of the horrid deed he made for the Slough road, but had been seen by a neighbour leaving the cottage. A clergyman hearing of the mysterious death of deceased, thinking the fugitive might go to town by the railway, proceeded to the station, where he saw the man described pass through the booking office. He communicated his suspicions to the superintendent of the station. Tawell then left in a first class carriage without interruption. The superintendent immediately sent off, by the electric telegraph, the following communication, with instructions to cause him to be watched by the police, upon his arrival at Paddington. "A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7 h. 42 m. P.M. He is in the garb of a quaker, with a brown great coat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet; he is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage." Shortly afterwards, a reply was received—"The up-train has arrived; and a person answering, in every respect, the description given by the telegraph, came out of the compartment mentioned. I pointed the man out to Sergeant Williams. The man got into a New-road omnibus, and Sergeant Williams into the same."

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DISCOVERY OF SIR EDWARD SMITH AND POCCAONTAS BY THE INDIANS.

POCCAONTAS:

A TALE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH ENIGMANTS TO NORTH AMERICA, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER III.

WFARY with the day's labour, the Governor was
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sitting under the large plantain before his dwelling, and the occurrences of the last week—those frightful and stormy moments, presenting such a contrast to their late monotonous life—were passing in strange confusion before his mind. All was

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still in the town, nothing was heard in the distance but the uniform tread of the night watch, and their well-known call. A thick cloud veiled the horizon and prevented the light of the rising moon from falling on the earth; one of those peculiar twilight which powerfully affect the feelings prevailed over the quiet landscape, and Smith's spirits sank, so utterly alone did he feel in this distant world. His thoughts now winged their flight across the trackless sea to Albion's shores, whence he knew that a loving and a kindred soul was breathing like feelings towards him; but little did Smith think that one faithful heart was so near. Against the stem of the plantain the noble Poccahontas had for some time been leaning in all the agony of an orphan's grief. She had come to seek the grave of her father, to sing the death-song there, and to bring, according to the custom of her nation, the offering of a child's love. But, as she stood, another feeling agitated her aching heart, for was it not Smith who had treacherously murdered her father in the strife? This, at least, was Jukka's representation. How could she then reverence him, laden as she believed him to be with this great crime?

For a long time she stood behind him, and fearful was the inward struggle. She longed to ask him where her father lay, yet she was averse to open her lips to that parent's destroyer. A deep sigh which escaped her aroused Smith from his reverie, and when he first perceived the dark form of an Indian so near him, he was inclined to think that another attack was meditated upon his life. It was but for a moment. Recognising his own and his companion's deliverer, he warmly expressed the full feelings of his grateful heart; but Poccahontas heard him without interest.

"Where is my father's grave?" said she; "my father, whom thou hast slain!"

Smith understood her feelings and her repulsive air. "Come with me," said he, "and I will show thee."

With many tears, the Indian maiden followed her guide. They passed through the silent streets of the town, but at length came to a log-house before which a guard was stationed. The door was silently opened. Before the fire was seated, after the manner of the Indians, the aged chief; he did not at first look up, but when Poccahontas, with a loud exclamation of joy, rushed towards him, for the first time a ray of pleasure beamed upon his hard countenance. He pressed his child to him, but in a few moments the old grief returned; for he believed her to be also a prisoner—that the same fate awaited them both. He was turning fiercely towards Smith, when the girl took hold of his hand, and, as a gentle stream, soft words fell from her lips. She related Jukka's treacherous story, and spoke to him of his freedom from captivity as being certain. "Is it not so?" she said to Smith. "Thou wilt surely not murder my father?"

The captain replied by taking Powhattan's hand. "I will give thee thy freedom willingly," said he; "only let there be peace between me and thee, between thy tribe and mine. We will all live as friends and will never disturb your repose, only secure to us ours. Thou art free, Powhattan, if thou wilt fulfil these conditions."

The savage chief was softened by this speech.

Taking his hand, and tenderly throwing his left arm around his neck, he pressed his nose against that of Smith—a sign of the highest friendship. They now left the house. At the governor's command the prisoners were set free, and joy shone on Poccahontas's countenance. She fell down before their deliverer and embraced his knees, whilst tears of gratitude flowed down her cheeks; but Sir Edward raised her, and kindly taking her hand, said, "It is but a small return, for all thou hast rendered to us, to set thy father free."

Soon afterwards Powhattan and his daughter left James-town; but it was evident that the latter did so with reluctance, and that the affection with which she had hitherto regarded the white men and their leader was deepened by the generous conduct which Sir Edward had evinced.

The utmost joy as well as astonishment prevailed in the Indian encampment. The English governor's mode of action towards them, in setting an enemy free on whom he might have wreaked his vengeance, was quite incomprehensible; but the nobleness of the act made a serious impression upon them, and the bond of friendship with the English was confirmed by the council fire of the Oneida tribe. Jukka's rage was unbounded. All his plans were frustrated, and great as was the esteem in which he had been previously held, he saw that by his late act he had lost his reputation, and that the brand of the liar was upon him. In anger and despair he quitted the tribe, and fled to the river's source amongst the gloomy forests of the mountains.

The heart of Poccahontas beat more freely at his departure, for she was in constant fear of violence whilst the savage Jukka remained. The olive branch of peace was green and flourishing. The prosperity of the colony increased. The beaver hunt was a great accession to the settlers' riches, and their stores were full of American productions. They carried on a traffic with the Oneida Indians at the Niagara Falls, and each time returned with great profit. Poccahontas paid repeated visits to the new colony. The almost romantic friendship which, contrary to the instincts of savage life, she had formed for the English still continued, and was warmly reciprocated by the settlers. Even had motives of policy not dictated such a course, it would have been difficult to have witnessed unmoved the display, on the part of the Indian maiden, of a generosity and an elevation of sentiment which would have sat gracefully upon those who had been nurtured in the haunts of civilization.

A considerable time had elapsed since Sir Edward Smith had heard from home, and his sympathies as a husband and a father began to be powerfully stirred. He felt dissatisfied with his position; and neither the desire to fulfil his duty, nor the flourishing condition of the colony, could convince him that it was right for him to continue much longer at his post. Many a time he regretted the moment when he had been persuaded to leave his country and to conduct this hazardous enterprise, and still more frequently did he wish himself back with his dearest ones, his wife and his little children. But for the present it seemed necessary for him to remain at James-town. He felt that he could not, he dared not leave it; but it required

a strong resolution, when just before the approach of winter a vessel sailed for Plymouth, to overcome his longings for home.

In the mean time Jukka, who had been long absent from the tribe, found that distance had not lessened his envy or hatred. As the hawk which hovers over its prey, first in a wide and then in a narrower circle till it seizes it in its cruel claws, so Jukka lurked about James-town. Like the hyena thirsting for blood he lay in wait for his enemy, and only longed for the opportunity to pierce him to the heart. Jukka's was a revenge that knew no change, was capable of no abatement, was ever young and fresh. His highest hopes were built on the result of the autumn chase. The desired season came at last. The settlers, who were anxious to procure as much store as possible for the winter, daily went out hunting. They often met the Indians in their course, who however never interfered with them in any way. One day, Sir Edward took his rifle, and accompanying some of the best sportsmen, prepared to chase the deer. They had unusual success, and every one was in high spirits, for they had already secured a considerable booty, when one of the hunters saw a fine roe. With eagerness the whole party rushed in pursuit of it, when, just as they had reached a thicker part of the forest, an arrow whirled over their heads, wounding Smith in the side, though happily the injury was not mortal. Overcome with the pain, however, he fainted in Thornton's arms; and scarcely had the hunting party become aware of the wound of their leader, and beheld him senseless and to all appearance dead, than unhappily the utmost revenge and thirst for blood was awakened in them, and like tigers they rushed on all sides of the thicket to discover the perpetrator of this horrid deed. For some time their search was in vain, no sign of the presence of any human being was visible, and after a long and fruitless search they returned to the wounded governor, and expressed their wonder to Thornton that no trace of the murderer was to be discovered.

Thornton uttered an exclamation of impatience and disappointment on their return, and pointing in a certain direction, he said, "Know you so little of Indian craft, lads? The arrow came from thence, and yonder I will stake my skill lies hidden the wretch who aimed the treacherous dart."

Again the men started off in the direction to which Thornton pointed, and after a few moments the voices of ten of the seekers proclaimed their success.

"They have secured him," said Thornton, joyfully.

Another exclamation of triumph, and then a sound of a struggle in the thicket. "Surely," said Thornton, "the fellows have not let him escape!"

More firing ensued, and after the last report there was a shout of fierce joy.

"He has fallen," said Thornton; "and he has had his reward."

The suspense was short, and the hunters appeared with the body of the savage. A fatal bullet had pierced the revengeful Jukka.

"Hang him on the nearest tree," cried Thornton, "that the vultures may feed on his corpse."

They did as the old man commanded; and, the

ghastly execution concluded, Smith was carried home, where his wound was soon healed.

Not long after this event Pocahontas paid her usual visit to the settlement. It was plain to the governor and others that some terrible anxiety pressed on her mind. She was quiet and sorrowful, and more than once tears were perceived on her face. At length the secret was divulged. With deep emotion, she told him that Jukka's murder had been reported to the tribe, and that their secretly cherished hatred would ere long break out into open warfare.

"I have for long," she said, "endeavoured to repress the flame of ill-will in my father's heart against the English, but it is now no longer possible. As far as in me lies," she continued, "I will send you news of their movements."

Pocahontas shortly afterwards left James-town, and Sir Edward and the colonists immediately began preparation for defence. Powhattan, who had on the former occasion suspected that his daughter had secretly communicated the approaching attack to the English, from the state of preparation in which he had found them, was determined this time to be more wary in his proceedings, and Pocahontas little imagined how near the storm was of which she had given warning. Every preparation was made in secrecy, and but a short time before the invasion of the savages was their intention discovered. Pocahontas had been true to her promise. Swift as a bird in the air did she flee through the forest, cross the river, and bring Smith the terrible tidings that the Oneida tribe had joined their own against the colony. The captain found just sufficient time to take the necessary measures. Again were women and children hurried to the vessel. Pocahontas upon this occasion decided to remain with the settlers; a resolution which, considering the suspicion that her absence had probably awakened, Sir Edward did not consider it necessary strongly to combat. The English scouts brought news of the approach of the Indian army, and mustering in dark phalanx, they were ere long discovered in rapid advance. The settlers had doubtless the advantage in point of weapons and skill in war; but the Indians, on their side, had that fearless contempt of death, that boundless revenge and savage courage, which, with their superior numbers, rendered the victory on the side of the English a very improbable matter. Like a rock amidst the ocean waves stood the little company of white men. Their first fire considerably thinned the Indian ranks, but as it was impossible to withstand their stormy onset, Smith gave orders to retreat within the fortress, (their previous movements having taken place outside of it,) that they might be better able to parry the attack. Whilst leading his men thither, however, he fell, wounded. The settlers flew in terror and confusion, pursued by the Indians with their fearful whoop. Many a man sunk under the tomahawk ere they reached the fort. Then for the first time they missed their brave leader, and the resolution was unanimous, at all hazards, again to sally forth and seek him to whom they owed so much. In their savage joy at victory, the Indians little thought of the return of the English after their flight; it was with cries of terror, therefore, that they saw the little army rush

forth out of the fortress; and, believing its number doubled, they fled in consternation. The sword of the settlers cut down the Indians like grass, as they chased them far over the mountain. Many prisoners were brought back at evening, but the governor was still missing; not a trace of him could be discovered; and a universal lamentation was heard. Thornton could not rest. Ere day broke he called out the forces that remained, and urged on them their duty in seeking for their brave leader, and perhaps saving him from a horrid death.

Again they sallied forth to the camp of the Indians, whose defeat was total, and whose huts were burned to the ground, but Smith was not found; and sadly and wearily they retraced their steps to James-town, after a day and night of fruitless search, to bear the sad tidings that Smith had in all probability fallen into the hands of the Indians. Their apprehensions, however, were premature. Their leader had not thus fallen. Pocahontas had marked the issue of the strife, and, watching the opportunity of her countrymen's retreat from the field of action, had managed to convey him aside from the scene of the conflict so fatal to the settlers. After the first effects of Sir Edward's wound had so far passed away as to enable him to recover consciousness, she had partly guided him, partly sustained him, until they reached a fastness some distance from James-town; where, in a natural cavity formed in the rock, a place of shelter was gained. Bitter were Sir Edward's feelings at being thus separated, at a moment of the deepest anxiety, from his countrymen; but the danger of retracing his steps in the direction of James-town (for he was ignorant of the retreat of the Indians, which had occurred subsequent to his removal from the field of action,) was obviously too great to be attempted with safety, even had his wounds permitted him to do so. Pocahontas, meanwhile, was unremitting in her generous services: she had sought the healing herbs of the country for his wounds; gathered cooling fruits for his feverish frame; and, with true Indian skill, had obliterated all marks which might enable any of the wandering native tribes to discover the wounded man's retreat. In ignorance, however, like Sir Edward himself, of the true state of the late conflict, she had ventured to seek for news at the settlement.

The fall of Sir Edward, during the attack on James-town, had not escaped the keen glance of Powhattan. After the flight, he perceived that Smith was not a prisoner, and that Pocahontas also was missing. He immediately forsook all thoughts of making a further assault on the settlers in order to seek the white chief and his child; but, at the moment his resolution was taken, he was prevented from carrying it out by an assembly of the tribe in council, which was about to meet. When, after a few days, however, an ambassador of peace came from the English, who believed Smith to be a prisoner in the Indian camp, and who desired to ransom him, a new and to his ferocious heart a delightful hope dawned. Still might the white chief fall under the knife of sacrifice—the man who had shed the best blood of his tribe, that of the adopted Jukka, and had apparently carried off the child of his old age! Frightful schemes of

vengeance were revolved in his mind, and lighted up his dim and aged eyes, which were sharp and fierce as the eagle's in the blue height. He chose the most experienced spies of his tribe, who were urged to discover, if possible, the hiding-place of the fugitives. The search was, however, for some time unavailing; and Powhattan, in his rage, stamped on the ground, and abused the spies whom a woman's art could thus outwit. All, at last, were weary of the search. One Indian, however, more acute than the rest, had fancied that in the neighbourhood of a spring in the forest he had noticed the leaves slightly disturbed. He resolved, therefore, to watch the spot narrowly. Nor had his Indian instinct failed him. The spring was one to which Pocahontas had repaired to draw water for the invalid, whose wounds, under her humane attention, were fast being healed. The crafty Indian lay in his hiding-place all day, still as a tiger who waits for his prey, and immovable as the serpent ere he darts on his victim. The following morning, when the sun gilded the top branches of the evergreen oak, Pocahontas, as had been truly anticipated, was seen by the Indian from his retreat to glide to the well, and drawing the water, disappeared as the lightning flash. The eye of the cunning Indian followed her steps, and watched her disappearance amongst the thick bushes. He cared not to discover more. He observed the strictest silence in order to secure his safe retreat, and fled back to the source of the Cedar-creek, where Powhattan and the tribe were assembled.

The triumph which beamed on his countenance as he drew nigh told the tale of his success. He had found the wounded chief. Not a word—not the delay of a moment—not a look of consideration. The aged chief, heading a sufficient number of men, went, conducted by the scout, to the retreat among the rocks.

With astonishing secrecy and quiet the Indian approached the grotto. The spirit of Powhattan was visible in his whole mien; it was to be seen in the dark eye, the wrinkled brow, the closed lips. He spoke not a word; but these signs spoke more loudly and more fearfully than language.

A thrill of horror ran through Sir Edward for a moment, as he perceived himself discovered; Pocahontas was also speechless: in the next, she threw herself at the feet of her enraged father, supplicating pity upon the captive. Her entreaties, however, were in vain; a laugh of bitter scorn was the only reply; and in a few minutes the unfortunate prisoner, bound by the Indian, was on his way to their settlement, while Pocahontas followed disconsolately in the rear, the sullen looks of her people showing the dissatisfied feeling with which they regarded her kindness to the white men's chief.

WISE MAXIMS.

The Holy Spirit is the sole author and spring of all true delight, and of all real content within us.—*Barrow.*

Whatever it be, except the soul, that you are careful about, it has the condition only of an annuity for life.—*Venn.*

As the sails of a ship carry it into harbour, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God.—*Toplady.*

SUNDAY LABOUR IN PARIS.

IN a late number of this serial we presented the reader with a brief sketch of the most prominent tokens of the spirit of sinful frivolity which characterizes the Sunday in Paris. To some of our readers, perhaps, it is probable that the picture which we then drew, so far from appearing repulsive, may have worn, on the contrary, rather an enticing aspect. The man who has no true reverence for the sabbath day, and no respect for its religious observance, based on religious obligation,—who habitually regards it merely as a holiday, a period of rest and recreation,—will probably applaud the system of government which not only tolerates, but encourages by example, the universal dissipation that *appears* to prevail: and he may perhaps, as multitudes have done, go further than that, and desire to live under it. But there is, be it remembered, a reverse to every medal, and shadows are to be found in every picture. We turn now to the dark side of the spectacle; and, viewing it from another point, it will be seen that no man who honestly desires to do as he would be done by would, independent of all religious considerations, be willing to purchase the pleasures of a Parisian Sunday at the same price which, taken in the aggregate, the Parisian population pays for it. In order to test this subject fairly, we must be allowed to append the shadows to the outline already sketched, and very briefly to glance at the subject of Sunday labour in the various localities of Sunday dissipation and frolic.

Our space will not allow us anything more than a cursory view, and we shall therefore confine ourselves to that very labour which is called into activity by the necessities of Sunday dissipation. The first thing which strikes a stranger in search of this kind of evidence is the number of shops which remain open or only partially closed on the Sunday. The shop of Paris, however, is a very different affair from that of London; as a general rule it is not half so pretentious, and consequently the fact of its being open or shut is not half so obtrusive as it is with us: but to him who seeks for it, the proof is plain enough, that by far the greater majority of those where articles of dress or personal adornments are fashioned or sold, are doing business to a late hour on the Sunday morning, and very many of them all day long, or at least until five or six o'clock. Tailors, milliners, dress-makers, embroiderers, and all similar classes, are at work in large numbers up to the middle of the day; and jewellers are invariably busy in the forenoon, as well in repairing as selling. The reason is obvious—the work is wanted, and must, such is the force of fashion and custom, be sent home in time for the afternoon's drive along the Boulevards, the promenade in the Tuileries, or, at the latest, in time for the dress-box at the theatre or the opera.

The next thing which assails one in the city itself, is the immense proportion of the houses appropriated to purposes of amusement or refreshment, or both—the *cafés*, *restaurateurs*, *traiteurs*, *cstaminets*, wine-shops, etc., etc., etc., and the ten thousand billiard-rooms of all sorts and degrees, where resort men and boys of every craft and profession, from the man who shears poodles and

polishes your boots on the Pont Neuf to the count of the empire, who perhaps, it is not at all unlikely, sells him his blacking or his brushes or his shears. All these places require the services of a large number of attendants, who are literally fagging at their wearisome labour all day long, and in some places for hours after midnight. The Palais Royal alone demands the constant attendance of an army of functionaries of various grades and avocations. This spot, which is the centre of gaiety, of frivolous pleasure and expensive indulgence, is also a monster den of vice and debauchery, as well as the arena of literary progress and scientific research. The gaming-house, the lecture-room, and banquet are all crowded together under one roof; and all are populous with their several throngs of votaries, requiring the services of waiters without number, of croupiers and money-changers, of porters and messengers, whose retributive destiny it is *never* to know the luxury of a day of rest. The haggard woe-worn aspect of some of the older denizens of the gorgeous gambling saloons, in this hot-bed of miserable pleasure, affords alone a sufficient homily upon the destructive effects of incessant application, even to pursuits in favour of which all their predilections are enlisted.

If we leave the city and resort to the barriers, there is the same doleful accompaniment to the riotous mirth which prevails. The multitudes drudge and groan and sweat, in order that the residue may laugh and dance and sing. In addition to the waiters, of whom there is a numerous host ever on foot—and to the musicians, who are scarcely allowed a pause—we have here the poor moiling wretches who grind in gangs in the wooden whirlabouts—abject semi-human looking specimens, with locks of matted sandy thatch and blood-shot eyes, half-choked with dust, and plunging about with naked lacerated feet among the cross-beams that connect together the *creaking* fabric, upon which grey-haired respectability condescends to play the fool by way of example to his rising family, who participate in the sport. Then there are the groups of grimy labourers in ragged blouses, whose business it is to crane up again, to the lofty starting summit of the so-called Russian mountains, the ponderous wooden steeds upon which the peace-paying populace delight to rush, with the speed and roar of a cataract, down the rumbling declivity. A little further on we come upon another squad, black with gunpowder and sick with the flavour of it, who are, and have been all day, busy as bees in loading rifles, muskets, and pistols, for the accommodation of the amateurs of fire-arms, who find a supreme pleasure in committing imaginary murder upon a wooden doll. In the barriers too, and indeed in all the suburban districts of Paris, there are numberless exhibitions and spectacles to be seen for a trifle; shows, dramatic, gymnastic, mechanical, automatic, panoramic, and sometimes purely scientific; all of which work double and even treble tides on the Sunday, during the whole of which day it is inevitable but that all who are unfortunately connected with their management must be harassed with incessant labour.

We might go on enumerating the victims of the popular enjoyment, and could very easily multiply

these examples, were there any occasion for so doing; but we believe we have said enough to show that the exciting recreations of the thousands are purchased at least by the abject slavery of corresponding hundreds—and this consideration, we would fain imagine, is altogether sufficient to stamp the purchase in the estimation of our English workmen, who are proverbially fond of fair play and honest dealing, as a very bad and wretched bargain.

In the above remarks we have not, for obvious reasons, cited any religious considerations in reference to the subject; but we cannot refrain from pointing attention to one horrible enormity, which nothing but the utter absence of even the slightest religious sentiment among the lower orders of the population can account for. We allude to the infamous orgies of torture practised at the animal fights at the Barrier Saint Martin and elsewhere. At these haunts of horror and cold-blooded atrocity, cruelty is a fanaticism and frantic barbarity runs riot. Here miserable animals, savage by nature, and furious through hunger and ill-treatment, are confined in dens from one year's end to another, in order to furnish sport by the exhibition of their agonies. Tortures conceived by an ingenuity truly diabolical, which it is horrible to a humane man to witness, and which it would even be disgraceful to describe, are here perpetrated in cold blood for the sake of gain! And mark! this dreadful saturnalia of barbarity is almost exclusively a sabbath-day spectacle. It is true that, on other days, any party who may choose to pay for it can be indulged with five francs' worth of helpless agony; but, on Sunday, the population flock in crowds, and for a few pence riot in the luxury of animal torture. How a people, so pre-eminent for personal bravery as the French, can descend to the encouragement of a pastime so execrable and so thoroughly dastardly, it is difficult to conceive. But one thought recurs forcibly to my mind: *It is the dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty; and where the light of God's sabbath has been blotted out of the moral atmosphere by the contempt and desecration of centuries, in utter scorn of God's command, there we must look, if anywhere, for such horrors as these.* Is there no connexion, think you, between the woes of France and her violated sabbaths?

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

BOB, THE MARKET-GROOM.

It is impossible to pay much attention to the study of the popular character, as it is so variously developed among the very lowest ranks of society, without occasionally recognising among them that force of determination and persevering energy which, when it characterizes men in the higher and educated classes, leads them on to fortune and reputation. There is an order of minds who under any circumstances will act for themselves; they are the moral antitheses of those drones of society who are always waiting for something to *turn up* in their favour. The men of action have no appetite for waiting at all, and no very particular relish perhaps for anything that turns up. They are, in a sense, artificers of their own fortune, and they love

the fruits of their own labour far better than any unearned luxuries doled out to them from the rich man's table. The observer of manhood, who has not seen this spirit exemplified in the very lowest grade of industrial life, has not thoroughly studied his subject. These remarks may serve, perhaps not inappropriately, to introduce the out-of-door history of Bob, (we do not know his patronymic,) the market-groom.

It must be eight or nine years ago, since we first encountered Bob, in ——— street, Covent-garden, in one of our early morning rambles. Who he was, or where he came from, we never knew. On his first appearance, he was a grimy, half-starved little tatterdemalion, without a shirt, a shoe, or a hat, and with six months' growth of matted raven hair, through the lank and thutchy locks of which a pair of vivid eyes flashed from as pallid and hungry a face as ever child of eleven years of age bared to an adverse destiny. He seemed as if just dropped from some forlorn planet into a world of strangers, amongst whom he looked wildly and eagerly around—not for favour or the relief of alms, but for work—work, and bread, though but a crust, in return. We marked his constant and earnest applications for employment of any sort, at any wage, and his utter insensibility to rebuke and rebuff, however violently and abusively bestowed. Through the mud, rain, fog, sleet, and slush of the dark winter mornings, with bare feet and unsheltered head, he toiled and moiled, and tugged and laboured, for the chance of a penny, the price of his breakfast, for which he often waited many a weary hour, hungering patiently beneath a wintry sky. Unlike his numerous congeners—the ragged tribes who frequent the market, and rove from one point to another in search of a job whenever it may offer—the boy had the sense to confine his exertions to one locality, where, in the course of a few months, his unbroken good temper and unwearying willingness earned him a welcome, and procured him employment. From being a sort of butt upon whom the dealers expended their small wit, he grew by degrees into a favourite, and by some unaccountable means actually got into a pair of serviceable hob-nailed Bluchers before the winter was over; and having had his hair cut by a charitable barber, who did it for nothing, on the jocose condition that Bob should carry off the whole crop in his basket, so that room might be left in his shop for succeeding customers; and having then invested sixpence in a jaunty cap, cocked knowingly on one side of his head—he came out in a new character. The hungry look had vanished from his face, and given place to a merry one; and his activity, upon which there were now more demands, was greater than ever. He improved in looks, and in circumstances too, rapidly: the genial spring and summer atmosphere of the market, and the early rising which his calling enforced, agreed with him so well, that before the gooseberries were all gone a shirt positively sprouted out from under his new fustian waistcoat.

Bob, finding by this time that he had got a character for honesty, and feeling no doubt that he deserved it, wisely resolved to turn it to the best account. In the course of his market experience he had observed the necessity which the

dealers, green-grocers, retailers, and costers were under of leaving their carts in the streets, sometimes at a great distance from the market, while they were absent negotiating their purchases. This practice, though unavoidable, was attended with risk and damage, from want of supervision, and often too from the wanton mischief or dishonesty of the urchins left in charge of the vehicles. Having duly couched the matter over in his mind, Bob all at once started in a new speculation. He abandoned his various functions of fetcher and carrier and supernumerary porter, began a canvass among all the traders frequenting his side of the market, to the whole of whom he was personally known, offering to take charge of their vehicles during their absence, and to guarantee the security of their stock, for the smallest mentionable charge per head. The tried character of the lad, and his known kindness to animals whom he could not help instinctively fondling, soon procured him plenty of customers; and he was in a few days regularly installed in office as the custodian of the horse and ass-drawn chariots of the market.

Thus it was that Bob became groom of the market, a profession, be it observed, which he built up for himself, and in which, though he has now many imitators and rivals, he has no compeer. He is to Covent-garden, or at least to one of the many arteries branching from it, what the waterman is to the cab-stand. He may be seen before dawn all the year round busy at his vocation. No sooner does the first cart drive up, though the sun is yet an hour below the horizon, than he is on the spot to receive the whip from the hand of the owner. He shoulders the whips as the symbol of his authority, and marches under a complete fagot of them by the time the traffic has fairly set in. When a dealer has completed his purchases, and wants to be off, all he has to do, is to shout with lusty lungs, "Yo ho, Bob!" and in an instant you may see the long whip-lashes streaming horizontally through the air as Bob answers the cry and hurries towards his patron. The whips are all marked with the names of the owners, and as Bob has learnt to read at the Sunday school, and knows them pretty well from long acquaintance, but little time is lost in finding the right owner of each.

The reader is not to imagine that the subject of our sketch enjoys anything like a sinecure. If it were a sinecure, we have a suspicion that it would not suit him at all. It is something very much the contrary. In the first place, he has to exercise a constant surveillance to see that the army of donkeys, horses, and ponies do not get out of the rank and block up the way, which must be left free on either side; and this requires his frequent presence in all parts of his domain. In the next place, when fruit is ripe, it is tempting to juvenile palates, and there is a young gang of smugglers continually on the look-out for contraband pippins or unsentinelled gooseberries; against these Bob plays the part of the preventive service, and sometimes (we have seen him do it) leads them gently out of temptation by the ear. Then again, donkeys, who have, unfortunately for Bob, no moral principles, are very much given to munching one another's turnips, or the turnips of one another's masters, which is very much the same

thing; and it must be confessed, that as they sometimes stand for hours together, each with his head in his neighbour's cart—the carts being well loaded with fruit or vegetables—the temptation may well be more than untaught donkeyhood can stand. Over these Bob has to keep a vigilant eye, and to teach them the virtues of abstinence and self-denial. In this task he is seen to exercise a praiseworthy patience. Though armed with fifty whips, he is never known to beat an animal; he may be seen now and then polishing the sleek ear of a pet "moke" with the cuff of his coat, but never ill-using one. His admonitory ejaculation, of "Ha! would you?" launched at the head of an offender, is sufficient to bring the most predatory beast among them to a temporary sense of honesty. From a long and intimate acquaintance with his long-eared friends, he knows well enough those upon whom he can rely, and he will locate them, if possible, accordingly. A brute, naturally unprincipled, upon whom admonition is thrown away, finds himself drawn up with his nose against the tail of a tall wagon, where, like many a biped correspondingly situated, he is virtuous from necessity; or, wanting this convenience, Bob will envelop his head in an empty nose-bag, through which he would find it a difficult matter to make a surreptitious meal upon his neighbour's cabbages. Our hero thinks no trouble too great which tends to the improved performance of his function, and the consequence is that he reaps credit, and ready money too, from performing it well.

Bob has grown in stature as years have rolled over his head: from a miserable starveling and friendless child, pinched in stomach and stunted in growth, he is transformed into a decent, well-spoken, and responsible man, known and trusted by hundreds, and dependent on no one for the comforts of life. Poor, indeed, he is—and poor, in one sense of the word, he is likely to remain. It is but little that is to be got by turning out of bed an hour or two after midnight, and playing the part of gentleman usher to a caravanserai of horses and asses, up to the hour when portly respectability sits down to coffee, eggs, breakfast bacon and the morning paper—little indeed—a handful of coppers at the most; but if competence is won by it—if independence is won by it—if a clear conscience and a contented mind are retained under it—and if a love for God's dumb creation is gratified and cherished by it—it may be worth the doing, in spite of the sneers of the overwise.

THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

THE following brief record of a five months' life at sea is in substance gleaned from the "Diary of a Voyage to Australia," by the Rev. J. D. Mereweather, M.A. At the present moment it has a special interest.

Mr. Mereweather joined the ship at Gravesend on the 30th of January, 1850, and immediately introduced himself to the emigrants; whom, from a sense of duty, he considered his parishioners so long as they should be afloat together. They gladly accepted the tender of his services as a clergyman; and he performed daily the service proposed—reading prayers every evening, and preaching on deck

on Sundays when the weather permitted. He describes the accommodations on board as none of the best: the married steerage passengers being subjected, by the inexcusable arrangement of the charterers of the ship, to the intrusion of reckless young men at all hours. He advises every man, who seeks a passage for himself and family, to be as particular as possible in his contract with the ship-broker, and to look to the character of the vessel in which he sails, as many old and second-rate ships are sent upon the voyage.

The vessel weighed anchor at Gravesend, at one in the afternoon of February 1st, and cast anchor again at six o'clock at the Nore. Next morning, the agent of the Prayer Book and Homily Society came on board, and sold Bibles to the emigrants, whom he exhorted, and lent books of prayers and homilies with Mr. Merewether for their use. In the afternoon, the captain's wife came on board—a personage whom the writer considers indispensable on board an emigrant ship; and he further suggests that every ship chartered for female emigration only should be officered by married men.

After being detained one day off Margate, by contrary winds, they attempted on the 11th to pass the South Foreland, but were driven back, and lay at anchor off Deal. On the evening of the 5th, a terrible gale set in from the north-west; they had to let go another anchor; the howling of the wind, and the mad rush of the waves continued increasing all night, and the roar of the breakers upon the Goodwin sands to the leeward was most distinctly heard. The gale did not abate till the afternoon of the 6th, when it was discovered that one of the anchors had slipped, and that they had ridden out the gale with one only. On the 7th, a Deal boat came alongside, bringing Lloyd's agent, who reminded the captain of the necessity of a new anchor to save his insurance. The anchor was bought, and 11*l.* was paid to a Deal boatman for bringing it to the ship—a distance of two miles.

The vessel lay ten days in the Downs, when a fair wind on the 12th sent her on her way, much to the joy of the emigrants, who were losing heart by lying so long at anchor. Mr. Merewether now opened a school for the children, which one of the female passengers volunteered to superintend. They were eight days in beating down the channel, and on the 20th took in a pilot for Plymouth, who brought them within the Breakwater at daybreak on the 21st. The emigrants, half starved from sea-sickness, gladly rushed ashore, where many of them indulged in excesses, and returned on board on the evening of the 23rd in a state of disgusting intoxication. One was committed to prison for assaulting the police, and Mr. M. had to intercede with the magistrate to procure his liberation. A number of fresh passengers now poured into the ship.

They weighed anchor at daybreak on Sunday the 21th, with fair weather—the ship swarming with her new denizens, clustering round her sides and taking a last look at their native soil, and many of the women weeping. In the evening, Mr. M., after prayers, addressed the new arrivals, and secured their concurrence in the plan he had hitherto pursued. The next day, they were past the Lizard point—the sea calm, and the emigrants, to the number of nearly a hundred and twenty, all

on deck amusing themselves, the men with sports and the women with needlework—many well-dressed and respectable people among them, voyaging as steerage passengers. On the 26th, they were between Scilly and Ushant, the weather rougher and the new comers very sick. The surgeon discovers that some of the children have the ringworm, and he inexorably shaves their heads.

On the 3rd of March, a gale sprung up from the north-east, with a heavy sea. Dead lights were closed, cabins darkened, and there were no prayers. Amidst the discomforts of the gale, at ten o'clock at night, there was an alarm of fire. The drunken steward had fallen asleep with a pipe in his mouth, and set his bed on fire; the smell alarmed the inmates of the next cabin, who rushed in, dragged him forth, and extinguished the fire. The gale continued all next day, everything was rolling about, and Mr. M., among other agreeables, has a dish of roast meat pitched into his lap. The gale subsides on the 6th, and the duties of the school are resumed, with the cordial concurrence of the parents. On the 7th, a child of five years old is found dead in its berth. At noon, Mr. Merewether, surrounded by the captain and officers, bareheaded, performs the burial service, and the body is committed to the deep: "no games on deck, or frolicking about to-day."

On the 8th, they pass Madeira, twenty miles on the left, and whales are seen, spouting occasionally. On the 10th (Sunday), the sky being cloudless and the sea tranquil, there is a solemn service on deck: a reading desk is rigged up and covered with the union jack, the captain, officers, crew, and emigrants all attending.

On the 14th, the vessel gets into the trade winds, which will take her to within five or ten degrees of the line. A bird of the parrot species dropped exhausted on the awning. Petrels, small grey birds about the size of a thrush, were seen skipping the waves, and shoals of flying fish bounding in the air. At night, the sea appears a mass of fire. "We seemed floating over an abyss of liquid flame in never-ceasing motion; and the monsters of the deep, as they rushed past, appeared garbed with fire, and left behind them a track of golden light." On the 19th, they were within ten degrees of the equator, the weather very hot, with magnificent sunset in the evening; porpoises sporting round the ship, flying fish darting about with incredible velocity, and a train of petrels following in their wake. Emigrants dancing to the sound of flute and violin, or listening in groups to one reading aloud.

March 21. In latitude 6° north; thermometer 84° in the cuddy. A child was born on board. At night, a quarrel between the doctor and some of the passengers, who were resolved upon sleeping on deck; the captain refused to interfere, and the recusants had their own way: some of them, from their conduct, evidently thorough miscreants; strict discipline sadly wanted on board. March 22. Many of the passengers complain of missing their property: the married steerage passengers of a very mixed class—some wretchedly poor, running from the workhouse; and others ruined tradesmen, running from their creditors; others are respectable mechanics. The unmarried are made up of prodigal sons, drinking the cup of humiliation—

vagrants exported by charity—navvies going out to the Burra mine—and London thieves going out on speculation.

March 23. Rose at six . . . saw an enormous fish swimming astern, attended by two pilot fish . . . now dashing in advance of him, and then retreating into him or under him. . . . The monster was a flat fish of enormous width, with huge side fins, and, strange to say, no traces of a head. The boatswain drove a harpoon through his back; but he leaped out of the water, shook the weapon out, and got away. The sailors called it a whip-ray.

March 27. A hot sun, with a refreshing breeze; the sun vertical at noon, and the people puzzled to know what had become of their shadows. A shark caught, and very speedily cooked and eaten with pepper.

March 29. Crossed the line about noon. Some wag bawled out that the line was in sight, and men, women, and children tumbled up on deck to see it.

March 30. "Saw the Southern Cross—was much disappointed with it. I should hardly have noticed it, if it had not been so celebrated in verse and prose."

April 1. Clothes, books, keys, knives, and razors incredibly damp, mildewed, and rusty. *April 4.* A smart breeze: about half-past one in the morning the main topmast came down with a tremendous crash, bringing with it the mizen topmast, and the fore top-gallant mast. The deck a scene of hopeless wreck and confusion: the carpenter busy in preparing a new mast. The captain a well-mannered man on shore, but a swearing tyrant at sea.

April 10. In latitude 22° south, longitude 23° east; they had lost the tides, and got a foul wind with a heavy sea: the jigger boom was carried away, and the jib blown out of the ropes; the ship making water, the pumps out of order, and the carpenter ignorant of his trade. On the 12th, a child still-born, the mother doing well. On the 15th, albatrosses, mullinawks, cape hens, cape pigeons, and stormy petrels following the ship; the albatross is an enormous bird, white or grey, measuring sometimes twelve feet from the tip of one wing to another, with a yellow beak of immense power. It is a bird of prey, and though it never

"Perches on mast or shroud,
Nor any day
For food or play
Comes to the mariner's hollo,"

the sailors catch it without hesitation, and eat it without repugnance.

April 22. The emigrants are by this time tired of their voyage: their private stores being nearly consumed, they complain the more of the ship's provisions. The more careful ones might now sell their stores if they chose at an exorbitant price; but they prefer consuming them: but very few of them have been provident. On the 23rd, it is discovered that the emigrants' oil is running short, and the lamps cannot be kept up at night; irregularities ensue in consequence, and the demoralization consequent upon a long voyage becomes apparent. On the 24th, an albatross is caught by means of a hook baited with pork; though measuring ten feet between the tips of the wings, yet, when skinned, it is not much bigger than a goose; it resembles rabbit in taste. On the 28th, a heavy

sea running—the emigrants tumbling about and bruising themselves badly. On the 29th, a thumping baby born, weighing ten pounds and three-quarters; and more albatrosses caught.

May 1. In longitude 8° east, latitude 39° south. At eight in the morning the wind shifted round with the rapidity of lightning, throwing everything in confusion: a heavy sea and a head wind. Next day, still foul weather—no sun, and no reckoning to be got: a poor fellow breaks three ribs by a fall through the motion of the ship; a fight, forward, between two young men on account of a female.

May 4. Off the Cape of Good Hope. About five in the afternoon, a worthy lad, the son of a widow, was hurled into the sea from the mizen mast by a heavy roll of the ship. Two buoys were thrown out to him, but he missed them both through the violence of the sea. Four men leaped into the life-boat, but the tackle being rotten broke, and they were plunged into the water: with great difficulty they were drawn up with ropes, but the boat was lost. Three of them immediately volunteered to go in another boat to rescue the poor boy, but their labour was in vain, too much time had been lost; they continued the search for half an hour, when they returned to the ship, just as it was growing dark. The boy was seen after he fell from the ship, striking out with one hand, and endeavouring to scare away with the other the ravenous birds which were swooping over his head. The captain offered no word of encouragement to the poor fellows who had risked their lives to save their comrade. The following day was Sunday, when Mr. M. read the burial service before the morning sermon; and in the evening addressed the people on the subject of the catastrophe.

May 7. Still violent weather; the scuttles leaking and the emigrants' beds saturated with water, and many rising in the morning with severe colds.

May 9. In longitude 35° east, latitude 38° south. "A heavy westerly gale all day. Dead lights up, and sea running in mountains. At one a. m., during a thunderstorm, the main brace slipped out of the block with a terrible whiz. At eight the main royal was blown to pieces; at half-past nine the main royal mast was carried away, and two poor fellows who were on it miraculously escaped destruction. This is the third main royal mast we have lost already. I lent my cloak at night to two young women to sleep on—their mattress reeking."

May 12. Fine weather, and being Sunday, service on deck. "Talked at great length to a young and pretty girl whom a gang of unprincipled fellows on board are trying to seduce into infidelity. . . . The poor girl is in the same mess with them, and has difficulty in escaping their importunities."

May 18. A sailor caught three albatrosses in fifteen minutes. They are so greedy (*gy. hungry*) that they will seize a hook baited with a bit of red rag.

May 20. Mr. M. gets at the history of one of the emigrants, the substance of which is as follows. He had been employed in youth in the stables of a gentleman in Ireland, where he had acquired dissipated habits, and committed a crime for which he was discharged. He was reduced by degrees to such distress as to be forced to beg his bread in the streets of London. One evening, weary,

hungry, and penniless, he was admitted to lodge in one of the Refuges for the Destitute. In the morning, two gentlemen who were observing the poor people departing from the Refuge, interrogated him as to his past history; and appealing to the public on his behalf, through the medium of a morning paper, raised sufficient funds to fit him out and pay 15*l.* for his passage to Australia. He said his benefactors belonged to the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. When he left London, he was emaciated, weak, and almost blind; he was now stout and strong, and had quite recovered his sight. His behaviour on board was irreproachable, and he was anxious to testify his gratitude to his deliverers. He could get no work in England, but in Australia he would obtain four or five shillings a day.

May 23. In longitude 74° east, expecting soon to pass St. Paul's Island. The people by this time heartily tired of their voyage, having been on board and living on salt provisions since January. Most of them have nothing but water to drink; many are getting pale, meagre, and irritable; others slovenly and neglectful of themselves and children; and others are gambling for high stakes—all showing the demoralizing tendency of a long voyage, with absence of regular employment.

May 25. The weather rough; "had a sea into my cabin. The people, as they come aft from the cook's galley, get thrown down by the heavy rolls of the ship, and lose their dinners;" they manifest an unaccountable prejudice against the soup.

May 26 (Sunday). Weather too rough for service on deck; prayers read below. A little boy, the brother of the one who died before, is fast sinking, through the long voyage and the rough food.

June 1. The boatswain harpooned several porpoises, which were cut up. Under their skin is a coating of blubber, and under that the flesh, resembling beef, which the sailors cut into steaks, and pronounce excellent. *June 2.* A bright warm day; morning service on deck, with a numerous and attentive congregation. In the afternoon, the emigrants promenading the deck in their best clothes.

June 6. A terrible gale all day, in the midst of which the poor boy died. The vessel lay to under double-reefed topsails and staysail; the sea one mass of wild foam, the billows undistinguishable, and the spray dashing all around, so that it is impossible to leave the cabin. The people below heedless of the storm, but grumbling that their dinners are not cooked: the gale awful, but the ship doing admirably: the sea, sky, and winds all mixed together in mad demoniac confusion, producing a chaos to the eye and the ear. The cuddy full of water all day. Next day the gale moderated, and the foresail was set. At noon the burial service was read over the poor boy. In the middle of it a sea broke over the deck, and nearly swept away the officiating group. Off Cape Lewin.

June 11. Approaching Australia. The school children are assembled, and receive books according to their deserts; the parents grateful for the service rendered them. *June 12.* "The married people complain that the young men who have an enclosed cabin in their part of the ship invite unmarried men from the forepart of the vessel

to pass the evening with them, and that they make much noise. The cabin is so situated that it is necessary to pass through the whole length of the saloon to get to it."

June 13. The first mate thought he saw land, but it was an illusion. The people excited at the idea of landing. At night, the sea a blaze of phosphoric light, and a shoal of porpoises plunging round the ship, darting along like phantoms of fire.

June 14. In sight of Kangaroo Island—the coast, high, rocky, and undulating. It is said that there is so much iron-stone in this island that the needle of the compass will not traverse there. In the afternoon, the vessel sails up the Gulf of St. Vincent, on which Adelaide is situated, and the Troubridge shoals are passed before dark. The climate delicious, though it is the depth of winter. The second mate says he has sold 100*l.* worth of ale, porter, and wine during the voyage, all of which was paid for in cash. There is a great deal of money among the emigrants, one man bringing 500*l.* with him.

June 15. A glorious sunrise. The coast on the right, a low tract of land extending about seven miles inland, and bounded by a range of lofty and picturesque hills; the climate delicious, finer than that of Italy in winter. "At three in the afternoon we got abreast of the 'light ship,' an old French whaler. . . . Soon after a steamer took us in tow, and towed us up the river Torrens to Port Adelaide, a confused collection of buildings in a swamp at the edge of the water. Adelaide lies about seven miles inland, at the base of the hills. During the day, I was much gratified by receiving a letter of thanks, signed by nearly all the passengers."

June 16 (Sunday). "Went to the church at Port Adelaide to return thanks to Almighty God for having extended his fostering protection over me during a long and perilous voyage. Many of the emigrants accompanied me. For one hundred and thirty-eight days we had been exposed to the chances of lightning and tempest; to plague, pestilence, and famine; but He, of his mercy, had delivered us from them all."

The following are extracts from a letter recently received from the writer of the Diary above epitomized. The letter is dated Melbourne, and was written in February last.

My dear Sir,

. I cannot refrain from writing you some particulars of the social change which the discovery of gold is rapidly effecting in Victoria. For a short time after (the discovery of the gold fields), all business was at a stand-still in Sydney and the chief towns, owing to the rush which was made to the diggings. But Sydney soon recovered her population, from the facts that the gold fields are at a considerable distance from Sydney, and much privation had to be endured from cold and the absence of all food except what the diggers could take with them, as well as from the uncertainty of remuneration. But, about September last, the precious metal was found in large quantities at a place called Ballarat, south-west of Melbourne about 60 miles. The effect of this news was the speedy disappearance of nearly all

the male population. Shops were shut, legitimate business was despised, and one thought alone—gold—usurped the attention of every one. But the gold at Ballarat seemed at last exhausted: numbers came back weary and ill to their occupations, and things again assumed a healthy aspect. But, in November last, a gold field was found at Mount Alexander, 68 miles north of Melbourne, which seems inexhaustible in fertility and boundless in extent. When I visited that locality, in November, about 3000 people were working there. . . . One prominent feature of this gold field is, that every one who chooses to work there is successful. No one makes less than £1 a day, while many have made 1600£. in three months. You can hardly find a labouring man who has been at the diggings who is not worth 100£. . . . I knew an instance of a digger who, after paying his bill at an inn, threw the girl who waited an ounce of gold for herself. . . . There are men of the lowest stamp who are worth 1000£. or 1500£. Not a week since, seeing a crowd round the door of a shop, I went to see what was the matter. I found that a party of three men had just brought in a lump of the finest gold, weighing 28 lbs. 7 oz. troy. It was immediately sold for 1400£. Such prizes account for the massive golden stirrups which a bushman ordered a goldsmith to make for him about six weeks ago; and for the costly velvet mantillas and delicate French bonnets, which brawny women have put on over their dirty gowns, that they might tramp up and down the chief street in heavy walking boots, and attract notice as the female representatives of the new aristocracy. You would hardly imagine the social and commercial convulsion which has ensued on this gold finding. The neighbouring colonies of South Australia and Tasmania have been almost depopulated as regards the labouring classes. Land and houses in Adelaide have at present only a nominal value; the colony is on the verge of ruin. Burra Burra shares are fallen from 250£. to 30£. in consequence of the miners having left. A gentleman there, whom I well know, has been deserted by his five then-servants. His eldest daughter is acting as cook, his second as housemaid. In Melbourne matters are as bad. Although a population is pouring in at the rate of 3000 to 4000 a week, there is no available labour, all being at the diggings. Prices have already risen, and house-rents too are rising enormously. Thus, the gold fields are inflicting great injury on persons of limited income. Many government clerks and professional men have assured me that they cannot pay their way at the high price of necessaries. . . . Before long, the English Government will discover that Victoria is by far the most important of her colonies; and then I hope that there may be sent out a governor of high standing, who will have talents enough to discover its boundless resources, and energy enough to develop them. . . .

Yours, very faithfully,

JOHN DAVIES MERREWEATHER.

* * Our readers, who are in danger of being captivated by the above statements, will do well to remember that a reaction has since set in, and that numbers of the labourers referred to have returned to their ordinary work from want of success in gold digging. To all who are in danger of being

led away by the gold mania, we recommend a serious perusal of the information given in No. 35 of the "Leisure Hour" of 26th August last.

THE LATE WILLIAM LENNIE, OF EDINBURGH.

THE Edinburgh newspapers lately contained an intimation of the death of Mr. William Lennie, formerly a teacher of English (as it is termed) in that city. The name of this worthy old gentleman, however, is known far beyond the limits of Scotland, by his valuable English grammar—a manual which has had a circulation little inferior in point of extent, we should suppose, to that of Lindley Murray itself. Of late years, it has to a certain extent been superseded by more recent compositions; but it has many qualities of a permanently excellent character, which will, for some time at least, secure it an existence, now that its author is no more. It is not, however, with Mr. Lennie as a grammarian that we occupy our pen; nor is it any biography of him even that we mean to attempt. As a pupil at his school, however,

"In the days when George the Third was king,"

memory has unlocked its cells, and recalled the recollection of his harmless eccentricities, which we find ourselves half unconsciously committing to paper. They will be read with interest, perhaps, by many who are familiar with the name of Mr. Lennie, as the individual through whom they first were made acquainted with the charms of syntax and prosody.

Well do we recollect the day when, some five and thirty years ago, we were, with blubbing eyes, left alone in Mr. Lennie's antechamber—an urchin of some five years or so. Cunningly did the old gentleman, soothe our sorrows, and strew flowers upon the thorny paths of learning on which we had that morning entered, by exhibiting to our wondering eyes a collection of juvenile coloured pictures; and then, when we had admired them till we were tired, introducing us to our future school. Mr. Lennie's establishment was in Nicholson-street, adjoining the Edinburgh University, and situated up some three flights of stairs. In a moderately-sized room, cheerfully lighted and overlooking the Edinburgh riding-school, about seventy or eighty pupils were assembled and taught the elementary parts of education, previously to their being advanced to other schools where the Latin language was taught.

We have often, in after life, admired the wisdom with which Mr. Lennie, at a time when those modern systems of education that distrust teaching of many of the harsh and rugged features which it was wont to bear, were comparatively unknown—we have often admired, we say, the skill by which he contrived to interest the children under his charge, by giving them school books which were pleasant to read, as well as useful manuals of instruction. Thus, the delightful story of Sandford and Merton, in an abridged form, was read in school; an edition of it having been prepared by Mr. Lennie himself. He composed many little school books indeed, besides his Grammar; a large room in his house, which on certain rare occasions we were

permitted to have access to, being piled up with them, and appearing to our youthful imagination a very mountain of learning.

One of the first lessons which we boys were taught by our venerable pedagogue was, that he had eyes at the back of his head; so that if we attempted to talk when he, as we thought, was not looking at us, we would be sure to be found out. But what Mr. Lennie meant figuratively, we took literally, and often and often do we remember examining the back of the worthy gentleman's cranium, and wondering where the eyes in question could possibly be situated. Mr. Lennie was not a severe master, though a good disciplinarian. He, however, did not ignore the *tawse*, as some modern systems do. The *tawse*, he it known to the English schoolboy—for to a Scotch one the term is unhappily far too familiar from practical experience to require explanation—is the substitute in northern schools for the birch-rod. Mr. Lennie's *tawse* were—judging at all events from boyish recollections—a very formidable article, made of black leather, divided at the end into many thongs, with small knots at each extremity. They were, however, on the whole sparingly used; their application being limited softly to the palms of the hands. Mr. Lennie was wont to indulge himself in a somewhat novel mode of applying this punishment—apparently intended to support the aforesaid theory of double vision; for when a knot of boys would be quietly speaking behind his back, the *tawse* would be flung into the midst of them, with the command that the boy who was talking should bring them up to him. As whoever touched the dangerous missile was sure to get a flogging when he took them back to the master, the honour of carrying them was carefully declined, and politely left by one culprit to the other, until a second command to "bring these *tawse*" issued in the self-accused criminal gathering *then* up and marching forward to receive them "on his loof." Mr. Lennie was also, like the celebrated Busby of Westminster School, in the habit of extending the use of the "*tawse*" to other classes of the community beside his scholars. Vividly we remember the astonishment of an old collector for some public charitable institution, when, calling with a receipt for a subscription, he was found to have made an error in the amount; Mr. Lennie required him to hold out his hand and receive his "*palmics*." Even now, after the lapse of thirty years, we seem to see again the look of wonder—half joke, half serious—with which the old man held out his hand, and received the blow from the *tawse* which forthwith descended upon it. "What a strange man this is!" we dare say he would have exclaimed with the Frenchman whom Busby had whipped: "he whips you, he whips me, and he whips all the world."

One other instance, in which Mr. Lennie extended the benefits of his *tawse* to persons over whom he had no proper academical authority, is also recalled to our mind now with mirth, although at the time of its occurrence the emotions it caused in the school were anything but mirthful. An adjoining school had long carried on a warfare with Mr. Lennie's pupils—something in the fashion of those *pickers* which Sir Walter Scott has so felicitously described as prevailing among

the urchins of his younger days. After some rather warm conflicts, a truce had been concluded by the belligerents, and high courtesies were exchanged between the youthful leaders on both sides. So very amicable did our opponents become, that upon one king's birthday, when they had received a half-holiday and our school had not been so favoured, two of the leaders in the bickers aforesaid gallantly undertook to wait upon Mr. Lennie, and crave the favour of his granting us a half-holiday also. It was a memorable day. News of the intended embassy to our master had reached our ears; breathlessly did we listen to the knock at the door, which intimated the ambassadors' arrival; breathlessly too did we listen as we heard them ushered along the passage into one of the back rooms of the establishment, where we boys never dared to penetrate; and more anxiously still did we behold Mr. Lennie, in obedience to the intimation that "somebody wanted him," leave the school-room. Never doubting the success of our chivalrous friends, we had already packed up our books in anticipation of the holiday; already had we planned out a happy afternoon, when hark! the footsteps of our excellent master are heard hastily returning. He opens the school-room door—looks hastily about his table—when, lo! instead of saying, "Boys, you may have a half-holiday to-day," he exclaims, "Where are the *tawse*?"—and, having found them, left the apartment. "Where are the *tawse*?" What an extraordinary question! what connexion have they with the subject of the half-holiday? Alas! the well-known sound of their infliction upon the palm greets our ears; the young ambassadors have been well whipped, and sent ignominiously away. In justice to Mr. Lennie, we can only suppose that he had concluded that the boys had come upon this apparently friendly errand with the intention of leading our school into another bicker, and that he judged it necessary to crush the incipient warfare by the stern application of the *tawse*. Some of Mr. Lennie's other punishments were a little eccentric; but we will let a veil fall over his foibles in this respect.

Mr. Lennie's rewards were rather infinitesimal in their quantity. No books, or prizes of any kind, were given; but their places were supplied by two bags—the one red and the other green. The former was produced on ordinary occasions, and contained a few plain carraway comfits of the smallest size. When a class had gone through their lessons remarkably well, one of these carraways was given to each boy, with some words from our excellent preceptor upon their high quality, and our extraordinary good fortune in being honoured to receive them. So much did we value Mr. Lennie's commendation, that though the smallest copper coin might have supplied nearly the whole school with the quantity of them which Mr. Lennie distributed in a week, yet the reception of a single one of them was reckoned a high accomplishment, and was greedily prized. The green bag was produced, however, only upon very great occasions. It contained real veritable sugar almonds, and its contents were distributed only to a limited and select circle, whose literary attainments had been found to be of a high order. Well did Mr. Lennie know how to enter into the feelings of a boy. He knew, in short, how at the proper

season to become a boy himself, without losing his dignity. Occasionally he gave us jokes ;

"And then we laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he."

When, during a hot summer day perhaps, he perceived that the attention of his school relaxed, he would suspend the task of learning for a few minutes, and repeat something which made the boys smile. A favourite exercise of this kind was to make the whole school, little and big—pupil, usher and teacher—repeat in a mock plaintive tone, the well known line of Sterne,

"Ah—po-oo-oor Yorick."

To do this, besides practising us in intonation, was always a delightful treat for the boys.

Mr. Lennie, as may be inferred from these remarks, was in some respects a little eccentric; but his eccentricities were tolerated by the parents whose children attended his academy, from a sense of the benefits which he conferred upon them in the shape of a good and sound education. A thoroughly excellent master he indeed was; and of his services in this respect, the writer, in common doubtless with many other pupils, retains a grateful recollection. The best proof of the acceptance of his labours, as a teacher and a grammatical writer, is, to be found in the fact, that he was enabled to realize a handsome competence and purchase a landed estate. He was never, we believe, married; in our day, at least, his domestic matters were arranged by a venerable servant, who occasionally received "her palmies," when she failed to give complete satisfaction. This discipline, however, she took very good-naturedly; it was meant, she would say, "all for her good."

Many years having elapsed since we left the scene of Mr. Lennie's labours, he to a considerable extent dropped from our notice. In a newspaper, however some years ago, we noticed, that when some schoolmaster had apparently invaded the copyright of his Grammar, he brought an action into the court of session against the aggressor. He pleaded his own cause; the other schoolmaster doing the same. A rich treat it must have been to the barristers and judges, to have listened to the two dominies and their war of words, flavoured as the whole scene must have been by Mr. Lennie's originality of manner. After retiring from school life, he was accustomed, we have heard, to invite his old pupils to spend some days with him at his estate; making them, on Sundays, repeat the shorter catechism as in times of old. We do not know whether "the tawse" were introduced at such meetings of his old friends.

By his will, we perceive that Mr. Lennie has left considerable endowments to some charitable institutions. He has, also, left certain annuities to assist poor scholars in their university studies; and has, in imitation of Benjamin Franklin's example, stipulated that, when their means permit, they shall repay the amount, that it may in turn do good to others. It will thus appear, that Mr. William Lennie was a man who in his day and generation lived not without benefit to the community, and who, though not without a few trifling and harmless eccentricities, possessed qualities entitling him to respect and grateful remembrance, not only among his old pupils but among a wider circle.

PHOEBE LOWE; OR, THE POWER OF WEAKNESS.

I WAS sitting alone towards the close of a summer's day, when a humble messenger brought me an urgent message. It was to request my attendance at the dying bed of a young woman, heavily afflicted with sickness and poverty, who had a favour to ask at my hands. Who is there that would or could have dared to refuse such an invitation? I need hardly say that my visit to the dwelling-place of sorrow was not delayed.

In a small room of a two-story house, down a very hencely court, I found Phoebe Lowe, the young woman who had so beseechingly summoned me to her bed-side, and who made a languid effort to brighten up when she saw me. She was evidently far gone in consumption, and drawing near her latter end. A sad air of destitution, and an utter absence of necessary comforts, characterized the chamber. When sickness enters the habitation of poverty, great is the deprivation that is oftentimes endured. Well might the great poet exclaim—

"Take physic, pomp."

Well might he call upon the rich to expose themselves to the deprivations of the poor, that they might the more willingly impart to them of their abundance. The wasting process of sickness makes some patients appear almost disembodied, as if they would hardly be sensible to the touch. It was thus with Phoebe Lowe. I never saw a face so pale, or a form so spare. She seemed to shadow-like as scarcely to be a thing of earth. Little of life had she to give to death. I was left alone with her, and her tale was soon told.

Young, good-looking, and light-hearted, Phoebe Lowe was upper servant in a family where a military officer, Captain B., occasionally visited. In the army a high sense of what is termed honour is too often associated with a low sense of morality. Captain B., who would have resented to the death the slightest reflection on his gentlemanly qualities, scrupled not to lead a poor confiding girl from the path of rectitude by promising to marry her. Phoebe lost her place, her character, her friends, and her peace. Forsaken by her deceiver, who unjustly reproached her as a light character, she resorted to her needle for support. Shame, sorrow, and disappointed affection destroyed her health, and long before she became a mother, consumption had taken fast hold of her fragile frame. Her child died, her poverty increased, her disease laid her on a sick bed, and her end appeared to be drawing nigh. All at once she had an irrepressible desire to see Captain B. once more before she died.

But why had she sent for me in the season of her extremity? Simply because I had once inquired after her parents, and done them some little act of kindness. Knowing that I was acquainted with Captain B., she had persuaded herself to think that I could prevail on him to see her. Without any hesitation, I undertook to do all that she required.

Not a word of reproach, or of complaining, fell from Phoebe's lips. She was much too humbled by her own errors to bring any accusation against another. She knew that she was about to die;

her afflictions had driven her to the Bible for comfort, and strong was the hope that was in her. The words—"Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more," had been to her words of great consolation. After sending for a few comforts for poor Phoebe's immediate use, I set out on the mission with which I had been intrusted.

Though Phoebe Lowe could not be held guiltless with regard to her degradation, it could hardly have been expected that an offer of marriage, such as she had received, could have failed of making a deep impression on her mind. In addition to this, she had been flattered, persuaded, and persecuted into the erring course she had taken. The person and manners of her deceiver, too, were of the most winning character. She had seen him bravely attired in his full military dress: scarlet coat with gold-lace loops on the sleeves, and embroidered skirts; dark blue trousers with broad stripe of gold lace down the seam; epaulets of gold bullion; glittering gilt helmet; brass spurs; gold steel-mounted sword, with basket hilt; steel scabbard; crimson sash; pouch belt, pouch box, and white leather gloves. And she had seen him also proudly reining in his spitted charger, decorated with high mounting saddle, black sheepskin shabraque edged with scarlet, scarlet cloth valise, breast-plate, crupper with brass bosses and dress housings of blue cloth, embroidered and trimmed with gold lace. These things had much impressed her; for where is the young female that is not attracted by finery? Alas for poor Phoebe, that her heart was so susceptible! The rough road of duty is safe, the flowery path of pleasure is deceitful. The serpent, sin, is not the least deadly for the beauty of its scales.

As I entered the barracks to beat up the quarters of Captain B., the sentinel with shouldered carbine was pacing to and fro with measured steps, and the black trumpeter, in his white turban, was making the neighbourhood resound with his last clarion call to the absent soldiers, before the closing of the barrack-gates. Being on somewhat familiar terms with the captain, but little etiquette was required. I soon found myself with him in his apartments.

Though Captain B. had often given me military anecdotes of his regiment, the heavy dragoons, which he said was first raised in 1683, under Colonel John Lord Churchill, and had distinguished itself in Portugal and at Waterloo, yet I never before had called on him at the barracks. He met me with much frankness and courtesy; but I saw at a glance that he had mingled freely in the convivialities of the mess table. In a mild and conciliating manner I made known to him the earnest desire of the dying Phoebe Lowe. Though visibly affected, he at first made an attempt to carry off the affair with a high hand, calling her "a light hussy," and dwelling on the tales he had heard of her.

"Captain B.," said I, soothingly, "let us not enter on these things now; we have all something to forgive, and much to be forgiven. Her days, perhaps her hours, will be few, and you will not regret having contributed to her peace."

After a little time his manner altered, and pressing his hand against his forehead, as if far from being at ease with himself, he promised to call on Phoebe Lowe some time after nine o'clock that

night, if I would be there to receive him. Leaving him a plain direction, and telling him that I would wait till he came, I took my departure.

About nine o'clock I entered the sick chamber, and soon became much interested in the patient sufferer, partly propped up with her pillows. I read a little, talked a little, gave her her medicine, dwelt briefly on the Saviour's mercy to repentant sinners, and soothingly reminded her that

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

Time passed till it was near the hour of eleven, and the much-exhausted sufferer lay, pale as a statue, on her bed of languishing. In an interval of pain, for that day she had suffered much, she was sinking into a perturbed slumber. The breathing of impeded respiration, and the occasional low moan of half-suppressed anguish, fell drearily on the ear. Overcome with watching, a little girl belonging to the woman of the house was resting her head on the pillow of the invalid. Phials of medicine and empty bottles stood on the chest of drawers and chimney-piece, and a Bible lay opened on the table. I heard in the silence that prevailed the ticking of my watch distinctly, as I sat ruminating on the solemnity of the scene. "What," thought I, "if she should be called from the world before the Captain's arrival!" In such seasons how solemn are our reflections! The separation of the soul from the body is too mysterious for humanity to comprehend. That when the body moulders in the dust, the spirit returns into the hands to him who gave it, is a truth made known to us by divine authority; but the nature and operation of the soul, the mode of its existence, the manner of its escape from its prison-house, the guides and companions of its flight, the path it pursues, the place of its destination, its entrance into the more immediate presence of its Creator, and its final and fixed state—these are subjects the depth of which is fathomless.

Suddenly a somewhat heavy tread was heard approaching the house; a tap or two at the door with a gloved hand directly followed, when I gently awoke the sleeping invalid to prepare her for the coming interview. Joy and fear, if such a mixture can be set forth in human features, were visible in Phoebe's face. Before I could descend the narrow stairs, Captain B., in his full uniform—for he had been detained at a distance from the barracks—had begun to ascend them. He was paler and more collected than when I saw him. In another minute he was alone in the sick chamber with Phoebe Lowe.

After a while I was about to leave the house, but having occasion to enter the sick room for a moment to speak to Captain B. before my departure, I gave a low tap at the door, which I suppose was not heard. No sooner did I set my foot within the chamber than I saw at a glance that I ought immediately to retire; this, however, was impossible, for I felt as if rooted to the spot. Phoebe, supported by her pillow, with elated hands, was regarding Captain B. with affection and pity. He had unfastened his belt and laid his sword on a chair. He was on his knees, sobbing convulsively, with his face buried in the coverlet. Yes! strong, and bold, and daring as he was, he was no match for that timid, pale-

faced, wasted, and dying girl. He could not bear up against her uncomplaining and helpless destitution. The power of weakness had subdued him, and he was overwhelmed by the reproaches of his own heart.

I would say that Phoebe had heartily forgiven him; but why should I talk of forgiveness? In the lowly estimate of herself, and the consciousness of her own exceeding sinfulness, she had nothing to forgive. Now that her intense desire had been gratified; now that he had visited her on her dying-bed, his past neglect and unjust reproaches were atoned for, and all that she had endured was, as it were, forgotten. In the fulness of her affection and in the fondness of confiding womanhood, she regarded him more in the light of a benefactor. There are ties even in erring human hearts strong as death, nor can they be broken till the heart is motionless. At last I left the chamber and retired to my own abode.

When I called the next day on Phoebe Lowe, what a change had taken place! Profusion abounded where destitution had prevailed. Biscuits of several kinds, wine, grapes, and other fruit, had been sent by the Captain. The woman of the house had exchanged several articles of furniture for others of a better kind, and a clean window-curtain had been provided. Even Phoebe herself, as far as one so near the grave could manifest a change for the better, appeared to have revived. Hardly would any one have recognised the sick chamber of the preceding day. Nothing could exceed her gratitude and thankfulness.

Assiduously and unremittingly, day after day, to the unspeakable satisfaction of Phoebe Lowe, did Captain B. visit, and watch over her while, by his past unbridled passions, unjust reproaches, and base desertion, he had brought down to the gates of death. He had discovered the falsehood of the tale which had been told him to her disadvantage, and this made him doubly anxious to make her all the reparation in his power. Had Phoebe Lowe reproached him for the past, or had she possessed friends to stand up in her defence, it might have been otherwise; but as it was, her self-abasement, weakness, and utter helplessness, showed him his own guilt and wrung him to his very soul.

Servant girls, and daughters of honest, hardworking parents, as you value your own peace, listen not to the seductive flattery of the libertine, whatever be the colour of his coat, or however high his position may be above your own! And be assured, ye military trespassers on the peace of families, and the sanctities of private life, that a dark day and a night of grief await you. Neither the sharpness of your swords, nor the bravery of your apparel, will always defend you from the stings of an accusing conscience. Not more certain is it that the lightning flash will be followed by the thunder's roar, than that sin will be succeeded by sorrow.

Though Captain B. did all that man could do for one on the brink of an eternal world, that was but little. He could send her delicacies, but he could not give her an appetite to eat them; he could watch over the human floweret that he had crushed, but he could not revive it. Kind words could he speak, and gentle deeds could he perform, smoothing her pillow whose every sigh went to his soul; but he could not blot out from his own

memory the unkind and unjust words and deeds with which he had blasted her reputation and destroyed her peace. Half of his worldly store would he have given to have recalled the past; but had he given it all, it would have been too late. What he had said could not be unsaid; what he had done could not be undone. The sword of an enemy would not have scared him, but the increasing feebleness of Phoebe Lowe brought him on his knees: her weakness was stronger than weapons of war.

Not long was the closing scene delayed; the cough increased, the languid pulse grew more feeble, and death entered the habitation of sickness. Phoebe Lowe had no exulting seasons in her latter end, and no fears. She had been led in a simple spirit to look to Him who is the "way and the truth and the life," and her end was peace. Captain B. was with her when she died; to him her last words were spoken, and by his hand her eyes were closed.

It was my painful experience to look upon the coffined clay, to see it deposited in the grave, to visit the green hillock that marked its place of sepulture in company with Captain B., and to witness the agony of spirit with which he regarded his dying words and deeds. Oh, wonderful power of weakness, in its turn to subdue its conqueror! "Oh, mysterious arrangement of Providence; that remembered unkindness to them who are gone and passed away from this earthly scene, should thus wring and break the heart of man more than the sternest rebukes and reproaches of his fellow! With what penetrating accents do the dead yet speak. What would not some give that the past could be recalled? What would not some give that words, which were like barbed arrows to the bosoms which now lie mouldering in the grave, had never been uttered? What would not some give that acts which were done—unkind, undutiful, and cruel acts—could be undone? With what bitterness of anguish are the wounds remembered which have been inflicted by the deceiver on the deceived one; by the child upon the departed parent; by the husband upon the departed wife; by the friend upon the departed friend! Alas! could some foresee the anguish they are laying up for themselves by the unkindness, the wrongs, the injuries they are doing to them who are their best, their trust, and perhaps their only friends, they would pause and tremble."

Again and again have I visited alone the resting-place of Phoebe Lowe, musing on the evils that are brought upon mankind by unbridled passions, deceit, oppression, injustice, bitterness, and unkindness. The seed that we sow, even of that do we reap. Never do we deceive ourselves more than when we imagine we can wrong others, even the weakest, without injuring ourselves. Sin and sorrow always were, and always will be inseparable. The oppressive master, the dishonest servant, the reckless libertine, the cruel husband, and the undutiful child, all eventually meet with their reward. Oh, that with integrity and kindness our hearts were full to overflowing! Often have such thoughts as these been pressed upon me by occurring circumstances; but never with more power than when musing on the green hillock which marks the resting-place of Phoebe Lowe.

Important Notice to Australian Emigrants.

It is in contemplation to issue before long another series of papers on AUSTRALIA, as a sequel to those, from the pen of a gentleman of high attainments in geographical science, which have already appeared in our journal. In preparing these papers, extreme care was taken to secure authentic and reliable information; but we regret to find that, in consequence of a typographical error, the government scale of charges for emigrants was misprinted on page 549. By way of correcting this mistake, and at the same time affording additional information, we reprint at large the regulations issued by the Government Emigration Office, 8, Park-street, Westminster.

QUALIFICATIONS OF EMIGRANTS.

1. The emigrants must be of those callings which, from time to time, are most in demand in the colony. They must be sober, industrious, and of general good moral character;—of all of which decisive certificates will be required. They must also be in good health, free from bodily or mental defects; and the Adults must, in all respects, be capable of labour, and going out to work for wages. The candidates most acceptable are respectable young women trained to domestic or farm service, and young married couples without children.

2. The separation of husbands and wives, and of parents from children under 18, will in no case be allowed.

3. Single women, under 18, cannot be taken without their parents, unless they go under the immediate care of some near relatives. Single women with illegitimate children can in no case be taken.

4. Single men of the second class (described below) cannot be taken, unless they are sons in eligible families, nor can any single men of any class be taken without a corresponding number of young single women of good character to equalize the sexes.

5. Widowers and widows with young children;—persons who intend to buy land, or to invest capital, in trade;—or who are in the habitual receipt of parish relief;—or who have not been vaccinated, or not had the small-pox;—or whose families comprise more than four children under twelve years of age—cannot be accepted.

APPLICATION AND APPROVAL.

6. Applications must be made to the commissioners in the form supplied by them. The filling up of the form, however, confers no claim to a passage, and implies no pledge that the candidates, though apparently within the regulations, will be accepted.

7. If approved of, the applicants will receive a printed "approval circular," calling for the contribution required by Article 8, and pointing out how the money is to be paid. After it is paid, they will, as soon as the commissioners' arrangements will permit, receive an embarkation order (which is not transferable), naming the ship in which they are to embark, and the time and place of joining her. *They must not leave their homes before the receipt of this order.*

PAYMENTS TOWARDS PASSAGES.

8. The contributions above-mentioned (out of which the commissioners provide bedding and mess utensils, etc., for the voyage) are as follows—

CLASSES.	AGE.		
	Under 15.	15 and under 20.	20 and under 25.
I. Married agricultural labourers, shepherd, herdsmen, and their wives; also women of the working class—per head	4	6	11
II. Married journeymen mechanics and artisans—such as blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, masons, sawyers, wheelwrights, gardeners, etc., and their wives, per head	2	6	11
III. Single men, subject to the condition in Article 1:— If accompanying their parents ... If not accompanying their parents (when they can be taken)	2 3		
IV. Children under 14—per head	10s.		

Passages from Dublin and Cork to Plymouth, from Glasgow to Liverpool, and from Granton Pier and places north of Hull to London, (according to the English port from which the vessel is to sail) are provided by the commissioners for emigrants. All other travelling expenses must be borne by the emigrants themselves.

CAUTIONS TO APPLICANTS.

9. No preparations must on any account be made by the applicants, either by withdrawing from employment or otherwise, until they receive the "approval circular." Applicants who fail to attend to this warning will do so at their own risk, and will have no claim whatever on the commissioners.

10. The selecting agents of the board have no authority to promise passages in any case, nor to receive money. If, therefore, applicants wish to make their payments through the agents, instead of in the manner pointed out in the "approval circular," they must understand that they do so at their own risk, and that the commissioners will in no way be responsible.

11. Should any signatures attached to an applicant's paper prove to be not genuine, or any persuasion be attempted, or any false representations be made in the papers, not only will the application be rejected, and the contribution forfeited, but the offenders will be liable, under the Passengers' Act, to a PENALTY NOT EXCEEDING 50/.

12. Should any applicants be found on personal examination at the depot, or on board, to have made any mis-statement in their papers, or to have any infectious disorder, or otherwise not to be in a fit state of health to embark, or to have any mental or bodily defect likely to impair their usefulness as labourers, or to have left any of their young children behind, or to have brought with them more children than are mentioned in their application form, or expressly sanctioned by the commissioners, or to have attempted any deception whatever, or evasion of these rules, they will be refused admission on board the ship, or if embarked, will be landed, without having any claim on the commissioners. If after embarkation emigrants are guilty of insubordination, or misconduct, they will be re-landed, and forfeit their contributions.

13. If applicants fail to attend at the appointed time and place for embarkation, without having previously given to the commissioners timely notice, and a satisfactory reason—or if they fail to proceed in the ship—or are rejected for any of the reasons specified in the preceding article—they will forfeit their contributions, and will have no claim to a passage at any future time.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 10.

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POCCAHOONTAS SAVING THE GOVERNOR'S LIFE.

POCCAHOONTAS.

A TALE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH EMIGRANTS TO NORTH AMERICA, FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER IV.

IN our last chapter we left Smith a captive. On VOL. I.—NO. 10.

arriving at the Indian settlement he was not long kept in suspense as to his fate. Two great stones were rolled before Powhattan; and the unhappy prisoner was, by the united force of the attendant Indians, dragged towards them, while a fierce

and to the south-east there is a cape of green sand cliffs towards Blackgang Chine; and towering above, as a lofty background enclosing the view, is St. Catherine's, the loftiest and southernmost elevation in the island.

From Brook Point it is as well to continue westward, and complete the survey to Alum Bay. A shingle bank, or sort of isthmus, at Freshwater, separates the sea from the spring-head of the little river Yar, that rises here and empties itself into the sea at Yarmouth. Often at high tides the sea rushes over, and salt and fresh water mingle their streams. From Freshwater Gate to the Needles, a distance of three miles, there are chalk cliffs in succession, from 400 to upwards of 600 feet in height. The pearly whiteness of the chalk is finely contrasted by rows of flints, that score the surface in fine dark parallel lines, running obliquely from the top to the bottom of the section. Sometimes these lines are waved and arched, and no arabesque wrought by the hand of man can compare to this fine tracery imaid by the Creator. There is a natural cave, or rather alcove, of splendid dimensions overhanging the beach 750 feet.

The Needles, those rocks so well known and so much dreaded by seamen, do not appear so terrific to the tourist looking at them from the shore. They seem like the rugged stamps of some gigantic teeth in the jaw of a Titan. The Pointed Rock, that gave the name to this dangerous promontory of rocks, fell down more than seventy years ago, and now in stormy weather constitutes a dangerous reef. An angle of the Needles forms the western point of that romantic spot, Alum Bay, which not only has a noble sweep and fine outline, with a bold sea view, but becomes a remarkable object to every observer, from the brilliancy and variety of its colouring. Cliff and rocks of pearly white, or rich deep amber, or glowing red, or frowning black, are not uncommon in coast scenery; but here there are not only these decided tints striping the surface, but more delicate and varied hues are blended—dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, soft grey, clearly defined, and at sunset, particularly after a shower of rain, looking as brilliant and soft as if of woven silk. They have well been compared to the vivid stripes of a parti-coloured tulip. The seams of fine white sand are worked and used in china and glass manufacture. Of the richly tinted sands that intersect the clay, marl, and chalk, the inhabitants make up ornaments for sale, by enclosing them in tasteful layers in glass bottles or vases. At the north side of this enchanting bay is Headon Hill, where the most inexperienced geologist may observe a very curious mixture of marine and fresh-water deposits, and where those who prefer looking above the earth may have a splendid sea and land view.

Returning to Brixton, Atherfield Cliffs and Chale Bay form the boundary of the coast until Blackgang Chine is reached. These chines, which present so distinctive a feature in Isle of Wight scenery, are deep clefts or fissures in the cliffs, probably caused by some convulsion of nature, and deepened by streams that have rushed down them, often bringing deposits of earth, capable of vegetation; so that in these rifts down the solid rock there are frequently hanging copses of vigorous growth—lovely flowering shrubs, and often roman-

tic little dwellings, girded in by thriving gardens, in the very cleft of the rock. Sir Richard Worsley gives an explanation of the word chine. He says: "This term is applied to the backbone of an animal which forms the highest ridge of the body. *Echine*, in the French, is used in the same sense; and Boyer has the word *chinfeneau* for a great cut or slash. Hence the word chine might be thought peculiarly expressive of a high ridge of land cleft abruptly down."

Whatever verdure drapes these chasms in many places, Blackgang Chine is as rugged and savage as its name. Every other part of the romantic scenery of the island wears a smile that softens its grandeur; even the gaunt Needles stretch out from a background of such pearly or gleaming variety of colour that half their terrors are forgotten in the surrounding beauty. Blackgang has an unmistakable frown; so that when there has been a tolerable continuance of rain to swell the two streams that rise in St. Catherine's Down, and which, after blending their waters at the foot of a prominent point, hurry angrily on, down the steep way, till they take a leap over a precipice of the rock and fall in a perpendicular cascade of forty feet upon the shore beneath, it seems as if they were escaping from a frowning guardian. In dry weather, however, this cascade dwindles into a very insignificant stream. The best views at Blackgang Chine are from the sands of the fine level beach, whence the stupendous chasm exhibits all its horrors. Or, if viewed from above the terrace in front of the Blackgang Hotel, the ravine immediately beneath is seen in all its wild and dreary grandeur. The projecting masses of the ragged walls of the chine throw gloomy shadows across the chasm.

It is generally with a feeling of relief that the tourist ascends St. Catherine's Hill. The majestic panorama that bursts upon the view is enhanced by comparison with the barren scene just left. On a clear day, standing on this noble elevation of nearly nine hundred feet, the whole island is spread before the gaze. The noble coast laved by the deep blue ocean, the fertile island, the soft undulations of the long range of downs, with lovely dwellings in the hollows, and flocks of sheep grazing their turfy slopes, woodlands, and ornamental dwellings, and here and there the tower or spire of an old church rising from amid the village roofs, or girdled by embowering trees, present an assemblage of beauty, that once seen can never be forgotten, and that is increased, if increased it can be, by the immediate vicinity of the most lovely and remarkable part of the island—THE UNDERCLIFF.

This incomparable natural terrace, extending six miles from St. Catherine's to Bonchurch, is formed of irregular masses of chalk, that have fallen from the upper cliff, and the subsidence of soil, called here landslips. These compose a belt along the sides of some lofty precipitous cliffs, and form a platform based on cliffs that are from 60 to 100 feet above the level of the sea. From the intermixture of calcareous with other debris a soil is formed peculiarly favourable to vegetation; so that, at the sea-side, on a basis of cliffs, and along a perpendicular wall of cliffs that rise nearly 300 feet above the terrace, there are flowers of every hue, and many of foreign climes, growing in the very

highest perfection—beautiful mansions—fertile fields—lovely villages—and the elegant little town of Ventnor, the principal resort of strangers and invalids. Sheltered from the north by the before-named wall of cliffs that catch and reflect the rays of the southern sun, open to the south with a boundless expanse of ocean, high enough to be fanned by gentle breezes, and completely embowered in the most luxuriant vegetation—this favoured region combines what is best both of inland and coast scenery. Well may our physicians marvel that invalids, with toil, trouble, expense, and danger, should seek health on foreign shores, when here is a climate of such peculiar mildness and salubrity, that it is considered from five to eight degrees warmer than any other parts of the British dominions, excepting some few valleys of South Devon and Cornwall. Notwithstanding the fact of very considerable landslips—not less than eighty acres at one time occurred in this region—yet the ancient churches of St. Lawrence and Bonchurch, dating their origin in the eleventh or twelfth centuries, being undisturbed, would lead to the conclusion that, with some trifling exceptions, the land has undergone no considerable alteration since the Conquest. The myrtle grows here to a great size in the open air, and fuschias wave their crimson bells from lofty branches more like a tree than a shrub; while the grey heliotrope, with its rich aromatic odour, sends out in the open air such stems and flowers as few green-houses in other parts of our country can rear.

Ventnor is so completely a modern place that, in some most minutely accurate maps of the island of the latter part of last century, it is not named. A few fishermen's huts on the little cove were the only dwellings, and the romantic mill turned by the stream that falls upon the beach was the chief attraction. Now, commodious hotels and elegant lodging houses attest the favour with which visitors regard it. Its situation amidst the varied beauties of the Undercliff, with easy walks from it to spots of highest interest and loveliness, sufficiently account for its rapid growth. And certainly, for those tourists who can only take a hurried trip to the island, no plan is better than, having seen Crisbrook Castle, to take the Ventnor coach, and get at once into the romantic tract, which has been well described as "such a six mile of coast scenery as cannot elsewhere be paralleled."

Shanklin is the next place of interest after the Undercliff. It is considered the loveliest of all the climes that intersect the coast. "The cliff is 230 feet high, and the chasm extends 150 yards from the shore, being 300 feet wide at the top, and narrowing down to the bed of the stream." The whole ravine is clothed with verdure, and shadowed by graceful underwood; while here and there a mass of protruding rock adds to the wild beauty of this fairy glen. The village is in a small vale hanging towards the sea; groups of fine elms shade the pretty detached houses, and surround the little church; while smooth grass plots and gorgeous flowering shrubs manifest the gardening skill of the inhabitants. Many a lovely abode on a broken knoll, or in a grassy dell, seems as if it must possess all the heart could desire. And the poet's words, "Oh! that for me some home like

this would smile," might often arise, but for the thought that genuine happiness does not depend on external circumstances: there must be sunshine in the soul, or the brightest earthly scene will be one of shade and gloom.

The fine bay of Sandown, terminated to the east by the Culver Cliffs, presents a noble winding shore, skirted by the most delightful views; and from thence to Brading Haven, where we have passed the most eastern point of the island, the sea view changes, and part of the anchorage of Portsmouth with its shipping comes in sight.

Brading and Yaverland, the pretty adjacent village, have a charm greater than lovely natural scenery can yield. Here lived, and prayed, and laboured, the worthy Leigh Richmond. In these scenes passed that gentle life of humble piety which has been recorded in the beautiful pages of the "Dairyman's Daughter," a narrative replete with the beauty of holiness, and glowing with such descriptions, both of nature and grace, as only the Christian can give. Shall we remember the scenes where stern warriors contended and bold barons ruled, and forget those hallowed by a good man's teachings and endeared by a sweet example of piety in humble life? Oh, surely not; for the latter lived, not only for time, but for eternity, and are of those who "being dead, yet speaketh."

One of the most interesting gentlemen's seats in the island is Appuldurcombe. A slight detour from the Undercliff enables tourists to visit this place; indeed its situation, seven miles south of Newport, makes it very accessible. Two days a week the public are admitted to see the house, which contains some rare marbles and paintings by the old masters.* The Worsley family, to whom this mansion and estate belong, have been from the Norman Conquest associated with the history of the island. There have been, in old times, governors and wardens of their race; and, in more modern days, the best historian of the island was Sir Richard Worsley, who, editing all the materials collected by his father and grandfather, gave a valuable production to the lovers of antiquarian research and local tradition. Sir Robert Worsley was the founder of the house and park of Appuldurcombe. This name is a compound of ancient British words, and signifies, a pool of water in the hollow of a hill; and truly the noble mansion, reared in a fine park, surrounded by hills commanding the most extensive views, with rising slopes as a background, adorned with majestic beech trees and venerable oaks, is worthy of the admiration of tourists for its natural advantages; while the lover of the beautiful in art cannot fail to be gratified by the exquisite collection which Sir Richard, (the grandson of Sir Robert,) in 1785-6, visited Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt to procure. On the death of Sir Richard the estate reverted to the female line, and by his niece's marriage became the property of Lord Yarborough.

From Brading to St. Helen's, and thence to Ryde, will complete the circuit of the romantic region of the island. Few persons who have time leave without walking from Ryde to Binstead quarries. In the vicinity of these stood Quarr

* There have been recent alterations, and the public cannot easily obtain admittance. But an inquiry can be made at the principal booksellers in Newport.

Abbey, of which a few mouldering walls are now the only remains. The stone from these quarries was used for building a great part of Winchester cathedral. Many churches in Sussex and part of Lewes Priory were constructed with it; though in recent times the Portland stone has obtained the preference, more from the inexhaustible supply than from any superiority in the stone itself.

And now, gentle reader, having finished our rambles, we may say that if "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," the careful observer of the varied scenery of this beautiful island may be said mentally to possess a magnificent picture gallery, that can be called up in panoramic succession before the mind; and many a lonely hour in pent-up city dwellings may be relieved with the recollection of sea and shore, rock and chasm, wood and stream, feudal castle, lordly mansion, flowery cottage, as each in turn, to use the words of our great contemplative poet Wordsworth,

"Flashes upon that inward eye
That makes the bliss of solitude."

THREE MONTHS UNDER THE SNOW.*

THIS is one of those delightful books which young readers will peruse with all the interest of Robinson Crusoe, and which many old folks too will enjoy with equal pleasure. We heartily recommend the little volume as a work very suitable for a present to young people; and that our readers may see the grounds on which we cordially praise it, we proceed to furnish them with a short resumé of its contents.

During seven months of the year, the lofty mountain chain of Switzerland, known as the Jura, is covered with a mantle of snow and ice, which prevents all access to it by travellers. But during the other five months, from May until October, the scene changes. When the snow disappears, the forests are clad in all their verdant livery, and excellent pastures are furnished by the rich grass. Allured by the latter attraction, the Swiss drive forth their herds to browse upon the mountain peaks of Jura. On these occasions, the shepherds remain with their flocks until the hard winter again sets in, residing during their absence from home in rude chalets formed of stone, and occupying their intervals of leisure with the manufacture of the Gruyère cheeses, so well known in the list of epicurean delicacies.

The scene of the narrative of "Three Months under the Snow," (which by the way is founded to a very great extent upon facts,) is laid among the spots just described, and commences at a time when the shepherds had driven back their flocks from the mountains of the Jura. One of these shepherds, François—the father of Pierre Lopraz, the little hero of the book—does not, as was expected, return with the others; alarm is in consequence excited, and Pierre, accompanied by Louis his grandfather, determines to proceed in quest of his missing parent. In the course of their ascent up the mountain, Pierre has the

curiosity to go near the edge of a dangerous ravine, when his grandfather, in his anxiety to warn him against the danger, stumbles and sprains his foot. No particular notice of the accident is taken at the moment, but it turns out to be the pivot on which the whole plot turns. On arriving at the pasture ground, Pierre finds his father well, and intending to return the following day, the illness of some of his cows having prevented him from leaving the mountain at the time when the other shepherds took their departure. The whole party goes to sleep that evening in a rude chalet in which the father has resided during the summer; but next day a new difficulty arises; the old man's foot has so much swollen that he cannot walk, and as there is not assistance enough to carry him back to the village, it is arranged that Pierre shall remain with him at the cottage, while his father drives down the flock, and brings back directly the needful aid from home. The father departs accordingly, although all parties have ominous misgivings. The father trembles lest the snow should set in and bury them alive before his return; while Pierre and his grandfather are apprehensive that, if the snow-storm actually comes on, it will not only be fatal to them, but will overwhelm François before he reaches the village. Meanwhile the mountains have begun to be tinged with snow, and a loud wind is whistling past the cabin, when suddenly it is recollected that there is another tenant of the cottage—one, indeed, who turns out in the issue to be a most important one. "Our wooden clock," says the young hero, in a diary which records the incidents of each day—"had scarcely struck three—at this moment I called my grandfather's attention to the bleating of the goat.

"Poor Blanchette," said he, "her milk is troublesome, and she is calling us. Light the lamp; we will go and milk her, and then have our supper."

"The wind roared violently. It rushed among the shingles, which shook with its force, so that we had some fear that the roof of the chalet would have been carried away. I lifted my head several times.

"Fear nothing," said my grandfather; "this house has sustained many similar assaults. The shingles, are loaded with large stones, and the roof being nearly flat gives very little hold to the wind." He then made me a sign to go before him, and we entered the stable. When the goat saw us, she redoubled her bleatings. She seemed ready to break her halter by the efforts she made to get to us. How greedily she ate the handful of salt that I gave her. Her tongue licked my hand over and over again that she might not lose a grain. She gave us a good painful of milk."

Such is our introduction to Blanchette. Before the reader has done with her, he will find that she rises in importance until he is as much interested about her as he is about the other inmates of the snow prison. On the regularity, indeed, with which she yields her milk, the lives of the prisoners are found in a great measure to depend.

Up to this time, although the wind had been roaring around the mountain cottage, there had been nothing to indicate that positive danger had set in. On the following morning, however, when

* "Three Months under the Snow." The journal of a young inhabitant of the Jura; translated from the French of M. de Ponchat. Religious Tract Society.

Pierre awoke, he was surprised to find himself in complete darkness. At first, he thought that his sleep had left him at an earlier hour than usual.

"Grandfather," he cried, "you are up before daylight."

"My dear boy," replied the old man; "if we were to wait the light of day, we should remain long enough in bed. I fear the snow is above the window."

The terrible truth at last flashed on the mind. They were entombed in the snow, which had fallen thickly and heavily during the night. They knew too, from experience, that there was little or no prospect of obtaining relief until the spring returned.

It is at this point that the peculiar value of the book, as teaching presence of mind in danger and cheerful confidence in Providence, appears. The old man, who is pious, takes a hopeful view of things; and, like mariners on a raft after the wreck of their vessel, the little party begins to scrutinize the stores that are left to enable them to accomplish their arctic voyage. Pierre, seeing that a glimmering of the sun appears down the chimney through a part which the snow has not choked up, manages to emerge to the roof of the chalet; but, as nothing but bleak desolation meets his gaze, he speedily comes down again. A fire is lighted; but, in the midst of their confusion, the little hut itself gets nearly burned down, by the kindling of some straw. Still their hearts do not fail. To guard against similar emergencies, they fill a tub with snow and place it beside the fireplace, ready to extinguish any future conflagration. Their situation, too, is not found so cheerless as might have been imagined. Happily their wooden clock keeps correct time, so that they do not lose their reckoning. There is plenty of hay also for Blanchette, on whose life theirs now depend. A limited stock of potatoes is also discovered, while a bottle or two of Swiss wine, and some three loaves of hard mountain bread, with a few other trifles, turn up. Pierre likewise, in the course of his researches, finds an axe, some straw to plait into hats, and, what proves a greater treasure still, an old work of devotion, which supplies them with admirable counsel in their difficulties, leading them to earnest prayer to God for his protection, and for the improvement of the trials which he has sent to them. Blanchette, moreover, is brought from the stable to the hut, and proves pleasant company for them. A month or more passes in this way. Pierre takes another journey to the roof, and watching carefully the mode in which the snow lies, conceives it possible to dig away some of the superincumbent portions of it, so as to open the door and admit light to the window. The brave and noble boy, at the risk of much inconvenience and peril, accomplishes his object; and once more the light of day, refracted from piles of glittering snow and ice, breaks in upon them. They have not time, however, to enjoy this very much before another snow-storm sets in, blocking the cottage doors and windows, and covering the roof with a heavier load than before. The old man's piety comes again to his aid, and he encourages his nephew not to despond, but to believe that this disappointment is ordered by Providence for wise purposes—a conclusion which is proved by the

event. But we must take the narration of this incident from the work itself.

"December 13th.—We had a dreadful alarm yesterday; to-day, even, I can scarcely collect my thoughts enough to write down what has passed! Alas! we are not yet sure that we have escaped all danger. I was busy milking the goat while my grandfather was lighting the fire. Suddenly she pricked up her ears as if she heard some extraordinary noise, and began to tremble all over.

"What is the matter, poor Blanchette?" I said, caressing her; but immediately we heard the most dreadful howlings, as if it were over our heads.

"Wolves!" I exclaimed.

"Silence, my boy! caress Blanchette," said my grandfather; and he approached her himself, and gave her some salt. She continued to tremble, and the howlings continued also. "Well, Louis," said he, in a low voice, "what would have become of us had you opened a passage to the window? who knows if even the chimney might not have afforded a passage to those ravenous beasts?"

"And do you think we are safe even as we are?"

"I hope so—but speak low, and do not cease to caress Blanchette—her bleating might betray us."

"One would have thought that she had the same fears, for she did not make the slightest noise. My grandfather came and sat down by me; I held the goat in my arms; he had his hand laid upon my shoulder, and I needed all the encouragement of his calm and serene countenance to keep me from shrieking aloud with fright. All that I had previously experienced in the chalet could not be compared to the agony of yesterday, throughout the whole day. We passed it by the side of Blanchette, and at several intervals we heard the howlings of the wolves; at one time it was so loud, that I thought my last hour was come.

"They are digging through the snow," I cried, clasping my grandfather in my arms; "they will get in and devour us."

The grandfather calms him, however; and the danger passes away. The wolves, it is conjectured, had not scented the rich prize below, but had brought the carcass of some animal, and made the outcry which alarmed the inmates of the cottage by their quarrelling as they devoured their prey. As the winter advanced, a more serious trouble arose to daunt the heart of poor Pierre; for his grandfather, unable to stand the severe cold, gradually drooped and finally died. What followed is well calculated to teach young people the value of calmness, self-possession, and moral courage. Most boys, under similar circumstances, would have been in danger of losing their reason; but Pierre, encouraged by the excellent advice which his grandfather had given him before his death, bears up even under his new trial. The scene in which he is represented, as digging a grave for his grandfather and interring him, is not only admirably painted, but divested of all repulsive features.

Our young hero was now left alone—a solitary hermit on the top of the Jura—with nothing but his goat Blanchette to keep him company. And yet he was not quite alone either, for as Mungo Park was cheered in the African desert by seeing a flower, so Pierre was reminded of the omnipresence of the great Creator by another equally striking incident. A piece of rubbish had fallen

down his chimney; the noise attracted his attention, and as, apprehensive of the soot having taken fire, he looked up an iron tube which served as an escape for the smoke, a star passed over its orifice, crossing it slowly at its greatest breadth. The appearance lasted but a moment, yet it affected Pierre greatly; reminding him that even in his forlorn condition, apparently forgotten by every human being, there was One to whom he could make known, by prayer, his wants and difficulties. He had, indeed, poor fellow! need of all the comfort he could get, for one morning he heard around him what sounded like the final crush of nature—the ceiling cracked, pieces of plaster fell, and a portion of the wall of the cottage lost its perpendicular. After the uproar had ceased, he began to fear that an avalanche had fallen in his neighbourhood, covering for aught he knew, the chalet with its fragments. However, the shock roused him from a state of dejection to face a new and perhaps more perplexing difficulty—Blanchette, the goat, began to cease giving her milk—a dreadful discovery, for it threatens to reduce him to the cruel alternative of starvation or of killing the poor animal which has cheered by its company his solitary hours. From day to day the condition of Blanchette is recorded in Pierre's diary, and we read with deep interest the accounts which show the all-important milk to be continually diminishing.

"January 27.—The milk decreases, and the goat fattens in proportion.

"February 2.—She has given even less milk than the day before, and I have gained nothing but the pain of hearing her bleat most sorrowfully for more than half the day.

"February 8.—I will own my weakness; I shed tears to-day, when I made a last vain attempt to milk Blanchette. When she saw me stoop, she gave me a look of defiance, as if she were standing on her guard against any further attempt. I threw away my pail; I sat down near the poor beast, embraced her, and wept bitterly."

What is the poor fellow to do now? It breaks his heart to think of killing the affectionate animal. Ah! happily, his trials are well nigh over.

On the 21st of February he lighted his fire. Scarcely had he done so when the smoke began to ascend, and he heard a great noise without. At first he thought it was the wolves which had returned; but human voices are heard hailing him—quicker and quicker come the strokes of the pickaxe and shovel—and in a short time Pierre is embraced in the arms of his father, attended by a host of rejoicing neighbours. Poor Pierre and Blanchette are saved!

OUR VISIT TO A COPPER MINE.

WILL our readers, in their leisure hour, accompany us over a copper mine in Cornwall? A copper mine is indeed well worth an inspection, for it is a wonderful evidence of what human labour and skill can effect, in overcoming obstacles. Suppose, then, that we have left behind us the beautiful woods and vales of the south-east coast of Cornwall, and after toiling up steep hills and along bad roads, now jolting over loose stones, now sinking

deep into muddy ruts (for the roads and lanes in the vicinity of a mine are quite cut up and spoilt by the frequent passing of the mining carts), we have entered into the mining districts. Imagine yourself high up on a bleak moorland, the ground around you, stretching away for many a weary mile, heaving in a huge groundswell of bleak and barren hills, with here and there a tall chimney and engine-house dotting the dreary waste, a few cottages scattered over the face of the surrounding country, and now and then a church-tower lifting up its head to the sky, and looking down in loveliness on the small hamlet below it, and telling the rude miners that there is a heaven above as well as an earth below. Such is a mining district; speaking more of misery and cold than of the wealth which is procured there, and for the attainment of which so many men devote their life and strength. Yet it must not be thought that the miners are a cheerless race; far from it; they live happy and contented with their lot; sometimes they are reckless it is true, yet withal courteous and cleanly.

But our party has now arrived at the mine. What a dreary, ugly place it is! Huge heavy machinery; large heaps of earth and stones; dirty streams, which have long since changed their natural colour for that of the ore which is washed in them; an engine-house and a tall chimney, of course; two or three sheds, and a dismal little house which stands perched up on the moorland high above every thing else: such are the more prominent features of the scene.

"Oh that is the Captain's* house; how can we ever get up there?"

However, Cornish horses are too used to hills to be afraid of this; so up we go to the top.

"Is Mr. Trewithin at home?"

"Captain Trewithin is out, sir; but he has left orders that you are to be shown over the mine. Would you like any refreshment after your drive?"

A more hospitable race than the Cornish never, we think, breathed; and well in this point do they make good their claim to be genuine Britons. Having declined their hospitality for the present, we proceeded to inspect the works above-ground before going down below. First, we were conducted to the engine; and we may here observe that the Cornish engines were for a long time considered unrivalled for their cheapness, and for the greater amount of work done with less consumption of fuel than engines made elsewhere. This engine is employed in drawing up the ore from the bottom of the mine, and in pumping up water from the different parts of the mine where it collects. The blocks of stone which contain the ore are brought up in buckets, and then collected into heaps. Round these heaps stand women in clean white aprons, with a small mattock in their hands, with which they break the stones into smaller pieces. These fragments are then sorted; those containing very little ore are thrown away, and the rest are broken into smaller pieces, and then washed over a grating. Next they are crushed into very small particles by a machine, and are then ready for the process of smelting. This latter process is seldom performed in Cornwall, on account of the difficulty

* The overseer of a mine is always called *Captain*, though it is by no means necessary that he should have borne her Majesty's commission.

of procuring coal. The ore is generally carried into Wales and smelted there. It seemed very curious to our eyes to see women and girls employed upon such hard work as this: but it was very remarkable how clean and happy they all looked.

Having now gone over the works above-ground, we were asked if we would like to see what was going on below. "Was the descent dangerous?" "Oh no, not in the least; it only requires common caution, and you must trust more to your hands than your feet." Accordingly, we dressed ourselves in miner's costume (a precaution necessary if you do not want to spoil your own suit), and queer figures we looked, as the rest of our party seemed to think. Our dress consisted, first, of coarse flannel trousers and a flannel jacket (flannel is necessary, on account of the heat in the galleries below, owing to the constant blasting and the bad ventilation); over these garments we wore an additional pair of trousers and a short smock; we were offered a pair of miner's shoes; but as we doubted their fitting capacities, we declined them: last and not least, we put on the indispensable hat, which is very thick and hard, of the wide-awake shape, and a most useful protection when you knock your head against the sharp projecting rock in the roofs of the galleries, which vary in height from 12 or 14 feet to 4 or 5 feet, according to the thickness of the vein of ore. A candle was then stuck on the front of our hats, in an extempore candlestick of clay, to light us while below, and at the same time to leave our hands unencumbered. Thus equipped, and attended by two men to take care of us, we proceeded to the mouth of the shaft. Here we found a group of miners looking on with great interest to see the strangers make their first essay in mining; good-natured rough-looking faces, smiling and happy, with that settled look of hardihood and careless daring which forms such a remarkable characteristic of the Cornish miner. Preceded and followed by our attendant miners, we began the descent, not by the simple means of a ladder (which, by the way, though very simple, is very hard work when you have to go on climbing for half an hour), but by means of a machine lately introduced, and called by the miners "a man-engine." By means of this engine we descended a perpendicular shaft to the depth of 800 feet, passing on our way various groups of miners waiting at the several resting-places, in order to leave everything clear for us; not a few of them singing their wild songs, which echoed curiously along the dark air-stretching passages; and as the melody lazily floated through the obscure galleries, it seemed to our unpractised ears as though the spirits of the mine were chanting a welcome to the strangers.

When we had descended by means of the man-engine for a period of about 20 or 30 minutes, we were obliged to have recourse to the ordinary way of descent by ladders; in this way we went down for about 500 feet, when we arrived at the gallery which we were to explore. Taking our candles in our hands, we groped our way along the open tramway, which is roughly fixed in the floor of the gallery, for the passage of the trucks, with a guide in front to point out the dangerous places, now

walking upright with a pit six or seven feet deep below us, and now stooping and bumping our heads against the jagged ceiling of rock above us, till we came at last to the place where the mine was being worked.

Each gallery is worked by two men, who break down the rock, either by means of the simple "pick," or by the process of blasting. In the latter process, a hole of about ten or twelve inches in length is bored in the rock and filled with gunpowder, the end is then stuffed up, and the powder ignited by means of a slow match. These blastings are often dangerous from the great carelessness of the miners, as they cannot calculate how far the effect of the explosion will be felt, and while standing too close they are sometimes struck by the flying pieces of rock. The fragments of the rock thus broken down are then collected into trucks, which are rapidly shot along the tramways to the bottom of the shaft, up which they are drawn in buckets to the surface of the ground. The process which they then undergo has been explained above.

Whilst we were here, our guides insisted upon our taking the "picks" into our own hands and working at the rock, in order that we might boast in future of our deeds in the mining department, and carry back with us memorials of our prowess. Having satisfied them in this particular, and being almost stifled with the heat, which is very intense in the galleries that are being worked, owing to the want of ventilation, so much so that the men generally work almost naked, we requested our guides to proceed. They then conducted us to a place where a small shaft appeared, like a well with a rope and windlass at the top; and we were politely informed that if we wished to descend lower, we must place one foot in a loop at the end of the rope, and catch hold with our hands and be let down; but as they did not advise us to undertake the journey, and as the prospect of a ride in such a vehicle was not so pleasant as an express train, the broad gauge, we declined the honour, and were then conducted back to the bottom of the shaft by which we had descended. Our guides, when we had reached the spot where the man-engine was stationed, rang the bell, which is attached to it, to give notice to the men above to set the engine going, and then we sat down and rested ourselves. Presently the huge limbs of the engine began to move; and having adjusted our candles in our hats, we began the ascent. A curious thing it is to ascend a deep shaft, shut in by rock on all sides, with nothing but darkness above and darkness below, while the cold drops of moisture come pattering upon you and hiss as they fall on your candles. At last we began to see daylight, and to breathe the fresher air above; and soon after we emerged on the platform at the top of the shaft, where we were received with hearty congratulations by a large party of miners who had assembled to witness our return.

VITAL TRUTHS.—The first great thing in religion is, to receive Christ; the second is to live upon him; the third is, to walk in him; and the last, to be for ever with him. —God preserves by his power those whom he intends to call by his grace; and sanctifies by his Spirit all whom he preserves for the enjoyment of his glory. —Jesus Christ ever liveth, ever loveth, ever pleadeth, ever watcheth, and ever waiteth to be gracious unto us: this is the antidote for every misery; believe it, and be wretched if you can.

* A model of this may be seen in the Geological Museum in Jernyn-street; it is only used in three mines as yet, on account of its expense.

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE present Somerset-house is sometimes confounded with its predecessor, the "large and goodly house" described by John Stowe, and built by the bold and proud protector of that name, who swayed the destinies of England during the nominal reign of Edward VI—the amiable boy-king. That princely abode—connected with the memory of its founder; of Henrietta, the queen of Charles I, to whom it was assigned by her royal husband; of Oliver Cromwell, who there lay in state; and of Monk duke of Albemarle, to whom a similar honour was paid within its walls—was demolished pursuant to an Act of Parliament passed in 1775. The present pile of buildings, which so many thousand Londoners pass without notice, but which the stranger pauses to look upon as a note-worthy edifice, was reared upon the site of the old one, in accordance with plans which had been formed by Sir William Chambers, a distinguished architect of that day. The building is not without grandeur in its general design and proportions, or without beauty in its particular and minute details: but a far greater interest belongs to the place as derived from its manifold associations.

"When I first came to this building," an old clerk in the audit office told Mr. Cunningham, who records the fact in his interesting Handbook of London, "I was in the habit of seeing for many mornings a thin spare naval officer, with only one arm, enter the vestibule at a smart step and make direct for the admiralty, over the rough round stones of the quadrangle instead of taking, what others generally took and continue to take, the smooth pavement at the sides. His thin frail figure shook at every step, and I often wondered why he chose so rough a footway; but I ceased to wonder when I heard that the thin frail officer was no other than Lord Nelson, who always took the nearest way to the place he wanted to go." It was indeed the manner of the man, and within that slim frame there beat a lion's heart, allied to a quickness of perception, a power of calculating probabilities, a calmness of reflection, and a mastery of will, before whose united influence fleets under his command sailed on to victory, and adverse armaments fled or struck in disorder and defeat. He heeded not the roughness of his way, was blind to difficulties, and would not recognise the word "impossible," but steered right on by the directest route to the accomplishment of his designs.

We are not, however, in quest of warlike associations, though having lighted on this notable one we would not pass it by unnoticed; our search is rather after those who have won more enduring triumphs than were ever gained on field or flood. "The results of intellectual labour or scientific genius," says Sir H. Davy, "are permanent and incapable of being lost. Monarchs change their plans, governments their objects, a fleet or an army effect their object, and then pass away; but a piece of steel touched by the magnet preserves its character for ever, and secures to man the dominion of the trackless ocean." The illustrious man who penned this profound sentence will long be remembered in connection with that part of the building appropriated to the Royal Society. It is to the

left as you enter within the elegant vestibule, crowned with its key-stone masques of river deities. Through that doorway often passed the inventor of the safety-lamp, and within the rooms devoted to the learned conclave of which he was president there were frequently disclosed the results of his extraordinary discoveries. Watt, and Wollaston, and other great names, recur to our grateful recollection as we turn aside from the dense throng of wayfarers who crowd all day along the pavement, to muse in the portico on past times, and to meditate on the humanizing influences of the studies pursued by those of whom the building will as long as it remains be the magnificent memorial.

But it is beyond our design—it would distract our attention—to dwell upon the numerous reminiscences of the biography of science revived by the sight of these smoke-stained walls, within which other learned bodies meet beside the Royal Society: much further remote from our purpose would it be to yield to the tempting story of artistic achievements, which the right-hand entrance under the same vestibule tells, for through it you pass into the School of Design, where for so many years the Academy of Arts exhibited their beautiful works in painting and sculpture: our thoughts are at present fixed on one of the great departed, who, though his earthly career was run long before this edifice was raised, is identified with the Royal Society, and therefore with the place of its assembling, as his bust over the left-hand doorway indicates. There we meet the shade of SIR ISAAC NEWTON, portly but not tall, his locks silvery but abundant without any baldness, with eyes sparkling and piercing, though they fail to indicate the profound genius which looks through them into the secrets of the universe; his figure and face come before us, to awaken our grateful homage as we reflect on his character and history. Wonderful humility blends with intellectual greatness. To other men he seems a spirit of higher rank, having superhuman faculties of mental vision, wont to soar into regions which the vulture's eye hath never seen: to himself he seems but a little boy, playing with shells by the sea-side. Others were taken up with what Newton did: he himself was thinking of what remained undiscovered. So it is ever with genius—the broader the range of view, the wider the horizon of mystery. He who understands more than others, is conscious beyond others of what cannot be understood.

But let us enter the apartment devoted to meetings of the Royal Society. There hang three portraits of the great philosopher; one, as it ought to be, suspended over the president's chair, to indicate, we may suppose, that Newton is ever to be regarded as the presiding genius over the researches and deliberations of British science. Still more lively mementoes of him are preserved among the Royal Society's treasures. There is a solar dial made by the boy Isaac, when, instead of studying his grammar and scanning Virgil and Horace, he was busy making windmills and waterclocks. In fancy, we see him going along the road to Grantham on a market-day, with the old servant whom his mother sent to take care of him, and then stopping by the wayside to watch the motions of a waterwheel, reflecting upon the mechanical principles involved in the simplest machinery.

It is pleasant, with our knowledge of what he afterwards became, to sit down on the green bank by the river-side, and to speculate upon the thoughtlessness of the old servant who accompanied him, and especially that of the farmers they saluted by the way, as to the illustrious destiny awaiting the son of the widow who lived in the manor house of Woolsthorpe. The reflecting telescope, preserved along with the dial, was made by Newton in his thirtieth year, and reminds us of the deep mathematical studies he was then pursuing at Cambridge. The autograph *ms.* of the Principia, also kept here, gives increased vividness to the picture of this extraordinary person in his study, solving mysterious problems, and suggesting others still more mysterious; and then the lock of silvery hair, the last of the Newtonian relics belonging to the society, comes in as a finishing touch to fancy's picture, like a single stroke of the pencil on canvass, which, when a portrait is just complete, gives life and expression to the whole.

But, after all, it must be remembered that in Newton's time the Royal Society met elsewhere. The gatherings out of which it arose were first in Oxford during the Commonwealth, and then subsequently at Gresham College, London. There it continued after Charles II gave the philosophers a charter, and the body was completely formed, which happened in 1661. Isaac Newton became a member in January, 1674, when he was excused the customary payment of a shilling a week, "on account of his low circumstances, as he represented." The old Gresham College was long since swept away. It stood in Broad-street, on the ground now occupied by the Excise Office; so, in following the shades of the departed about the streets of London, we pause opposite the place now devoted to business connected with our national revenue, and easily transform it, by a touch with the wand of fancy, under the guidance of archaeological research, into an old quadrilateral range of buildings, a story high, with attics above, enclosing an open square, refreshed by rows of trees; the whole in the Flemish style, and having a very sober and quiet look—and there we see the shadow of Isaac, a young man of thirty-two, passing along the court to ascend the steps. If he was awhile a pecuniary debtor to the slender amount of a shilling a week, certainly he soon laid the society under obligations of another description, to an incalculable extent, by his great discoveries, which were acknowledged, so far as conferring honour could be an acknowledgment, in 1703, by his election to the presidential chair.

We have an account, by a foreign member of the society, of the appearance of the room and the assembled philosophers, about ten years after Newton's admission. The sketch he gives is very graphic, and is no doubt a faithful picture of the scene presented in Gresham College, Basinghall-street, after Newton had attained the presidency. "The room," says Sorbierre, historiographer to Louis XIII—for he is the person referred to—"where the society meets is large and wainscotted: there is a large table before the chimney, with seven or eight chairs covered with green cloth about it, and two rows of wooden and matted benches to lean on, the first being higher than the others, in form like an amphitheatre. The president and council are

elective: they mind no precedence in the society, but the president sits at the middle of the table in an elbow chair, with his back to the chimney. The secretary sits at the end of the table on his left hand, and they have each of them pen, ink, and paper before them. I saw nobody sit in the chairs; I think they are reserved for persons of great quality, or those who have occasion to draw near the president. All the other members take their places as they think fit, and without ceremony; and if any one comes in after the society is fixed, nobody stirs, but he takes a place presently where he can find it, so that no interruption may be given to him that speaks. The president has a little wooden mace in his hand, with which he strikes the table when he would command silence: they address their discourse to him barchaded till he makes a sign for them to put on their hats; and there is a relation given in a few words of what is thought proper to be said concerning the experiments proposed by the secretary. There is nobody here eager to speak that makes a long harangue, or intent upon saying all he knows: he is never interrupted that speaks, and differences of opinion cause no manner of resentment, nor as much as a disobliging way of speech; there is nothing seemed to me to be more civil, respectful, and better managed than this meeting; and if there be any private discourses held between any while a member is speaking, they only whisper, and the least sign from the president causes a sudden stop, though they have not told their mind out. I took special notice of this conduct in a body consisting of so many persons and of such different nations."

This Teniers-like painting of the old room, with its learned occupants, gives a very clear idea of the scene when Newton attended as a simple member; and it only requires us to put him in the chair, with the wooden mace in his hand, to have the picture of the Royal Society under his presidency, till the year 1710, when the meetings were removed to another place. It was Crane-court, Fleet-street, whither the illustrious institute emigrated, and there our great English philosopher continued to preside till his death, in 1687. Strype describes the court as an open space with freestone pavement, graced with good buildings inhabited by persons of repute, the large front house with stone steps being the building used by the society.

Crane-court, then, is another of the nooks, beside a noisy bustling street in the great metropolis, where a contemplative mind may escape the turmoil of the present and enter the shadowy regions of the past: and in this instance it is to commence not only with one gigantic genius, but with a number of kindred spirits, who in his wake were pushing their barks over the broad pacific ocean of nature's mysteries. Charles II used to laugh at Boyle's weighing the air, and thoughtless persons may fancy that the hours spent, during the last century, in Crane-court, by English philosophers, were for the most part spent in learned trifling: but no one acquainted with the connection between science and the useful arts will fail to see how much the physical comforts of the present generation have been increased by the labours of those illustrious men; while every man, who has not made his mind a slave to mere utilitarian pursuits, will recognise the value of knowledge for its own sake, the high

value of its influence on the human faculties, and the incalculable importance of an ever-brightening and enlarging perception of the wonders of God's glorious universe. It was in 1782 that the Royal Society removed to Somerset-house, where the crown had just assigned to its use the apartments it now occupies; but the room in "the large house" which Styrpe speaks of, so interesting from its connection with Newton's presidency, still remains in an unaltered state.

This great man was elected by the university of Cambridge, in 1688, to serve for them in parliament; and, in 1695, he became warden of the mint, with a salary of between 500*l.* and 600*l.* He was promoted to the mastership in 1699, after which his salary was from 1200*l.* to 1500*l.* There could be no excuse now, on the score of scanty means, for not paying the shilling a week. Newton grew rich, and died worth 32,000*l.* For some years before he obtained the wardenship he resided at Cambridge, though of course frequently visiting town on political and scientific business. During one of these visits we find him dating a letter from "the Bull in Shoreditch;" a letter, by the way, painful to read, as it indicates that he was at the time labouring under nervousness to an extent that painfully affected his mind. He was thought by some to be positively *insane*, but the affection does not seem to have gone so far as to justify the application of that term.

After his appointment to office under government he came to live in London, and for some time Jernyn-street was the place of his abode. It was while living there that the rupture began between him and Flamsteed. They had been intimate friends; but a coolness arose from some unexplained cause in 1696. Flamsteed had supplied Newton with lunar observations, and had mentioned the fact to his acquaintance, perhaps with some little vanity. The more renowned philosopher, on this account, rather scornfully rebuked his fellow-labourer, and in the year 1704 very serious differences appeared between them. Flamsteed's great catalogue of stars, a most valuable contribution to the cause of science, was placed in the hands of Newton and others for examination, in consequence of Prince George of Denmark having offered to bear the expense of printing it. According to the *ex parte* statement of Flamsteed, he received from this committee a good deal of vexatious treatment, after which they demanded that a copy of the catalogue, which Flamsteed still held in his possession, should be given up to them. This demand was complied with under protest; the catalogue being sealed up, with the understanding that so it should remain until the industrious student and observer should be able to complete it. In 1710, Flamsteed found the seal had been broken, and that the work was going through the press; a circumstance that greatly enraged him, he being by no means one of the meekest of men. Violent recriminations between the two illustrious astronomers immediately ensued, into the details of which we have neither time nor inclination to enter. We cannot acquit Newton of all blame in this affair. The breaking of the seal looks like an offence, and so far as he participated in it can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as leaving some shade (we cannot determine the depth of its hue) on the memory of

our great philosopher. Still his eminent virtues, which Sir D. Brewster has so laboriously illustrated and so eloquently eulogized, shine with a radiance too brilliant to be much obscured by this instance of culpability. Yet our reverence for no man's memory can justify us in shutting our eyes to his faults, and we should always feel that historical justice demands impartiality in the judgment of every question, however it may implicate the fame of the distinguished individuals. But an end to this. Our ramble into Jernyn-street, in the reverent endeavour to trace out the footsteps of our departed philosopher, has involved us in allusions of a painful nature, though it leaves us still among the admirers of his character as well as of his discoveries.

From 1710 till two years before his death, Sir Isaac lived in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square. Next door to the chapel where Toplady used to preach, there stands an old house now covered with white stucco. It has seen in its time, like a number of other London dwellings, a good many changes. Here once dwelt the Envoy of Denmark, then Sir Isaac Newton, next Paul Dominique, after that Dr. Burney. Who beside may have lived here we cannot tell; but it has now reached the fig end of its history, and the formerly aristocratic residence is let out in separate floors, and partly turned into a printing-office. Reverence for the great astronomer led us lately to pay a visit to the place. We found the rooms somewhat altered, but the staircase remains no doubt as it was in the days of Newton. But the part of the house most intimately associated with his name is the little observatory perched on the roof. We were permitted to ascend into that spot, to see it profaned by its present use, for there we found a shoemaker busy at his work. Yet, on second thoughts, a shoemaker's humble employment is no profanation of an astronomer's study, for shoemakers have a mission in this world as well as astronomers. They are fellow-workers in the great hive of human industry. Mutual helpers are they too. For if the star-gazer instructs the shoemaker, the shoemaker makes shoes for the star-gazer. We thought, as we stood in that little airy nest, looking at our humble friend, and thinking of the great philosopher, how Providence binds all ranks together by ties of inter-dependence, and how wrong it is for the hand to say to the foot, "I have no need of thee." A glass cupola probably crowned the observatory in Newton's time, and evidently there was then in it a window in each of the four walls. So here we looked out on the London of a hundred and thirty years ago, hardly less crowded and smoky about the neighbourhood than now. Overhead, where Newton turned his eyes with most interest, we know it was just the same—the same beautiful starry sky—out on a cold winter's night, the same planets sailing along the same blue ocean, the same moon throwing its light over the same blue fields. What observations, keen and searching—what calculations, intricate and profound—what speculations, far-reaching and sublime—must there have been oftentimes up there, when one of the most gifted of mortals from that spot looked out upon the heavens, and in thought went forth on voyages of discovery into the most distant regions of the universe. At the calm still hour of midnight—Sirius

watching over the city of sleepers—Jupiter carrying his brilliant lamp along his ancient pathway—every one of the luminaries in the place appointed by Him who calleth them all by their names—there stands the silvery-headed man with his reflecting telescope, occupied with thoughts which we common mortals in vain endeavour to conjecture.

We must journey now further westward, as far as Kensington, then a place of great repute for invalids, and also distinguished by the residence of the monarch George I., at the old palace there. Newton was well known at court. On one occasion, the king, when congratulated upon reigning over two kingdoms, replied:—"Rather congratulate me on having such a subject in one as Newton, and such a subject in the other as Leibnitz." And Caroline, queen of George II., loved to converse with the aged man who filled Europe with his fame. Declining health and the infirmities of years led Newton, in 1725, to seek an abode at Kensington. "It was Sunday night," says his nephew, Mr. Conduit, "the 7th March, 1721-5: at Kensington, with Sir Isaac Newton, in his lodgings, just after he was come out of a fit of the gout, which he had had in both his feet for the first time, in the 83rd year of his age; he was better after it, and had his health clearer, and memory stronger, than I had known him then for some years." A year after, we have another notice. "April 15th, 1726: I passed the whole day with Sir Isaac Newton at his lodgings, Orbel's-buildings, Kensington, which was the last time I saw him. He told me that he was born on Christmas day, 1642." The house still remains, occupying a retired corner in the old suburbs, with few squares and terraces springing up all around it. It is situated in Bellingham-place; and retaining still its mansion-like aspect, with a large quiet garden and tall shady trees, it carries us back to the last days of Sir Isaac; and looking in through the gate, we picture the feeble man of 84, in his garden-chair, sitting on the grass-plot on a sunny afternoon, musing on subjects more sacred even than the stars; for Newton was not a mere philosopher, but also a student of revelation. In that house he died, on Monday, the 20th March, having on the previous Saturday been able to read the newspaper, and hold a long discourse with Dr. Mead.

One more visit, and we complete our pilgrimages to spots where we meet the shade of the great Sir Isaac. In the Jerusalem Chamber, at Westminster, where the scene of the polemical assembly convened there in 1644 flits before us, we behold the coffin of our philosopher placed in state, and then see it borne away—dukes and nobles counting it an honour to support the pall—to its last earthly resting-place under the pavement of St. Peter's Abbey. There shades of the departed thickly throng around us; crowds of the illustrious meet us in those venerable aisles: but no one is more illustrious than he whom we now leave among them. We may apply to him, with a little alteration, the beautiful words employed with another reference by a favourite author in describing Westminster Abbey. "Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by diligent dispensation of knowledge. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and

sounding actions, but whole treasures of science, bright gems of speculation and golden views of wisdom."

THE BIRDS ARE GOING!

THE birds are going! for the bloom of spring has passed away, and the glowing warmth of the summer sun is no longer felt. Their songs, their twitterings and chirrupings are hushed: and, foreseeing the rigours of the approaching season, instinct determines them to migrate to countries which are now beginning to assume all the verdure and mildness of our summer. They know the time of their going as well as that of their coming; and the sociability and unanimity of purpose which they display, when preparing for departure, are calculated to excite our wonder and curiosity. Vast collections of swallows may have been recently observed congregated on the banks of the Thames, and in country places,

"On each slope roof and sunny tower,"

or in the air, making due preparation for their long journey. A poet thus addresses the swallow, in prospect of its departure:—

"Then, where more balmy winters smile,
Speed thee to blest Hesperian isle,
Libya's warm shores, or palmy Nile,
On wings of wind!
Taught by His voice, who bids thee know
Thy season, when to come and go,
To seek our genial skies, or throw
Our storms behind.

"Farewell, sweet bird! thou still hast been
Companion of our summer scene,
Loveliest inmate of our meadows green
And rural home:
The twitter of thy cheerful song
We've loved to hear: and all day long
See thee on pinion, fleet and strong,
About us roam.

"And dost thou no wise lore impart?
Yes, still thou bidst us act our part
With body prompt and willing heart,
While summer lasts:
Prepared the course to take, that He
For us appoints, who summons thee
To climes of grateful warmth to flee
From wintry blasts.

"O may that warning voice be heard,
How'er recalc'd! To thee, sweet bird,
The tongue that speaks the instructive word
Within thee dwells:
To us, where'er we roam and we look,
Each passing word, the field, the brook,
But most his own unerring book,
God's wisdom tells.

"That book directs our mental sight,
To mark the migratory flight,
With power, surpassing human might,
On thee impress'd:
And trains, by thy observant kind,
Man's wilful and reluctant mind,
Its refuge in God's laws to find,
And there to rest."

Among the departures from the grassy fields in August are those of the field titlark, the quail, the bunting, and the cuckoo; those of the dotterel and the lapwing from the heaths, fields, and

mountains; those of the dove and the wryneck from the orchards and woods; those of the foolish guillemot, and the red-legged smew from the sea-shore; while the puffin retires from the north coasts of Britain, and the razor-bill from its rocky isles. In September there is a still more numerous flight, in October the number of migrations is greatly diminished, and in November there are none.

Strange conjectures were long indulged with reference to the disappearance of some birds. Thus, it was alleged and believed that swallows lie concealed in fissures of rocks, in sand-banks, in the holes of decayed trees, and even at the bottom of the water in ponds, remaining during the winter in a torpid state. "It is certain," says Jonston, the Dutch naturalist, "that in hollow trees, lying many close together, they preserve themselves by mutual heat." Other authors relate that "upon cutting up a rotten oak tree, it has been found full of swallows." And the Hon. Daines Barrington says that the Rev. Mr. Conway, of Lychton, Flintshire, "on looking down an old lead mine in that county, observed numbers of swallows clinging to the timbers of the shaft, seemingly asleep; and on flinging some gravel on them, they just moved, but never attempted to fly or change their place."

It has been, however, sagaciously conjectured by Dr. Forster, that those birds which have been found in a state of torpidity—in the crevices of rocks, in holes of old decayed trees, in ruined towers, and under the thatch of houses—had, owing to some accident, been hatched later in the year than ordinarily, and consequently had not acquired sufficient strength to undergo the fatigue of a long journey on the wing, at the time when the migration of the rest of their species took place; and that, to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather, they had sought retreats wherein, from cold and hunger, they had sunk into a state of torpidity.

Burns pathetically asks—

" 'Tis happy bird, wee helpless thing,
Which, in the merry months of spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
And close thy e'e?"

But, in a multitude of instances, the inquiry must remain unanswered. In the mode of migration, however, we know there is a great diversity. The males in certain cases travel first, and are afterwards followed by their mates and the younger branches of their families. Most birds perform their migrations during the night; but there are some that travel only by day, and others that fly onwards, unaffected alike by night or day. The owl, the blackbird, and a great number of aquatic birds, shun the light; while the crow, the pie, the titmouse, the wren, the woodpecker, the chaffinch, the goldfinch, the lark, the swallow, and some others, avail themselves of it. And as the heron, the wagtail, the yellowhammer, the stork, the crane, the plover, the swan, and the wild goose do not intermit their flight, they choose a bright moonlight season to set out on their journey.

Of all migrating birds, the cranes may perhaps be considered the most remarkable. They seem

to be most endowed with foresight, and have every appearance of consultation and regular preparation for the time of their departure. Several days before, they utter peculiar cries, and assemble with much noise and bustle. They then form themselves into two lines, making an angle, at the vertex of which, one of their number, who is regarded as the general director of their proceedings, takes his place. It seems, indeed, as if the office of the leader were to exercise authority, and issue orders to the whole party, giving the signal for their descent and feeding, and guiding them in inclement weather in their circling flight. The commands, and answers to them, appear to be given in piercing cries. If the leader grows tired, his place is taken by the birds next him, while he retires to the end, and thus their orderly flight is directed.

The destination of some birds is no matter of doubt. In the year 1833, a Polish gentleman having caught a stork upon his estate near Lemberg, put round its neck an iron collar bearing the inscription, *Hac ciconia ex Polonia*, ("this stork comes from Poland,") and set it at liberty. In the following year, the bird returned to the same spot, and was again caught by the same person. It had acquired a new collar, of gold, with the inscription, *India cum donis remittit ciconiam Polonis*, ("India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts.") It is worthy of remark that the stork emigrates on the approach of winter, even when circumstances of climate or food cannot operate, or can operate but faintly, in inducing it to do so. Thus, at Bagdad, which enjoys an extremely mild winter, and where even a slight degree of frost is not usual, the stork regularly leaves the place upon the approach of that season.

In like manner, the quail, which in spring is diffused over all the temperate regions of Europe, is known to betake itself, in autumn, to the coasts of Africa, and to penetrate into Arabia and Persia. Though their wings are small, they cross the Mediterranean: they wait whole weeks for a favourable wind, reposing on every small isle; and hence they are taken by thousands on the Ionian isles and the coast of Asia. A sudden change of wind, however, causes numbers of them to perish in the waters. Swallows have been seen crossing the Mediterranean in autumn towards the African shores; but in reference to this bird, and many others, we are still left to say with the poet:—

"As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 't were mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song."

"I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know to what wide wilderness
You go across the sea."

The flight of birds has been estimated at from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles an hour, though some heavy birds scarcely pass over thirty miles in that time. An easy way has been suggested by which their flight may be determined with tolerable accuracy. To take an example: suppose a partridge should rise from the middle of the stub-

ble, and fly in a straight line over a hedge, an observer with the seconds hands of a watch may note the number of seconds between the bird's rising and that of its topping the hedge, by stepping and counting the number of paces; when, taking each pace to be a yard, there follows a common rule of three sum. Thus, if a partridge, in three seconds, flies 100 yards, how many yards will it fly in 3600 seconds, or one hour?

Carrier pigeons supply another method of ascertaining the flight of birds. On one occasion, fifty-six of these birds were brought over from Holland and set at liberty in the metropolis. They were turned out at half-past four in the morning, and all reached their dovecotes at home by noon; but one favourite pigeon, called Napoleon, arrived at about a quarter before ten o'clock. He had, therefore, performed the distance of 300 miles at the rate of above fifty miles an hour, supposing he lost not a moment, and proceeded in a straight line; but as they usually wheel about in the air for some time before they start, the first bird most probably flew at a still quicker rate.

It cannot be questioned that birds surpass all other animals in the faculty of continuing their motion without resting, as well as in its rapidity. The fleetest courser can scarcely ever run more than a mile in a minute, nor support that speed beyond five or six minutes; but the swallow does this, for pleasure, for ten hours a day. It may be doubted, indeed, as Wilson says, "whether any birds pass over an equal extent of surface with the swallow. Let a person take his stand, on a fine summer evening, by a new-mown field, meadow, or river-shore, and amongst those of this tribe that flit before him fix his eyes on a particular one, and follow for a while all its circuitous labyrinth, its extensive sweeps, its sudden and reiterated zig-zag excursions, little inferior to the lightning itself, and calculate the length of the various lines it describes. This little bird flies, in its usual way, at the rate of one mile in a minute, which, from the many experiments I have made, I believe to be within the truth; and he is so engaged for ten hours every day."

The passenger pigeon, spread throughout the greatest portion of North America, from Hudson's Bay over Canada as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, has also wonderful powers of flight. Their migrations are made in immense flocks. "Let us," says Audubon, "take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile in a minute: this will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have 1,115,136,000, or one thousand one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock!" And yet the rate of this progress, as thus given, is not overstated. Pigeons have been killed in the neighbourhood of New York with their crops full of rice, which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, these districts being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured a supply of the food. As their power of digestion is so great that they will decompose food entirely in twelve hours, they must, in this instance, have

travelled between three and four hundred miles in six hours, which shows their speed to be on an average about one mile in a minute. Such a velocity would enable one of these birds, were it so inclined, to visit the European continent in less than three days.

In view of the facts connected with these migrations, the question arises, Why are they undertaken? "It is not from want of nourishment," replies a naturalist, "for most birds commence their migration while there is still abundance in the country they are leaving. Atmospheric currents are not the cause, nor do the changes of season explain it, as the greatest number of them set off while the weather is yet fine; and others, as the larks and starlings, arrive while the weather is bad. Atmospheric influences can only hasten the migration in autumn, but must rather retard or derange it in spring. It is the *presentiment* of what is to happen which determines birds to begin their journey. It is an instinct which urges them, and which initiates them into the meteoric changes that are preparing. They have a particular faculty of foreseeing the rigours of the coming season; an exquisite sensibility to the perception of atmospheric changes which are not yet arrived, but are approaching."

Sir Humphry Davy, on the other hand, considers food to be one of the chief objects of these migrations. "Swallows and bee-eaters," he says, "decidedly pursue flies over half a continent; the scolopax or snipe tribe, in like manner, search for worms and larvae—flying from those countries wherein either frost or dryness prevents them from boring—making generally small flights at a time, and resting on their travels where they find food. Hawks are seen in great quantities, in the month of May, coming into the east of Europe, after quails and landrails; and locusts are followed by numerous birds that, fortunately for the agriculturist, make them their prey."

Admitting, however, that there is truth in both these statements, we think there is another motive, and one which we cannot but regard as of no ordinary power. All young creatures particularly require compounded aliment, and God appears to have made, in every instance, provision for a supply of fitting nutriment. As birds have not the milky secretion of the mammalia, and as, unlike insects, they do not place their eggs where the future progeny will find subsistence, so they are prepared to seek what may be required in distant spots. To quote the words of Mr. Knapp, with which we heartily coincide:—"Every one who has made the attempt, well knows the variety of expedients he has resorted to, of boiled meats, bruised seeds, hard eggs, boiled rice, and twenty other substances that nature never presents, in order to find a diet that will nourish them; but Mr. Montagu's failure in being able to raise the young of the girl-bunting, until he discovered that they required grasshoppers, is a sufficient instance of the manifest necessity there is for a peculiar food in one period of the life of birds, and renders it probable that, to obtain a certain aliment, the swallow, wren, and others of the insect-eating and fruit-feeding birds, direct their flight to distant regions, and that this is the chief cause of their migrations."

Stray Notes on Australia and the Diggings.

AUSTRALIAN COTTON.—A lively interest has been excited in Manchester by the report of the Chamber of Commerce of that great manufacturing capital on some samples of Australian cotton submitted for examination by the Rev. Dr. Lang. There were nine samples of various qualities. Altogether, they are considered by the highly competent President of the Chamber as "indisputably proving the capability of Australia to produce most useful and beautiful cotton, adapted to the English markets, in a range of value from 6d. to 2s. 6d. per pound."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "NUGGET."—This word, now so common amongst our population, is a strange sounding word, and destitute of any apparent etymological meaning. It originated at the Ophir diggings in New South Wales, and is probably a corruption of "ingot," which is itself a corruption of "lingot," a little tongue. The wedge of gold which Achan plucked is called, in the original Hebrew, a "tongue" of gold, as a reference to a Bible with marginal readings will show. In California the word "lump" is generally used, and sometimes the Spanish word *pepite*.

DISCOVERY OF COAL IN NEW ZEALAND.—"We have before us," says the editor of the "Nelson Examiner," "a specimen of very superior coal which has been recently discovered in extensive quantities in the neighbourhood of Massacre Bay, New Zealand. It is a clear bright sample, of a fine bituminous appearance, though competent judges pronounce it inferior to the English 'cannel' coal. The bed is reported to extend over an area of many miles, within six feet of the surface of the earth. An officer had been sent to the district by the government to negotiate with the native chiefs for the land, and to report more fully upon the subject." A bed of coal has likewise been discovered upon Mr. Deau's sheep farm, about forty miles from Christchurch, on the Canterbury Settlement, which promises to repay the trouble of working; the discovery of which, from the great want of wood on the plains, is considered to be invaluable.

ESTIMATED PRODUCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN MINES.—By papers from Sydney, up to the 8th of May, we learn that the gold said to be now produced throughout Australia amounts to 60,000 ounces weekly, being at the rate of 3,120,000 ounces per annum. This, at the European price of gold, would amount to 12,000,000 per annum. The quantity sent into Melbourne from Mount Alexander alone is said to be 50,000 ounces weekly. This, with fewer hands, would at once place the Australian gold fields in advance of California. The New South Wales yield is stated at 10,000 ounces weekly, the comparatively limited production of the latter colony being owing to the superior attractions of the Port Philip mines. What the yield will be when a much larger population has found its way to the Australian colonies it will be impossible to prognosticate. Enough is now apparent to render it certain that it will be without a parallel in the world's history.

LOSS IN GOLD-SMELTING.—The loss in smelting the gold is stated to vary from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the average being 1. The fineness of the gold ranged from 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats fine. Including the 1 per cent. charged by the assay office, an ingot of 98 ounces of an average of 23 carats fine would be returned for every 100 ounces of gold deposited. These would be equivalent to 102 oz. 9 dwts. of standard gold. We give these figures on the authority of the "South Australian Register."

SILVER COINAGE.—A large quantity of the silver coinage of the realm is in course of being transported to Australia. So great is the demand for exportation, that the Bank of England will not accommodate any one person with more than 500*l.* worth, though one party is known to have obtained silver coin to the extent of 10,000*l.* Money speculators have remarked the deficiency of silver currency in the Australian colonies, and a large quantity of specie has recently been exported, both from London and Liverpool, for the purpose of making extensive purchases from emigrants and gold miners, who are now obliged to pay for all they want in gold as it comes from the mines.

Firewood is selling in Melbourne at 3*l.* the cart load.

PURCHASE OF LAND BY GOLD DIGGERS.—A cheering fact amongst the New South Wales gold diggers is that, in most cases, as soon as they have procured sufficient means, their first step is to purchase a piece of land, and settle down upon it. It is delightful to see this, as it proves that the men are not, as might have been supposed, absorbed in the vice of avarice; and it proves that which is of more consequence, that Australia will rapidly be peopled with a race of sturdy yeomen, who but the other day were labourers.

LICENCES.—At present the number of government licences for the diggings taken out and paid for is 12,811, realizing to the colonial treasury, at the rate of one shilling each, over 600*l.* a day. The proceeds of gold licences for one quarter is set down to 18,597*l.* 13*s.*; fees for gold escort, 4,189*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*; sale of crown lands, 91,273*l.*, being an immense increase on the corresponding quarter of last year.

QUININE is said to be selling for 5*l.* an ounce at Gayndah, South Australia, in consequence of the prevalence of ague in the neighbourhood.

DISPROPORTION OF THE SEXES.—The men who are traversing the route to Australia are reckoned to be in the proportion of 15 or 20 to one woman. We do not hear, however, that adequate means are being taken to rectify this frightful and growing evil.

REMITTANCES FOR RELATIVES.—There has recently been published a second remittance roll for the remission of families in Australia. The gross sum remitted was nearly 3000*l.*, and the several contributions, 136 in number, varied in amount from 12*s.* to 150*l.* We observe that a shepherd has sent 100*l.* for the emigration of his relatives; a labourer sends 80*l.*; a blacksmith, 60*l.*; a bricklayer, 50*l.*; and a builder, 50*l.* for the like purpose. Labourers, servants, and mechanics contribute the most to the kindly office of rescuing parents, children, relations, and friends from poverty, and of making them share in the prosperity now enjoyed by the emigrant donors. It is a pleasing subject to contemplate, and does honour to the industry and self-denial necessary to the accumulation of such a sum, and in so short a time. No class gives so largely as the labourer. There is no other than he that had the fortune or the virtue to save 130*l.* and 80*l.*, except a shoemaker, who sent his brother-in-law 150*l.* Hopeful and good as all this is, it must be in candour confessed that the Irish stand conspicuous for similar and greater generosity; they having remitted, in little more than a year, 900,000*l.* for the emigration of their relatives. A new country, new hopes, and good employment seem in both nations to rouse the qualities that "the thorny point of bare distress" had suppressed at home.

IMPORTANT TO EMIGRANTS.—Mr. Mansfield, the magistrate of Liverpool, lately gave his decision in an important case. The point involved was, whether the charterer of an emigrant ship, in case of the detention of that ship beyond its appointed day of sailing, is liable to the passengers for the return of the passage-money, and compensation for loss of time. The complainant was a person named M'Turk, who, with others, had taken passages in the "City of Lincoln" for Australia; and the defendant was Mr. J. Johnson, the charterer of the vessel. Johnson had failed to pay the whole of the contract-money to the owner, who detained the vessel in the river fifteen days beyond the specified day of sailing. It was contended, for the defendant, that he was not the cause of the detention of the passengers in the sense of the 32nd section of the Act, recently passed for the protection of emigrants. There were two ways in which the payment of the first 5*l.* by the plaintiff might be regarded, namely, either as a deposit, or part payment of the contract; but so far from the day of sailing not having been specified, that was one consideration for the payment of the money. Then, as to Mr. Johnson not being the owner of the vessel, he had certainly acted as such, and could not now be allowed to repudiate the ownership. The wording of the Act at one time led him to think that the case did not come within its meaning, but further consideration had changed that opinion. The plaintiff was therefore entitled to his 15*l.* passage-money, and 3*l.* compensation.

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THE SEWSTRESS AND THE BOOKSELLER.

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A TALE, IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

You may look in vain, on any map, for the large
VOL. I.—NO. 41.

town of Summerville—the Summerville of my story. It is to be found, nevertheless, under an *alias*; but for this time, and for a reason which satisfies myself, I prefer to use the prettier name.

T T

Towards the close of a gloomy February day, a female, slight and rather diminutive in stature, and not very warmly clad, hurried out of the High-street of Summerville, passed hastily through the cathedral close—Summerville is a cathedral town—and, descending a broad flight of stone steps, continued her course through more than one ill-lighted and ill-paved narrow street of neglected tenements, until she reached and entered a small shop, which was illuminated only by the dim light of a tallow candle, which flared and guttered famously, in spite of the screen carefully interposed between it and the ill-fastened door.

The little shop was a curious study. Seen by the imperfect light of the wasting candle, it looked as if the rubbish of half a dozen old libraries had been shot into it, together with the clearings of as many bankrupt schools. Heaps upon heaps of old worm-eaten books, in tattered bindings, or no bindings at all; dog's-eared and dirty grammars, dictionaries, ancient English Readers, and long forgotten and exploded histories; huge folios of ponderous divinity; bundles of old plays and political pamphlets of distant dates; novels, imperfect and odd volumes mostly;—these formed the staple of the stock in trade of that small shop. Besides these, and filling up spaces on the dark wainscotted walls, were strange-looking pictures, black and grim, some in tarnished gilt frames, some in no frames; old engravings, tattered and torn, in black frames, and one or two with cracked glass shields. A rusty musket, with worm-eaten stock, and old flash-in-the-pan lock, flanked on each side with a horse pistol of equally ancient construction, hung against one part of the wall, near the ceiling, and looked formidable. And on one shelf of the dirt-grimed window were scattered, in confused piles, strangely at variance with the solid literature with which elsewhere it was jammed, gay snuff-boxes, and odd-looking pipes of foreign material and make. The whole shop, from ceiling to floor, had a smoky, dirty cast of character, and it smelt most mustily.

The proprietor of this strange assortment of wares might be rich, or he might be poor: he *was* poor, however. Patiently he sat, that evening, in a little nook behind the broken counter of his shop, with paste-pot at his elbow, and India rubber in hand, patching and cleaning an old volume, page by page. The work went slowly on; for, as he patched, he read. He was a strange-looking figure: short and slim, and wrapped from neck to heels in a threadbare, greasy great coat. His hat, napless and mis-shapen, was pulled tightly over his forehead, down to his eyebrows; and beneath it could be dimly discovered a face which, thirty years before, might have been handsome, but which retained few traces of former beauty. Thin it was; and a broad red scar, which covered one side of it from forehead to chin, obliterating in its course the light of one eye, and contracting the muscles of the mouth, glared ghastly, that evening, when the solitary candle shone upon it. Nevertheless, an acute physiognomist, had he judged rightly, would have pronounced concerning that disfigured and mean-looking man, "There is a soul of kindness there, beneath that unpromising exterior. I'll trust him! He is one of nature's diamonds, rough and beclouded, but a diamond nevertheless."

James Underwood looked quietly up from the ragged book as the female entered his dirty shop. He seemed to have been expecting her, for he merely observed:—"You have been longer than you expected, Miss Bevan; it is a cold night, isn't it?"

"Very cold, Mr. Underwood:" the voice was soft and young; "very cold, and I am afraid it is late: is Willy come in yet, Mr. Underwood?"

The man shook his head. "He came in just after you went, Miss; but he wouldn't stop. I told him you wouldn't be long, and gave him your message; but he said it was so gloomy to be alone in that old room. I asked him to stop here and keep me company; but he wouldn't. I dare say he won't be long, poor boy, such a night as this. If I knew where to look for him, I would go and tell him you are returned."

The young woman sighed, and turned to another topic. "I am able to pay you, Mr. Underwood, a part—"

"Not to-night, Miss Bevan; I don't need it, indeed. I did not know that you were going out such an evening as this to get money for me. Oh, no, Miss Bevan, I couldn't think of taking it to-night," he continued, as, with benumbed fingers, she was trying to find her way into a very little and scantily-filled purse.

"I owe you for three weeks' rent, sir; and I am sorry, so sorry, I cannot pay it all; but if you will please to take a part—"

"Not to-night, Miss Bevan—well, let it be a very small part, then;" and, taking one of the proffered shillings, he pushed the rest away resolutely. "You will have more work soon, and then you shall pay me all. I can wait, you know."

The young sempstress—for such Mary Bevan was—muttered broken thanks. "If it were not for you, Mr. Underwood, what should poor Willy and I do?"

"For me, Miss Bevan! You don't mean to say that I have ever done you any good! If I were a rich old fellow now, and had a nice extravagant dressy lady for a wife, to keep your fingers always a-going, I might do you some good, perhaps; and then, may be, Willy would listen to what I might say. But, there, never mind. I ought to be ashamed of myself for keeping you in the cold, in this draughty old shop. Here's your candle, Miss Bevan;" and the speaker reached from under the counter a flat candlestick.

"This is not my candle, Mr. Underwood," said Mary; "mine was not half so long."

"O yes, it is all right. I wanted a bit in a hurry, so I used yours, and put another instead; that's all. And, Miss Bevan—you won't be offended—it was a great liberty I took, to interfere with a young lady's room; I thought you would be cold when you came home, so I sent old Betty to make up your fire. Poor old Betty! you don't mind her having done it, do you?"

Again murmuring her thanks, the young needle-woman left the shop by an inner door, shielding her candle as she went, up, up, up to the third story of the dilapidated old house, till she reached her own room. Then she sat down, and wept desolately.

But the disconsolate mood did not last long unchecked. Thanks to her considerate landlord,

Mary's fire burned brightly, and its genial warmth cheered her. "Tis very foolish to give way so," she said to herself; and resolutely wiping her eyes, she took up a book which her good friend downstairs had lent her. It might be interesting, but she could not read. Thoughts, mournful and anxious; recollections of the past, and anticipations of the future, would come unbidden; and while they were in their full current, the door opened, and a lad, younger than herself by at least three years—and Mary had not seen eighteen summers—pushed hastily in, and threw himself into the only other unoccupied chair, tossing into a corner of the room the cap, which till then he had not removed from his head.

That Mary and Willy were sister and brother, no one could have doubted who saw them together; and that they were orphans, and poor, and probably friendless, might have been guessed from the faded mourning garments they wore, their seclusion, and the poverty-stricken aspect of a home painfully bare of comfort. A broker would have given but a few shillings for all the room seemed to contain.

"Willy dear, it is you, then? I am so glad—"

"And I am so cold, Mary. You have got a good fire, I see: that's right—jolly. I don't know where you got the coals, though; but never mind, there they are. And hungry, are you, Mary dear? I am."

It is inexpressibly painful to witness the attempts which are sometimes made to cover, with the appearance of gaiety and exuberant spirits, the throbbings of an aching, dejected heart, or the pressure of physical suffering. And when the sufferer is young, how much more so!

Willy Bevan was a mere boy: and as he spoke, his voice was quivering; and when he warmed his long thin fingers over the bright fire, they trembled. His face was gaunt with habitual privation; his long dark hair hung in straggling locks negligently over his forehead; and every limb seemed faltering with weakness. He had evidently outgrown both his clothes and his strength; had it been manly, he could that evening have cried bitterly; but it wasn't manly, so he laughed unaturally.

"I don't think I am hungry, Willy," said his sister; "but I am sure you must be; and I have been paid for that last work: here, go and get what you like for supper; you need not think about me; just get enough for yourself;" and Mary put sixpence into her brother's hand.

He disappeared at once, and soon returned with a loaf and a small, very small, bit of butter.

"Now, Mary," said he, as he put the loaf and butter on the table, "you see that?"

"Yes, Willy."

"Very well; you know you have not had a bit between your lips these twelve hours; and I haven't either. Now, my lady, if you won't share and share alike, there's no supper for me—that's all."

It was true enough; and that day of twelve hours had not been the first, by many a one, in which food had not passed between the lips of brother or sister. That night they ate almost enough to satisfy hunger—not quite. The butter—that was an unwonted luxury—Willy had bought on the strength of the payment Mary had that day received.

"Capital! Well done you and I, Mary love," exclaimed the boy, when their meal was ended. "Now if we had but a glass of double—eh! Mary, to wash it down, we might be what I call jolly. But, I say, how about those coals? where did they come from? The cupboard was empty this morning, I'll—; no, I won't, neither, because you don't like it: but you didn't go and fetch them yourself, did you? If you did—"

"Mr. Underwood was kind enough to send me some up, Willy: he is very good."

"What a regular trump that old fellow is, Mary: but, I say, he's a rum 'un to—"

"Willy, dear Willy," said Mary, eagerly interrupting her brother in his career of slang; "I wish you would not;—I am sure you would not talk in that sort of way, if you knew how it pains me."

"Well, I won't then; there! But, after all, what does it matter? one must be like other people."

"Why *must*? and what other people? If our own dear father had lived, Willy—"

"But he didn't live. What's the use of talking about *that*, Mary. If he had lived, you wouldn't have to starve—starve—at that horrid shirt-making; and I shouldn't be—what I am. Look here," he added, holding up his foot, and showing a ragged shoe-sole and a lacerated foot-sole; "and here"—stretching out an arm, down which a patched and shrunken jacket-sleeve reached not far below the elbow—"and you, Mary, look at your old frock and faded shawl; and thin, patched boots; and, worst of all, your long, pale face: and think of our being beholden to such a man as old Underwood for a bit of fire to warm us! Who would have thought of the children of William Bevan! William Bevan, Esquire!" the boy added, and repeated it bitterly; "William Bevan, *Esquire*, as they used to write on the letters they sent him! who would have thought of our coming to this? Better forget it all, Mary, forget we ever had a father, or mother either, I think; and be what we are—beggars!"

"Willy, dear Willy, this is worse than all, to hear you talk so. What shall I do? But we are not beggars, Willy."

"Very near it, Mary. Do you know what I did to-day? But you don't, and won't guess; so I'll tell you. You know that great bookshop in the High-street. Well, I stood looking in at the window, and there was one of papa's books—I mean, one of the books he wrote—with his name on it as large as life; By William Bevan, author of— I don't know what all. I don't know what possessed me, but I cut into the shop. I did not think of what I was doing: my head was all in a whirl."

"Well, my man, what do you say?" said the bookseller; and I told him my name was William Bevan. He looked at me from head to foot; he'll know me again, I'll be bound. 'Well?' he said. So I told him who I was, and who my father was, and asked him if he could recommend me to any employment. You should have seen his looks, Mary. Talk about slang! He *looked* slang enough for twenty blackguards; and out I came. I had enough to do to keep from picking up a stone, and dashing it through his window, though. But I didn't do it."

"Everybody does not treat us unkindly, Willy,"

said Mary, brushing away the tears which would come, as her brother was indignantly telling his tale. "There is Mr. Underwood, now; he would not take the money we owe for rent, though I know he wants money almost as badly as we do, now he has no lodgers but ourselves; and he sent up this box of coals, and I don't believe he has another boxful in the house."

"You are right, there, I think," observed her brother; "for when I passed by his little den of a place, behind his shop as I went out just now for the loaf, not a spark was there in his grate; and I heard him tell the old woman—he did not see me though—that he did not want his fire lit to-night."

"It isn't the first time," continued Mary. "that Mr. Underwood has been kind to us. There was that week, last autumn, when I had no work, and we had no food, and no money to buy it—"

"I remember it well enough, Mary," said William, with a shudder at the recollection.

"And when he found it out," Mary went on, "you know what he sent us—"

"And went without himself; I know he did," said the boy; "and I say, he is a good old fi—; there, I didn't mean slang—a good-natured, benevolent friend."

"Our only one," rejoined Mary Bevan, speaking sadly.

"And a funny one, too," continued Willy, in his rattling manner. "I can't think how he lives: there are plenty of old books in his dirty old shop, to be sure, but he can't eat *them*; and I don't think he sells one a week. A customer is quite an event to him, I am sure. I say, Mary, isn't he a miser, do you think? I shouldn't wonder, now, if there is a hoard of guineas somewhere in this tumble-down old house, if we could but get at them, eh?"

"Nonsense, Willy. Mr. Underwood is not a miser; and if he were, it would be nothing to us, and—"

"Well, well; I don't believe he is, either. And I say, do you know what makes him so ugly?"

"Ugly! No, Willy; what do you mean?"

"That great red scar on his face, and his blind eye. I can't tell you."

"I think, Willy, we ought not to be talking so much about people that are absent."

"Why, it is no harm—not a bit; you will like to hear it. It was twenty years ago, or more, and Mr. Underwood lived, I don't know where; but it wasn't in Sumnerville; and the house he lived in caught fire, and was burnt to the ground. He wasn't a bookseller then; I don't know what he was; but he had a good deal of property in a box—'twas money, I dare say; and he ran out with it all safe, and was going to take it where it would have kept safe, when he heard dreadful shrieks. There was a baby, or something of the sort, left by mistake at the top of the house, when everybody thought it was cleared out of living things. So what did he do—Mr. Underwood, I mean—but toss his box into somebody's hands—'Take care of this for me,' said he; and back he went into the burning house. Everybody said it would be of no use, for the stairs were on fire; but he didn't heed them, and up he went somehow, and down he came with baby in his arms, all right, till he got to the first floor; and then he was stopped—the stairs

were all in a blaze. 'Catch this,' he said; and he pitched the baby into the crowd, and it wasn't hurt a bit; but as soon as he had done it, down he fell, right into the fire; the smoke had choked him. Well, they pulled him out, of course, or else he wouldn't be alive now; but burnt up, he was, all on one side; and that's the story of his scar. And that wasn't the worst; for when he came to himself, his box was nowhere to be found; and it never was found; and so he lost everything. I don't know how he came to set up in the old book line; but here he is, and—and I just wish we had something to drink his health with—that's all."

"It was just like Mr. Underwood," said Mary; "to think of others before himself. And it ought to make us think less of our own sorrows, to know that others have suffered more. It is dreadful to think of, though—poor Mr. Underwood;" and Mary, in her turn, shuddered. "And who told you this? Did he?"

"No, he didn't: Sam Blackman told me about it."

"'Tis the only good thing I ever heard of *his* telling, Willy. Why do you keep company with such a boy as that? I am sure he is not a proper companion for you."

"Why isn't he? Because he is poor, like us, I suppose, Mary," said the boy.

"No, dear brother; no, no. But is it not of him, and such as him, you learn that strange, low, ugly way of talking you have got into lately? and don't you waste day after day, and evenings too, in the streets with boys you would once have been ashamed to be seen with? Dear Willy!" and Mary burst into tears.

"And what would you have me do?" asked Willy, sullenly. "Look at these beggarly clothes; who else would keep company with me, do you think, if such as Blackman did not? And as to wasting time—what can I do all day long? Haven't I tried, again and again, till I won't try any more—I won't!—to get a berth? Nobody knows us, and nobody cares for us; why should I care for anybody? And as to talking—you would have me remember that I am a *gentleman's* son, I suppose? I tell you, I mean to do all I can to forget it."

Poor Mary—poor sister of a wilful but affectionate, a high-spirited but a crushed-spirited youth—what could she do? what could she say? She felt how wrong Willy was; but she felt, too, how natural his feelings were, and how desperate her case and his case were. It was quite true, that they were unknown and unfriended in Sumnerville. Two years before, their father—a literary man of medium ability and some evanescent popularity, but poor, and broken in health and spirits, a widower, too—had come from a distant country to Sumnerville, with the vague hope of more permanent employment than he had previously been able to insure, and of obtaining situations for his girl and boy. He came to be disappointed, and to die. And these were the orphan children, cast upon the world with none to care for them but the seller of second-hand books, in whose house their father had happened to take lodgings.

Piece by piece, almost every valuable the orphans inherited—and they were not many—had to be parted with, till starvation stared them in the face.

But, at length, Mary obtained employment as a sempstress, having to leave with her employer, as security for her honesty, her father's watch and her mother's gold ring—the last relics of former days.

But strive as she might—and Mary Bevan had a quick and neat hand, and a stout heart—she could do nothing more than provide for daily wants; and there were times when work failed. Meanwhile, her brother, under no control save hers—feeble sister as she was—grew almost unmanageable. He had sought, and she for him had sought employment, but in vain; and, between him and moral ruin, the barriers seemed to become weaker and weaker every day. Where was it all to end?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POWER OF A PENNY.

OUR readers, doubtless, remember the economical aphorism respecting the propriety of taking care of the pence, that the pounds might follow. It is not, however, with such fireside philosophy that we have now to deal. We purpose taking the reader with us into the crowded thoroughfares of London, and proving to him, at least so far as he is concerned, the truth of another ancient saying, that "one half of the world little knows how the other half lives." We shall confine our present remarks to the merchants of the street, and restrict ourselves to such of them as deal in articles procurable for "only a penny."

Having lately had occasion to traverse much of the metropolis on foot, we resolved, in the course of our peregrinations, to watch the various circumstances under which this cry was addressed to us; and waiving, for the nonce, our personal dignity, to purchase some of the articles that we might happen to be offered in our perambulations. Little things often lead to important results; and our traffickings, upon the occasion in question, may show perhaps more strikingly the vast number of persons employed in the manufacture and sale in the streets, of commodities at a trilling cost.

On emerging from our dwelling, we had not far to go before the cry, "only a penny!" met our ear. We found that it proceeded from a sharp little boy, with a truck bearing cherries at "a penny a pound." True to our resolution, we purchased a penn'orth, which were handed to us on an immense cabbage leaf. The fruit was hardly to our taste, and the mode of tendering it not over genteel; but the boy seemed to relish it, for his mouth was black as if he had been regaling himself out of an ink bottle. Feeling somewhat embarrassed by our first purchase, we gladdened the hearts of some ragged little urchins by a donation of them. We passed on, and left the cherry vendor vociferating, in stentorian tones, "Ya-ah's yer fine cherries, yer—owny a penny a pound!"

The next candidate for penny customers was an Irish girl at an oyster stall; but the three oysters she invited the public to accept for "only a penny" were of dimensions so vast, that to have disposed of them all, or even of one of them, was a feat in gastronomy which only a dustman would have had the courage to undertake. Numerous other appeals to the stomach of the population we witnessed;

oranges, apples, damaged dates, prunes, slices of cocoanut and pine-apple, filberts, brazil and other nuts, and fruits too numerous to be here recapitulated in detail—all might be had for "only a penny a lot;" but these, like the oysters, we shall, with the reader's permission, pass over.

Towards the end of a street near "the Angel," Islington, stood a tall, pale, care-worn individual—a poor glass-blower—amusingly haranguing the little crowd he had gathered around him, in the following style: "Only a penny a lot! 'Ere you hev a little bird o' paradise wi' his long and beautiful tail. Why, *he's* worth all the money! Next you hev a capital little glass pen, sich as you'd not get in a shop under a shilling; and then this other bird, here—all for a penny—only a penny, in a paper bag!" "Sold again," he vociferated, as we took a bagful and passed on.

Soon we had reached King's-cross—a crowded thoroughfare, at which five roads meet, thronged with buses and cabs. There is one man shouting, "Hailing;" another is vociferating, "Strand, Fleet-street, Philico, Pim-lee-co-o-w!" A third says, "Kennington-gate;" a fourth, "Tott'n'm-coat-rowd!" a fifth, "Caledonian-rowd!" and so on; not forgetting, "Bank! Bank! Bank!" Here was a complete Babel of sounds; so that here, at least, every man "minds his own business," or there would soon be unutterable confusion. One of these vehicles now rushed up to the spot at which we stood, and as it rattled against the kerb-stone, we were aroused from our contemplations by the excited conductor, who screamed out, "Now, sir-r-r, Tott'n'm-coat-rowd; only a penny." We mounted the fibst seat, beside the driver, and had a delightfully refreshing ride down the New-road to Tottenham-court-road, for the sum named.

On getting down, we were accosted by a ragged little urchin, with a small tin "waiter" suspended before him, on which he had a number of "coat-studs." "See how your coat's blowed about, sir," he said; "won't you have one of these studs? Only a penny, sir. Do capital, sir, when the weather's too hot, or your coat's too tight to button, sir." So we purchased one, and having adjusted it in our coat, passed on to the Edgeware-road.

Having concluded our business there, we encountered a number of little itinerant street-vendors. Some sold those little metallic, shut-up penholders, with a good steel pen, "only a penny." Others cried, "half quire note paper, only a penny;" "quarter of a hundred envelopes, only a penny." Further on was a tall, melancholy-looking young man, with long black curly hair, and profuse moustaches, extolling the wondrous powers of his little, rudely-constructed microscopes, "only a penny." Having dealt with each of these, our pockets began to protrude in a manner somewhat unseemly and uncomfortable. Our pocketful of pence, however, became proportionably lighter.

Next we bought a little bone article, which the boy declared was a real "hivery" toothpick. It, too, was only a penny; and it struck us as truly marvellous, that a sufficient number of them could be disposed of to induce the manufacturers and vendors to continue their operations at so low a price.

Mingling with the throngs of foot passengers,

it seemed quite a relief to lose the sound of "only a penny," which began to grow wearisome; but we were not destined to enjoy a very lengthened respite, for, a few yards further was a tall, red-haired, ferocious-looking Hibernian, with a tray full of "new pennies," which were an exact and well-executed representation of the current coin. On close examination they proved to be hollow, containing within them half a dozen knives and forks, and plates! It closed, however, so neatly, that the joining was scarcely perceptible. The articles in the interior were of course extremely minute and rudely constructed; but the thing itself was a piece of excellent workmanship. As it was "only a penny," we purchased one, and passed on.

Having occasion to visit the Oxford-street end of Tottenham-court-road, the old cry we found was resounding from the powerful lungs of a pencil manufacturer who was offering a black-lead pencil, *fourteen inches* in length, and lead quite through of a tolerably good description. It was rather too unwieldy for our purposes, but, for general use, remarkably cheap and good, being especially well adapted for carpenters and mechanical draughtsmen.

At the corner of a street stood a sharp little boy in a scarlet frock, labelled "Ragged School Shoe-black Brigade." In the pursuit of our peripatetic philosophy our boots had lost the lustre of the morning, so we had them "refreshed" for a penny at the stand of this little boy, who speedily put on a fine polish in the place of dust and dirt, and also brushed the splatterings from the legs of the trousers—all for "a penny." This little transaction is extremely suggestive to thoughtful minds; though disquisition would be out of place here, one cannot help a moment's reflection on the boon conferred on these poor little outcasts, in being thus enabled to earn a penny by honest industry, when every door was shut, and every back was turned upon them. We may notice, *en passant*, that from the last report of this organization, it appears that these little lads have cleaned 156,000 pairs of shoes during the past year, by which they have realized 650*l.* Of this, 360*l.* was paid to them, for wages, and 140*l.* went for working expenses. The boys managed to save 150*l.*! Similar brigades have been organized in Brighton, Liverpool, and Dublin.

Another, "penny" bus now carried us to Farringdon-street, at the corner of which stood a diminutive old man, vending little cakes of paste to remove grease spots from cloth in general, and from coat collars in particular. It is matter of regret to us that we cannot express his singular tones of voice and depict his eccentric gesticulations; for, if we could, the representation must as inevitably excite the risible propensities of every reader, as the actuality excited every bystander and passenger. The scene was made all the more ludicrous by a practical exhibition of the virtues of the paste in question for the purposes alluded to. The anti-grease paste vendor, accosted a venerable crossing sweeper, with a very large and palpable stain of grease, some inches in diameter, on the capacious tail of his well-worn and threadbare coat. Having displayed the spot to the little auditory, and having invited inspection to test its reality, he successfully commenced operations in the very

centre of it, that the removal of the grease might be more clearly apparent. Meantime he delivered a high eulogium on the merits of his production, appealing to the facts before them for a corroboration of his assertions. "I don't ask anybody," he said, "to buy this paste on the strength of my word, but come and see for yourselves. Here you see the effects before you. Surely a penny can't hurt you! Do you think you ought to go about with dirty coat-collars, when you can make 'em look clean and respectable for only a penny?" He concluded here with an air of self-satisfaction, evidently deeming his argumentation most incontrovertible, and his demonstration completely satisfactory. Having disposed of a few cakes, including one to ourselves, he moved a few paces further down the street, and we left him.

The next little group we encountered was witnessing the performances of a man who was fiercely chopping a very thick piece of wood with a razor! Such were the rapidity and energy of his strokes, that the chips were flying off in every direction. He enlivened this operation by remarks to the bystanders, and concluded by sharpening the razor with some paste, and calling attention to the fact that it was the same razor which had chopped the wood. Snatching a hair from the head of an errand boy among the bystanders, he then proceeded: "Now, gentlemen, you see this hair; see me chop it." Holding it up, he cut it at one stroke, proving the razor to possess, at that moment, a keenness of edge truly remarkable, considering its previous hard usage in connection with the stick. We purchased a cake: he wanted to sell us the razor and strop for 6*d.* each; but as our object was "penny" articles, we respectfully declined the proposal and passed on.

Finding ourselves an hour afterwards at Westminster-bridge, we were suddenly aroused by the cry—"This way to London-bridge; now, sir; pay here, sir. London-bridge only a penny." So we enjoyed our picturesque voyage in the steamboat to London-bridge, and this remarkable coin, "a penny," was all that was demanded as the fare. We will not stop to notice the variety of penny trash, in the shape of periodicals, offered to us while on board these boats; nor did we so far contribute to the dissemination of their pestilential influences as to purchase even a single copy to complete our specimens. Landing at London-bridge, we proceeded on our journey.

Space would fail us to catalogue the stalls containing various children's toys—"Pick where you like, 'only a penny' a piece;" or the heaps of odd volumes and pamphlets on the bookstalls—"All this lot 'only a penny' a volume." But we have not yet done with this wonderful coin. Here was a group of foot-passengers, listening to the oration of a little bald-headed individual, discoursing eloquently on the advantages of knowing short-hand. "For the small consideration of a penny, you may purchase my 'Stenography in Miniature'—a card of two inches square—whereby a person of common intellect may learn, in a few hours, to write short-hand without the assistance of a teacher." His little cards contained his alphabet, with the intimation that "there are no vowels except at the beginning and end of words, and then they are expressed by a dot, thus (.)"; and an

injunction to "write much before you attempt to read what you have written"—just the very opposite, we may remark, as knowing the art, of what any sensible short-hand writer would advise the tyro to do. Our stenographic artist having expatiated to his street audience at some length on the value of a good education in general, and on a knowledge of short-hand writing in particular, taking off his hat and elaborately wiping the perspiration from his face and neck, he added, "Such are the advantages; and if I have not made a better use of them myself, that's my concern; all I ask of you is to purchase one of these little cards for a penny." We stepped up and complied with his request, as also did two or three others, and then the little man moved on to renew his singular performance in some other locality.

We had scarcely brought these reflections to a termination, when we beheld another individual, in the midst of a group, selling little pasteboard tubes, closed at one end by a piece of looking-glass, and having an aperture at the top and another at the opposite end of the tube. The reflector being placed obliquely, by looking in at the top you distinctly saw what was transpiring behind you. The itinerant merchant at present in question was quite a "character," of whom we can convey but a very inadequate idea in any description we may attempt. He was of the middle height, stoutly built, with a serenity of countenance strikingly contrasting with the pale and anxious appearance of most of the others we had met. His hair was light and long, and his beard had had but a remote acquaintance with the barber's shop, or with his own razor, if indeed he possessed such an implement of cleanliness. Still his general appearance was tolerably clean and decent. Having disposed of two or three of his articles while we were making these observations, he again began his speech. "Now, gents"—a favourite contraction, it may be observed, among street orators—"here you are; only a penny for these very handy little articles. You see, by looking in at the top hole, the small mirror being placed in a *slanting* direction, you will perceive any parties coming behind without giving yourselves the trouble of turning round, and then running up against any party, or knocking yourselves 'gainst the lamp-posts." Then he began to experiment as follows: "Hold the glass up to your eye like this; now I see two young gents coming behind me; now they stop. Here comes a servant maid, with her missus's beer." See, she can't keep her mouth away from the jug;" (laughter, in the midst of which we moved a few steps nearer). "Here comes another gent, with his pockets full of something. See, he's taking out a penny." We thought this rather personal, and were going to "move on," when turning suddenly round upon us he vociferated, "Ya-ah you are, sir—only a penny!" There was no escape now; so we bought one, and moved rapidly away.

Next we beheld a man, well known to the frequenters of Cheapside, who says "only a penny" with a rapidity truly astonishing. He sells children's pictures, which change from one thing to another totally different, by pulling a string at the bottom of them. For instance, a picture representing a lady dressed *à la Bloomer*, by pulling

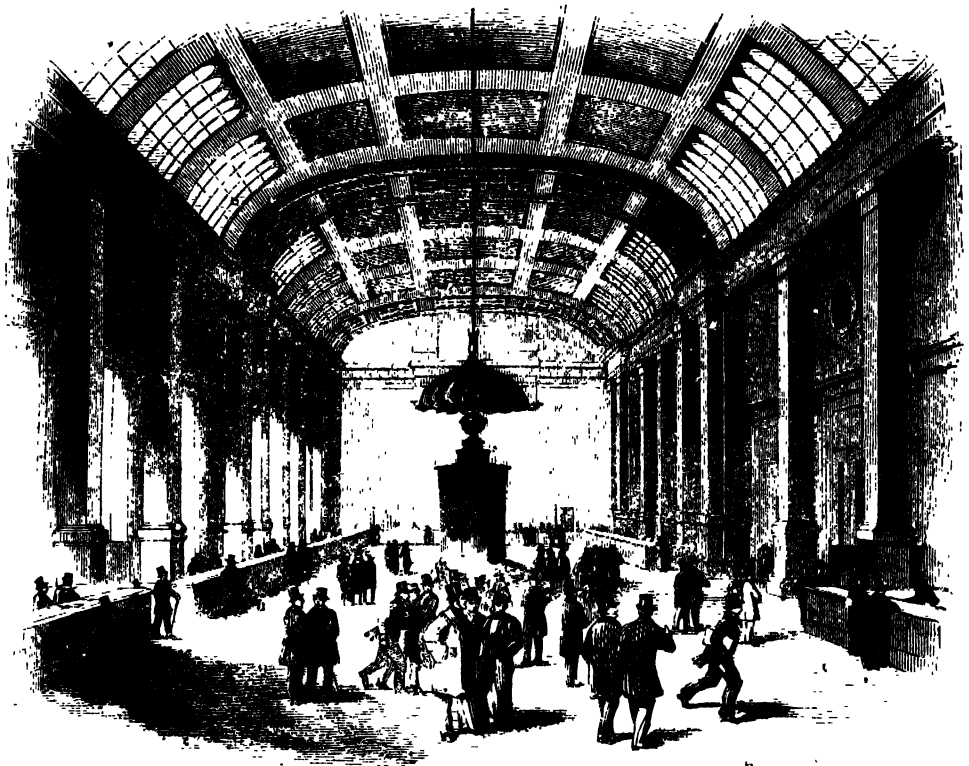
the string was transformed into a harlequin—an association of ideas not very charitable to those of the fair sex beyond the Atlantic, who favour these encroachments on male attire. But we must draw to a conclusion, and pass over Italian boys selling penny casts of sculptured figures; and a sandy-haired, dirty-looking young man, who pretends to sell, under a heavy wager, a real gold wedding-ring and a good sovereign for a penny! Neither may we pause to describe an aged female, whose hoary locks bore testimony of some seventy winters, and who was selling elegant little green candle shades, with neat wire frames complete, for a penny. Our physical energies have limits, and feeling somewhat fatigued, we found even in our repose the power of the penny. "Penny News Rooms," conveniently situated, invited us to rest and refresh our weary limbs, and gratify our mental tastes by the perusal, if we wished, of all the morning and evening London papers, and all the principal provincial journals, including those from the colonies.

Here we shall take farewell of our readers, thinking we have said enough to give the "penny" a consideration somewhat more nearly approximating its social importance, by showing how large a portion of our fellow-creatures, in the streets alone, subsist by the production and sale of penny articles. If we have excited sympathy for them, and taught any reader to prize more the worth of a penny, our perambulation will not have been in vain.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Of all the public buildings in London, none is so strikingly significant of its mercantile greatness, and the vast extent of its commercial transactions, as the present Custom-house. This edifice, simple in architecture and unpretending in position, is yet, to the mind of an intelligent and reflective visitor, more imposing—better adapted to excite astonishment and awaken interest—than those more splendid structures which attest either the artistic genius of past times, or the opulence and luxury of the present. We admire these for their own intrinsic beauty, or as memorials of departed talent; but on a building like the Custom-house we look with greater reverence, as indicative of the rise and progress of British enterprise and civilization. Nor is it merely the wide extent and diversified aspects of our industry and commerce that this edifice denotes; it is also illustrative of our political and social position, and especially of that freedom which is the glory of our land, and which, next to its Christianity, is the surest guarantee of the peace and increasing prosperity of its ever-growing population.

A walk of two minutes from the foot of the steps at the city end of London-bridge brings us to a plain brick building, on the south side of Lower Thames-street, with a frontage of nearly 500 feet. There are three entrances, with glass-panelled swing doors, through which persons are continually passing; but the principal one is the centre, and conducts the visitor to a large hall, with a double stone staircase leading to the "long room" and to the upper floors and apartments. Up and down this staircase, in office hours, a stream of human life is ever flowing. Ship-owners and



THE "LONG ROOM" AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

brokers are hurrying to and fro between the "long room" and their own offices or ships, to report the arrival of some vessels, and obtain clearances or warrants for the departure of others; whilst merchants and their clerks are hastening to pay the duties on imported or exported goods. At busy seasons, the echo of so many rapid footsteps on the stairs blends in strange combination with the hollow sound produced by the slamming of doors in distant parts of the building, and which reverberates along its passages and halls. On reaching the top of the staircase, we push aside the swinging glass doors, and enter what is called "the lobby." Here, beneath the windows, at a desk running the whole length of the apartment, stand the custom-house agents and their clerks, who, for a small remuneration, prepare the entries, and clear the goods of such merchants as prefer thus to save the time and trouble of their own *employés* and themselves. On the opposite side from this desk, we pass through another set of glazed doors to the "long room" itself, where all the business of the in-door department of the Custom-house, so far as relates to the importation and exportation of goods, is transacted. This spacious room is 190 feet long, 66 feet wide, and about 45 feet in height, and is lighted by 13 ground-glass windows on the southern side; there are also, at the eastern and western ends, two additional windows, immediately beneath the ceiling, which is arched, and, though not much ornamented, is handsome and imposing. The floor is wood, and

the walls and ceiling are coloured in imitation of stone. The apartment is warmed in winter by three large stoves, on the principle of Dr. Arrott; and the windows being double, and the walls thick, a pleasant and nearly uniform temperature is secured at all seasons. Along each of the four sides a portion of the room is parted off by a counter leaving the centre of the apartment clear, and, within the space parted off, the clerks, about eighty in number, have their desks. These functionaries are divisible into three classes, namely, officers of the inward, the outward, and the coast departments respectively. Their principal business is to inspect the returns of goods shipped or imported, to compute the duties according to the established rates, and to receive the amount payable on each transaction from the merchants or their clerks.

It is, however, after all, a very small proportion of the entire business of the establishment that is conducted here. The total number of officers and clerks employed within "the house" is about 300, and, independently of the long room, there are 17 distinct apartments provided for them. There are also, in regular employment, about 300 persons whose occupation is principally without doors, but who are in constant communication with the building; and, in addition to all these, a large body of supernumeraries, varying in number with the season and the ships in port; sometimes as many as 2000 have been engaged upon the river

between London and Gravesend. The entire business of the Custom-house is indeed of the most onerous and multifarious description. Not only the port of London, but all the outports are placed under the supervision of the commissioners in Thames-street, so that an immense amount of correspondence has unceasingly to be maintained with every part of the British coast. Clerks are also constantly occupied in recording the facts and figures which indicate the commercial movements of the country, the Custom-house being one of the oldest and most important sources of statistical knowledge on questions of political economy.

On leaving the long room and lobby, we pass through dark lengthy passages, extending from one end of the building to the other, and communicating with the numerous rooms occupied by the officers and clerks. These are constructed and arranged with a view to the public convenience and that of the establishment; and the officials of each department sit together, or in close contiguity. The ground floor and the first and second stories are all devoted to business purposes. The basement is occupied by cellars, fire-proof and substantially built, with walls of great thickness, where the wines and spirits are kept which have been seized by the custom-house officers. The king's warehouse is a spacious apartment on the ground floor, handsomely arched. On the southern side of the building there is an entrance from the river for the officers and clerks, used by them exclusively. The public are, however, admitted to the quay, whence a fine view of the Thames, the shipping, and London-bridge is obtained. We enter it by iron gates from Thames-street, either at the eastern or western end; the quay itself extending the whole length of the Custom-house. It is broad and well gravelled, and affords a most pleasant and agreeable promenade. In winter time, the rays of the noon-day sun are reflected from the edifice, which also protects the visitor from the north wind; and in summer, the gay appearance of the river, with its steamers, barges, and trading vessels, can nowhere be surpassed.

The history of the customs duties is strikingly illustrative of the great social changes which, in the course of centuries, have transpired in this our native land. Indeed, since the period when these duties were first imposed, a total revolution has been effected in the condition and pursuits of its inhabitants. Agriculture, and that of the simplest kind, was then the staple means of subsistence; trade was in its infancy, and foreign commerce hardly known. Of duties on imports, for the benefit of the sovereign, we have no particular account till the time of Ethelred II, who, in a council at Wantage, fixed the rates of toll on ships and merchandise arriving at Billings-gate, then the principal landing-place in the port of London. Small boats were to pay a halfpenny, large ones a penny, decked ships fourpence, etc. It would seem, however, that before this, it had been the *custom* (as the name itself denotes) to exact some payment for the landing or shipping of merchandise at the various ports; indeed the practice appears to have been derived from the Romans, and sanctioned by usage immemorial. These tolls were imposed equally on all sorts of goods, necessaries as well as

luxuries, but generally at a higher rate on the goods of foreigners than on those of native merchants. After the Norman conquest, tolls on merchandise at the outports were exacted by the baron by whom the town was protected. Some are of opinion that the customs paid to the king originated in his ancient claim of pre-emption, or right of buying for the use of the royal household, in preference to all other persons, at a lower rate, and even without the consent of the owner. This claim being extended to goods imported was called *prisage*; and of foreign produce wine, being the article most in request at court, was the chief object of the exaction. The claim was, two tons from every ship laden with twenty or more; and a duty of two shillings upon every ton of wine imported by foreigners was called *butlerage*, from being paid to the king's butler. In early times, the king himself, with the nobility and clergy, not unfrequently engaged in mercantile pursuits and speculations. Even foreign ecclesiastics, including the pope and cardinals, frequently obtained licences from the kings of England to export wool and other commodities without payment of duty. Provisions of various sorts, such as corn, wine, fish, salt, and fruit, appear to have been the chief articles of import; and wool, leather, lead, and tin, were the staple of the exported goods. Until so late as the early part of the 16th century, the foreign commerce of the country was mainly in the hands of aliens, many of whom, especially the French, Flemings, and Italians, settled in London, residing, for convenience sake, in the streets nearest to the river. Along its northern banks, in Thames-street, were their landing-places, warehouses, and cellars; and the thoroughfare itself was crowded with foreigners. Indeed, for a lengthened period, these enterprising colonists secured a large share even of the internal domestic trade of England. They were not only importers and shippers, but wholesale merchants too. In the reign of Elizabeth, however, a period when the national mind and energies became more fully and actively developed, a change took place, and both the trade and commerce of the country by degrees passed into the hands of native merchants. Large commercial companies were formed; amongst others the East India Company, founded in 1599, with a capital of 30,000*l.* in 101 shares; and an impetus was given to British enterprise which had hitherto been unknown.

From the time of Edward I, legislation upon the subject of the customs had begun to assume a distinct and specific character. In that reign several new duties were imposed, in addition to those previously established, especially that on wool, the principal article of export, which was increased from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 10*s.* per sack; whilst, at the same time, the king assented to several statutes adapted to encourage commerce, and give greater security to mercantile enterprise; Edward being evidently of the opinion expressed by Stow, the annalist, that, by trade, merchants not only profit themselves and the public but "bear a good fleece which the prince may shear when he seeth good," and that so far, therefore, as the amount of commerce was concerned, the interest of both parties was identical. But it was not till the first year of Elizabeth (A.D. 1559) that those measures on this subject were

enacted, which may be regarded as the commencement of the present system. By the act then passed, nearly all the old quays and landing-places on the river between London and Gravesend were abolished, twenty only being excepted and appointed as legal wharfs. Eight principal officers of customs were appointed, each having from two to six subordinates. For about thirty years from this time the duties were farmed for the sum of 20,000*l.* a year; in 1590, however, the government took the matter into its own hands, and the returns were increased to 30,000*l.* From that time till now there has been a steady and almost continual augmentation of the revenue from this source, strikingly proving the advance of England in the refinements of civilized life, in operative industry, commercial, enterprise, and everything that can raise a people in the great social scale. A glance at the statistics of the customs, as illustrating this fact, will be instructive.

In the year 1354, the duties on imports for the entire country amounted to only 580*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; the exports, however, were, at the same time, above 80,000*l.* At this period, the amount collected at London was little, if any, more than that yielded by the principal outports. By the commencement of the 16th century, however, London had established its commercial supremacy. In 1613, the customs of this city amounted to 109,572*l.*; and those of the outports, taken together, to only 38,502*l.* From 1671 to 1688, the customs of England averaged 555,752*l.* a year. From 1700 to 1714, the average was 1,352,764*l.* In 1725, the customs of London only, amounted to nearly 1,500,000*l.*, or more than the whole customs revenue of England in 1714. In 1800, the revenue collected at London exceeded 6,000,000*l.* In 1806, the amount for the whole of Great Britain was nearly 12,400,000*l.* In 1810, the total collection was 23,341,813*l.*, of which 11,116,685*l.*, or nearly half, was collected in the port of London. In 1851, according to a return which we have obtained, the amount was 11,285,732*l.*, being but a slight increase upon the previous period, and which is explained by taking into account the large remissions of duties which have been made during the last eleven years. The total expenses of collecting the customs duties at the present time are about one million sterling.

Our space will not permit us, in this paper, to particularise the duties imposed upon imports and exports respectively, or to describe the mode in which the business of the Custom-house is transacted. The facts stated amply prove that Britain is a country which has been signally favoured by Divine Providence in its material and social interests. These, for several centuries, have not only sustained no serious reverse; but, with few interruptions, have steadily advanced—advanced in a ratio, and to a point, to which the history of no other nation affords a parallel. This circumstance should be matter, not so much for self-exaltation, as for gratitude to the Author and Giver of all good things. It should also awaken in us a lively sense of national responsibility. As the result of our commercial prosperity, we enjoy facilities of communication with almost all the nations of the globe. Many of these are involved in moral darkness, and, as the consequence, in social misery and

degradation. Our intercourse with these countries should be improved to the promotion of their best interests. We should aim to enrich them, not merely by the productions of our manufacturing skill, but by the blessings of knowledge and the light of scripture truth. The mutual dependence of nations, who rely upon each other for many of the physical comforts of life, is a wise and beneficent arrangement of Providence, by which, in the supply of men's bodily wants, a channel is opened for the relief of the more pressing necessities of their moral nature. Let us hope that the increasing freedom and extension of our trade with foreign countries may be productive of lasting good, in reference to the highest interests of the great human family, and tend to unite its members more closely in the bonds of amity and peace.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHANN GOTTFRIED SEUME.

It affords a great but melancholy interest to turn from the brilliant pages of history, detailing the results of battles, whether fought in the struggle for national independence or for purposes of kingly ambition, and take up the narrative of individuals who have contributed to these events, and whose heart-rending sufferings form but an atom in the immense aggregate of human misery necessarily attendant on a great war. Among the many tales of suffering, more or less intimately connected with the American War of Independence, few are better calculated to inspire the reader with a horror of war in general, and more particularly of that military despotism which then existed on the continent of Europe, than the history of the subject of our present memoir. Though we have no heroic deeds to record, no blood-curdling accounts of carnage and bloodshed to narrate, yet is our interest not less excited on behalf of the sufferer; the more so, that he possessed a mind well stored with the treasures of ancient and modern literature, and exquisitely sensitive feelings that revolted at the very name of injustice.

The name of no German prince is pronounced by the modern German with a greater degree of abhorrence than that of Frederic II, elector of Hesse Cassel. "Trafficker in men," and "dealer in souls," are the epithets which have descended to posterity in conjunction with his name. He was, it is true, a liberal patron of science and the fine arts; but a great part of his immense income, by which he was enabled to foster them, was derived from the nefarious practice of selling the service of his soldiers to whatever nation was willing to pay him liberally for it. From the English alone he received more than three millions sterling, during the American War, for the troops he contributed. Nor, in the enlistment of his soldiers, did he confine himself to his own subjects, but, seized upon any hapless wanderer found in his dominions; provided he was of a nation not likely to call the elector to account for his actions.

It was towards the close of evening, one day in the latter period of the American War, that a young student was seen slowly entering the little town of Vach, on the confines of Hesse Cassel.

He seemed much fatigued, for he walked with the heavy, dragging motion of one who has made a long pedestrian journey, and whom even the cheering prospects of speedy repose cannot induce to quicken his pace. His whole fortune consisted of the few articles of clothing which he carried in a little knapsack on his back, about half a dozen dollars in his pocket, and two small volumes—the one Horace, the other Virgil. The resolute expression of his dark eye, and his broad expansive forehead, bespoke firmness and self-confidence. The term of the student's journey was Paris, and this was the third day of his toilsome travel.

Johann Gottfried Seume, for so was the student named, although destined to hold a high rank among the literary celebrities of his fatherland, as a prose writer and poet, was the son of poor but honest parents. At the age of twelve he had lost his father, who left behind him a widow and five children, entirely unprovided for. By the assistance of a count, who had been his father's landlord, he was sent to a private school, where the master's lady vainly endeavoured to polish his manners, whiten his hands, and smooth the wrinkles of his forehead, so often furrowed at this early age by moody, melancholy reflection; but where, according to the testimony of his master, he had done more in two years than other boys in six. Transplanted to a public school at Leipzig, his original mind did not fail to clash occasionally with the old-school system of teaching adopted by his new master, among whose numerous peculiarities was that of addressing his pupils in the first person of the plural number.

"Where is our written preparation?" said the pedagogue one day to Seume; for he was extremely strict in requiring all his pupils to write down on a piece of paper the meanings of the words they had looked for in the dictionary.

"Here!" answered the pupil laconically, pointing to his forehead.

"We are impertinent, sir; we shall see."

Chuckling at the opportunity of taking down the pride of his arrogant pupil, the pedagogue examined him severely; but the student had not overrated his powers, and the disappointed master was fain to be content with muttering a few words about obstinacy and boldness, and passed on to the next boy.

On the occasion of another dispute, the teacher, with indefensible warmth, exclaimed in anger, "Sir, we are an ass."

"As far as I am concerned, I protest against the assertion," replied the pupil coolly. The school was in an uproar of laughter, to the great discomfiture of the cowed master.

But this opposition could not last long; Seume obtained the permission of his patron, the count, to undergo the necessary examination previous to entering a higher school; but his classical attainments were found to be such as rendered further attendance in school unnecessary, and he was at once entered as a student in the university of Leipzig.

He now devoted himself to study with all the energy of his ardent temperament, and made rapid progress in the ancient classics, especially in Horace. But scepticism had seized hold of him, and his zealous study of the works of Bolingbroke,

Shaftesbury, and Bayle completely unsettled his opinions. Incapable of disguising them, he came into open collision with his teachers, and formed the resolution of freeing himself from his now insupportable situation, by quitting the university. The generosity of his friends had supplied him with fifteen shillings a month for his personal expenses, a sum which, though small, he confesses would have sufficed, had he not acquired a passion for theatricals, which regularly absorbed nearly two-thirds of his income. He sold his books and all that he could dispose of, paid his debts, and started for Paris. On the third day he arrived, as we have seen, at Vach.

The trouble of seeking a humble house of entertainment, where he could repose his weary limbs and recruit his exhausted strength, was soon taken off his hands. He was met by one of the elector's recruiting parties—questioned, examined, and cross-examined—and, in spite of all protestations against such flagrant injustice, was carried off and despatched forthwith to the fortress of Ziegenhain. Here he found hundreds of companions in distress, of all countries, many of whom had been seized upon in the same violent manner, all waiting till they could be sent to Bremen, in order to embark for America. It was a motley group of human sufferers, of all shades of character, good and bad, well educated and ignorant; but all animated by one common sentiment—hatred of the tyrant who, to enrich himself, was about to send them, like sheep to the butcher's shambles, to shed their blood on a foreign shore, and that in a cause for which none had any sympathy, and of which many of them had no further knowledge than what they had gained from their fellow-captives. This general hatred soon engendered the wish to free themselves from the abhorred service; and the occasional secret meetings, among the most daring of the oppressed, ripened into a general conspiracy. It was natural that the cultivated and bold mind of Seume should gain an ascendancy over his comrades, who put such confidence in his courage and judgment that they chose him as their leader, and invested him with unlimited power. Seume, however, foresaw the difficulty of keeping a secret that was known to so many; he, therefore, resolved on maturely considering the prospects of success before accepting the perilous post. His intention was merely to conduct them to the frontiers of Hesse, and then let them disperse in all directions. While yet undecided as to what step he should take, an old Prussian sergeant, one of the kidnapped, came up to him.

"Young man," said he, "you are rushing to certain destruction. Your numbers are too great; you will be betrayed. Believe an old man. I have been present on like occasions more than once. You seem good and honest, and I love you like a father. Be guided by my advice." On further reflection, the advice of the old man seemed good, and it was followed. Seume had just time to decline the honour intended him, and to dissuade his comrades from the attempt, when they discovered that the whole plot had been betrayed by a tailor, who had purchased, by his treason the post of sergeant. The hatred and persecution of his comrades, however, soon compelled him to exchange the situation for a handful of ducats and his liberty.

The troops were reviewed at Hanoverian Minden, and compelled to wave their hats and shout "Long live the king," after which they proceeded to Bremerhaven, at the mouth of the Weser, where the English transport ships were waiting to receive them. But Seume has written an account of the first half of his own life, and we shall now let him speak for himself, merely somewhat condensing his narrative.

"In the English transport vessels we were pressed, squeezed, and arranged in layers like pickled herrings. To gain room, there were no hammocks, but a kind of boxes, one row above another. A full-grown man could not stand upright between the decks; nor, in the box, even sit in an erect posture. In each compartment lay six men, though four were enough to fill it; the other two, therefore, had to be pressed in. It may easily be imagined that there was no lack of warmth during the warm weather. It was utterly impossible for any one of the occupants to turn round, or lie on his back. It was necessary to lie on his side, and as straight as possible. When we had sufficiently perspired and been well roasted on the one side, the man on the right wings cried, 'face about;' and when we had had *quantum satis* on the other side, the left man cried the same, and we squeezed ourselves into our former position. It was to me a new and strange feeling, when, the following morning, I stepped on deck and saw around me nothing but sky and ocean. The waves rolled majestically, and the ships tossed and danced, like magic liliputian toys, on the boundless immeasurable surface. I felt as if transported to another world.

"Through the kindness of the captain, who had found me one day reading Horace on the deck, I was allowed more freedom on board than my comrades; especially as I took much interest in navigation, and made myself acquainted with the nomenclature of the ropes and tackle. It was my incessant craving for activity that here again procured me many little advantages, and preserved my health. I was also occasionally indebted to him for an extra portion of beef and biscuit, which he sent me secretly in a nightcap, and which formed a very grateful present. The ship's provisions were not of the best kind, nor very plentiful: to-day, pork and pease; to-morrow, pease and pork. We often had storms, and some of them were violent in the extreme. The towering of the waves, the howling of the wind through the sails, the beating and noise of the cordage, the thunder of the surges against the vessel, the shouting of the crew, the entire ocean so fearfully angry—all is terrible to the novice; but he soon becomes accustomed to it, and learns to sleep tranquilly amidst the roar of the warring elements. The magistrate of the Rhine, who caused all the nightingales to be shot because they disturbed his sleep, could not have resorted to a better means of cure than a voyage over the ocean, especially if made in an English ship.

"When not engaged in working with the sailors I mounted to the mast-head, with my Virgil, and compared the storms we had experienced with his descriptions; and never did I find him so truthful and animated as when thus thinking of the last storm we had had, and awaiting the approach of

another. His *insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum*, is simple and picturesquely beautiful, painting as it does the whole scene. This he must have felt himself; for, with few changes, it is repeated in all his descriptions of a storm at sea. If we did not know that he had been to sea, we might have been sure of it from these passages, just as I conclude from his description of Mount Atlas, that he was never on a mountain of the first magnitude."

An inquiring mind can be placed in no situation in which it may not find opportunities for gaining knowledge and subjects for meditation; we accordingly find that of Seume ever active, and deriving knowledge from events that were to others but a simple source of amoyance; while his description of the voyage abounds with reflections, which show that for him even the tedium and sufferings of a long voyage were not objects devoid of interest. The young soldier had, indeed, time enough to reflect; for the voyage, which, under favourable circumstances, usually lasted four weeks, occupied twenty-two. To avoid the cruising vessels of the French and Spanish, the convoy, which consisted of nearly seventy vessels, sailed in a northerly direction, and was driven by the tempests near the coast of Greenland. The provisions began to fail, and the sufferings of the soldiers became extreme, when at length land was discovered; and, in the joyful anticipation of once more setting foot on dry land, the past and its miseries were forgotten.

"On taking leave of the captain," continues Seume, "he shook me heartily by the hand.

"It is a pity, my boy," said he, "that you cannot stay with us; you would soon become a good sailor."

"Heartily, I would," said I; "but you see it is impossible."

"So it is; well, may you be prosperous; farewell."

"With a grateful wish for the welfare of the humane captain, I descended the ladder, and we rowed to the shore.

"I was appointed sergeant, and ordered to erect the tents.

"Schlippe," said I to an old grenadier, who was given me as assistant, "I understand Latin and Greek very well, but nothing of military tactics; help me: perhaps I shall be able to help you hereafter."

"The old man laughed, took the axe and a few soldiers with him, and, acting under my orders, soon raised the tent. As sergeant, it was also my duty to exercise the troops, though I knew nothing of the matter myself.

"Schlippe," said I, again, "let us go into the wood, and let me into the secrets of the manual exercise." All went on well, and, like the academical professor who learns in teaching, I soon became skillful in the management of my weapons, and in the execution of simple manœuvres. A little knowledge of mathematical figures and presence of mind is all that is required for the latter.

"I was sitting in my tent, one day, when an officer entered, and asked me if I was Sergeant Seume. I answered him in the affirmative. He took me by the arm and conducted me to his tent, at the other end of the camp. I waited in suspense for

the result, as he was very monosyllabical on the way. There were some verses lying on the table; he put them into my hand, and asked me if they were mine. I told him they were. It was a tragicomic elegy on our present life in the camp.

"We must become better acquainted, Seume," said he.

"Very willingly," I answered.

"He then gave me a piece of venison for supper: for he was a good sportsman, and seldom without it. From that time we became as inseparable friends as the nature of our irksome duties would permit. Münchhausen* was then, what Johnson calls, 'a man of sound, strong, unlettered sense'; a circumstance of much advantage, both to himself and to me. My faculties were not a little obscured by the dust of the schools, though my classical attainments were but slight. His approbation was my best reward, and his criticism my best instructor. I now understood that school-learning is not all that is required."

Introduced by his friend Münchhausen to some brother officers, the young sergeant found alleviation from the toils and drudgery of a soldier's life. He was freely admitted into their society, whenever he could find a leisure hour; and, as most of the officers were keen sportsmen, the game they provided formed an agreeable variety from the rations served out to the troops. But Seume's services were required as secretary, and to his mortification he found himself deprived of the few leisure hours he had hitherto enjoyed. He had, as he says, to write, write, write, till he was almost driven to despair, and often about absurd subjects, having to copy a whole sheet about an old broken pot-lid, or some such trifle, not worth a penny. The opposition he made to this slavish occupation procured him a night's imprisonment; but he was afterwards released from his duties as sergeant, that he might devote himself entirely to those of his new post.

Continually encouraged by his friend Münchhausen, he wrote several pieces of poetry: all of which are now lost, except one fragment, which he has preserved in his autobiography, and which is not unworthy of the fame he subsequently attained. But, as he says, he had neither mind nor leisure to write, and preferred wandering in the woods with his Homer, Virgil, or Horace in his hand, in which he was sometimes so absorbed as to forget the regulations of the service, which required all to be in the camp at the going down of the sun. Situated on the outskirts of the theatre of war, Seume and his regiment had no participation in the fighting, beyond a slight skirmish or two with the French outposts. Inaction, a greater torment to him than all he had suffered, tended to increase the disgust which the fact of his being an unwilling English mercenary, and employed against a people struggling for their independence, naturally created in him. Inspired, too, by no hope of becoming an officer—which was impossible in the German service—he formed, in conjunction with a

friend, the project of deserting to the Americans. The proclamation of peace, however, put an end to their designs, and the friends agreed to return with the regiment to their native country; being unwilling, as they said, to vegetate the rest of their lives among the Hurons and the new republicans. Dangerous as the experiment of desertion would have been, Seume would doubtless have run the risk, could he have foreseen the misfortunes that awaited him in his native country. After a voyage of scarcely more days than the passage out had lasted weeks, the Hessian troops landed at Bremen.

"Here we were horror-struck," continues Seume, "by the report, that on arriving at Minden we should be sold to the Prussians. It was whispered aloud, and the well-known character of the trafficker in souls rendered it not improbable. With my friend Serre, therefore, and a certain Wurznar of Gotha, I formed the resolution of quitting this shameful and hated service. We in vain waited for an opportunity to escape, for the riflemen had their loaded barrels pointed in all directions. From vexation and weariness, I had fallen one night asleep on my haversack, and on awaking in the morning I discovered that my companions were gone, probably not having been able to awaken me with safety. In Bremen, however, an opportunity presented itself, and I started. Passing over the old bridge into the old town, an honest old burgher met me, and asked me if I were not a Hessian deserter. I told him I was. He then said that the magistrates of the town would deliver me up. And now—"

Here ends the autobiography of Seume. The citizens of Bremen crowded round him, and accompanied him to the nearest gate. Seume flew like an arrow across the plain; but the riflemen were hot in the pursuit. Hunted like a dog, he was at length driven to a neck of land between the rivers Weser and Hunte. The unhappy fugitive gave himself up for lost. To have plunged into the river while in a state of profuse perspiration would have been certain death, and he was just on the point of resigning himself to his lot, when a voice amid the willow-trees on the banks attracted his attention. It was a fisherman in a boat. He had been watching the chase, and now called upon the fugitive to jump in, who required no second invitation. Bidding him lie down, the fisherman seized his oars, and amid the hissing of bullets, which passed harmlessly over his head, conveyed him to the opposite shore.

"There, friend," said the man, as he landed, "you are on the territory of Oldenburg; you are free."

The following day, some Hessian officers came and offered Seume full pardon, and even money, if he would return; but he declined, and, politely wishing them good morning, took the road to Oldenburg. He was kindly received by the reigning duke, who took great interest in the fate of the prepossessing young deserter. He made him proposals respecting his future plans of life; but, on Seume's expressing his wish to revisit his mother and the land of his birth, he was dismissed with considerable presents. Happy at his escape from the hated thralldom of the military service, and calmly pursuing his way across the frontiers of Oldenburg, thinking of nothing but his mother and the happy meeting about to take place, and

* This Baron von Münchhausen, afterwards colonel in the Hessian army, and a poet of some celebrity, is not to be confounded with the better-known Baron von Münchhausen to whom we are indebted for the mendacious travels of the famous Baron of the same name, which were written by his friend, the celebrated poet Bürger.

chalking out for himself a brilliant literary career, he was suddenly reminded, in a most unpleasant manner, that he had been guilty of an unaccountable negligence: he had forgotten to exchange his Hessian uniform for the dress of a civilian. He was seized as a deserter by a Prussian recruiting party, forcibly carried off to Embden, and there shut up in a kind of cage destined for the reception of all those who did not tamely submit to the yoke imposed upon them. He was now a private soldier again; and the severe discipline which then existed, and the contemptuous treatment of the men, who were looked upon by their officers as little better than cattle, forbade his cherishing any hope in his bosom except that of flight. He made an attempt to escape one clear, starlight night; but had not gone far, before the firing of guns, announced to him that his flight was discovered. He steadily pursued his path; but, unfortunately, a thick fog arose, and he could no longer distinguish the path he ought to take. Still he kept on throughout the night, and, on the clearing away of the fog in the morning, the first thing that met his eyes was the town of Embden, at the distance of scarcely half an hour's walk. He was of course immediately recaptured. While under arrest, he wrote with chalk, upon the door of his prison, a couplet in hexameter verse, expressing the anguish of his soul. This led to an inquiry, on the part of the officer on duty, as to who had written it, and to a discussion upon the correctness of the verse, which the officer denied, and Seume defended with so much eloquence and learning that the former became interested in his erudite prisoner. Inquiries were made as to his past life, and how he had entered the service; and, as some slight recompense for the wrongs he had suffered, he was pardoned for having deserted. The brave general Courbière became his patron, made the service less onerous to him, appointed him tutor to his own children, and recommended him to several families in the town. His life was now a comparatively easy one: he became a favourite with those who made his acquaintance, and his animated descriptions of what he had experienced made him a welcome companion to all. But he could not forget that he was still a common soldier, without any possibility of obtaining his freedom, or of becoming an officer; as, under the system adopted by Frederick the Great, none could be officers but those of noble birth. Notwithstanding his former ill success, he resolved on another attempt at escape.

It was in the middle of winter, and the pathless fields and morasses of East Friesland were frozen just hard enough to bear the weight of a man, when Seume quitted his post; in the middle of the night, and fled. Scarcely had he started when the weather changed; it began to thaw, the rain poured down in torrents, and the unhappy fugitive sank deeper and deeper into the morass at every step. For twenty-four hours he continued his painful way, wading through mud and water, wet to the skin, and without food or refreshment. With almost supernatural exertion he had nearly reached the frontiers, when he felt his powers utterly exhausted, and to prevent his perishing miserably in the open fields he crawled to a neighbouring village. The peasants assisted him, and laid him on a bed. Blood flowed copiously out of

his boots. He was visited by the bailiff of the village, who took every care of him, gave him refreshments, and—sent him the next morning, under a strong escort, back to Embden.

Who can paint the agonies of mind under which the unfortunate prisoner laboured? His own disappointment scarcely exceeded that of his general and the officers, when they saw him brought back. He had gained the good-will of all, and they had secretly rejoiced at his having escaped. His unhappy lot excited the commiseration of the whole town, and the first families applied to the military authorities in his favour, but in vain. At length came the youth of the town, with the general's own children at their head.

"Children!" said the general, who could not suppress his own tears; "children! glad as I should be to pardon him, I cannot."

The court-martial sentenced him to be flogged. The prisoner had to pass twelve times between two files of soldiers, each armed with a stout whip—a fearful punishment, which often terminated in death. The prisoner heard the sentence in gloomy silence, and was about to be conducted back to prison, when the general cried, "halt!"

Seume advanced.

"In consideration," said the general, "of the good behaviour of the prisoner, of the moral tenor of his life, and the good use which he has ever made of his talents, the court orders that the sentence be commuted to six weeks' imprisonment on bread and water. And," continued he, in an audible whisper, "the prisoner will not be offended if the citizens occasionally send him a plate of roast meat."

The hint was taken, and Seume feasted during the term of his imprisonment better than the general himself.

Seume suffered no further inconvenience from his attempts to escape. He was allowed to continue his lessons as before; was subjected to no extra discipline; in short, he wanted for nothing but liberty—a blessing without which he felt that life had no charms for him.

But the period of his involuntary servitude was now to come to a close.

"Why don't you ask for leave of absence, Seume?" said an opulent citizen one day to him.

"I should not receive it."

"Yes, you would; you have only to offer security."

"I have no money," said Seume.

"But I have. Offer eighty dollars. Speak to-morrow with the general."

"But I should not return."

"No matter," said his friend; "do what you like. Eighty dollars are ready whenever you want them."

Seume took the hint, demanded leave of absence, obtained it, and arrived in safety at his mother's house in Posen.

It is not our intention to follow Seume step by step through the remainder of his life, though scarcely less eventful than the first portion of it: we shall therefore be brief.

His first thought was to repay the man who had been the means of his recovering his liberty. For this purpose he translated an English work, and a friend having related his intention and his history

to an eminent bookseller, the latter advanced him the necessary sum, which was duly transmitted to his benefactor. Possessed of the freedom he had so long desired, he devoted himself with intense application, to science and literature, in the town he had formerly so rashly quitted.

In 1792, he received the title of magister, and was appointed private tutor to the sons of Count Igelström, who afterwards procured for him the post of secretary to his brother, a general in the Russian service at Warsaw. He soon after received an officer's commission. His services were so great, that the general often mentioned him to the Empress Catherine, and particularly recommended him for promotion. But the Polish revolution broke out, and Seume, whom his friends believed to have fallen a sacrifice to the rage of the Polish soldiery, surprised them by appearing at Leipzig to execute an important commission entrusted to him by the empress. A brilliant career was opening before him, when the death of Catherine put an end to his hopes. Paul I. ascended the throne, and recalled all the Russian officers then residing abroad. The commission with which Seume had been entrusted was not yet accomplished, nevertheless he was struck off the list. Remonstrances on his part had the effect of procuring him permission to return: but Seume, not less wilful than Paul himself, felt that under such an emperor there was no proper sphere of action for him; he therefore resigned his commission, and returned to his former occupation of giving private lessons in Leipzig.

He afterwards went a journey on foot through Italy, thence to Syracuse, and published an account of it under the title, "My Walk to Syracuse;" the most celebrated of his prose works, and which at once placed him in a high rank among the writers even of that Augustan age of German literature.

In 1810, through the influence of Wieland, whom he visited at Weimar, the Princess of Weimar induced her brother, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, to settle a pension upon him which, however he did not live to enjoy many months. He closed his toilsome and eventful career at Toplitz, whither he had gone for the benefit of the baths.

As an author, his writings reflect like a mirror the roughness of his character; and, though he cannot be classed among the greatest of those bright luminaries that adorned the age in which he lived, he stands high among those of his countrymen whose fame and influence have not ceased to exist with the dissolution of their mortal frames.

We conclude this sketch in the words of a friend, who is speaking of the monument erected to the memory of Seume at Toplitz. "Even the gravedigger loves this monument of the strange, philanthropical, misanthropical citizen of the world; and numbers of wandering strangers in this place, the resort of so many of all nations, yearly visit and crown the tomb of him who, on this earth, ever remained himself a wanderer and a stranger."

ALL our removes in this world are from one wilderness to another.—*M. Henry.*

Few mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in heaven; it is not every one that overcometh.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

GROANS FROM THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

A PAMPHLET, by Mr. J. S. Harrison, entitled, "The Social Position of Book-keepers and Clerks considered," has been sent to us. In it the author has strongly advocated the claims of clerks to a just and liberal remuneration at the hands of their employers. We cheerfully give insertion to an extract, condensed from Mr. Harrison's appeal, believing that, amid many honourable exceptions, there are numerous employers to whom such an appeal is urgently necessary. At the same time, it is only for the benefit of clerks to remind them that, as in their department of labour the supply generally more than equals the demand, they are especially called upon, if they would emancipate themselves from the difficulties of their class, to cultivate habits of frugality and self-denial, and carefully to consider whether other departments of labour, involving perhaps less agreeable duties and more toil and enterprise, might not be advantageously pursued by them. The latter consideration ought, at all events, powerfully to weigh with the parents and guardians of young men, who, in their anxiety to procure for their relatives employment that is sometimes comparatively genteel, forget that they may be introducing the objects of their care to the anxieties and troubles detailed in the subjoined passage.

Most persons of observation will be aware of the impossibility of even a very limited household or family, having any pretension to respectability and comfort, being maintained without the utmost perplexity on the sums frequently given to clerks. Employers, in dealing with them, not unfrequently adhere too tenaciously and distressingly to the sentiment, in itself at once so moralizing and devout—

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

A widely esteemed and wealthy manufacturer of Birmingham, in whose establishment several clerks are privileged to labour, observed very truly to the writer recently, that "clerks often really have not the comforts of dogs," at the same time adding that he gave neither of his clerks less than a hundred a year, and his managing-clerk full double that amount. In referring to his chief clerk, he stated that he felt called upon to give him a good salary, because it was owing to his services that he was able to leave his business so much; as he must otherwise do himself, that which he could now with confidence leave to another. A firm, on the other hand, doing a first-rate trade, employs a book-keeper, whose business it is (with the help of an assistant) to manage the books and the correspondence, attend to the execution of all orders, transact the trade of the firm in the town where the business is carried on, and this to a very heavy amount; have frequent consultations with the firm respecting prices, the credit of customers, etc.; occasionally attend creditors' meetings, etc.; and have the consequent anxiety and identification

with the concern, necessarily connected with all this, for the salary of thirty shillings per week. Justice and common fairness certainly lead to the hope that such instances are rare.

It is with regret the writer would mention that some who are most liberally disposed toward general charities and the indigent poor, are yet in the habit of giving as limited a salary or wages as is well possible; he has so frequently heard this very distressing circumstance remarked, in connection with the expressed opinion that one of the essentials to Christian consistency and well-doing is practically to bear in mind the old adage, "charity begins at home," that he feels called upon to allude to it here. The principle actuating employers in some instances would seem to be that of giving remuneration, not according to the true value of the service rendered, or the reasonable requirements of the party's position; but according to the amount for which any other person would be induced to engage. Very few would assert that the true value of a commodity is always necessarily the price it obtains in the market.

Were this principle carried out in all cases, it would at once have a widely pauperising influence; it must necessarily depreciate the quality of the services rendered, cripple energy and capacity, and tend to banish generous principle and truth from those engaged, substituting low cunning and anxious expediency. Surely, a respectable occupation, where the duties too are so analogous to those actually devolving on the principal, ought to insure to a qualified and prudent man a comfortable and respectable living for himself and family.

It must clearly, too, be advantageous to employers that their book-keepers and clerks should, to a reasonable extent, be placed beyond pecuniary care and anxiety, that they may exercise a spirit of devotedness toward their masters' interests, and feel identified with business duties. The more freely a man can apply himself to his engagements without any withdrawing cause, the more fully will his efforts be successful.

But instead of this encouraging effect, the low remuneration too frequently given, of necessity oftentimes induces, even in the most careful and truthful minds, a feeling of decided separateness, disaffection, and indifference. Many clerks, owing to the great difficulty they have in honourably living, continue in a state of unsettlement and indecision. They are prevented from giving their undivided energy to their engagements from the pressure of social difficulties and the necessity of watching for some means of bettering their situation, by which they or their wives might earn something additional, wherewith to provide reasonable and needful comforts, it may be sometimes even necessities.

It is worthy of mention, too, that clerks have additional cause for anxiety that their earnings should be such as to supply them with a comfortable living, both present and prospective, from the difficulty, if not impossibility, of their entering into business as principals in the trades they have been brought up to, owing to the amount of capital usually required. One outlet too, open to most classes of persons, viz., emigration, is comparatively closed to them; for, of all parties, clerks are among the most unsuited for emigrating. Having,

generally speaking, been brought up to no mechanical trade or craft, and being unused to regular manual labour, they have the greater disadvantage, and are comparatively the most useless in a colony, so that in case of having the means for emigration at command, or having them proffered from any other source, the wisdom of removing would seem more than questionable, except a clear and certain course were marked out beforehand.

SILENT LOVE.

"An illiterate female," said Dr. Chalmers, "in humble life, applied for admission to the sacrament; but, at the customary examination, could not frame one articulate reply to a single question that was put to her. It was in vain to ask her of the offices or mediation of Christ, or of the purpose of his death. Not one word could be drawn out of her; and yet there was a certain air of intelligent seriousness, and the manifestations of right and appropriate feeling—a heart and a tenderness indicated, not by one syllable of utterance, but by the natural signs of emotion which fitly responded to the topics of the clergyman, whether she was spoken to of the sin that condemned her, or of the Saviour who atoned for it. Still, as she could make no distinct reply to any of his questions, he refused to enrol her as a communicant; when she, on retiring, called out, in the fulness of her heart, 'I cannot speak for him; but I could die for him!' The minister, overpowered, handed to her a sacramental token; and with good reason, although not a season fell in utterance from her."

DO RIGHT.

AWAKE, oh soul, thy hours are fleeting,
Thy life is rapidly completing,
Time with eternity is meeting,
Soon comes the night.
Thy retribution, too, will come,
According to thy state, thy doom.
Do right, do right.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,
And tempests burst around thy head,
Though life its greenest foliage shed,
In sorrow's blight;
And though thy holy hopes and fears
Lie buried 'neath the gathering years—
Do right, do right.

The warring elements' worst wrath,
The earth, quake and the whirlwind's breath,
The valley and the shade of death,
Need not affright;
For duty's calm commanding form,
With rainbow aris shall clasp the storm.
Do right, do right.

Faint not in all the weary strife,
Though every day with toil be rife,
Work is the element of life,
Action is light;
For man is made to toil and strive,
And only those who labour live.
Do right, do right.

Life is not all a fleeting dream,
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,
A bubble on the floating stream,
Soon lost to sight;
For there's a work for every hour—
In every passing word a power—
Do right, do right.

Oh! life is full of solemn thought,
And noble deeds, if nobly wrought—
With fearful consequences fraught.
And there is right—
If gather'd in each passing hour,
That gives the soul unearthly power.
Do right, do right.

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THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

CHAPTER II.

ONE morning in March—the year is immaterial—two lads were brought before the bench of magistrates at the town-hall of Summerville, charged

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with stealing a loaf from the shop of Andrew Austin, a baker. There was nothing of particular interest going on in the town-hall that day; so the sitting magistrates, the town-clerk, the prosecutor the policeman, the single witness, and the

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prisoners, with some half-dozen gaping spectators—taking lessons in criminal jurisprudence, perhaps—had *the sport* all to themselves.

On being interrogated, one of the lads said his name was Samuel Blackman: the other refused to designate himself. It was of no consequence, he said.

"Very well," said one of the two magistrates; "perhaps it is not of much consequence, though I dare say we shall find out your name before we have done with you."

The boy gave a fierce glance at the magistrate.

"I have seen you before," said the latter, sharply. Divested of his aldermanic dignity, the speaker was a bookseller—the great bookseller of Sumner-ville's High-street. Yes, the bookseller had seen the boy before, if the alderman had not. "You called yourself William Bevan a week or two ago: will that name do for you now, young man?"

The boy did not say that it would not, and the case proceeded. It was plain enough; it "laid in a nut-shell," as one of the spectators whispered to another, while the investigation was going on. It appeared that, on the previous evening, the two lads had been seen together "lurking about" in the neighbourhood of the baker's shop; that suddenly, one of them, Blackman, was seen to enter the shop, and come out with a loaf, partially concealed under his jacket; that the two then went away in company; were followed by the witness who had observed their motions; were found to have divided the loaf, one half of it being in the possession of Bevan; and were immediately given into custody. The policeman corroborated the latter part of this evidence, and stated that the boy Bevan made such violent efforts to escape, that it was with difficulty he was conveyed to the station-house. The prosecutor then gave evidence that, on being informed that a loaf of bread had been taken from his shop, he counted those that remained on the counter, and found one short; and that he had not sold a loaf to either of the prisoners: he could not, however, identify the piece of bread produced as his own property; and if the magistrates would dismiss the case, he would be thankful.

But this was, of course, out of the question, and the examination went on.

The boy, Blackman, seemed to treat the whole affair as a very good joke; and, contenting himself with a simple denial of the charge, affirming that he had picked up the loaf in the street, and that the witness and policeman were in a conspiracy against him, he waited the result with calm and philosophical indifference.

Not so the other, who, alternately crimsoned and pallid with shame, refused to give any account of himself, except that if the loaf was taken from the prosecutor's shop, he did not take it, and that he meant to pay for it when he had money enough—a declaration which elicited a contemptuous laugh from a shabby-looking shoemaker in the court, met, in its turn, by an indignant glance from the young culprit.

"Silence in the court!" shouted a man in office; and silence was restored.

"Is that all you have to say for yourself?" sternly demanded the presiding magistrate.

"I was hungry," said the boy, sadly; "almost starved."

"Poor fellow!" said the baker; "I am sure he looks like it now; and he is welcome to the bit of bread, your worship, if 'twere twice as much."

"Nonsense! the matter is not to be dealt with in that way. If the boy were starving, how is it he was not found eating the stolen loaf? It was concealed about him, I think: how was that?"

"Because," said the boy, eagerly—"because—" and then he stopped.

"It does not signify," said the magistrate; "I have little doubt you meant to rob the shop-till. Is it not a shame," he continued, addressing himself especially to the boy whom he had recognised as the real or pretended William Bevan—"is it not a shame and a disgrace that a youth like you, with limbs and brains, should be stooping to acts of gross dishonesty like this, instead of working for your bread? Why don't you work, boy?"

"I cannot get work," the boy quietly answered; "I would be glad to work if any one would employ me."

"Don't tell me: I never knew anybody that tried to get work in earnest, that didn't succeed. You have not tried."

The lad looked up into the face of his interrogator: "I have tried, sir; you know I have."

"Yes, a pretty cut-throat sort of way you have of seeking employment! I remember it well enough. You asked me for work, did you? Very well, you shall have it now, then;" and the magistrate whispered to the town-clerk.

"Birds of a feather flock together," he continued. "Blackman, you have been here before, you know——"

"'Twasn't for stealing," said the boy.

"I don't care what it was for: you were let off that time; but you won't be this. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned in the house of correction two months. And you, young man," turning to Bevan, "one month; and take care I don't see you here again."

During the whole of this colloquy the colleague of the presiding alderman had been quietly reading a newspaper, glancing only now and then at the culprits before him. When they were removed, he addressed his brother magistrate:—"You have met that boy Bevan before, Mr. Driver?"

"Yes;" and thereupon Mr. Driver told how that the boy had come into his shop, some two or three weeks ago—but we may pass over his version of the interview.

The second magistrate sighed. "I shall never be at home at this sort of business, I am afraid," he said. "I envy you, your——"

"Want of feeling, you would say, Mr. Harding, I suppose," said Mr. Alderman Driver, good-humouredly. "Oh, you will come to it by and by; 'tis nothing when you are used to it."

"And nothing to the other party, I presume, when they are used to it?" responded Mr. Alderman Harding.

"Exactly so!" replied Mr. Alderman Driver; and he presently went home to his dinner with the eager appetite of a man who, being called upon to serve his country, had done his duty, "without fear or favour." And we ought to do this gentleman the justice to say that he did not believe a word of the boy's former statement—that he was the son of the writer whose books were exposed

for sale in his shop window. He looked upon it as a clever enough *dodge*; but it wouldn't do for him: he was "too old a bird to be caught with such chaff," he said; and he was rather glad than otherwise to have had an opportunity, this day, in punishing the boy for his palpable and proven crime, of making him smart also for his former barefaced impudence.

It was a clear afternoon, and the sun, glancing across the narrow street, over the chimney pots on the other side of the way, brightened up a little the aspect of things in James Underwood's musty-smelling and dirty old shop. Taking advantage of the favorable state of the weather, its proprietor, had opened the lower part of his window, and, on a projecting board, had arranged the most tempting of his second-hand literary merchandise. And the sunbeams played upon the old books and dull pictures till there seemed some life in them yet.

"Halloo! anybody at home?" shouted a lusty voice, while at the same time the nob of a stout walking-stick battered the cracked counter of the old book-shop. "Underwood, I say Underwood, where are you?"

The impatient speaker was an elderly gentleman, in a formal-cut coat of good strong broadcloth, and evidently a man of some substance and consideration. "I say," he shouted again, "do you mean to keep me here all day? Why, man, this is offering a premium to petty larceny, to leave your shop to take care of itself. If you don't look sharper than this, you will find half your rubbish at the cheesemonger's some day; and who to blame but yourself! Here have I been waiting till I am tired, and hawling out till I am hoarse. A pretty sort of a tradesman, you."

These last words, spoken in a hearty, good-humoured way that sweetened their acerbity, were addressed to James Underwood, who had at length made his appearance from some part of the "terra incognita" of the old mansion. He looked rustier than ever, as he stood in the sunshine; and there was an agitation in his looks which perhaps he did not very greatly attempt to conceal.

"I am glad to see you, sir; I was coming to your house to see you this evening——"

"You don't look very glad, either, my friend. Well but, I say, seriously, you shouldn't run away from your shop without leaving somebody to mind it. By and by we shall have you hauling some of these young Summerville scamps up to the town-hall for running off with your precious goods. I tell you, if you do, to take care that Driver is on the bench: he'll sort them for you—I will not."

"I don't think there's any fear of your being too severe, Mr. Harding: I wish there were more like you."

"Ah! there it is! What did they make an Alderman of me for? No more fit for an Alderman than a monk. It isn't my vocation. Driver tells me I shall get used to it in time. But that's neither here nor there. I came to look at that fellow there," touching a folio with the point of his stick. "You want too much for it though. But, if I have it, you'll take my old Dugdale in exchange, and I can set a good price on that; so 'twill be as broad as it is long. But, never mind

now: you wanted to see me, you say. Speak out, man—what's the matter?"

"This book, sir"—and James Underwood brought out from his back-room, and laid upon the counter, the old tattered volume which, two or three weeks before, he had begun to patch and clean.

"Well, what about that? 'Tis imperfect, I suppose you are going to tell me. I didn't know it was when I sent it to you. I never looked it through; it isn't in my line, you know. But a bargain's a bargain. 'Unseen, unseen,' as we used to say at school fifty years ago; we made a fair exchange: no drawing back from your agreement now, my friend."

"It is not that, Mr. Harding; look here, sir," and Underwood opened the book, near the end of it, at a place where two leaves had been pasted together; "it took me a deal of time, sir, to separate these leaves without damaging the letter-press."

"Well, that was all into your time; you don't expect me to pay for it, do you?"

"No, sir; that isn't it. When I had done it, I found *this* between the leaves," and the bookseller laid before the bartering customer a ten pound Bank of England note.

The Alderman took it up and looked at it gravely. There might have been a shade of vexation on his countenance, but it quickly passed away.

"Fairly caught!" he said, laughing. "'Unseen, unseen,' a bargain's a bargain. The money is yours, Underwood. Let us look at the date of the note, though. Ah! I thought so: fifty years old, and more. One of dear old aunt Priscy's clever ways of stowing away money that she did not know what to do with. I must look over the rest of her ancient library; and when we deal again, I shall put in a clause in the agreement, 'Errors excepted'—eh?"

Underwood, however, positively refused to take advantage of the bargain, and urged his customer to take back the note. It was not a part of the book, he said, and his conscience would not allow him to keep it.

"Nonsense, man," replied the Alderman; "'tis yours, I tell you, fairly and honestly. We made the bargain for better and for worse,' as people say when they commit matrimony. By the way, Underwood, you and I ought to be thankful—old bachelors as we are—for our exemption from evils we wot not of. I was thinking so this morning, when——but take up the note, man."

"I cannot indeed; I must not; I won't then. But if you will give me leave, I can tell you how it may be well bestowed. And talking about that, sir, I was wishing only just now that I were not an old bachelor; it is so very awkward, so painful I mean——"

"Oh ho! sets the wind in that quarter? You are going to desert the ranks, are you?"

"Oh, my dear sir," replied the poor bookseller, with sudden energy; "who would have me? No, no, sir: but there's a very distressing case here, and I don't know what to do. If I had somebody—a sister for instance—to see into it, I should be thankful. But if you will intrust me with the note, sir, I will do the best I can with it."

"Do what you please with it, friend: but take care! I am soft-headed, or soft-hearted enough, they tell me; but what charity is in the wind now? Another dead donkey? Ha, ha, friend Underwood!"

"No, indeed, sir. There's a poor young lady and her brother——" Our readers, however, already know as much as is needful of the early Summerville history of the young Bevans.

"But the worst is to come," continued Mr. Underwood; "I did not know it till last night, sir; but the poor young lady is in sad trouble. It is three weeks since she had any work: she kept it very close, sir; I verily believe that she and her brother have been half starved. I don't believe they have had to spend, in all that time, more than five shillings. To tell the truth, I could not make very close inquiry about it, for fear they should think I was looking sharp after my rent. Well, sir, for two or three days, as I have found out now, the poor girl has been ill, very ill; nothing more nor less I do believe than want of food. And that is not all. Last night, her brother went away quite desperate. He could not stand it any longer, he said. His sister begged him to stop by her; but he would not. He said he would not come back without food for her, if he begged it, or stole it. Well, sir, ten o'clock came, and eleven, and then the sister, ill as she was, put on her clothes, and came down to me, to tell me her trouble—part of it at least, that about her poor Willy, as she calls her brother; and we waited and waited, but he didn't come back. He is not come back yet, sir; and poor dear Miss Bevan——"

"Bevan!" exclaimed Mr. Alderman Harding, with a start; "is William Bevan the boy's name?"

"Yes, sir: do you know anything of him?"

"Yes; I think I do: but go on."

"Well, sir, Miss Bevan was obliged to go to her room again. She was so weak that I had almost to carry her up-stairs: and so thin, sir—nothing but skin and bone. It was very distressing; for my old Betty does not live in the house, you know; she only comes in in the daytime. However, I did venture to turn nurse, and got the poor young lady a little food: I declare, sir, her cupboard was quite empty; so I made a little tea, and sopped some bread in it. You should have seen her eat, sir, bad as her trouble was about poor Willy, though she kept crying all the time. And it would have made your heart ache to hear how she thanked me, as if I had done some wonderful thing, while all the time my conscience was troubling me that I hadn't known of this horrible destitution before."

"But the boy—what about the boy?" exclaimed the magistrate, impatiently.

"That is what I want to know, sir. As I said before, he is not come back, and I have not been able to hear of him. I have been afraid almost to inquire, for fear of finding that he has done something very desperate, as he is a high-spirited youth. What do you know about him, sir?"

"There's not much the matter—not so much as might be," returned Mr. Harding. "But the girl——what about the girl, now?"

"She is very ill; and in dreadful trouble about poor Willy. She tried to get up to go and seek him, but she could not; she fell down, dizzy and

without strength: old Betty, however, is doing the best she can for her; and if I could tell her some good news about her brother——"

"What sort of a boy do you say he is, Underwood?"

"He is a tall lad, sir, with black hair and——"

"Pshaw! what does it matter whether his hair is black, or green, or blue? What is his character?"

"Well, sir, I said just now he is high-spirited. Think, sir, what you or I might have been if left to run wild, without a father or a friend, without property, prospect, or hope!"

"Very true, friend; but is the boy a bad boy?"

"No, I am sure he is not. It is a astonishing how he loves his sister."

"Is he an idle boy?"

"He has never had the chance of being industrious, I am afraid. But he is not an idle boy, either."

"Is he honest?"

"Yes," exclaimed the advocate, "I'll engage he is. I have trusted him again and again in my shop. Honest! Yes, sir."

"You are wrong there, friend Underwood," said the Alderman, quietly. "The boy was sent to prison, not three hours ago, for stealing."

"Then, sir," said the bookseller, with startling energy, "then, sir, he has been very hardly dealt with, or else he was driven by desperation out of his right mind."

"Perhaps he was; we will talk a little about that presently; but now about the sister: you say she is ill, and starving—what is to be done?"

"That's what puzzles me; I was thinking of getting Dr. Waring to look in; but what would be the use of that when 'tis food she needs—food, sir? And this ten pounds—oh, if I might use it——"

"Yes, I tell you, blockhead—I beg your pardon, Underwood; but what a scrupulous old—well, never mind. It is a queer thing, as you say, for two old bachelors like us, unprofessional too, to be prescribing for a sick girl. I'll send round my housekeeper—to reflection on yours, friend; but two heads are better than one, you know:—I'll send her round, with a jelly or two, and she shall see what is the matter; and if need be, we will have a nurse, and a doctor to boot. I'll go home at once and see about it, and we can talk about the boy afterwards."

"But what shall old Betty tell Miss Bevan about him? She won't be quiet till she knows where he is."

"Just say that he is in good hands; that he has found a friend, and got into a—ah, yes, a situation: she will believe you, won't she?"

"Yes, sir, I trust she will; but I would not deceive her."

"Deceive her, no: who wants you to deceive her? I tell you, I'll see into it; and if you are not yourself deceived in these people, the boy shall have found a friend: so, just say, he can't come to her for a few days, but she is not to trouble herself about him. There, that will do, I think; and I'll go and send off my housekeeper. But one word more, Underwood."

"Yes, sir."

"This is my affair. Just put that note in your pocket."

"I cannot indeed, sir, consider it as mine. It was not part of the book——"

"Fiddlesticks, book! I protest that if you won't do my bidding, you shall get doctor, nurse, and housekeeper, for anything more I'll do to help you; so not one word more about it. And Underwood."

"Yes, sir."

"Bring up that book to-night"—the stick was again on the old folio—"I may as well have it at your price; I'll pay you for it when you bring it."

"But about your Dugdale, sir?"

"Ha, friend, you are there, are you? No, no, not till I have examined it. Dugdale was another of aunt Prisey's books, friend Underwood!"

[END OF CHAPTER II.]

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

THE following extract, from the "Adventures in Italy," of a Mr. Homan, who acted as a correspondent for a leading morning journal, gives us a curious insight into the ingenious, though sometimes unscrupulous, mode in which early intelligence is procured for the London newspapers.

If you, good sir, have heard of me before thus intruding on your notice, or if you are "a constant reader," you will know that I have been lucky in procuring diplomatic papers, and delivering them, to the surprise of the statesmen by whom they were composed, more than once, for publication, before they had reached the hands of the foreign minister, to whom they were addressed. Some day or other, I will let the world into the secret of some of these proceedings, not saying more for the present than that money, which everybody imagines I lavished with a prodigal hand, has rarely been employed, and that tact and management alone have, in almost every instance, secured the prize.

I indulge what I hope is a pardonable vanity in repeating, that it was I who, in 1833—what an old fellow I must be!—gave light to the treaty of Unkiar Skelassi, with the secret article for closing the Dardanelles, and, if you will not compare me to the frog in the fable, I believe that there was not, for a long period, a contemporaneous state paper published which our *own* had not procured. I need not except the portfolio edited, as report goes, by Mr. Urquhart, because the important documents therein produced were by several years of anterior date, and, in most cases, interest in them had ceased; their action on the political map of Europe, so far as the diplomatic public were concerned, being "caviare to the multitude."

This poem will serve as an introduction to a *couplet* which I had the satisfaction, at this period, to perform, in order that my departure after the Oporto and Lisbon campaigns might be attended with some circumstance that would make people open their eyes a little, and show how much is in the power of an active correspondent to accomplish.

It will be remembered by those who then took an interest in Portuguese affairs, that during the

political fever caused by the rivalry of the conservative and liberal parties, the Chambers had not been called together for, I believe, three years, and that, in 1848, the greatest curiosity was excited in Lisbon and London, to ascertain in what manner the speech from the throne would speak of the home policy of the government, and of its relations with the British cabinet, by whose agency the queen had been saved from the claims of the Oporto Junta, and by the presence of whose fleet in the Tagus, I have reason to know, the authority of Donna Maria was still sustained.

The Chamber was to open on a given Monday, and on that day, the royal speech was to be first heard; but as the mail steamer, which left Lisbon for Southampton only at intervals of ten days, started on the Saturday, it was evident that eight days in the transmission of the document would be lost, and the *Times*, and the other London morning journals, be placed on an equality in point of date, or perhaps be anticipated by the evening papers, in which case I would wring my hands in despair, and Printing-house-square would, on that occasion only, be hung in black.

But how, in the name of common sense, was the speech to be had forty-eight hours before it was to be spoken, or how could it be called "a speech" before it had been actually delivered, as we all know that even on the very morning of the opening of a session, it is necessary sometimes to revise and retouch the discourse? I knew, moreover, that it was useless for me to address any member of the government, for what minister of state would compromise himself by such an indiscretion, or how could he appear before the queen and his colleagues, when the return steamer arrived, and the *Times*, containing the evidence of his folly, be in every hand?

These were the difficulties that beset me; let us see how they were overcome, for I *did* send home, by the Saturday steamer, the speech from the throne, and the *Times* published, on Wednesday, the manifesto of Donna Maria, which she delivered on the previous Monday—a rapidity of receiving intelligence only to be accomplished by despatching a balloon with a fair wind, an eagle trained to do carrier-pigeon's duty, or the submarine telegraph, when Lisbon and London are brought into contact by some five hundred miles of sympathetic wire.

It being useless, as I have shown, to apply to any member of the cabinet, or to persons known from their high station to be in relation with it, I spent a weary night in thinking how the *coup* was to be accomplished without compromising any public authority, or even drawing suspicion in any particular direction. At last I sketched a plan, which I put into action only on the day of the steamer's departure, and by which, as above stated, the important document was secured.

There were three persons near the queen in irresponsible situations, to whom it was probable the spirit, if not the letter, of the speech was known, and with all three I was on terms of intimacy and friendship. Beginning, therefore, with the weakest or least influential, I explained to *him* or *her*, how much it behoved me to know in what language Donna Maria would speak of her relations with the British cabinet, and that person being in a rabid state of Anglomaniacism, assured me that the

whole cabinet, was convinced of the prudence of cultivating the best relations with Portugal's ancient and faithful ally, and, in the warmth of argument, repeated to me nearly the words of the paragraph which had been agreed to at a council held the day before.

Armed thus with the spirit of the discourse, so far as England was concerned, I waited on number two in my ascending scale, and, without letting that person know where I had found my information, prevailed on *him* or *her* to give me the very words to be used by her most glorious majesty.

This was a great point gained, and, if there my information stopped, the paragraph would have been a valuable *cadeau* to the *Times*; but when was man content, and was not our *own* emboldened by such success, still more ardently to pursue his plan for getting possession of the whole speech? I accordingly waited on number one, in whose hands I knew a copy of the document was, and having first led *him* or *her* to imagine that I had been furnished with all the material paragraphs, by showing the precise words of that relating to Great Britain, contrived to make the individual believe that the interest of Portugal would be materially served by anticipating such satisfactory intelligence, and, above all, that *he* or *she* would find such a proof of confidence in me must one day or other be well repaid.

This reasoning prevailed, not without a discussion that lasted more than an hour, but at the end of which I was promised a copy at half-past three in the afternoon. The starting of the steamer was fixed for three; but though it might be supposed that my friend was acquainted with the fact, and that the hour *he* or *she* named was influenced by it, I did not express a word of doubt, but took another mode of making everything right.

Fortunately, the captain of *Wagtail*-steamer had, on one of his previous voyages, received some slight service at my hands, and when I asked him if he could not, if I were *en retard* with my correspondence, drop down the river slowly, and not put to sea until I came on board, he replied, with a hearty squeeze of the hand, "All I want is to get clear of the bar before night-fall, and I can spare you an hour, or even an hour and a half, if necessary." "In that case," rejoined "our own," "have paper, pen and ink, ready in your private cabin, and I will take care you shall be at sea by six o'clock."

At half-past three I received a genuine copy of the speech; at four I overhauled the packet at the Castle of Belem; by five the document was translated, and fit for the compositors; and, long before daylight closed, the good ship had cleared the bar, and Captain N. B. C. D. exchanged cheers with me, as I dropt into a shore-boat, whilst he, putting on full steam, continued me that my despatches were in good hands.

The publication of the speech, apparently within forty-eight hours of its being delivered, made a great sensation in London, as all the other papers, though pretending to consider it as apocryphal, were glad to copy it on the next morning. But when it came out to Lisbon, on the following Sunday, the steamer having left Southampton on Wednesday afternoon, there was a ferment on the *Caes Sodrè*, and in the political saloons, that the author of the row had not anticipated. I kept my own

counsel, however; so did my partners in the offence; and every one was suspected of having betrayed a secret of state, save those who had, undesignedly on their parts, been manoeuvred into doing so.

The whole expense of this expedition did not amount to ten shillings, for coach and boat hire, so that you see that it is not by money, but by management, that diplomatic papers are sometimes secured. 'The prime minister was very much annoyed, and "the man who drove the Sovereign" was still more indignant, as neither could ascertain who the guilty person or persons were. The British Legation was paralysed, whilst I talked of a balloon with a fair wind, overland expresses, and the like, and threatened to employ the sea serpent, or a grampus, to take home my next despatch.

THE SEA-BEACH.

THE shores of our islands, and those of nearly all other countries, when not bounded by cliffs, are protected from the incursions of the sea by large accumulations of sand or loose gravel. These mineral substances are driven towards the shore by the currents and waves of the ocean, and they are frequently the only protection to low lands from inundation during violent storms. The sea may, therefore, in some respects, be said to form its own boundaries. It would be easy to find numerous illustrations of this fact; it will be sufficient to mention one. A large portion of the town of Hythe, in Kent, is below the level of high water at spring tides, but it is protected by an extensive sloping beach formed by the sea itself, and is thus safely sheltered from the effects of the violent storms which in winter often rage on the coast.

The sea-beach will probably appear an inauspicious subject of scientific research; but there are few, if we are not mistaken, of greater importance, of more varied interest, or of more difficult investigation. It is one of those subjects upon which few people have ever spent a thought, and yet the following questions are well worth an answer. How is it formed? How is it transported? By what means may it be kept in situations where it is required? and by what means may its accumulation be prevented, in places where it impedes navigation by filling up the mouths of harbours and rivers? In briefly answering these questions, the best illustrations, because the most familiar, are to be obtained from our own sea-coasts.

Wherever water flows between banks unable to resist its solvent or mechanical force, or over low grounds, it carries away a portion of mineral matter in solution. This it deposits in some part of its course where it has comparative rest. The banks of rivers are fretted away by the washing of the tide, headlands opposing the course of the water are vigorously attacked and ultimately removed, and when an easier passage has been obtained in one place the stream is directed on another, so that it is always adjusting a channel, which, however, it cannot retain. The sea in the same manner wears away the base of its cliffs, which, like retaining walls, prevent it from spreading, and when the foundation or support is thus

removed the higher parts fall by their own gravity on the shore. For a time these accumulations of earth or rock form an outwork against the force of the waves; but when they have been for a few weeks or months exposed to the storms of winter, the mass of broken fragments is carried away, and the sea renews its attack upon the cliff. When a few moons have waxed and waned, another mass replaces the one swept away by preceding storms. Thus, year after year, and century after century, the operation is repeated, and inconceivable quantities of solid earth are swallowed by the ocean.

It is not necessary to look far for the evidences of these changes. There is, perhaps, no part of the coast of England where the cause and effect can be better observed than on the cliffs of blue clay in the Isle of Sheppey. Not a winter passes without adding, on these shores, to the domain of the sea. Many acres of land sometimes fall at once; and the fossil collector strolls over the beach, after a severe storm, with as much certainty of success as the hunter tracks his game after the breaking of a frost.

A little further eastward, on the same coast, there is a headland called the Reculvers, and on the verge of the cliff stand the towers of an ancient church, the other portions having been destroyed. There are records still in existence, proving that the church was once at a considerable distance from the sea; but tide after tide broke upon the cliff, until the larger portion of the church itself was overthrown, and that which remains is protected from the same fate by works erected under the order of the Admiralty to prevent the further inroad of the sea; it being necessary to preserve the spires as landmarks for vessels. These lofty objects, called the Sisters, are well known to all who navigate the eastern coast of England and the Straits of Dover.

A large portion of earthy matter is thrown into the sea, and with it masses of limestone, along the line of coast we have mentioned; and from Margate to Dover the chalk, with its embedded flints, has been in the way described undermined. Washed from place to place by waves and currents, the rough and angular stones are smoothed and rounded, and so by continual rolling formed into pebbles. Frisi, a celebrated Italian writer, asserts that the masses thus thrown into the sea are not rounded by fiction, because he could not make pebbles by shaking stones in a box; but all scientific writers of the present century agree in attributing their formation to this cause, and if evidence be required in addition to that collected by them, it will be only necessary to examine the beach of any portion of the south-eastern coast already mentioned, where the numerous specimens of rounded chalk, cement stone, and indurated clay, will convince the sceptical.

The pebbles which compose the shingle beaches must then be considered as fragments of rock or stone, broken from the banks of rivers and the cliffs of the sea, or carried into tidal waters by surface streams flowing over the land. By the constantly advancing and receding motion of the water produced by tidal and other currents they are rolled, and pebbles are formed. The sand and mud have the same origin, and the deposition of

one or the other depends upon the rock that bounds the coast, or the geological character of some distant point from which a prevailing current flows.

To trace the progress of the beach is a far more difficult task. The accumulation of light particles of sand upon the shore is easily understood; but to follow the ever-travelling shingle from one district to another requires not only a close observer, but also a shrewd and philosophical mind. Those who have no knowledge of the sea-shore but in periods of atmospheric tranquillity and repose, under a bright summer sky, when the light sparkles from a waveless sea, may imagine that when once the shingle has been deposited upon the sloping beach, it remains immovable. But they must watch it in storm as well as in calm; they must range the shore, when thick clouds, almost impermeable to light, underhang the sun, and the waves, tumultuously rolling with foaming crests before the roaring winds, break like maddened assailants upon the shelving beach. It not infrequently happens in the winter, that, when a strong wind blows from the same quarter for a few days, the sea will carry away many tons of shingle, and leave the shore almost entirely unprotected from the remorseless fury of the storm. When the tempest subsides, the wind perhaps changes to some other point of the compass, and in a few days a quantity of shingle is restored equal to, or even greater than, that which had been swept away.

To bring this subject within bounds, and to render the present inquiry more interesting, it will be desirable to confine the attention to one locality, and that which seems most applicable to the present purpose is the south and south-eastern coast, which has been already mentioned as one of the most desirable for the study of this subject.

The first accumulation of beach that requires to be noticed is the Chesil Bank, west of the Bill of Portland. Between this bank and the Isle of Portland there is a large lagoon, into which vessels are not infrequently driven when the wind is blowing violently from the south-west. Proceeding eastward from the Bill of Portland, there is no continuous shingle-beach till we reach Selsea Bill. At the Needles, in the Isle of Wight, there is a large accumulation after certain winds have prevailed for a time; but it is continually shifting, and does not enter the Solent above Hurst Castle. Near Portsmouth, also, it is found; but from the Selsea Bill to the Medway, it lies upon the coast as an immense marine deposit, like the gravels on the heaths and commons round the metropolis.

Now it is a curious fact, that the beach on this line of coast always moves, in its onward journey, in one direction, proceeding along the Hampshire and Sussex shores to those of Kent, rounding the point at Dover, and then travelling to Deal, (where there is an immense accumulation,) Herne Bay, and the Isle of Sheppey. It must not be supposed that the beach never returns over the coast in a contrary direction, for an opposite prevailing wind will frequently drive back the shingle which a few hours before was moving forward towards its destination. The beach is, in fact, always shifting; but the fresh supply, upon the coast between Margate and the Medway, travels westward, while that

which returns is only brought into situations it has before occupied.

The preservation of the beach, as already intimated, is a matter of great importance upon some parts of the coast. The high shingle-banks secure the low lands from inundation; and their removal would open to the sea large extents of cultivated land. In other situations, the works erected by the engineer to protect the shore, or to facilitate the discharge of surface waters, would without this protection be undermined and destroyed. To retain the beach collected by natural causes, stone or timber constructions, called groynes, are erected, stretching down the beach in parallel or zig-zag lines, like walls or fences. Those of our readers who have visited Brighton, Dover, or almost any other town on the sea-coast, must have observed on the shore a series of short timbers, or piles, united by planks, jutting out from the land to a greater or less distance into the sea. These are groynes. The piles, or upright pieces of timber, are driven into the ground a greater or less distance as circumstances may require, and usually rise three or four feet at least above the ordinary level of the beach. To these piles planks are fixed, by large nails or spikes, as closely as possible. The groynes are commonly from ten to twenty feet apart, the distance being regulated according to the position of the place and the experience of the engineer. The object of the groynes is to prevent the travelling of the beach, by raising an impediment to its onward motion. To understand the manner in which they accomplish this object, it is necessary to trace the effect of the sea upon the shingle, which may be as well done by following one pebble in its course as by calculating the progress of the mass, and this process being more easily explained, is better suited for our purpose.

Imagine, then, a smooth shelving shore upon which the tide is, at stated periods, rising and falling, and upon this shore let there be a solitary pebble—where will it go? What will be its journey before it leaves the shore on which it is temporarily lodged? If the great waves producing tides always advanced and retired at right angles to the coast, and if the water had no other motion, and no impediment, the pebble would continue to roll up and down the same line, and that line would be perpendicular to the shore. As the wave advanced it would drive the pebble upward, and as it receded draw it back into deep water; and wave after wave would repeat the same motions, so nearly in the same line, that a century might pass before it had made much progress forward. But these conditions are not to be found in nature, and a great mistake is made by those who imagine that the only tidal motion is at right angles to the shore. As the motion cannot be known till the forces are determined, the action of the tides is a primary question in this inquiry, and must be considered before we proceed much further.

When the sea is calm, scarcely excited to a murmur by the motionless atmosphere, it is not at rest; the tide is always ebbing or flowing, so that the great body of water forming the ocean is never in equilibrium, and at no point of its vast area is it so for more than a moment, when its balance is wavering between the fall and flow of tide. Stand-

ing upon the beach of any shore—Dover, for example—when the tide is rising, it would be supposed by any observer that the water was advancing directly towards him. This is to a certain extent true, but it is too limited a view of the effect. The water is not only gradually rising upon the shore at Dover, but it is forcing its way up the Straits, and is also rising at Deal, Margate, Sheppey, and all the places on the Essex coast. It is threading the tortuous channel of the Medway, in which the tidal action is observed to some distance above Rochester-bridge, and is at the same time rushing with more impetuosity into the less-encumbered and wider outlet of the Thames. If this be true, and places hundreds of miles distant, and it may be added at opposite points of the island, present the same phenomena, it must also be true of places only a few miles apart. The motion of the tides is not, therefore, simply at right angles to the shore at any place, but is also advancing in a direction apparently parallel with it. The pebble upon the sea-shore is then acted upon in two directions, and it moves in a diagonal line between them. Lying on the shore, at any point between Dover-harbour and Sheerness-dockyard, it must be in constant motion from the former towards the latter, as long as it is under the influence of the tide; every time it is thrown up by the wave, it is in advance of the point from which it was carried.

If the rising tide forces the pebble westward, the ebbing tide will carry it eastward; so that the tidal actions being equal and other conditions the same, the pebble may continue to move backward and forward within certain limits, and in the course of months its position be almost unchanged. Much of the unprotected shingle is, no doubt, thus traversing the shore backward and forward; while other portions, with some impediments, are constantly moving forward. The force of the retiring wave is not sufficient to sweep away all the beach from the shore, and at high tide much is thrown to the high-water mark, and there remains till a higher flood carries it forward.

Storms sometimes raise the body of water on the coast; and, when the wind blows in the direction of the ebb or flow, an accumulation of shingle, many feet in thickness, may be removed in the course of a few hours.

From what has been said, the use of groynes must be evident in restraining the onward course of the shingle. In violent storms, or during the long continuance of a wind from the same quarter, they do not always retain the shingle; but, under ordinary circumstances, they are an effective protection to the coast.

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THERE was, perhaps, no face to be seen in London, a hundred and fifty years ago, which is now so familiar to the reader, as that of Oliver Goldsmith. Not that portraits of him are more numerous than of some other distinguished men among his contemporaries; but there is that in the character of the man's features and countenance, which, once seen, is not soon forgotten. He was just the person

to strike the attention of people as he walked along the streets, and to furnish a study for every peripatetic physiognomist he met with. The broad cheeks, large forehead, thick lips, round nose, dark brow, and bright eyes of the poet, formed a visage unusually plain, approaching to the positively ugly, and which was saved from being altogether so only by the expression it wore of unusual good-nature. But his portraits, in general, give no idea of his dress. A sort of student's robe envelopes his shoulders, according to the image we received of Goldsmith in our boyhood, from the picture of him prefixed to his "History of England," and other books. A very differently attired personage, however, was the real Oliver, as commonly seen by the Londoners a century and a half since. No man ever so delighted in velvet and gold lace. His "bloom-coloured coat" figures in all his biographies, together with the story of the wag who met him, marching along the Strand with bag-wig and sword, and exclaimed, "Look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it."

Poor Goldsmith! Vanity and good-nature lay obviously enough on the surface of his character; the latter, in spite of the former, ever saving him from contempt, but seldom from derision. He was a creature of the most generous impulses, and would give away his last shilling; but beneficence with him was the result of an unreasoning instinct, rather than of thoughtful and conscientious principle. Such generosity as Goldsmith often displayed may lie close beside a fondly cherished selfishness. It involves not the self-denial which grows out of a calm strong will, cultured by moral convictions and religious faith. True goodness is ever associated with more or less of strength. Weakness is not the companion of virtue. Tried by Christianity—the only sound standard of judgment which in such cases we can recognise—characters like Goldsmith must bring down censure, while they awaken sorrow. The deficiency, or rather absence, of principle throughout his life, deprives it altogether of the aspect of a battle with the world and sin, as every good man's life must be. "It has been questioned," remarks one of his biographers, "whether he really had any religious feeling." We should not raise the question. Religious feeling, no doubt, he had; though even that does not seem to have been intense. But of religious *faith*, which is another thing—by which we mean the realization of Divine truths, especially those revealed in the gospel—we have, alas! no evidence in his works or memoirs. We can admire his delicate genius, and appreciate his generous acts; but we feel it our duty, and we discharge it with pain, to point out and reprobate his moral and religious deficiencies.

As Goldsmith was a poet, historian, and even philosopher, intimately connected with London in the old time, we should be chargeable with a great omission if we did not notice him among the shades of the departed ones. Indeed, we feel it nothing less than a tribute of gratitude here to inscribe his name, and portray the scenes with which he was associated; for how much do we owe of instruction and pleasure to his lively prose and beautifully simple verse! He was one of the companions of our childhood, fondly cherished, and as an author we love him still; though matured un-

derstanding and reflection lead us to speak discriminatingly of his character as a man.

We find Goldsmith in London for the first time, wandering about the streets, on a miserable February night, with only a few halfpence in his pocket. Disappointing his friends' expectations, he had been leading a very unsettled and vagrant sort of life, and had just arrived in the metropolis from his continental journeyings, in which his flute had been his chief resource and best friend. "The clock has just struck two; what a gloom hangs all around; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog! How few appear in these streets which but a few hours ago were crowded! But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? They are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them, society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They are now turned out to meet the severity of winter; perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse but not relieve them." So wrote Goldsmith years afterwards, and doubtless, in this graphic sketch, we have a picture of what he saw the night in question. Houseless wanderers there are still at such an hour—people who, to use a significant expression, have only the key of the street; but better times have come since Goldsmith's days, and the friendly lodging-house, which his kind heart for the sake of others would have self-approved, and, we fancy, would have led him to advocate with a ready pen, now throws open its door to give shelter and welcome, with the hallowing influence of an evening prayer, to many a miserable stranger who, through vice, crime, or misfortune, has made shipwreck of home. We next catch a wavering glimpse of our friend the poet in a chemist's shop near Fish-street-hill, where he assists in the laboratory; and then we find him practising medicine for himself, in a small way, somewhere in Bankside, Southwark. His strong passion for dress exhibits itself in the second-hand suit of green and gold, which makes him a rather conspicuous personage in the thoroughfares of the Borough; while a want of neatness, or of money to pay the washerwoman, is clearly betrayed in his shirt and neckcloth, now of a fortnight's wear. But contentment or pride provided a covering for his poverty, and he told a friend that "he was practising physic and doing very well." The green suit was afterwards changed for a black one, with a patch on the left breast, which he ingeniously concealed by holding up his cocked hat when he was conversing with his patients. A polite person once sought to relieve him from this apparent encumbrance, "which only made him press it more devoutly to his heart."

Tired of practice, or disappointed of success, he soon exchanged the phial for the ferule, and prescriptions for spelling-books. Goldsmith came out

in the character of a schoolmaster's assistant at Peckham—a kind of employment to which he had been used before; and at the table of Dr. Milner, for so the master of the school was named, he became acquainted with Smollett, who first directed him to literature as a means of subsistence, by employing him as a contributor to the "Monthly Review." Subsequently, physic and literature were combined to eke out a maintenance, and in the double capacity of doctor and author he presents himself to our notice in a wretched lodging by Salisbury-square, Fleet-street. Here we have a peep into the life of a poor literary man of the eighteenth century, to which parallels are numerous enough in the nineteenth. Leaving his lodgings, he kept his appointments at some house of call, the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, Temple-bar, was his most favoured resort. There, indeed, was his ostensible abode; and the people who saw him by day had little idea of the forlorn lodging where he spent his nights.

We must now visit a spot with which his name is more distinctly associated than with any of those we have thus hastily mentioned. Modern improvements have wrought marvellous changes in what used to be Fleet-market. The market is gone, or rather transferred out of sight to the neighbouring shambles, where it bears the name of Farringdon. The prison has totally vanished. The crowded scenes of trade, and vice, and infamy, which covered the broad space now known as Farringdon-street, have passed away; but there still remains a memento of Goldsmith's times—an outlet not far from the north end, on the right hand, which leads up through a miserable street of rag and bone shops, adorned with hideous black dolls in white frocks, to a steep flight of steps, conducting us to a place bearing now the very inappropriate name of Green Arbour-court. Once, perhaps, respectable, the tenements now are in miserable condition. At the upper end, in a house which was pulled down in 1831, Goldsmith was living when he wrote his "Enquiry into the State of Politic Learning in Europe."

The spot, now covered with wagon offices and stables, is intimately connected with its once remarkable and illustrious tenant, from the anecdotes of him while residing there preserved by his biographers. Here it was that Percy, the author of the "Reliques," called upon Goldsmith, and found him in a dirty room, with one chair, which he politely relinquished for the use of his visitor, while he sat himself down on the window-seat during the interview. As the conversation proceeded, a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a ragged child came in, who dropped a curtsy, and then delivered the following message, much, no doubt, to the poet's chagrin: "Mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a potful of coals"—a favour, no doubt, which mamma had often conferred on her neighbour. And here, too, occurred the generous but improvident transaction so often told respecting the author and his landlady. It was Christmas-day, and Goldsmith was smarting under his recent rejection at the College of Surgeons, where he had failed at his examination, when the poor woman entered his room with a heart-rending tale. Her husband had just been carried off to prison for debt. The man of litera-

ture had no money in his pocket, not enough to buy a Christmas dinner; but there hung a new suit of clothes, which in his eyes must have been precious indeed. The gratification of the instinctive emotions of pity was to be preferred to the gratification of his vanity, at least for a while, and therefore he sent off to the pawnbroker's and raised enough to pay the poor man's debt and get him out of gaol. By the way, Griffiths, the publisher, had become surety to the tailor for these clothes, and had also lent Goldsmith books for reviewal. The clothes gone, and no money left, he was tempted to raise money on the books too; so that, when the publisher wanted them back, they were not to be obtained. This double failure roused the ire of Griffiths, and he wrote a letter to the author which pierced his heart. Poor man, he had not learnt the lesson, that we must be just before we are generous, and that there is little commendable in the generosity which prompts us to give away what is not our own.

Some interesting reminiscences of the poet, while living in Green Arbour-court, are preserved by Washington Irving. "An old woman," he says, "was still living, in 1820, who was a relative of the identical landlady whom Goldsmith relieved by the money received from the pawnbroker. She was a child about seven years of age at the time that the poet rented his apartment of her relative, and used frequently to be at the house in Green Arbour-court. She was drawn there, in a great measure, by the good-humoured kindness of Goldsmith, who was always exceedingly fond of the society of children. He used to assemble those of the family in his room, give them cakes and sweetmeats, and set them dancing to the sound of his flute. He was very friendly to those around him, and cultivated a kind of intimacy with a watchmaker in the court, who possessed much native wit and humour. He passed most of the day, however, in his room, and only went out in the evenings. His days were, no doubt, devoted to the drudgery of the pen, and it would appear that he occasionally found the booksellers' urgent taskmasters. On one occasion, a visitor was shown up to his room, and immediately their voices were heard in high altercation, and the key was turned within the lock. The landlady, at first, was disposed to go to the assistance of her lodger, but a calm succeeding, she forbore to interfere. Late in the evening the door was unlocked, a supper ordered by the visitor from a neighbouring tavern, and Goldsmith and his intrusive guest finished the evening in great good-humour. It was probably his old taskmaster Griffiths, whose press might have been waiting, and who found no other mode of getting a stipulated task from Goldsmith than by locking him in, and staying by him until it was finished."

The scene now shifts to Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, and there we follow the shade of our poet. He now resided with an acquaintance or relation of Newberry, a famous publisher of books for children. He wrote much for that kindly person, and found probably a better patron and paymaster than Mr. Griffiths, for Goldsmith's circumstances were in a decidedly improved condition after he left Green Arbour-court; yet for his former landlady he seems to have retained a benevolent regard, as we are informed "that he often supplied her

with food from his own table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her." A debating club, called the Robin Hood, used to meet in those days somewhere near Temple-bar, and there, at the conventions of the men of wit and letters, with others who had pretensions to neither, Goldsmith made his appearance. He was introduced for the first time by an Irish acquaintance of the name of Derry. It happened that the chair was that evening occupied by a baker, who seemed mightily elated with an idea of his own importance. "This," said Goldsmith, "must be the Lord Chancellor at least." "No, no," replied his companion, "he is only master of the rolls."

There is a building in Islington of which Goldsmith's shade is the *genus loci*. Here, again, we have to note the ravages of the picturesque relics of the past in the steady march of utilitarian improvement. There lies before us an engraving of Canonbury-house as it was fifty years ago, with a large piece of water flowing in front, with green-bordered banks, and a line of rustic paling. Squares and streets have risen up in close contiguity to this ancient edifice, and changed the face and fashion of the whole vicinity, blotting out all its rustic accompaniments and destroying its country views. But the old watch-tower remains, built in with modern dwellings. The bricks are black with age, the door retains an antique look, and the little windows speak of times long gone by. Some writers relate that Goldsmith resided here. Sir John Hawkins, his biographer, states that Newberry, the publisher, had apartments in the house; and that the poet there concealed himself from his creditors. It is probable that it was only an occasional and temporary abode; but it has linked itself with his name, by the report that in one of the rooms, still preserved, Goldsmith wrote his "Deserted Village."

Washington Irving describes the room as a relic of the original style of the castle, with panelled ornaments and gothic windows. Our attempt to verify his description was fruitless, as the present inhabitant of the classic dwelling would not admit us to the interior, sensible, no doubt, of the annoyance attendant upon allowing it to remain a show-house, when what Irving relates in the person of his hero, in the "Tales of a Traveller," would often occur. "In the midst of a vein of thought, or a moment of literary inspiration, I was interrupted, and all my ideas put to flight, by my intolerable landlady tapping at the door, and asking me if I would 'just please to let a lady and gentleman come in and take a look at Mr. Goldsmith's room.'" Perhaps the distinguished American is here actually giving his own experience, and we are to add him to the celebrities of Canonbury Tower—a man who, for delicacy of genius, is not unlike the poet he celebrates.

Hone, in his "Every-day Book," gives a further account of the room, of which, from want of personal inspection, we are glad to avail ourselves. The occupant in his time was but one generation removed from a relative who lived there when Goldsmith was a lodger. She affirmed that he wrote his "Deserted Village" in the oak room on the first floor, and slept on a large press bedstead placed in the eastern corner. From this room, Mr. Hone informs us, "two small ones for

sleeping in have since been separated, by the removal of the panelled oak wainscoting from the north-east wall, and the cutting of two doors through it, with a partition between them: and, since Goldsmith was here, the window on the south side has been broken through." We are not certain whether it was while tarrying in Islington that Goldsmith wrote that pleasant history of England, the most pleasant of our old school-books, though, by the way, not always conveying just views of our country's heroes and vicissitudes; at any rate the work is connected with Islington. He used to read Hume, Rapin, Carte, and Kennet in a morning, and having made a few notes, would ramble out into the fields round this neighbourhood, and then return to a temperate dinner and cheerful evening, writing off before he went to bed what had arranged itself in his mind from his morning studies. The head-quarters of the poet seem still to have been in Wine-office-court, and there it was that Johnson found him, driven to extremities by his landlady's application for rent, and relieved him from difficulty by taking a *vis*. Goldsmith had just written, and selling it to a publisher for sixty pounds. It was no other than the famous "Vicar of Wakefield." "I brought Goldsmith the money," says the old king of critics, "and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The scene changes. We must walk to the Temple, to chambers on the library staircase, and there we find the poet "a kind of inmate with Jeff, the butler of the society." The apartments appear to have been of a very humble sort; but then there were the Temple-gardens and the river Thames at hand, which, in the estimation of such a man as Goldsmith, must have made up for many deficiencies. His biography takes us, during his abode there, to a very different place under very amusing circumstances, which we cannot do better than relate in his own words: "Having received an invitation to wait upon the Earl of Northumberland," he says, "I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland-house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with the duke. They showed me into an antechamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his appearance. Taking him for the duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me: when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed." Poor bashful man, by no means learned in the ways of this world! Sir John Hawkins, a man of a different stamp, who gives a further account of the interview between the author and the duke, blames the former for a want of dexterity in pushing his own interests. Northumberland was just going to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and he told Goldsmith he should be glad to do him a kindness. The

visitor, much more from generosity than from confusion, commended his brother, a poor clergyman, to his grace's patronage; but sought nothing for himself.

Goldsmith gets five hundred pounds for his "Good-natured Man," and forthwith his domicile bears witness to his altered fortune. "Jeff, the butler's, rooms" are exchanged for the second floor of No. 2, Brick-court, Temple, overlooking the pleasant garden on the river bank. The spend-thrift gives 100*l.* for the lease, and squanders the rest upon splendid carpets and furniture, a suit of "Tyrian bloom, satin-grain," and another "lured with silk and furnished with gold buttons." He invites Johnson, Reynolds, Percy, and Bickerstaff to gay entertainments; and it is amusing to learn that the occupant of the ground floor is no other than the great "lawyer Blackstone, who in his erudite studies, out of which grow his famous "Commentary on the Laws of England," sadly complains of the racket made overhead by neighbour Goldsmith's company. There they are positively playing at blindman's buff! Did Johnson join? The lexicographer upstairs lumbering about like a big boy. The jurist below, poring over his mouldy books, and grumbling at the levity and noise of such a royster. We have here a curious pair of pictures in our literary history.

Goldsmith, like a true poet, loved the country, and often made what he called a shoemaker's holiday. A few friends were invited to a good breakfast on a summer's morning, after which they went off to Blackheath, Wandsworth, or some other suburban village, to revel together among green trees and yellow fields, and to drink in the delicious liquid air floating under the blue skies. We fancy the poet, with dusty feet, and with a large nosegay stuck in his bosom, coming back at night, through the crowded street, to his sombre lodgings in Brick-court; his memory lighted up with pleasant images, which haunt him in his dreams, and come forth with helpful ministrations when the next day he sits down to write an essay or a lay.

Besides other works, Goldsmith wrote his "History of Rome" in the Temple. Among "the wits, lawyers, and legal students" who associated with Goldsmith in his half-cloistered retreat, was Judge Day, of the Irish bench, who often in his days would talk of the poet's kindness to him and Grattan. "I was just arrived from college," said he, "full freighted with academic gleanings; and our author did not disdain to receive from me some opinions and thoughts towards his Greek and Roman histories. Being then a young man, I felt much flattered by the notice of so celebrated a person. He took great delight in the conversation of Grattan, whose brilliancy in the morning of life furnished full earnest of the unrivalled splendour which swelled his meridian; and finding us dwelling together in Essex-court, near himself, where he frequently visited my immortal friend, his warm heart became naturally prepossessed towards the associate of one whom he so much admired." The judge goes on, as Irving tells us, to give a picture of Goldsmith's social habits: he frequented much the Grecian coffee-house, then the favourite resort of Irish and Lancashire templars: he delighted in collecting his friends around him at evening par-

ties in his chambers, where he entertained them with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality."

Several London taverns are associated with Goldsmith, and among the rest, one in Dean-street, kept by a singer of the name of Roberts. We mention that spot, because it was there that a conversation took place between Goldsmith and Johnson, which supplied some wit often imitated since. The sage philosopher was discussing some kidneys with immense satisfaction, observing, as he swallowed the savoury morsels, "These are pretty little things: but a man must eat a great many of them before he is filled." "Aye; but how many of them," asked the merry poet, with affected simplicity, "would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! Ah, sir, that I fear exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, sir: I think I could tell." "Pray then, sir, let me hear." "Why, sir, one; if it were long enough." Johnson growled for a time at finding himself caught in such a trite schoolboy trap. "Well, sir," he said at length, "I have deserved it. I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

Ranelagh gardens, then the resort of the fashionable, offered strong attractions to the pleasure-loving Goldsmith; and doubtless often then, or afterwards when reflecting on his visits, he felt how true were Johnson's words in one of his grave moods: "Alas, sir, these are only struggles for happiness. When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterwards, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think."

At last, Goldsmith had to go home and die. He expired in his room at the Temple, on the 4th of April, in his 46th year. Poor women, whom he had generously relieved, stood sobbing outside the door in which lay the poet's corpse: but we cannot forget that there were others who mourned his removal for a very different reason. "Of poor Goldsmith," said Johnson, in a letter to Boswell, "there is little to be told more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua Reynolds is of opinion that he owed no less than two thousand pounds." He was buried in the ground of the Temple Church; and as we think of the poet's dust so near us, when we are passing along Fleet-street, there come mingled with his memory solemn thoughts of the high ends of human life which he so sadly missed, or rather never seemed to aim at. We cannot write poems or essays like him whose shade we have just met, and to whose genius we do honour: but, with very humble talents, we may serve our generation according to the will of God. Neither literary nor any other form of worldly fame may guard our grave and write our epitaph, but a better immortality awaits us if we be numbered among those whom God counts righteous through faith in the atoning blood of his Son.

"Only the actions of the just
Sinn'd sweet, and blossom in the dust."

THE NEW FOREST AND ITS SWINEHERDS.*

A RARE place is the New Forest for a good long exploring ramble, and well does an inquiry into its many old traditions and inhabitants repay the visitor to its picturesque glades! It was my lot, at one period of my life, to spend some time in its neighbourhood; and, during an excursion which I paid to it, I managed to collect the materials for the present paper. There is no important part of the New Forest, I may say, that I have not examined; I have explored all its wild intricacies and strange out-of-the-way places—spots such as one only reads of in romances, and scarcely believes to exist in these matter-of-fact days. While I now write, its vast woods seem to rise before me, even to the very shapes of the trees and the open spaces between them, covered here and there by sharp thorny bushes laden with sloes and bullaces, from which have sprung all our beautiful varieties of damsons! Visions, too, flit before me, of hedge-rows never cut within the memory of man! Those accustomed indeed only to a trim rural garden, dressed by art, can hardly conceive the strangely different aspect of a place like this; where nature has been suffered to run wild.

I have walked over some ground in the neighbourhood of the forest, of which a tradition has been handed down among the peasants, that it has never been known to be cultivated; and, certainly, a wild, unenclosed, primeval-looking spot it was. Here and there were grey hawthorns, so huge and old and weather-beaten that they looked as if a hundred stems had grown twisted and knotted together, while they had become so hardened by time that they were almost as unbending as iron. Near these were gigantic crab-trees, their knotted stems overgrown with the mosses and lichens that had been gathering for centuries; while at irregular distances there rose venerable oaks, whose giant heads had been struck by the bolt of heaven long ages ago, but which had lived on in spite of the lightning that had scathed their stems, and which were still standing like the wrecks and monuments of an old-forgotten world!

To my narrative, however. I had long coveted a good long ramble in the New Forest, where Rufus had been struck by Tyrell's arrow. Having secured, therefore, as my guide, an intelligent person who was intimate with all the glades and nooks of the spot, I proceeded one fine day, early in autumn, to make my long-meditated excursion. After some sharp walking, I traversed the ground just described, and ere long gained the haunts of what properly is called the "New Forest," which, by the way we may mention, was selected by Mr. Gilpin, a poet of the last century, as the theme of a pleasing but now somewhat forgotten poem. A spot, indeed it was, well calculated to awaken the enthusiasm of all lovers of natural beauty. My guide and myself seemed to have entered a vast wilderness of venerable and hoary trees, surrounded by a pathless expanse of entangling under-

wood, where the hazel and the blackthorn, the long thorny bramble, the armed holly, the pointed gorse, the trailing woodbine, and the matted ivy are blended with the broom and the autumn-browned fern. So close and impenetrable was the mass, that it was only here and there that we were enabled to force our way. There were hundreds of gorse-bushes matted together, and from twelve to fourteen feet high. Above this solemn wilderness hovered great birds—sharp-beaked hawks, wide-winged kites, great gleads, dusky ravens, and horned owls—screaming, as I and my guide approached, as if questioning our right to disturb their primeval haunts. From out the shadowy barrier of the copsewood, too, there ever and anon rushed many a strange-looking animal: the fox, the stoat, the weasel, and the grey badger—not by any means over-pleased companions; at times, also, great hairy-armed bats darted by on their leather wings, started from the hollows of the decayed trees by the blows which my guide struck upon the stems. There was something so lonely and desolate hanging about this singular scene, that I dared not wander far from the side of my companion. No fields were near us; the old woods went stretching out in the distance, with no boundary save here and there a deep dark watercourse; so that to have lost my way would have been an easier matter than to have found it again. In this style we wandered on, till, after having exhausted my weary limbs, I was fain to rest myself upon the grass, and partake of the refreshments I had brought with me. While eating this meal, I had time to enter into conversation with my guide, whom I found to be one of the swineherds of the forest. Much curious information did he volunteer to me respecting the animals which were under his charge; at least it seemed curious to me, and may probably prove the same to my reader.

The hog, then, be it known, when rambling in a wood, is a gentlemanly beast, and has a totally different appearance to what it presents when confined in a vulgar sty. Running about amongst the underwood, its bristly hide glitters like silver; and it has often, in consequence, a very picturesque appearance when seen beside the stems of gigantic trees, or breaking the deep green background with patches of agreeable light. It is particularly amusing, my guide said, to watch, and see how even the sudden starting of a wild duck from an adjacent pool will make a whole herd of hogs set off, grunting and running as if for their very lives, through sedges and rushes and reeds and dangling thickets; if they pause for a moment, something perhaps will raise a new alarm, and off they scamper again, helter skelter, one after the other, squalling and squealing in the most direful manner.

Hogs, it appears, in the autumn season, are sent by their owners into different parts of the forest, and especially among the oaks and beeches of Boldue Wood, to fatten on the acorns and beech nuts. It is, or was, (for many changes have occurred since my visit,) among the rights of the forest borderers to feed their hogs from about the end of September to the middle of November, for which privilege they paid a trifling sum, by way of an

* The New Forest is situated in Hampshire. It is old enough, whatever its title may be, having been created by William the Conqueror, who destroyed several villages to make room for its site.

acknowledgment, at the steward's court at Lyndhurst.

The method of treating hogs, at the season of migration, and of reducing a large herd of these unmanageable brutes to perfect obedience and good government, struck me as being very curious. The first step, as my companion informed me, that the swineherd takes, is to explore some closely-sheltered part of the forest, where there is a convenience of water and plenty of acorns and beech nuts. He fixes next on some spreading tree, round the bole of which he wattles a slight circular fence with boughs and sods, filling it plentifully with straw or fern. Having made this preparation, he collects his grunting colony from the farmers, with whom he commonly agrees for a shilling a head; and he will thus get together perhaps a herd of five or six hundred hogs. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives them a plentiful supper, which he had previously provided, sounding his horn during the repast. He then turns them into the litter, where, after a long journey and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously. The next morning, he suffers them to look a little around them, shows them the pool or stream where they may occasionally drink, leaves them to pick up the offals of their last night's meal, and, as evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast under the neighbouring trees, which literally rain acorns upon them, again sounding his horn the whole time; he leaves them there for about an hour, and then sends them off to sleep. The following day, he is perhaps at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual; after which he leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye, however, on their evening hours; but, as their stomachs are full, they seldom wander far from home, retiring commonly very orderly and early to bed. After this, he throws the fence open, and leaves them to eat for themselves; and from henceforward, has little more trouble with them during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather, when the nuts fall sparingly, he will call them together by the music of his horn to a gratuitous meal; but in general they need little attention, coming regularly home at night, though they often wander in the day two or three miles from their sty. There are experienced hogs in all herds, which have spent this roving life before, and can instruct their juniors in the mode of it. By this method, at the end of the season, the herd is carried home to the respective owners, in such condition that a little dry meat will soon fatten them.

It must not, however, be supposed that all the swineherds in the forest manage their colonies with this exactness. My guide, I found, was reckoned one of the most experienced of the tribe, and he spoke with as much complacency of his success as students in more exalted pursuits might have done. Probably this enthusiasm in his peculiar calling might be the secret of his superiority to most of his compeers. Hogs, he assured me, are not such an unsocial race as some persons believe them to be; they have, it is true, their likes and dislikes like the rest of us; but when ranging about the forest and feeding on the yellow acorns, they will congregate together in different groups, forming a kind of friendship amongst

themselves, which is never broken up so long as their wild life lasts. The same groups regularly separate from the herd, keep their own company, and return quite orderly in the evening.

The hog, my reader will scarcely need to be reminded, was not always a low animal, grovelling in a sty. His ancestors were a fine-spirited race, having the range of the royal forests like deer, and had often the honour of being hunted by kings—it is an honour to be worried and chased in such choice company. The wild boar, too, was a dangerous and powerful animal, who would invariably run at whatever opposed him, and who could give most dangerous wounds. Many a noble horse has been ripped open by his formidable tusks in past ages, when he was a beast of chase. What think you, reader, of a law which ordained that a man should have his eyes torn out, if he was found guilty of killing a wild boar? Yet such a law did William the Conqueror promulgate about 800 years ago, and there is no doubt but that it was put into execution. There were wild boars in England, in the New Forest, no further back than the time of Charles I., but they were swept away under the iron sway of Cromwell.

Boar hunting is happily one of the things that are past, and which, however picturesque it looks in some of the old Velasquez pictures, we have no wish to see revived. Yet it certainly must be admitted, that it was a nobler exercise to hunt a savage wild boar, than it is either to chase a poor fox or a harmless hare; for the boar could, and often did, defend himself to some purpose. It was either to kill or be killed when men came to blows with him, and it was no joke to stand in the way of an old one, which sometimes measured between five and six feet in length, with great tusks sticking up on each side of his jaw. Not very long before my visit, my guide told me, that two boys, sons of a neighbouring swineherd, had been sadly terrified by seeing a couple of the forest boars fight. They described the noise of the combat as most awful: the animals retreated for a moment, and then dashed their hard iron foreheads together, meeting with such a clash as made the forest ring again. They bit, they snorted, their jaws were flushed with white foam, they ground their teeth together, they made their tusks rattle against each other, while their eyes glared like fire. Whether they ended by killing each other, the boys were too much terrified to remain and see. At first, the lads stood fettered to the spot through fear; but, as soon as they recovered the use of their limbs, they took to their heels and scampered off as fast as they could go. These, however, were not the real wild boars that infested our old English forests, but two of their very degenerate descendants.

Another adventure, of a somewhat different kind, my guide next narrated to me, as having happened to himself. I will relate it in his own words.

"You see, sir," said he, "I was gone a-rambling in one of the densest bits of our forests, by a scarce-to-be-called path, known to few save myself; and I was seeking for a wild plant some of our gentry had set their minds on, and very busy, sir, groping about, and thinking of nothing but what I was about. I had just come to an avenue opening out between the trees, when I heard a rustling like, and thought it might chance to be a

fox; so I didn't heed much, when, all of a sudden, I saw a pair of glaring bright eyes looking out of a bush a short way from me; the thing gave me rather a queer feel, for I didn't guess what it could be. After a bit, it moved; startled, I suppose, by seeing me; and there, true enough, was a large savage-looking wild cat. It had such strong stout legs, and such a thick tail, not ending in a point, but thick and bushy all the way! It had just killed a rabbit, and was standing with its paw on it, growling like a wild beast. It was an awesome sight, sir, and if I hadn't had my gun, I should have been scared like; but I took aim at once, and while it was intent on its prey I shot it dead on the spot. A powerful creature it was, striped like a tiger, and with a sturdy thick throat and awful-looking claws. I took it home, sir, skinned it, and sent its skin to some of those learned gentlemen that had sometimes been in the forest with me in search of strange creatures; and I heard tell, sir, that they had it stuffed as a curiosity. It was a curious beast indeed. I have never seen another, long as I've lived in the forest; but my old father says they were more plentiful in his time, and that the female made her nest in the hollow of some large tree, or some hidden opening in a concealed dell in the woody hills, and that she had four or five young, which were so savage they would spit when only a few days old. He had more than once seen a nest of them; and he said, in far back times they were very plentiful, but that the keepers and such like people had thinned them rarely, because they destroyed the game."

My guide's story, I own, gave me rather an uncomfortable feeling, and made me glance rather fearfully at the dense thickets which surrounded us. We had by this time, however, finished our extempore dinner, to which we had both done justice. In our route homewards, which lay through a different part of the forest from that by which we had entered, I saw a very pretty sight: as far as my eye could penetrate, in every direction, the ground presented one unbroken sheet of bright lilac. My guide told me it was the autumn crocus, and that, at this time of year, people were accustomed to come from far and near to gather it, as it was used, he said, "in something he didn't rightly understand." It was indeed a beautiful spectacle, for there was not the least interval in the uniform expanse of colour, which was of the brightest shade of lilac; while, all about, the air was swarming with bees, attracted thither for the purpose of extracting the honey. I found, upon further examination, that it was the flower from which the saffron used in dyeing is procured. My guide told me that the wives and children of the swinherds, who form quite a colony in the forest, made the gathering of the crocus a very lucrative employment, for they could always dispose of what they collected advantageously to the dealers from the towns, who came after them at the proper season. The spot upon which we then stood was considered one of the best stations for procuring them, as they grew there in great profusion; and it was, my guide added, a rare gay sight when the ground was swarming with women and children, with their baskets and handkerchiefs all full of the pretty bright flowers.

After we had passed the crocus beds, my guide returned to the subject of the hogs, on which he spoke with a sort of professional enthusiasm. The hog, he said, is commonly supposed to be an obstinate, headstrong, unmanageable brute, and he may perhaps have a degree of positiveness in his temper. In general, however, if he be properly managed, he is an orderly, docile animal. The only difficulty is to make your meanings, when they are fair and friendly, intelligible to him. Effect this, and, as my guide said, very emphatically, "you may lead him with a straw, sir." It sounds oddly, to affirm that the life of a hog is an enviable one; and yet there is something uncommonly pleasing in the lives of these denizens of the forest, when compared with those of other animals. They seem to have much enjoyment of existence. You see them perfectly happy; going about at their ease, and conversing with each other in short, pithy sentences, which are no doubt expressive of their own satisfaction and of their social feelings.

Besides the hogs sent out by the farmers in the acorn season to fatten, there are others, the property of forest keepers, which spend the whole year in the wood. This class of animals depend chiefly for livelihood on the roots of fern, and they find this food very nourishing, if they can have it in sufficient abundance; but they are obliged to procure it by so laborious an operation, that their meals are rarely accompanied with satiety. The forest hog continues, however, by great industry, to obtain a tolerable subsistence through the winter, except in frosty weather, when the ground resists his delving snout; then he must perish, if he do not in some degree experience his master's care. As spring approaches, fresh grasses and salads of different kinds add a variety to his bill of fare; and when summer comes on, he finds juicy berries and grateful seeds, on which he lives plentifully till autumn returns, and brings with it the extreme of abundance.

Besides this second class of hogs, there is a third division of them, which live in some of the more desolate parts of the forest; they are bred wild and left to themselves without any settled habitation. Their owners, being at no expense either in feeding or attending them, are content with the precarious profit of such, as they are able to catch. Charles I, wishing to renew the rather exhausted breed, was at the expense of procuring the wild boar and his mate from the forests of Germany, which increased greatly, as tradition states, in the New Forest. Certain it is, said my guide, that there is found in it at this day a breed of hogs commonly called forest pigs, who are very different from the usual Hampshire race, having about them several of the characteristic marks of the wild boar. This species of hog has broad shoulders, a high crest, and thick bristly mane, which he erects on any alarm. His hinder parts are light and thin, his ears are short, and his colour black or darkly brindled. He is much fiercer than the common breed, and will turn against an ordinary dog. All these are marks of the wild boar, from whom probably he in part derives his pedigree, though his blood may be contaminated by vulgar mixtures. But though he is much more picturesque than the common hog, he is in much less repute

among farmers. The lightness of his hind-quarters, and the thinness of his flanks, appear to great disadvantage in the ham and the litch; yet, abroad, both in Germany and Italy, the flesh of the wild boar is in the greatest repute; and dressed, as it there is, with the small kernels that come out of the fir cones for a sauce, it is certainly a dish fit to be set before an epicure. Our English farmers, however, like size and solidity in the materials of their meals, and therefore it is easily to be understood that the common breed of swine, with their advantages of make and superior quantity of flesh, will always with them obtain the preference.

With varied conversation, of the character now detailed, my guide beguiled my way home, which I reached towards evening, having thoroughly enjoyed my ramble. It was a day, as I have said, in the early autumn, when forest scenery, grand as it is at any season, is perhaps seen to the greatest advantage. Towards evening, streams of golden light came slanting down between the trees, lighting up their stems and shining on the green turf. Never did the hand of an artist throw such rich colours upon the glowing canvass as were to be found in the variegated foliage. The leaves of the beech were dyed in the deepest orange; the dark green of the oak was in parts mellowed into a bronzy brown, blending beautifully with the faded yellow of the chestnut and the deeper hues of the tall elm. As far as my eye could range along the rude outskirts of the forest, it revelled in the mingled lines of hills, fields, and sky, the flowered meadow and the purple hill: the gorgeous sunset and the dark clouds of evening seeming as if they had all rolled together their bright and sombre dyes, and gathered about the beautiful death-bed of the expiring summer. Under my feet, the ground was blue with the hare-bell; and above waved some solitary woodbine, its lonely tendrils rocking to and fro, with a mournful motion, as if the last flower it bore had lost its way, wondering where its summer companions had gone, and afraid of being left alone in such a changing solitude. Then there was the varied race of fungi, blue and silver, gold and crimson, so gorgeous that for brilliancy and beauty of tint the proudest flower might bow before them: all in their different ways marking the solemn majesty of autumn in the forest, and throwing over the scene a gloomy kind of grandeur, suggestive of pensive musings. When I reached my village lodging, I took leave of my guide with feelings of regret. He had made, by his intelligent explanations and cheerful company, a very favourable impression on me; and, on his account, I have always felt a great respect for the race of men from which he is sprung, who retain their primitive occupation of swineherds from father to son, and live near the wild solitudes of the forest, associating exclusively with each other and the animals under their charge. Several years, I may add, have elapsed since the above visit, and great changes have, in the interval, occurred both in the scenery and usages of the New Forest.

THE SCEPTIC ANSWERED.—"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a sceptic to a clergyman.

"Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

Miscellaneous.

THE WONDER OF BOOKS.—No volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers, or was translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit, that no book loses less by translation, none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. King and noble, peasant and pauper, are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from it, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspire the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurances. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of theology, the best principles of morals, and the guiding axioms of political economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burnt for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connection with it. The fathers commented upon it, and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origen's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric; it whetted the penetration of Abelard, and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labour and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation and logical analysis. It has inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world. It furnished the paucity of Puritan valour which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the magna charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. Such benefactors as Francke, Neff, Schwartz, and Howard, the departed Chalmers and the living Shaftesbury, are cast in the mould of the Bible. Among the Christian classics, it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colours to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Howe, and struck the plummet of Edwards. In short, this collection of articles, lives and letters has changed the face of the world, and ennobled myriads of its population.

HOW TO GET PEACE.—Dr. William Gordon, of Kingston-on-Hull, who died three years ago, was a profound scholar, and a man of distinguished moral excellence. He was considered by his religious friends to be sceptical. He made profound researches in every department of philosophy and religion; and arrived at last at a most cordial acceptance of Christ as his Saviour. His dying days were days of wonderful triumph and joy. The secret of it he frequently describes to consist in ceasing to cavil about religion, and just accepting Christ as a Saviour. "I went fervently to him, and took all my sins and cares, my heart full; and left all at the cross: and sweet peace followed." "I reasoned, and debated, and investigated, but I found no peace, till I came to the gospel as a little child; till I received it as a babe."

WHAT IS THE WORLD?—A dream within a dream; as we grow older, each step is an inward awakening. The youth awakes as he thinks from childhood—the tall grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.—*Ni, Walter Scott.*

EARLY RISING.—Said the distinguished Lord Chatham to his son, "I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and enjoyed by yourself.'"

THE LEISURE HOUR.

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ALDERMAN HAWKING'S VISIT TO THE BEAUX-MADE CLOTHES SHOP.

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

CHAPTER III.

MARY BEVAN was very ill. Privation, anxiety, exposure to cold, walking on damp pavements in shoes which admitted water as easily as though

made of brown paper, the vitiated atmosphere of a close and ill-drained street in a large town—all these causes combined, (any one of which has opened an untimely grave,) brought Mary to the verge of death. But she had fallen into good hands

at last, and to the care of Doctor Waring the physician, Mrs. Jackson the nurse, Old Betty, and the motherly housekeeper of Mr. Harding, we may for a little while leave her.

When a man of easy-going habits, by any apparent accident sets himself in right earnest to a good work, such as the correction of a newly-discovered abuse, or the remedy of some evident mishap, it is astonishing how much stir he can make, and how, for a time, he can outstep his generally more active contemporaries. Mr. Alderman Harding was a good man, and, to an extent that did not involve much personal exertion or trouble, a benevolent man. He liked proxy better than active benevolence, however; and thought it enough, ordinarily at least, to give money where others gave diligence. The inheritor of a fair fortune, the possessor of a comfortable house and a tolerable library, he had passed along on one of the smooth highways of life pleasantly enough, thinking little of the wretched by-ways which conducted others, through thorns and briers, and over flinty ground intersected by many a slough of despond, to the same termination of mortal joys and sorrows, loves and hatreds. Bred to no profession, and with no sharp spur to the exercise of his talents, he rarely exerted himself or them; and if his conscience sometimes told him that the enjoyment of his comfortable habits, his literary tastes, and his unselfdenying benevolence, though sanctified and modified in a measure by personal piety, was not precisely and strictly all that he should live for, he was too apt to meet the remonstrance with excuses somewhat akin to that of Moses, when he said, "Oh Lord, I am not eloquent; I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue."

Nevertheless, Mr. Harding was not quite easy, at all times, under these rebukes; and when, on the morning after his interview with James Underwood, he started up from his breakfast-table, put on his hat, took in hand his walking-stick, and went off at a lively pace to the town-prison, he felt something like the vigour of returning youth; and people, as he passed, wondered what made the Alderman so brisk that morning.

He did not find young Bevan in a particularly contrite frame of mind. The boy had got over the first emotions of shame at the degradation to which he had fallen, and met with sullen and almost haughty silence the first advances of the visitor, whom he recognised as one of the magistrates who had sat in judgment on him the previous day. But a word or two, judiciously introduced, about his sister, softened him at once.

"Has she had anything to eat since I left her?" he asked eagerly, and burst into tears. And when assured that she was well cared for, and should not be lost sight of, the young prisoner thanked Mr. Harding with immeasurable volubility.

"I don't care now," he added; "they may do what they like with me: I am glad I—"

"What are you glad of?" asked the visitor, when the boy stopped short.

"It doesn't signify, sir. Well then, I am glad I was sent here."

"Glad you turned thief, eh?"

"You may call me thief, if you please, sir; I can't help it: but if my going shares in that loaf sent help to Mary, I am glad of it."

"Help would have reached your sister without your doing wrong, boy," replied the magistrate, calmly. "Sometimes God pleases that the wrongdoing of one shall seem to bring about good to others; but that does not make sin less sinful. And it was not your dishonesty that raised up friends for your sister, but another person's honesty. We won't talk about that now, however. I wish to know something of your history, and your sister's: and mind you speak the truth."

"I am not a liar," said the boy—not sullenly, however: "indeed I am not, sir."

"Well, perhaps not; but let me hear what account you can give of yourself: your name is Bevan, you say?"

We shall not follow the magistrate through his unofficial examination, which terminated in an arrangement with the jailor to keep the boy apart from evil companions. "I wish to serve you," he added, turning to Bevan; "and I am not sure that I can do anything better for you than this. I will see you again. By the way, you will find a Bible in your cell; I advise you to spend your unoccupied time in reading it."

"And my sister, sir?" said the boy—"shall I see her?"

"Another day," returned the Alderman, evasively.

Mr. Alderman Harding left the prison full of thought. There was food for thought in the story he had just heard, and which exactly tallied with what he had been told by the second-hand bookseller, only that it went more into detail. Of course, it was not altogether new information to him that there was poverty in the world; and even in Summerville; nor was it a new idea to him that destitution is the next step in advance of poverty, and starvation just a step beyond destitution. He was not entirely ignorant that there are temptations connected with these states which do not so strongly assail any other. He had heard of the condition of needlewomen in general, and shirt-makers in particular, as not being exceedingly enviable in the way of emolument; and he did not suppose that they had hot roast-meat every day for dinner; and he had not fallen into the error of supposing, that when the poor cannot get bread to eat, they may manage to exist upon buns. Mr. Alderman Harding had also heard of instances in which persons of superior rank and attainments and character, such, for instance—and only for instance—as the widows and orphans of professional men, had had to drink to the very dregs the cup of bitter poverty, or almost bitterer dependence on common charity; and he had joined in the common reproach—too frequently merited perhaps—of recklessness or improvidence, not entirely confined to professional men, though. But all that he had heard and seen had not prepared him for the fact, now brought home to his understanding, that, within a mile of his residence—and if it had been within a stone's throw he would perhaps have been none the wiser—had struggled on, day by day, for two years, till heart and hope were lost, and life itself did not seem worth struggling for any longer, two children, whose tender years had beamed with the promise of future prosperity, and honourable rank in society, to be only suddenly and apparently irremediably blasted. He had not been prepared to meet, in his

own daily walk and experience, with a case in which, without blame to the sufferer, and in spite of heroic endurance and stout-heartedness, a tender and well-nurtured girl had lain down to die for want of the bread that perisheth; or with another in which, as with that girl's brother, continued privation had undermined, and temptation broken down, the barriers which had separated the precious from the vile, and added another atom to the mass of crime *not* resulting from ignorance:—cases, both, in which an outstretched hand and a loving heart, gently probing the disease, and suggesting and applying the remedy, would have called down the blessings of those who were ready to perish, and supplied motive for a hopeful continuance in well-doing. Such were some of Mr. Harding's thoughts, and he learnt a practical lesson therefrom.

Before the term of Willy's imprisonment had expired, his sister, thanks to good nursing, had recovered her strength; and then came consultations between the Alderman, his housekeeper, and James Underwood, as to what next should be done. To have restored her to life, merely to pass through the same hopeless struggles which had brought her near to death, would have been poor charity. So Mr. Harding declared. In the course of these consultations, it came out, on the testimony of the young sempstress, corroborated by the researches of the Alderman's housekeeper, that Mary Bevan had sometimes been able to earn eightpence a day, sometimes ninepence, and sometimes only sixpence; something depending on the kind and quality of work she could obtain, and something also on the number of hours which made up her working-day.

"Eightpence a day, for fourteen hours' labour!" exclaimed Mr. Harding; "and days and weeks without work at all! and with that to keep soul and body together—to buy firing and food, to pay rent, not for herself only, but also for the boy! I never heard of such a thing! I could not have thought it! Are you sure you don't make a mistake, Mrs. Jackson?"

Yes, Mrs. Jackson was sure. And she knew, also, that the case was not by any means an extraordinary one.

"Why, Mrs. Jackson, I wonder the poor girl hasn't been driven to ruin herself, body and soul. She must have good principles, I am sure."

"A good many do ruin themselves, I am afraid, sir," said Mrs. Jackson, "that haven't such strong temptations; and some, I dare say, are in a manner driven to it by want. Yes, sir, I think the poor girl has indeed very good principles."

"I should think so; it must be so. Eightpence a day! only think, Mrs. Jackson! and for two of them! There's something wrong somewhere," and, so saying, Mr. Alderman Harding took up his hat and stick, and walked towards the high-street of Southmerville.

It was Saturday evening; the shops, especially the provision shops, were crowded with customers, and the street was pretty well thronged with passengers; mostly working people and their wives, who had done, or were going to do, their shopping. Among these, Mr. Harding threaded his way till he reached the ready-made clothes' shop near the bottom of the high-street.

He went in. There were a good many buyers

there; so, going to the far end of the shop, he sat down, and waited. There was a working man, in a fustian jacket, at that part of the shop, looking at ready-made shirts. Mr. Harding nodded to the dealer opposite, said he was in no hurry, and looking on with a curious eye, he listened also with a curious ear.

"How much do you want for this?" asked the man. *This* was a calico shirt which he held in his hand.

"One and ninepence," said the dealer.

"That's too much by threepence," said the buyer; "I'll give you eighteen-pence for it."

"We never make abatement, my friend," replied the shopkeeper. "One and ninepence is my price."

"I could get it cheaper at the other shop," retorted the man; "I saw some ticketed up there, one and sevenpence halfpenny a-piece."

"Very likely," returned the seller; "but the quality is inferior. Here's one you may have for one and sevenpence, if you like."

The man put the cheaper article away contemptuously. "I won't have it. I shall have this or none. Come, twenty-pence, then; let's have half a pint of beer out of it."

"I cannot afford to sell it for less than one and ninepence," said the tradesman, good-humouredly.

"I dare say, not," replied the other, incredulously.

"There are three yards and three-quarters of calico in that shirt, my friend, at fourpence a yard; and that alone comes to fifteen-pence."

"Sixpence profit for you, then," exclaimed the man with an oath: "I have to work hard for every sixpence I get. I won't give more than twenty-pence: take it or leave it."

"It must be 'leave it' then, my friend; but you need not swear about it, either. You make a slight mistake, however, about my profits. Remember, the calico wants putting together to make a shirt."

"Not much of that, master. 'Tis done with a hot needle and a burning thread, I reckon."

"Needles and thread, hot or cold, cost something, I suppose you will allow; but that is not what I mean. How much do you suppose I paid for making this shirt now?"

"That's no business of mine," said the working man.

"But it is of mine. Come, my friend, I don't mind letting you into the secrets of the trade. The calico for this shirt comes to one and threepence: cotton and buttons cost a penny; that's one and fourpence; and for making it I pay fourpence: now, how much profit does that produce me when I sell it for one and ninepence?"

The man replied, with another oath, that he didn't know and didn't care: that he could get as good a shirt elsewhere for twenty-pence; and that he wouldn't give more.

"You don't wish shirt-makers to starve, do you, my friend? If I were to sell articles of this quality at your price, I must give a penny less for making. You wouldn't wish that I suppose? You know what it is to earn money by hard work yourself; you have some feeling for others, I should think."

"I don't care what you give or what you don't

give. Let them starve for what I care. Twenty-pence, master; that's my price."

"It is not mine, then," replied the tradesman; and thrusting the crumpled bundle of shirts on to a vacant shelf, he coolly wished the customer good evening. The man went away shirtless, but returned in a minute, and threw down his money on the counter. "I may as well have it," he said: "'tis less trouble than going to the other shop."

Now, Mr. Alderman Harding's errand to Mr. Wilkins's shop was two-fold. In the first place, it was his intention to reclaim Mary Bevan's watch and ring, taking upon himself, if need were, to stand sponsor for her future honesty; and, in the second place, he had armed himself with strong and forcible arguments in favour of advanced wages to shirt-makers. The scene he had just witnessed, however, rather staggered him, and threw his ideas into some degree of confusion; and it was with less confidence than he had half an hour before anticipated, that he opened his business to the shopkeeper.

The first part of it was soon transacted. Mr. Wilkins expressed himself perfectly satisfied with so good a guarantee as that of the Alderman, and placed in his hands the tangible security he had hitherto held.

"Is it needful to take such pledges as these for the honesty of your workpeople, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Yes, Mr. Wilkins had found it needful, he said; in the case of comparative strangers, at all events. It was no uncommon thing for workwomen to pledge at the pawnbroker's the goods entrusted to them for making up.

"And how can you, or any one else, wonder at their principles giving way, Mr. Wilkins, when you think of the wretched compensation they receive for their labour?" He had knocked the right nail on the head, there, Mr. Harding thought; and perhaps he had.

The shopkeeper met the remark with imperturbable good humour, and admitted that the condition of needlewomen was unsatisfactory.

Could not, Mr. Wilkins do something, in his sphere, to mend it?

"You heard what passed just now with my customer? No, sir, I cannot mend it. On the contrary, I shall be driven, by competition, to reduce my wages. I cannot help it, Mr. Harding; if I could, I would."

"It is a desperate necessity, Mr. Wilkins, for a poor girl or woman to sit working hard all day, for the few pence they can earn at shirt-making. There's that girl, Mary Bevan——" and the Alderman commented upon her history, and detailed her past privations and utter destitution.

"I am very sorry for it, Mr. Harding; I never knew anything of her history before; and I was not aware that she so entirely depended on my work. But, if I had, I don't know what I could have done. I have twice as many applicants for work as I can employ, and some must go without. And perhaps you will scarcely credit it, sir; but only this week I have had an offer made by the lady managers of St. Sycamore charity school, of having shirts made by the dozen. They want work, it seems, for the girls; and they offer to make any number of common shirts at three shillings a dozen."

"And you accepted it?"

"I have not decided yet. If my workwomen will come down to the threepence—no; if they won't—yes."

"But if you must give such low wages for this inferior work, you are not, surely, ground down so closely in better articles?"

"No, not exactly as regards amount; but almost as closely in proportion. Better articles require better work, and take longer time to execute. Look here, sir;—and Mr. Wilkins laid his hand on a pile of shirts, cut out but not made up;—"the materials for each of these cost me, as nearly as possible, five shillings. They are to be made to order, and the work is to be of a superior description; and yet I am so tied down to price that I am positive the woman who is going to make them will not be able to earn a shilling a day—nothing like it, Mr. Harding. Well, sir, I cannot help it. If the lady—for a lady gave me the order, and a rich lady too—if she would have given another sixpence a piece, that sixpence, or the greater part of it, would have gone into the workwoman's pocket; but she would not, and I am obliged to cut the coat, as we say, according to the cloth. The materials I cannot get cheaper; but the work I can; and where I can economize, I must."

"I wonder you can get women to work for you at all," said the Alderman: "I would not; I would strike——"

"And starve. No, sir, that would not do. They know that if one won't work, another will, and they are too glad to take what offers. It is not come to the worst yet, I am afraid. In a short time, we shall see competition—competition for business on one hand, and competition for work on the other—bringing down wages to sixpence a day, or less."

"And then, when things are got to the worst, they will mend, I suppose you think?"

"I don't know, Mr. Harding: I hope they may."

"It is competition, then, that does the mischief?"

"I don't say that, sir. Competition is a good thing, when it is not carried too far."

"Then what is to be done?" asked Mr. Harding, impatiently.

"I cannot tell you, sir: it would take a wiser head than mine to answer that question."

Mr. Harding left the shop more puzzled than ever. "There is something wrong somewhere," he said, again and again. But where? He could not find out what shoulders to lay it on. He was dissatisfied, too, with the conference. Mr. Wilkins had told the truth, no doubt; but was the difficulty insuperable?

We think not. It is a good general principle, to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; but, like all other principles, it has its exceptions. When making our purchases, another maxim may well be present with us, "Live and let live;" and better still, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." These rules kept in view, when purchases are made, would temper the rigour of competition and soothe many an aching heart.

The moon was shining, near its full, as Mr. Harding retraced his steps up the high-street; but

dark clouds obscured it. The Alderman looked up. One dark black cloud there was, which cast a gloomy shadow below. But it was not all gloom above.

"The sable cloud
Turned forth her silver lining on the night,"

said Mr. Harding to himself, quoting the words of one of England's noblest poets, as he saw the bright edging of the dark cloud; and he remembered that what looked so black seen from below, would be bright if seen from above.

"There's a silver lining to every cloud," he continued, "if we had but eyes to see it, or faith to believe it. 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth;' and though 'clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.'" And Mr. Harding no longer trod the street in painful uncertainty.

The cloud that had hung over the orphans of Summerville had a silver lining; but we shall not pursue their history any further than to say that Mary, when she regained strength, found that she was no longer desolate and friendless; and that Willy, when released from prison, found that more hopeful prospects had dawned upon him. We have hope of him that he has learned wisdom by experience, and that he did not disgrace his benefactor. Mr. Underwood tells us that it is "all right," and we believe him.

As to Mr. Alderman Harding, as he gets older he becomes more active in his benevolence than he used to be. A new, or a more distinct, light seems to have broken in upon him; and there is not a man in Summerville better known than he. When the ear hears him, it blesses him; and when the eye sees him, it gives witness to him. He hopes and believes that there is a better time coming yet than some philanthropists dream about, and he does what he can to help it on. Nevertheless, he gives more discriminately in charity than formerly, for he feels that "it is a far better thing to help a man to help himself, than to do everything for a man. In the one case, you promote dependence; in the other, independence. In the one case, you throw a man down, and keep him down, under the burden of what you have done for him; but, in the other case, you help him so silently and gently and sweetly that the man does not feel as if he were under any obligation to you: he looks you full in the face, and you walk together, not as the benefactor and the beneficiary, but as brothers and friends." *

AN OLD MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THE GREAT LION FIGHT.

It has been with no love for the brutal conflicts of the animal creation, brought about by the agency of more brutal men; but with the strongest abhorrence of cruelty, in all its forms, that we have been led to turn over the dusty files of old newspapers, to refresh our memory with respect to the Great Lion Fight, which, at the time it took place, made so much noise in the world.

Whether the lion be the courageous, noble, and magnanimous animal that most people suppose, or the slinking, cowardly creature which others have represented him to be, we will not presume to decide; having never profited by his cowardice, nor been indebted to his clemency. Perhaps truth lies between these descriptions; but whatever be his qualities, he is what his Almighty Maker has made him, and if caught and caged to gratify the curiosity of man, he should be protected from wanton barbarity, and have his captivity mitigated by kindness.

Since the merciless combat we are about to describe took place, young men have grown grey, and a fresh generation of human beings has been called into existence. More than one half, perhaps, of the readers of "The Leisure Hour" were unborn at the time of the Great Lion Fight, and to such accordingly the event must be but little known.

The introduction of zoological gardens has rendered us much more familiar with the animal creation than we formerly were. True, there were lions in the Tower of London in the days of our fathers, and caravans of wild creatures visited our wakes and fairs; but opportunities of seeing the king of beasts were then "few and far between." For the last thirty or forty years, the travelling wild beast show of Wombwell has been well known. It was with a view of getting money by bringing his lions more into public notice, that the proprietor, in the year 1825, spread widely the report that he had matched his largest lion to fight with six dogs of the bull and mastiff breed, for a stake of five thousand pounds. This report created a sensation of no common kind, exciting the indignation of the humane, and pandering to the barbarity of the cruel. The sporting classes were in a fever, and the dog-fighting world rabid with anticipation. The press, to its credit be it spoken, was loud in its denunciations of a spectacle so inhumane; but covetousness is cruel, and Wombwell was not to be persuaded to abandon the golden harvest he hoped to reap.

It had been more than two centuries since a lion fight had taken place in England; the encounter, in the reign of James I, when mastiffs were matched against a lion for the entertainment of the court, having been the last exhibition of this kind. Some naturalists there were, though we trust their number was not great, who altogether lost sight of the inhumanity of the spectacle in the ardour of their desire to know the relative degree of superiority possessed by the lion over the mastiff and bull-dog.

The most celebrated of Wombwell's lions was Nero, a tame and inoffensive creature, though of great stature and majestic appearance; and it was this animal that was reported to have been matched by Wombwell against the six dogs. He was whelped in the capital of Scotland, and had been brought up as tame as a lap-dog. Wallace was a smaller, but a much more savage and formidable animal. Nero and Wallace were both known to us, and we have some indistinct remembrance of seeing the famous dog Billy, a week or two after the battle, with his wounded head strapped up and his loins injured; but we were not present at the lion fight. Had we been there, even at this remote period of time, we should have blushed to

* Rev. S. Martin's speech at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society.

acknowledge so discreditable a fact. Warwick we know, and have often wandered through its famous castle, lingering not only in the grand armoury, and in the greenhouse containing the celebrated vase, but also in the porch of the gateway, looking at the great porridge pot of the renowned Guy; but our reminiscences are not shadowed by the cruelty of a lion fight.

By many it was supposed that the reported bet of five thousand pounds, said to have been made by Wombwell, was all a fabrication, and little doubt of this was afterwards entertained. As the day of the fight approached, public excitement became extreme; humanity was more urgent in its appeal, and indignation louder in its thunders. Private individuals used their influence to dissuade Wombwell from his purpose, and the press redoubled its importunity and condemnation; but the lion owner was obdurate to entreaty and reproach.

Among the written appeals that were made to Wombwell, one is too excellent in itself, and too honourable to its writer, to be omitted. The following letter was sent by a gentleman of the Society of Friends:—

"Friend—I have heard, with a great degree of horror, of an intended fight between a lion that has long been exhibited by thee, consequently has long been under thy protection, and six bull-dogs. I seem impelled to write to thee on the subject, and to entreat thee, I believe in Christian love, that, whatever may be thy hope of gain by this very cruel and very disgraceful exhibition, thou wilt not proceed. Recollect that they are God's creatures; and we are informed by the holy scriptures that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; and as this very shocking scene must be to gratify a spirit of cruelty, as well as a spirit of gambling—for it is asserted that large sums of money are wagered on the event of the contest—it must be marked with Divine displeasure. Depend upon it that the Almighty will avenge the sufferings of his tormented creatures on their tormentors; for, though he is a God of love, he is also a God of justice; and I believe that no deed of cruelty has ever passed unpunished. Allow me to ask thee how thou wilt endure to see the noble animal thou hast so long protected, and which has been in part the means of supplying thee with the means of life, mangled and bleeding before thee. It is unmanly, it is mean and cowardly to torment anything that cannot defend itself—that cannot speak to tell its pains and sufferings—that cannot ask for mercy. Oh, spare thy poor lion the pangs of such a death as may perhaps be his; save him from being torn to pieces; have pity on the dogs that may be torn by him. Spare the horrid spectacle; spare thyself the sufferings that I fear will yet reach thee if thou persist, and show a noble example of humanity. Whoever have persuaded thee to expose thy lion to the chance of being torn to pieces, or of tearing other animals, are far beneath the brutes they torment—are unworthy the name of men or rational creatures. Whatever thou mayest gain by this disgraceful exhibition will, I fear, prove like a canker-worm among the rest of thy substance. The writer of this most earnestly entreats thee to refrain from the intended evil, and to protect the animals in thy possession from all unnecessary

suffering. The practice of benevolence will afford thee more true comfort than the possession of thousands. Remember that He who gave life did not give it to be the sport of cruel man; and that He will assuredly call man to account for his conduct towards his dumb creatures. Remember, also, that cowards are always cruel; but the brave love mercy, and delight to save. With sincere desire for the preservation of thy honour, as a man of humanity, and for thy happiness and welfare, I am, thy friend,
S. HOARE."

Of this communication the *Times* observes:—"Nothing could be so well said by any other person, as it has by a humane and eloquent member of the Society of Friends, in his excellent though unavailing letter to Wombwell. What must have been the texture of that mind on which such sentiments could make no impression?"

The place fixed upon for the fight was a hollow square enclosure, in the suburbs of Warwick, on the road to Northampton, called "The Old Factory Yard." Two sides of this hollow square were occupied by the empty workshops of the Old Factory, many stories high, the windows of which were fitted up and furnished with seats, and the other two sides were filled up with caravans of wild beasts. The cage, formed of iron bars, in which the combat was to take place, stood in the middle of the enclosure. It was about fifteen feet square and ten high, with room between the bars for the dogs to run in and out, while the floor of it was elevated as much as four or five feet from the ground.

Wombwell's expectations of profit must have been unreasonable, for the charges at first demanded were excessive and extravagant. Half a guinea for standing places; seats at remote windows, a guinea; fourth-floor seats, two guineas; and seats on the first, second, and third floors, three guineas each. These prices, however, could not be sustained. Whether it was that the disgust which the announcement of the fight had called forth, or some other cause, had operated to prevent many from being present who would willingly have attended, certain it is that the gathering fell very short of what had been anticipated. Too many there were present, but not enough to be very encouraging to Wombwell in his barbarous enterprise.

A fit sort of prelude to the inhuman spectacle which was about to take place occurred in the night before the combat, for eight dogs, intended to be opposed to the lion, having been placed together by their brutal guardian instead of being kept asunder, their natural ferocity prevailed. A general fight took place, in which one dog was killed outright, and another lost an ear and a part of his cheek. Their keeper said it was not his fault, but the dogs'; for they "didn't ought to quarrel," being "all on the same side."

During the morning of the day on which the combat was to take place, the dogs that were to fight were made a show of at the Green Dragon, at an admittance price of sixpence or a shilling. In the caravans round the yard, besides the lion Nero, the hero of the day, were three other lions, a lioness, a she-wolf with cubs, two leopards with cubs, a white bear, a hyena, two zebras, wild asses, monkeys, and a multitude of other creatures. Nero lay quiet in his own caravan, looking uncon-

cernedly at the preparations making for his own annoyance.

Wombwell's trumpeters, arrayed in gaudy colours, mounted on horses, were sent forth through the streets of Warwick, Leamington, and the villages near, to announce the coming fight. Seven o'clock in the evening was the hour fixed on for the commencement of the combat. Accommodations were made for a thousand people to witness the fight, and about five hundred attended. The money taken may be roundly stated to be four hundred pounds, and the expenses were about one hundred. The three hundred pounds profit were but a miserable indemnity for so much inhumanity, sin, and disgrace.

Of the six dogs which were to fight, Turk and Tiger were brown; Captain, fallow and white; Rose, skewbald; Nettle, brindled with a black head; and Nelson, white with brindled spots. Many had foretold that Nero the lion was too tame to fight, and this afterwards proved to be a correct prognostication. Nero having entered the iron cage from his own caravan, all was at length ready for the cruel combat; the lion himself seeming to be the only creature unconscious of what was about to take place. The spectators, both above and below, had their eyes rivetted on the iron cage. There crouched Nero, king of the brute creation; there, near the cage, waited the inhuman handlers of the dogs; and there stood, licking their black lips and struggling to be let loose, the mastiff bull-dogs—

Thirsting for blood, and eager to engage
The forest monarch in his royal rage.

Captain, Tiger, and Turk were first slipped at the lion, who by some was expected to seize and shake and tear them, as a terrier dog does a rat which he has caught on a barn floor; but it was not so; for Nero permitted all the dogs to seize him: indeed, he seemed not to understand how to protect himself from his tormentors, that bit, and mauled, and pulled at him at their pleasure. Had he been a lamb, instead of a lion, hardly could he have acted a tamer part. After a time he shook off the dogs at once; but even then he attempted not to hurt them, but kept flying about the cage endeavouring to make his escape.

It was a miserable, degrading, and disgusting sight to see the dogs hanging to the lips of the agonized animal, seizing him by the under jaw, and pinning him by the nose; the lion roaring with pain, but not enraged. Several times he tore off the dogs with his claws, but never once used his formidable teeth. Captain, the fallow-coloured dog, was at last taken away, lamed and much distressed; and Tiger and Turk continued the fight. Tiger next crawled out of the cage dreadfully maimed, leaving Turk alone. This dog, the lightest of the three, though wounded and bleeding from all parts of his body, still contended with the lion, which was twenty times his weight, pinning him by the nose at least half a dozen times over. When Turk was withdrawn from the cage, mangled and bleeding, he seemed more dead than alive.

During the twenty minutes' respite that followed, poor Nero, after being sluiced with a pail of water by Wombwell, (who at once went into his cage,) rubbed his wounded head with his paws like

a cat. He then lapped for some time from a fresh pan of water, and was patted and caressed by a keeper through the bars of his cage. The savage throng being now impatient for a renewal of the combat, three fresh dogs, larger than the others—Nettle, Rose, and Nelson—were let loose.

The cage had been rendered slippery by the water thrown down, so that the poor lion, partly exhausted, could not keep his feet when attacked by the fresh dogs. They fastened upon him at once, while he as before only tried to get away from them. When the dogs were taken away, the throng cried out for them to be brought again to the fight, as they were not beaten. The dogs were again brought forward, and the same heart-sickening scenes of cruelty prevailed. At length the strife was ended; the dogs, wounded and maimed, and the lion, torn and bleeding, were separated. The first fight lasted eleven minutes, and the last five. And this, by the merciless assembly, was called "sport" and "pastime." Well might the question have been put, amid the confusion of men and animals that prevailed—

The yelling throng, the grappling dogs,
And lion's thrilling roar—
Which of them are the real brutes,
The two-legged, or the four?

In spite of the disgust and indignation called forth in the public mind by this inhuman spectacle, during the same week in which it occurred a second lion fight was announced by Wombwell, who seemed bent on acquiring a lasting reputation for inhumanity. He matched his lion Wallace, cubbed in Scotland, against six of the best dogs that could be found. Wallace, who had much of the ferocity of a forest lion, was put into the same cage in which Nero had been so cruelly baited. Spectators were admitted to the Old Factory yard at five shillings a head, and several well-dressed women viewed the contest from the factory windows. Three couples of dogs were slipped at Wallace—Tinker, Ball, Billy, Sweep, Turpin, and Tiger—one couple at a time; but Wallace made quick work of them; he clapped his paw upon Ball, took Tinker in his teeth, walking about with him like a cat with a mouse. Turpin and Sweep were treated much in the same manner, and Tiger and Billy had no better success. Turpin ran away; Sweep was half killed; Tiger made his escape just in time; and Billy, said to be the best dog in England, was wounded in the head and bitten across the loins. If in the former bait the dogs had the better of the lion, in the latter the lion had the mastery over the dogs. Both baits, however, were equally discreditable, and ought to call forth the most unsparing reprobation.

Such a general disgust was manifested against these lion fights, at the time of their occurrence, that there is but little likelihood of their being again repeated; yet still an occasional looking back to scenes of unusual cruelty and depravity, may have a salutary effect in keeping up among us a healthy kindness towards the brute creation. With all the advantages of civilization, and the mercy-loving influences of Christianity, cruelty ought to be banished as one of the guilty blunders of a bygone age, and the Great Lion Fight should only be remembered as a great scandal to humanity.

THE WORKING MAN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

J.—SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION.

ON the 2nd of September last, an event impressive in its character, and illustrative of the spirit of our times, took place in Manchester. A large and influential meeting inaugurated the opening of the Free Library in that town. It contains 16,013 well-selected volumes. Nearly one-tenth of the sum of 10,000*l.* expended on this undertaking, has, it appears, been subscribed by the working men; the institution, to a large extent, being intended for the gratuitous use of that class. The Prince Consort sent a handsome collection of books. The bishop of the diocese and ministers of all denominations were present at the opening, and wished the undertaking hearty success. Members of parliament, distinguished writers, and other influential leaders of society, were also there, cordially hailing the new movement for the moral and intellectual elevation of the lower classes.

What a change between all this, and the working man of the olden time. During the middle ages, education was almost entirely in the hands of the church. Libraries were only found in monasteries; and although many of the monks were learned in bookish lore, and testified their love of literature by the activity with which they multiplied manuscripts, and the commerce which they maintained among themselves in the buying, lending and exchanging books, yet there were but few among them who had much sense of their intellectual stewardship. They did not look upon their learning as a talent with which Providence had intrusted them, and which it was their duty to employ for the advancement of His glory, and the benefit of their fellow-men. We cannot award to them the merit of instructing the people; they appear rather to have discouraged the dawdlings and struggles of humble genius. The schools which were attached to the monasteries were not established for the laity, but for the discipline and education of those designed for the church. In France, Charlemagne was the first who founded schools for lay-students; and we are told that, previous to this, no means of education as regards the laity existed in his dominions. In our own country, Alfred the Great was the first who established schools for secular instruction. He is said to have founded the university of Oxford, where grammar, philosophy, and divinity were taught to the sons of the wealthy; and, to enforce his plan, he made a law obliging all freemen who possessed two hides of land, or upwards, to send their sons to school. The learning imparted in these schools was not great; in a letter upon the subject, addressed by the emperor Charlemagne to the clergy, he recommends that the boys be taught the psalms, the chants, the calendar, and grammar. The church discountenanced a more liberal education towards the laity. Pope Gregory, writing to Desiderius, bishop of Gaul, says: "I was informed (which I cannot repeat without shame) that you teach grammar; at this I was so grieved that I groaned for sadness;"* and Peter Abelard tell us that it was a common opinion in his day, that it was unlaw-

ful to read secular books.* After the death of Charlemagne and Alfred, learning declined, and for a long period the laity enjoyed but few of the privileges of education. The sciences as taught in the cathedral and monastic schools were few and imperfect. The *trivium*, and *quadrivium*, a course of seven sciences, embracing grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy, were expounded from the meagre treatises of obscure writers, and fell far short of the sense which we are now apt to attach to these names. A few definitions and axioms were all they knew of geometry. Their grammar was crude and inaccurate, and their arithmetic was mingled with the most ridiculous absurdities upon the fancied properties of numbers. Alcuin, the most learned man of the ninth century, imagined he could expound all the mysteries of the scriptures by the aid of arithmetic.

Science, as taught in England, was but a tissue of fable. Some old manuscripts in the British Museum curiously illustrate the learning of the Saxon schools.† One informs the reader, that there is an island in the Red Sea, which contains red hens of such a nature that if any man touches them his hands and body are burnt immediately. The student is told, that pepper is guarded by serpents, which are driven away by fire, which causes the pepper to be black. Mention is made, with the utmost confidence, of men with dogs' heads, boars' tusks, horses' manes, and with flames pouring out of their mouths like living fire. Ants are represented as big as dogs, with the feet of grasshoppers. These singular beings would have been favourites in these money-making days, for they were said to have the sleight of finding gold. Men, we are told, went with camels and their young to fetch it, and the ants allowed them to take the gold on condition that they had the privilege of eating the young camels. These books are full of curiosities. We read of giants, fifteen feet high, with two faces; of a race of men without heads, but with mouth and eyes in their breasts. The sun is described as a burning stone, and as being red at night because it is then over the flames of hell. Such were a few of the absurdities gravely taught in the schools of monastic England in those "good old times" of our forefathers!

Books of science, designed for the instruction of the laity in the Anglo-Norman schools, were not much superior. The same fallacies were taught as truths, and a superstitious wonder was generated instead of wisdom. In the *Livre des Creatures* and the *Bestiary* of Philippe de Thaun—works written expressly for the instruction of Adelaide of Louvaine, queen of Henry I—we have ample proof of the low state of science among our Norman ancestors. The fable of the gold-collecting ants is still retained. In Ethiopia, we are told, there are some who make a trade by obtaining this gold. The bite of the ant is death, and no one dares approach it; and it is only by a stratagem that the gold can be obtained. A number of mares are turned into the field, with baskets tied to their backs; the ants make their cells in the baskets, and so load the mares with the precious fruits of their industry. The mares

* Theol. Christ. lib. ii, Martine v. p. 123.

† In Cottonian Collection, marked Julius, A. 2 and E. 7, Tib. B. 5, and several others.

* Epist. lib. ix. Ep. 48.

are then enticed out of the field. "Thus truly," says de Thaum, "do the people get gold!"

But these faults are venial when compared with the religious falsehoods with which the educational books of the middle ages were crowded. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, all the worst doctrines of the papal system were mingled with the treatises then in use, and they are usually enforced by descriptions of the most awful punishments consequent upon their rejection. Stories of demons and hobgoblins were taught to infant scholars, and the whole tendency of the educational literature of the middle ages was to debase the human mind, and to bind it with the strong cords of superstition and fear.

But although the universities may have afforded the wealthy some means of obtaining education, the working classes had no such opportunities. Schools for the people were never attempted to be established previous to the age of Wickliffe, and then only secretly, and in opposition to the wishes of the church. Monks had no desire to set the national mind at work. They knew that their power was derived from their knowledge, and was tolerated only by the ignorance of the people. Proud of their learning, they made a point of treating laymen with contempt. Albertus Magnus, commenting upon Isaiah i. 3—"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib"—says the ox is the priest; and the ass is the layman, who ought to carry all burdens. It was a common joke, in the middle ages, to call the laity asses or swine. They were thought by monks quite unworthy of enjoying the privileges of learning. When Wickliffe translated the Bible, and the people began to read it, a wrathful churchman declared that the gospel was by that means made vulgar, and trodden under the feet of swine.* A French poet of the thirteenth century repudiates the idea of giving learning to the villains, or working men, and he asserts that he committed a sin who made the villan learned. It was a proverb current in that age, "that he put a disgrace upon God who rose a villan above his station."

Il fait a dieu haute,
Qui villain haute monte.†

So entirely was learning withheld from the industrious classes, that even those who had acquired property were not allowed to participate in the advantages afforded by collegiate education. A layman was not admitted as a scholar into the universities unless he was a freeman. As late as the reign of Henry VI no villan could enter Eton College. The poor bondsman was also excluded from the monastic schools. No serf could be made a monk, unless he was first manumitted by charter. According to a law of Henry I, no villan could enter holy orders. Indeed, every effort was made to keep the people in the dark shadows of ignorance. Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, writing in the fourteenth century, says, that "laymen, to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards or spread before them in its natural order, are totally unworthy of any communion with books." Wickliffe first

generated among the people a desire for knowledge, and the Lollards founded little schools, in which the peasant and the mechanic were taught to read. This was the sowing of seed that never died, but which eventually grew up and flourished, in spite of the vigorous efforts of the papal church to root it out. The severe measures against the Lollards, enacted in the reign of Henry IV, were grounded on the charge of their having "held and exercised schools, made, and written books, and wickedly informed and instructed the people;" and it was therefore decreed, that henceforth none should dare to hold or exercise schools, or make or write books, on pain of penalties or death.* Matters are somewhat changed, and we have learnt a better policy—as witness the Manchester library aforesaid—than that of these mediæval times, and no longer regard it "wicked" to inform and instruct the people. Under the pretence of heresy, the Lollards were not only prohibited from attending or holding schools, but were deprived of all books for their edification at home. It was enacted, that any persons having English books in their possession were to deliver them up within forty days on pain of imprisonment. In the year 1429, Richard Fletcher was brought before the Bishop of Norwich, on the charge of having an English book in his possession. Many were arraigned for reading such books. Archbishop Arundel, in his canons against the Lollards, forbade the translation of any book into the English tongue. Reading the words of that old popish statute, and remembering the degrading condition of the working classes in those days, we cannot but contrast in our minds the intellectual barrenness of the past with the abundant fertility of the present. Men have learnt that wisdom is a good thing; it entereth into their hearts, and knowledge is pleasant unto their souls. We now read the words of Archbishop Arundel with a sigh of sympathy for those "who kept the faith so pure of old;" but yet withal with a smile, as we think of the astonishment and ire of his Grace, could he but peep into the homes of the English people of the nineteenth century, or look into the Manchester library and view its goodly shelves of English books.

The monks were always bitter enemies to popular instruction, and they earnestly joined with the papal church in suppressing any signs of a growing love of knowledge among the people. Education was inimical to their interests. They wrote only in the Latin language. Knowledge, they affirmed, was not for working men, but for priests and monks. They regarded literature as their own peculiar province, and they waged war against all "unclerkly" laymen who ventured to invade their self-appropriated territories. Many anecdotes are related, in old chronicles, of the zeal with which the monks endeavoured to keep the more humble classes in a state of ignorance. John of Amersham tells us, that John, abbot of St. Albans, although a man of much learning and skill, used harsh and rigorous measures towards those heretical persons who dared to possess any books written in the common language of the people. On one occasion, a report reached his ear that several in his neighbour-

* Knighton de Eventibus Anglie, col. 2044.

† Le Roux de Lincy, *Liures des Proverbes*, vol. II. p. 82.

* 2 Henry IV, c. xv. By a subsequent act, however, the people were allowed to send their children to school.

hood had been seduced into the wicked habit of reading English books. The indignation of my lord abbot was aroused at this open presumption of his vassals, and three persons were arrested and accused before him of this *crime*. Two of them managed to evade the charge; but the third, named William Redhead, a maltster of Barnet, confessed that he had a book written in the vernacular tongue, which he had often read himself, and had endeavoured to teach others to read too. As a punishment for this grave offence he was sentenced to the following penance. Once every year, for seven years, he was to visit the martyr's tomb, and approach the same barefooted. He was to bring and place upon the altar a wax candle of one pound weight, and for three days after each visit he was to walk round the churchyard stripped of his garments. In addition to this public degradation, he was to carry the book which he had in his possession to the church, and there with fagots burn the same to ashes. Our author does not say what was the nature of the book which thus excited the wrath of abbot John; probably it was one of Wickliffe's bibles, or some religious work, which the honest maltster had endeavoured to expound to the villagers of Barnet.

With this strong anti-educational movement at work, we cannot be surprised at the general ignorance of the working classes. Unused, the national mind dwindled into puerility. It is a law of nature that everything gains strength by legitimate use. Exertion gives vigour to the intellect. Idleness induces weakness. Any stimulant to the mind, whether of a religious or secular nature, may arouse a sleeping brain. The subtle genius of Rome understood this fact, and guarded against it by condemning all inquiry or research among the laity. Ignorance held mighty sway. During the long period of the dark ages, few laymen could read or write. Previous to the eleventh century, even persons of rank and wealth were often ignorant of the simplest rudiments of learning. Florance of Worcester tells us, that king Alfred was unacquainted with the alphabet until after his twelfth year. The emperor Frederic Barbarossa could not read.* John, duke of Bohemia, in the middle of the fourteenth century, was equally ignorant;† and Philip the Hardy, king of France and son of the famous St. Louis, scarcely knew the letters of the alphabet.‡ Writing was a still rarer accomplishment; it was a language of hieroglyphics to the great mass of the people. The emperor Theodore could not write, and he used to subscribe his edicts by the aid of a piece of gold, in which were cut the first five letters of his name. Withred, king of Kent, at the end of a charter, says, "I have put the sign of the cross on account of my ignorance of writing."§ Charlemagne was advanced in life before he knew how to use his pen. Tassilo, duke of Bavaria, signed a deed with a cross because he could not write his name. Heriband, count of Palestine, in 873, was unable to sign a charter; and Gui Guerra, count of Tuscany, was equally illiterate. The majority of the proud nobility of England were totally ignorant of the first rudiments of calligraphic art.

Pride found an excuse for their ignorance, and it was deemed fashionable to look upon penmanship as a professional employment. It became the recognised trade of a small class of notaries; a clerk could be hired for a penny a day, and the noble pretended to pride himself upon his ignorance of so servile a calling. To supply this want of education the baron kept his chaplain, who officiated as his clerk; and his epistles, whether relating to domestic affairs or to a lawsuit, were alike penned by his retainer. Custom had decreed that all letters should be written in Latin, and it was the duty of the clerk to transcribe into the language of Virgil the homely communications of the Norman baron. 'The rich never indited an epistle in the vernacular tongue, so that "if a Northumbrian baron," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "wished to inform his spouse in Yorkshire of his joys or his sorrows, his weal or his woe, the message, noted down from Romance into Latin by the chaplain of the knight, was read from Latin into Romance by the chaplain of the lady; both the principals being ignorant of the language in which their anxieties and sentiments were clothed and concealed."* During the middle ages there was no letter writing among the labouring classes. The towns had no epistolary intercourse with distant villages; friends could not interchange their messages of love. Months might elapse before a son, away from home, heard the sad tidings of a parent's death. Even had they been capable of writing, there were no ready means of transmission. The pedlars and the pilgrims were the only letter carriers of the age, and the correspondence of friends and lovers were alike subjected to the vicissitudes incurred in their transmission in a pedlar's wallet, or the fidelity of the message depended upon the memory of the strolling pilgrim. This ignorance of writing, and the inconveniences resulting from it, continued till the Reformation.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

THE STREET STATIONER.

THE profession of street stationer is one of comparative novelty, and which cannot be traced so far back as the advent of Rowland Hill with his famous system of penny postage, which has proved such a bonus to the nation, and has already gone far to add another generic designation to the *genus homo*, who being once described as a cooking animal, may now with nearly equal propriety be styled a "corresponding" one. It was the increase of correspondence, consequent upon the establishment and success of the penny postage, and no other cause, that called the street stationer into existence, and located him with his back to the carriage-way and his feet to the kerb-stone, and get him chanting, in a monotonous voice, "Here you are, ladies and gentl'men—best Bath note-paper a penny for a 'ole half quire—hangflaps three-halfpence a packet, an' sealin'-vax a penny a stick."

This out-of-door trader is generally a shabby and rather broken-down specimen of the low-class man-about-town, who has lingered and idled and dawdled and hesitated so long in the choice of a

* Struvius, *Hist. German.* tom. i. p. 377.

† Sismond, *tom. v. p. 205.*

‡ Hallam's *Mid. Ages*, vol. ii. p. 362.

§ Astle's *Charters*, No. 1.

* Truth and Fiction, p. 4.

profession, that it is at length too late to make his selection. He has been driven to exertion to satisfy the wants of nature, and being constitutionally averse, as well to the discipline as the toil of regular labour, he has contrived to invest a small capital in a species of property conveniently portable, and thrown himself upon the patronage of the public, to whose epistolary wants he dedicates his compelled energies. This is all very well so far as it goes; and we might congratulate him, and the community he assumes to serve, upon his having at length condescended to get his own living in any lawful way, were it not for the fact, that the species of industry he has adopted is palpably open to the charge of deception and predacity. It happens to be the case that, owing to some cause or other very intimately connected with the subject of popular education, not one in twenty of that class of the London industrialists who, when they correspond at all, may be said to correspond from hand to mouth, and who only purchase stationery when they want to write a letter, know how many sheets of paper go to a quire. Of this state of ignorance the street stationer often takes a professional advantage, and sells his confiding customers eight sheets instead of twelve, under the denomination of "a 'ole half quire." As he himself gives eight pence for five quires, to sell at a penny the half quire would yield him a profit less remunerative than he would relish, and one which perhaps he would consider not worth the trouble attending the sale: so he divides his quire, as the Irishman divides his cheese, into *three* halves, and thus realizes a profit of nearly ninety per cent., three-fourths of which is due to the ignorance of his patrons. His "hangflups," as he calls his envelopes, are subjected to a similar process of expansion, though they are not susceptible, by any species of management, of such a profitable transformation as that effected by bisecting a quire of paper in the mode above described. Of these, however, he makes five quarters to the hundred, which after all pays handsomely for the trouble of the division.

Unlike other street-traders, who carry a portable stock, and wander where they choose at their own sweet will, the stationer of the flag-stones finds it as much to his convenience as to his interest to confine himself to one locality. Stationery, which derives its designation from being sold by persons who occupied stations, in contradistinction to travelling hawkers and pedlars—and which was originally and properly spelled *stationary*—would appear to be a species of merchandise the sale of which naturally attracts and cultivates a connection; and hence it follows that the longer a man remains in one place, where the public know where to find him, the more he sells, and the more he is likely to sell. This, of course, is one reason why the subject of the present sketch is found in full voice—though not in full quire—from week to week, and from month to month, chanting his delusive notes in the self-same spot. Another reason, and one which must have considerable weight in determining his choice of a position, will be found in the damageable nature of the commodities in which he deals. He cannot afford to be caught in a heavy shower: water would be almost as fatal as ink to the delicate gloss of his note-paper; and his "hangflups," which wear a very livid appearance,

and are but sickly to look at, would dissolve into pulp under the pressure of the hydropathic treatment, in the shape of a summer storm. Hence he takes up his stand within a very short distance of some convenient shelter, to which he can repair when a lowering cloud threatens to moisten his merchandise. Whenever you see him harnessed with his little tray, fluttering his pretended half-quire in the faces of the passers-by, and hear him pattering his never-ending strain in their ears, you may be sure that not far off, in some direction or other, there is a dry archway, a covered court, or some roomy shelter, where, in company with the umbrellaless crowd, he can take his stand in less than a minute, should it come on to rain; and where, too, he has an opportunity of prosecuting his commerce among a large party whom the shower has brought into temporary companionship.

It is but fair to state that some of the members of this fraternity approximate rather nearer than the majority of them do to a just conception of what is due to the purchaser of a half-quire of paper, and give him *nine* sheets for his penny. This is a step in the right direction; and we are sorry that at present we can report no further improvement, and that even this small instalment of justice is but partially practised. We made the experiment of buying at two or three locations very lately, and in no case obtained more than nine sheets for the price of twelve. Now here is a chance for some enterprising genius, if such a character is to be found among all the street stationers, to stand forth manfully in the cause of honesty, and to earn a character by dispelling the popular hallucination on the subject of a quire of paper, in awarding his customers the right number of sheets for their money. We venture to predict that the first man among them who shall do this will ~~and~~ his account in it, and realize, through "small profits and quick returns," a larger weekly income than he has averaged hitherto by defrauding his patrons to the tune of thirty per cent. We promise him moreover that, clever as it may be thought to trick the multitude, and sweet as stolen waters are, he shall find that the practice of integrity is a policy incomparably more profitable, and the crust purchased by an honest penny infinitely more sweet and wholesome.

A WALK THROUGH NEWGATE.

A visit to the prison of Newgate must naturally cause, in any thinking mind, mingled sensations of awe, regret, and sympathy. When a person first stands within those gloomy portals, and hears the massive gate through which he has just entered closed behind him, and surveys the immensely thick and solid walls, an indescribable feeling of awe steals over him; and he cannot help fancying that he is shut out from the world to become an inhabitant, for the time, of that sad abode of crime and misery, in which is incarcerated a great number of our fellow-creatures who will only issue therefrom when the dread sentence of the law shall have been passed upon them—some being condemned to banishment, and possibly one or more to death!

These feelings were experienced by us on a

recent visit to that establishment; and we now purpose to repeat our visit in imagination, and beg the reader to accompany us in our gloomy but instructive journey. We arrive at the outer gate and ring the bell, which to our mind seems to emit a sound quite in harmony with the sombre look of the building. We present our credentials, and are most politely received by the proper officer, who hands us over to the charge of a matron to accompany us through the female portion of the prison. We pass several gates, all of immense strength—and which are all carefully locked after we have gone through them—and arrive at a large paved yard, intended for the purpose of allowing the prisoners to take necessary exercise. Here one female, respectably attired, with a veil thrown over her head, is, with lingering pace and downcast eyes, taking her lonely and limited walk. How widely different to the life this woman had been in the habit of leading! What a vast difference between the society she is now condemned to keep and that in which she used to mix! Where are now the companions and friends who were wont, in the time of her freedom and prosperity, to press her hand, and with a friendly smile bid her welcome to their homes? All departed; and she left for two years to herd with felons in the gaol of Newgate! As we passed, our conductor said, in a whisper, "That is Mrs. Sloane!" This, also, is the place allotted to interviews between prisoners and their friends—the prisoners standing in a sort of cage, and separated from their visitors by a partition of iron network, in order to prevent anything being passed from the one to the other. After a caution, "not to make any remarks about the prisoners in their presence," we proceed into the wards, and here we cannot help remarking the great care evinced in keeping every place scrupulously clean; the walls appear as white as they can possibly be, whilst the tables and oaken floors seem, as though they were used for no other purpose than being constantly scrubbed. The walls, our conductor informed us, are whitewashed once a year. But we will leave this part of the prison and proceed to the male portion.

We now come to several paved yards, all for the purpose of exercise, and round which some prisoners are walking, "rank and file:" we cross one of these, and arrive at a range of cells, which, as we are informed by the officer who accompanies us, are the old condemned cells used in the time of George III, for criminals destined to undergo the extreme penalty of the law, and which, as is well known, were fully occupied in those days.

"How are they now tenanted?" we inquired.

"By prisoners who prefer being confined alone," we are told. We shudder at the idea of being locked up alone in such a dismal place, and pass on again into the open air. A young man is pacing the yard to and fro in communion with his own thoughts; the crime of which he has been convicted being an attempt to stab one of the jailors at the Millbank Penitentiary. This yard, of which he is allowed to be the sole occupant, is surrounded by walls whose dizzy height would seem sufficient to deter any human being from attempting to escape; yet we are told that a chimney-sweeper had scaled them and effected his escape.

We proceed through the wards, and observe the

same cleanliness as on the female side; the beds, or resting-places—for beds there are none—consist of a mat for the prisoner to lie upon, and a rug to cover him. We enter a large room, in which about a dozen prisoners are employed picking oakum, all seated round a comfortable fire. Our conductor, remarking that one of them is sitting on a basket appropriated for the picked oakum, remonstrates with him about it.

"I am doing no harm," says the man.

"I'll tell you what it is," replies the jailor, "you will go on until I order the fire to be put out."

This threat—the weather being rather severe—seemed to act as a salutary caution.

"But what are these boys doing here?" we exclaim, as we enter a ward in which about a dozen lads, the eldest being about 14 years old, are engaged in reading, or are being instructed.

"They are all under sentence of transportation," we are told.

"Surely such a sentence has not been pronounced on that youngest lad—who, we think, cannot be more than 10 or 12 years of age"—we reply.

"That lad has been here five or six times for different offences, besides being as many times summarily convicted," rejoins the jailor.

"This," says the guide, as we enter a comfortable room in which is a good fire, "is the room in which prisoners are placed who are under sentence of death." We are agreeably disappointed. Our imagination has always pictured to us a dismal cell, about eight feet square, lighted by a single window; and with all the means and appliances for heavily chaining the criminal: in the place of which it is a large apartment, well warmed and lighted: a table is in the centre, on which is placed a copy of the "Book of books." We follow our conductor, from this room of gloomy reminiscences, through a little passage into the kitchen, and our attention is called to a large dismal-looking door, being the portal through which many have passed, in the prime of life, only to be brought back after their souls had passed into the presence of their Maker. In this room is cooked and allotted to each prisoner his daily allowance of food, which is of a good description and ample in quantity.

One other department claims our attention, and that is the chapel; and as we stand in this place, devoted to the service of the Judge of judges, a strange feeling comes over us as we think of the singular congregation to which the preacher has to expound the sacred truths. Criminals of every grade, some sentenced to transportation, and perhaps one—for happily there are seldom more, at any one time, in the present day—to death. It would be curious, if it were possible, to trace the effect of the sacred word on the consciences of the hearers: some, doubtless, jeering at it; others receiving in their hearts the good seed, and in due time, we trust, bringing forth the desired fruit. We looked in vain for what we had always imagined was to be seen in this place, namely, a pew set apart for a felon under sentence of death. No such thing is there; a chair on one side of the chapel being the seat allotted to a criminal under the above awful sentence.

As we are leaving Newgate, our attention is called to a number of casts of heads. These are the casts of the features of every criminal who has

expiated his crime on the scaffold outside this prison for many years past. A chill runs through our veins as we observe the mark of the rope round the neck of each.

"Are the casts taken long after death?" we inquire.

"After the body is cut down, it is taken back to the cell from which it was brought an hour ago alive: the head is shaved, and the cast taken immediately," replies our conductor.

We have now passed through the principal parts of this celebrated prison, and our walk, we trust, has not proved uninteresting. We must, however, quit the place; and, as we once more breathe the free air of Heaven, we express a fervent hope that the hearts of those who are condemned to undergo banishment may, in another land, be turned from their evil ways, so that the punishment which they undergo may benefit their future life; and, what is of far more importance, lead them to repentance and faith in Christ, so as to enable them to appear at the tribunal of the Judge of all men whenever they may be called upon to do so.

OUR FRIEND—THE POTATO.

At a time when fears are again being expressed as to an extensive failure of the potato-crop, a few words about the history of this useful esculent may possess a more than ordinary interest.

In the year 1584, the celebrated voyager and courtier Sir Walter Raleigh stood in high favour with the "virgin queen;" and, ever ambitious to extend his power and wealth, sought for and obtained from his royal mistress a patent for "discovering and planting new countries not possessed by Christians." This document gave him power to appropriate, plant, and govern the territories he might acquire. Nor was he slow in availing himself of the privileges thus bestowed on him. Undismayed by the failure of a previous personal attempt, and by an abortive expedition in the preceding year, in which he had adventured 2000*l.*, he organized a body of colonists, who sailed for the shores of America in 1585, under the government of a Mr. Lane. They landed on the eastern shore of that continent, near Chesapeake-bay, and named the colony Virginia, in honour of the queen. Instead, however, of adopting Penn's policy, and seeking by honest and fair means to obtain a permanent footing in the country, the misconduct and aggressions of the colonists soon plunged them into hostilities with the Indians, and in less than a year they were glad to make their escape and abandon their colony. They re-embarked on board Sir Francis Drake's squadron, which visited the coast on its homeward voyage. Futile and void of any useful aid as the expedition seemed, it nevertheless resulted in the introduction into England of two plants which have exerted a very important influence on after ages. The governor, Mr. Lane, brought home for the first time tobacco, which he had seen used by the natives; and Sir Walter Raleigh introduced smoking into this country. One of the colonists, named Thomas Heriot, wrote an account of the country, in which he describes a plant called "*openawit*." He says, "The roots of this plant are round, some

as large as a walnut, others much larger: they grow in damp soils, many hanging together as if fixed on ropes. They are good food, either boiled or roasted." This was the root now so well known as the potato: and however we may incline to doubt whether the introduction of tobacco has been a benefit to this part of the globe—for the universality of the custom of smoking is no proof of its utility—there can be but one opinion as to the vastness of the benefit conferred by the naturalization of the potato amongst us. So universal has the use of this root become, that we are apt to look upon it as a common thing, and to think slightly of its immense importance. We shall, perhaps, be able to estimate its value more rightly, if we compare the condition of our ancestors *without* it, with that of our countrymen of the present day *with* it. But more of this anon.

The potato, as well as the tobacco plant, was brought home on the return of this expedition, and was first cultivated by Sir W. Raleigh at Koughall, in the county of Cork. An amusing anecdote is related of its early history there. Sir Walter's gardener had with care planted the roots he had received from his master, and had diligently tended them till they had flowered, and the flowers had given way to the round green berries—the "potato apples," as they are called. Ignorant that the value of the plant lay in its tuberous roots, and not in its berries, he brought one of the "apples" to his master, and asked if *that* were the fine new American fruit? The knight, having examined it, either was or pretended to be so dissatisfied, that he ordered the "weed" to be rooted out. The gardener obeyed, and in rooting out the "weeds" found a bushel of potatoes.

The cultivation of the potato very gradually spread in Ireland; but nearly a century had elapsed before it could be said to form an important portion of the means of sustenance to the inhabitants of that country. In England it met with much less favour; for it was considerably more than a century before it came into anything like general cultivation, and in many parts, so lately as 1770, it was rare to meet with a whole acre of potatoes. Lancashire seems to have been the first scene of potato culture in England, where the mechanics and cottagers found it a valuable addition to their means of subsistence, from the ease with which it could be grown, and the abundant nature of its produce. By some it was at first esteemed a delicacy. The old botanist Gerard cultivated it in his garden, and gave a drawing of it in his well-known "*Herbal*" under the name of the "Potato of Virginia," he recommends that the root should be eaten as a delicate dish. In the reign of James I, we are told that potatoes formed one of the articles provided for the household of the queen, and that their price was 2*s.* per pound. But all the efforts of Raleigh, and even the patronage of Queen Anne, were not sufficient to push the potato into favour, although the philosophers of the day gave it their recommendation. A committee of the Royal Society was appointed to inquire into its merits; all those Fellows of the Society who had suitable lands were entreated to plant them with it. But it was of no avail: the root had long to contend with many and popular prejudices, as too many a useful invention or discovery has had to do. One author,

(Mortimer,) writing in 1708, sincerely says, that "the root is very near the nature of the Jerusalem artichoke, although not so good and wholesome; but that it may prove good for swine." Woolridge, three years later, says: "I do not hear whether it has yet been essayed whether they may not be propagated in great quantities for the use of swine and other cattle." Another writer speaks of them only as being good "for poor people." A still more strange prejudice against them was prevalent amongst the Scotch, on the ground that "potatoes are not mentioned in the Bible;" and they were therefore regarded as unhallowed food. It is not therefore wonderful that, with the rude modes of cultivation prevalent in those days, the potato was long in making head against the prejudices with which it had to contend, and taking its position as the universally useful and agreeable esculent it now forms.

Nor was the proper way of cooking it better understood. When the first potatoes which had been raised in the county of Forfar were cooked and served up, they adhered to the teeth like glue, and were far from agreeable; and the poor potato would have been condemned through the ignorance of the cook, but for the opportune arrival of a gentleman who had tasted a potato in Lancashire. At his recommendation, the half-cooked vegetables were remanded back to the hot turf-ashes, till they became as pleasant as they had before been nauseous. This was in 1730, two years after it had been fairly introduced into cultivation in Scotland. The mode of its first introduction is interesting, as showing how the absence of prejudice, and the earnest, persevering attempt by trial to ascertain its real value, soon raised the despised potato to deserved esteem. It was a poor cottager, a day-labourer, living near Kilsyth in Stirlingshire, named Thomas Prentice, who maintained himself in part by the produce of a little plot of ground, who first successfully attempted the cultivation of the potato in Scotland. Having by some means obtained a few roots, he planted them in his little field, and tended them so carefully and judiciously that the produce was very valuable, being almost instantly in demand among the neighbouring cottagers and farmers, who saw its use in propagating other crops. Prentice continued thus to supply his neighbours, till in a few years he had saved 200*l.*—no small fortune to such a man. He afterwards invested his capital in an annuity, on which he lived comfortably to the age of 86, having witnessed the general adoption of his favourite root, and the blessings it had conferred on his country. The year 1742, which was long remembered in Scotland as "the dear year," was however mainly instrumental in promoting its universal cultivation. Old people, who were living at the beginning of the present century, represented the state of things in the summer of 1743 as truly dreadful: Many of the destitute wandered in the fields, seeking to prolong the misery of existence by devouring the leaves of peas, beans, sorrel, and other plants; while many perished of absolute starvation, and others were swept away by the fevers, and those diseases which always follow in the track of famine. This general state of distress drew the attention of most people to the potato, and its great value as a sub-

stantial article of food became so apparent, that its cultivation soon became general both in garden and field. The urgent necessities of a superabundant and wretchedly destitute peasantry in Ireland, and the famine in Scotland, promoted the rapid growth of potato-culture in those countries to a much greater extent than in England, where the absence of any such powerful stimulus retarded its progress. Towards the latter end of the last century, however, the prejudices which had at first been excited against it had in great measure subsided, and its value was in consequence more truly appreciated: it began now to form an important part of English husbandry; and, in 1776, no fewer than 1700 acres in Essex were planted with potatoes, for the supply of the London market.

Its history on the continent has been almost a facsimile of its progress in our own country. Similar prejudices were excited against it there; and to such an extent did they prevail, that, in Pomerania, Frederick the Great compelled the unwilling inhabitants to receive it by force of law. In Sweden, the celebrated Linnæus plied his efforts and recommendations to the same end, but to little purpose, till, in 1764, a royal edict was issued for the encouragement of its culture. In Switzerland, it appears to have met with less opposition, and the Swiss peasants grew potatoes on their mountain sides in abundance, and learnt the art of drying them and grinding them into flour, and making them into bread. A peasant bought a small field near the Alps, and in two years paid the purchase-money by the profits of its potato-crops. The root is now as extensively cultivated in many parts of the continent as in England. It has also been introduced into India; and though there at first the subject of violent dislike, it seems to be coming into great favour with the natives. In fact, its culture is fast becoming universal.

It is a singular fact, that the potato belongs to a natural order in the vegetable kingdom remarkable for its acrid and poisonous properties—the order to which the deadly nightshade, henbane, capsicum, mandrake, thorn-apple, and tobacco belong. It seems strange to find so valuable an article of food among such suspicious companions; and it may seem equally strange, that the only species of the potato genus (*solanum*) which inhabit England are both of poisonous nature: they are the common nightshade (*solanum nigrum*) and the bitter-sweet (*solanum dulcamara*). Both are common plants. The potato (*solanum tuberosum*) appears to have been originally a native of the western coast of South America, where it grows wild from 34° south latitude to at least 10° or 20° north latitude; that is, through the subtropical, tropical, and equinoctial zones. It is usually found on cliffs, hills, and mountains near the sea; and is most abundant near Valparaiso, Mendoza, Quito, Lima, and Santa Fé de Bogota. In its wild state the flowers are always pure white, not purple-tinted as in its cultivated state with us. It is needless to describe a plant so universally well known, or to enter into details as to the manner of its cultivation. It may surprise many, however, to be told that the tuber of the potato, which forms so valuable an article of food, is not a root, but an underground stem; and that this is no mere scientific refinement will be evident to any one who will

carefully take up a potato plant and examine it. The long, fibrous, real roots will then be readily recognised; while the tubers which grow from them will be seen to be sprinkled with buds, or "eyes," as they are commonly termed. Now buds are never found upon real roots, and their presence is so characteristic of the stem, that even though it is growing underground, as in this instance, its real nature is at once shown by them.

The potato, like some other highly-cultivated plants, is subject to peculiar diseases. One of them is the *curl*. When attacked by this disease, the plant ceases to grow, and becomes of a sickly appearance just at the time when the tubers should form; so that the produce, if any, is small and of bad quality. This disease first made its appearance in Lancashire in 1764, and rapidly spread over the potato districts of Britain, exciting general fears that the plant would be exterminated. Many theories were framed to account for it, and many remedies advised; but all in vain, till at length it was found that it arose from planting, as seed potatoes, tubers which were quite ripe. By the abandonment of this plan, and by saving such for propagation as were not fully ripe, it has been observed that the evil could be entirely prevented.

The disease which for the last six or seven years has infested this useful plant, is of a very different nature. In the *potato-murrain*, as it has been called, the plant is commonly attacked after the tubers have been formed and have attained some considerable size. The leaves have been observed to be first affected. The decay usually appears as a bluish-brown spot, on the under side of the leaf, and very rapidly extends, till the whole of the plant above ground is destroyed and rotten. Often the whole process has taken place in a single night; and a field, which one day has looked healthy, green, and vigorous, has next morning exhibited only the smitten, blackened, and decaying haulm. The disease of the tuber appears to be consequent upon that of the plant: the substance of it turns brown, emits a very peculiar and unpleasant odour, and soon decays to a fetid, watery matter. The fearful ravages which this disease occasioned in the potato-crops of this and the sister country, in 1846-7, is doubtless vivid in the recollection of all. Space would fail us to detail the miseries which were suffered by the Irish peasantry in that awful winter; how the privation of food, clothing, and warmth, in that inclement season, hurried thousands to their grave from sheer starvation; how they dropped down by the way-sides; how malignant fevers, the sure successors of famine, made frightful havoc among those whom want had spared; how corpses wanted coffins; and how bodies were left without burial, from the debility which want of food had brought on their neighbours; how all the better feelings of human nature seemed to be extinguished, by the extremity of the distress: details such as these might be multiplied in their most horrible forms, but we must forbear. The facts are still too fresh in general recollection to require repetition.

Various attempts have been made to account for the potato disease. Some have attributed it to an insect (*aphis rape*); others to volcanic exhalations; others to a peculiar state of the atmosphere;

others to minute fungi or moulds. The last supposition appears to be nearest the truth. A minute fungus (*botrytis infestans*) appears to be almost invariably connected with the disease, and is found on the decaying plants: the attack of the parasite being probably aided by some predisposition in the state of the vegetable, induced by the season or the atmosphere. It is a singular fact, that the epidemic seems to have prevailed throughout the world, and that even the wild potatoes of Chili, etc., were attacked by it. Various as were the theories as to the origin of the disease, still more numerous were the methods proposed for its cure. It does not appear, however, that any certain preventive has yet been discovered. Most methods proposed have answered in some cases, and failed in others. The cause, whatever it may have been, though still in operation, had seemed of late years to have very much abated in virulence; and it was hoped that the disease would in time disappear, where due care was taken in the cultivation. A top-dressing of quicklime was considered one of the most successful preventives of it. At the moment we write, however, the disease seems to have returned—in some places with greater virulence than in 1846. We have beside us a return from various counties in England, which gives a very black summary of the progress of the disease on the early crops. Before this paper reaches the public, however, the extent of the calamity will have been more definitely determined.

The potato has other uses besides its property as an article of food. One important application of it is for the purpose of extracting its starch. If fresh potatoes are rasped into a vessel full of cold water, the fluid will be found to assume a milky appearance; and if then strained, and allowed to stand, the water will become clear, the fecula or starch settling at the bottom: 17 lb. of starch may thus be obtained from 100 lb. of potatoes. This farina or starch is very similar to arrow-root; it is very nourishing, and if properly prepared may be kept a long time. Even diseased potatoes, if fit for no other use, may be employed for this purpose, and their starch will be as good as that of sound roots. If carefully heated till vapour rises from it, it loses its character as starch, and resembles gum. In this state it is very extensively employed, under the name of "British Gum," in the processes of calico printing, and for stiffening different fabrics.

But, important as these applications are, the main use of the potato is as an esculent. Its great value is not, however, generally appreciated. It is in part to the potato that we owe the extended term of human life that is now enjoyed in Britain: for that the average duration of life has considerably increased during the last century is indisputable. The banishment of at least one fearful and formidable disease also may be attributed to its universal use, and the change which it has mainly introduced into our habits as a nation has probably been the chief means of disarming other complaints of their virulence, and of rendering them of infrequent occurrence. Before the introduction of the potato, carrots and turnips were equally unknown in England, and the main diet of the people used to be butcher's meat, with ale and bread. During

at least two-thirds of the year, the great bulk of the population lived on salted meat, and without any vegetables but bread. In those days, one of the most fearful scourges of England was scurvy; not that slight affection of the skin popularly known by that name, but a malady of great malignity and virulence, accompanied with frightful ulcerations and a general putrid tendency of the fluids of the body. Every winter this pest swept off multitudes in these northern regions, and afflicted thousands more with sufferings which caused them to drag on a weary existence. In the British force of 6000 troops, stationed about a century since at Quebec, 1000 were swept away by scurvy in one winter; and 2000 more were so shattered in constitution, from the same cause, that they were obliged to be sent home. It has been most conclusively proved that this awful scourge was the effect of a deficiency of vegetable food, together with the free use of salt provisions; the use of a vegetable diet, in persons affected with it, having always been attended with the prompt amendment of their symptoms, and frequently with an entire restoration to health. To the potato, then, as furnishing us with an abundant, cheap, and wholesome vegetable diet, especially during winter, are we mainly indebted for our almost total exemption from this disease. In some of our prisons, it has occurred that the diet of the prisoners, though amply sufficient in other respects, has contained no potatoes, or only a small quantity of them. The consequence has been, that scurvy has broken out among them, but has been promptly removed on the addition of a few pounds of this vegetable to the weekly dietary. During the construction of the Hawick railway, the *scurvies*, in consequence of the high price of potatoes, lived on meat and bread; and, as the sure result, an epidemic of scurvy broke out among them. These, then, are some of the uses of the potato—a vegetable which well deserves the appellation of “the friend of man.”

THE NEGLECTED GUTTER.—It is surprising to notice how this sacred book is neglected by sinful men. The votaries of taste and fashion will spend their days and nights poring over the morbid pages of sensual and fictitious narrative; yet if their God were to ask them if they had read the Book which He sent them from heaven, where would they look? How could they say that they had never read the precious book throughout? Wherever you go, learn not of those. Take your Bible in your hand; make it the companion of your way. In the thirty desert of this world it will supply you with the water of life; in the darkness of doubt and apprehension it will cast a gleam of heaven over your path; in the struggle of temptation and the hour of affliction it will lift up the voice of warning, encouragement, and comfort. Never let the Bible be unperused by you. It is the only helm that can guide you through the ocean of life and bring you safely to the immortal shores. It is the only star that lends the wandering seaman by the rocks and breakers, and fiery tempests of utter destruction, and points him a way to the heights of everlasting blessedness. The Bible contains the only food that can satisfy the hungerings of the soul; it presents us with the only laver in which we can wash ourselves white and be clean; it alone tells us of the garments that are worn in the courts of heaven; it is from the Bible alone that we learn to prepare a torch to conduct our footsteps through the valley of the shadow of death; and it is the Bible alone which can introduce us at last to the glories of immortality.—*Robert Pollak.*

Notes on Australia.

ROADS TO THE DIGGINGS.—The state of the road from Melbourne to Mount Alexander had been so bad, even in the dry weather, some months before, that it was commonly predicted the diggers would have to depend, in a great measure, for their supplies on the arrivals from Adelaide. Recent accounts make it probable that the prediction has been realized. At one period, in May last, the rate of cartage from Melbourne to the diggings was 90*l.* for a ton-weight.

HOW TO OBTAIN A FARM.—A Wiltshire agricultural labourer, who lately emigrated with a family of nine children, writing home to his old acquaintances, says:—“I could not think how it was possible for labouring men to get a farm, but now I see how it is. I can save money enough in one week to buy one acre of land; so, if we have health, by the time the year is out, I think of getting a little farm. I am about taking at once twenty acres of land.”

LIVING AT THE ANTIPODES.—The Wiltshire husbandman goes on to say to his half-fed, stay-at-home friends:—“Poor people in Hodson (Wiltshire) do not know what good living is. We have now a joint of fresh mutton on our table every day. Christmas day is about the middle of harvest with us. We do not take out a bit of bread and cheese into the field with us, but all come home to a good hot dinner every day. Barley-mowing is 1*s.* per acre, and rations; hay-mowing, ditto; and wheat-reaping, 12*s.* per acre, and rations. Best wheat sells at 4*s.* per bushel; barley, 2*s.* per bushel; butter 9*d.* per lb.; best beef and mutton, 2½*d.* per lb.; a good fat sheep for 6*s.*; sugar, 2*d.* per lb.; tea, 2*s.* per lb. We do not put tea into the pot with a spoon, but with the hand.”

SCARCITY OF LABOUR.—The “Sydney Morning Herald” of the 1st of May remarks:—“Labour is scarce, and is rapidly becoming scarcer; wages are enormously high, and are still on the rise. As regards our chief city, we can safely say that never within our recollection was labour so difficult to procure as it is at the present time, nor do we believe that wages, taking all classes of operatives together, were ever so high. Not only do mechanics command their 8*s.* or 9*s.* per day, and common hodmen their 7*s.* and 7*s.* 6*d.*, but even on these terms they are scarcely to be had. And, even with remunerations like these, the working classes are far from satisfied.”

STILL THEY GO.—From the number of fresh ships which continue to be advertised for Sydney and Port Phillip it appears there can be little falling off in the demand either for freight or passage. The total that have sailed from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and the other ports of the United Kingdom, during September, was very large; and, indeed, it would probably not be too much to estimate the entire clearances that have taken place during the month at 75,000 or 80,000 tons. The present month will be the last this year in which the government commissioners will send out ships, although they have upwards of 20,000 applications entered in their books. This total appears particularly remarkable, when it is recollected that, during the half-year immediately succeeding the news of the gold discoveries, the departures amounted only to 54 vessels, of an aggregate capacity of 37,445 tons. The emigration, during that period, to Sydney and Port Phillip was also limited to 12,217 persons, being probably not more than half the number that now go out during a single month. Four-fifths of the vessels at present advertised are for Victoria.

GOVERNMENT HOMES FOR EMIGRANTS.—Her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners are about to establish emigration depôts for the boarding and lodging of their emigrants after selection, as homes, prior to their departure, at London, Plymouth, and Liverpool. The London depôt is to be not lower than Greenwich, if on the south bank of the Thames; and beneath Limehouse and Blackwall, if on the north; and sufficiently near the water-side to afford facilities for embarking; and a similar one on the Mersey for Liverpool. The London and Plymouth depôts are to contain proper sleeping and other suitable accommodations for not less than 300; and the Mersey depôt, for Liverpool, not less than 600 persons at the same time.

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EDME CHAMPION SEIZED BY THE ROBBERS.

EDME CHAMPION.

CHAPTER I.

ON a cold winter's evening, in the month of December, 1772, when the inhabitants of Châtel-Censoir, a village of ancient Burgundy, had nearly

all retired to rest, a violent knock was given at the door of a lonely cottage, on the banks of the Yonne.

"Who is there?" inquired a soft gentle voice from the interior.

"Open the door quickly! Make haste, I implore you!" cried the person without, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Push the door and come in," replied the person within; and instantly a country woman, with apparently a large bundle under her cloak, rushed into the cottage. Surprised at seeing only a boy of about eight years old sitting beside an empty fireplace, with a resin candle burning on the hearth, she inquired if he were alone.

"Yes," replied the child, sorrowfully. "My father, mother, and six of my brothers and sisters are all dead; and there is no one left but my eldest brother, Marcel, and myself."

"I was directed to this cottage as the residence of a boatman."

"My father was a boatman; and so is my brother," said the boy.

"Then call your brother to take me across the water as quickly as possible; there is not a moment to be lost, for I am pursued;" and as the woman spoke she looked with a terrified countenance towards the door.

"My brother is absent," said the boy.

"Then we are lost!" she exclaimed, and sunk down exhausted on the stool from which the little boy had risen.

The woman's cloak had fallen from her shoulders in her agitation, and disclosed to view a beautiful child of five or six years old, who, on finding his head liberated, replied to the woman's exclamation, "How lost, Petrouille; are the robbers here?"

"Robbers!" repeated the little peasant, laughing, and gazing with astonishment at the child. "Are there any in this country?"

"The proof of it is, that they are in pursuit of us; and if within an hour we are not on the other side of the water, they will rob me of my foster-child. But where is your brother all this time?"

"I do not know where he is," replied the boy; "but if you only want to cross the water, you need not wait for him; I have taken passengers over before now. Edme Champion is well known here; so come along."

"Then make haste," said the woman. And again covering up the child, she hurried out of the cottage, followed by the boy, who carefully closed the door after him. At a short distance from the cottage there was a little creek, in which a boat was moored. The woman first stepped in, while Edme unfastened the rope and jumped after her; then giving a stroke to his little craft, it slid gently away upon the smooth and crystal stream.

When the woman found herself at some little distance from the shore her courage seemed to revive, and as if forgetting that it was quite a child she was addressing, she said: "My boy, you are saving the son of a great nobleman, and you shall be well rewarded for it."

"Are you afraid that he will be robbed of his fine clothes?" said Edme.

"I am afraid of being robbed of himself," replied the woman.

"Why, what could robbers want of little boys like him, or like me?"

"Of boys like you, nothing, certainly: but like him! Child, you do not know who you are speaking to."

The tone, the accent, even the appearance of this

woman, who was of great height and commanding figure, brought to the recollection of little Champion the tales he had heard the countrywomen relate to the village children, when they assembled round them in the evenings. Resting on his oars, he sat staring at her for some time; then remembering the beautiful child, whose velvet dress was richly embroidered, and his beaver hat adorned with feathers, he changed his former familiar mode of address, and said, in almost a tone of terror: "You are not then what you appear to be, madam?"

"A countrywoman?" said the stranger, with a contemptuous smile. "Certainly not, my little friend."

"Perhaps you are a princess," said the little boatman.

"No questions," she replied in a decisive tone; "as the prince said, I want to preserve my incognito."

At these words Edme opened his eyes still wider, wondering what it could be that she and the prince were so anxious to preserve; but not daring to ask any more questions, he continued gazing at her in the hope that he might find out something by the search. Suddenly he saw that lofty countenance change; the woman trembled, and pointing with her finger to a distant part of the river, she whispered: "There, there; what is that?"

Edme looked in the direction pointed out.

"That," said he, "is the boat of Jean Carrouge."

"And who are in it?"

"Jean Carrouge himself, and three other men; but I cannot distinguish them: to be sure the boat is a good way off, and it is not very light."

"Take your oars and row quickly," said the woman, with every sign of extreme terror.

"That will be of little use, madam: they must soon overtake us."

"Boy," said the woman, in a low but quick voice, "this child is the son of a nobleman; some villains have conspired to carry him off, in order to be revenged of his father for some supposed injury, which you cannot understand. We must save him."

"How can we in the middle of the water?" said Edme, much agitated.

"Hide him; oh! hide him!"

"Stay," said Edme, putting his hand to his forehead, as if considering some great design; "I am short and slight; let me change clothes with your child: his are loose and will go on me; put mine upon him, and let him sit in my place. Cover me up under your cloak, and let them take me, and do you contrive to get to the other side in the best way you can."

While speaking, Edme was undressing himself: the woman, who understood the stratagem, did the same with her child, telling him not to cry, for it was done to save him. When the exchange was completed, she put her charge in Edme's place, and covered the latter up in her cloak, whispering to him as she did so, to come to Paris and to inquire for the Hôtel de Lauzun, rue Tiquetonne, where he would be well received. She had not long finished giving her directions when the boat of Carrouge came alongside that of Champion; one of the men immediately stepped into it, and without even looking at the boy, he tore the cloak with the child wrapped in it from the woman's arms, and

returned with them into the other boat; after which he called out to her: "You may tell your master, that when he wants his heir, he may go and look for him in the forges of Pont d'Arroux."

The two boats then separated: the one sped its way back to Châtel-Censoir; the other, containing the strange female and the young heir of Lauzun, soon reached the opposite shore, where a carriage was soon procured and conveyed them away.

The boat of Jean Carrouge was not long in returning to Châtel-Censoir. Edme never stirred from the time of his seizure, but remained perfectly still under the large cloak in which he had been wrapped. The robbers, believing him to be either asleep or overpowered with terror, talked without scruple of the success of their enterprise and of their future plans. Edme was thus made acquainted with the cause of the woman's fears, and though he was endowed with courage and energy far beyond his years, he could not but feel a little uneasy as to his future fate. He had, however, been blessed with a pious mother, who had early instructed him where to put his trust, and the good seed she had sown already produced the germ of those virtues for which he afterwards became so conspicuous. Instead of giving way to childish fears, Edme raised his heart in prayer to God that he would deliver him out of the hands of those wicked men.

From their conversation he learned that the Duke de Lauzun, who had been absent from his country in the service of the King of France, had left his only child at one of his châteaux, near Sens. He had now returned, and desired that his son should be brought to him. These wicked men, who had some enmity to the duke, had entered into a conspiracy to seize his child on the way, and to carry him off to the forges of Pont d'Arroux, near Autun, which was their chief haunt, and then to extort a large sum of money from the duke as a ransom for his son. By one of those interpositions of Providence, which we are too apt to call chance, this conspiracy was discovered. The men met to hold one of their consultations in the village churchyard, where they sat concealed behind some tombstones. A woman had also entered the churchyard, and overheard a part of their discourse; this woman was no other than the nurse of little Lauzun, who in strolling round the pretty churchyard, and reading some of the epitaphs, was alarmed by the sound of voices, and pausing to listen, was soon made aware of the plot, which was to be put in execution that evening. Without taking time to consider the best means of averting the threatened danger, this woman, who was both strong and courageous, took the child in her arms and hastened with him across the fields, hoping to reach Châtel-Censoir and cross the river unperceived by the robbers. The remainder has been related; and, by the quick thought and presence of mind of little Champion, the duke's son reached the other side of the stream in safety.

When Carrouge's boat came to land, one of the men having lifted Edme, handed him to the boatman to take out, who was not a little surprised at hearing his own name pronounced.

"Who calls me?" said he, turning his head from one side to the other; for although the voice

seemed to proceed from the bundle he held in his arms, yet he could not believe that a child whom he had never seen could know him.

"It is I," said the same voice; and throwing off the cloak in which he was enveloped, Edme displayed his well-known features to the boatman.

"Ho! ho!" said he, "what are you doing here?"

Before Edme had time to answer, the men were all landed, and came up close to him.

"Ah!" said one of them, "are you awake now?"

"Do you know this boatman?" inquired another, surprised at the apparent recognition between him and the child.

"What farce is this? To be sure we know one another," said Carrouge. "And where did you become acquainted with little Lauzun?" inquired the third.

"I know nothing about little Lauzun," replied the boatman.

"Come, no more words," said the first who had spoken, leading up a horse, on which he was going to lift the child.

"Let me alone, will you!" said he, struggling to get away.

"What! you are going to rebel!" said another; "you had better come quietly, I can tell you;" and he approached Edme in a threatening manner, but the boatman Carrouge came between them.

"Stop a moment," said he; "do as you please with little Lauzun; I know nothing about him, and it is no business of mine; but as to this boy, it is quite another affair: he is a neighbour's son, and belongs to this place; any one who touches him will have to fight me and every inhabitant of the village."

"What!" exclaimed one of the men, "this boy—"

"Is the orphan child of Pierre Champion, and his cottage is here, close by."

The sound of the voices had brought Champion, who, uneasy at his brother's absence, had sat up watching for him. Edme threw himself into his brother's arms, who looked quite amazed at seeing him dressed out in fine clothes, and surrounded by strangers.

"Let us go home, and I will explain everything to you," said Edme. Then, turning to the robbers, he said: "Thus, gentlemen, your wicked plots have been frustrated, and the good God has made use of one of the weakest of his creatures to baffle the efforts of the strong. Little Lauzun is now in safety."

There can be but little doubt that when the robbers found themselves disappointed of their prey, they would have taken some revenge on Edme had he been alone; as it was, they were afraid to molest him, although they were three in number—thus proving that rogues are always cowards. They contented themselves with muttering a few reproaches as they went off, which Edme, his brother, and the boatman disdained to notice.

The little adventure above related seemed to give new life and energy to Edme. Usually so sad and silent since the death of his parents, he now spoke and moved with a degree of animation

that quite surprised Marcel; then again, in the evenings he would sit silent, and appear to be buried in deep thought. His brother roused him from one of these reveries by asking him what he was thinking about.

"I am thinking," replied Edme, "that I should like to leave this place."

"Leave this place! Leave me! What can you be dreaming about, you silly child?"

"Listen to me, Marcel," he resumed; "though I am but a child, I can recollect my father, after toiling for a whole day, bringing home no more than a few sous for the support of the whole family; I have seen my mother weep and deny herself bread that she might have the more to give us; and I have heard you, Marcel, say you were not hungry, because I complained of not having enough. I have seen father and mother, brothers and sisters, all dying from their miseries, till there are now only two of us left. Well, the great lady I took across the water told me to come and see her in Paris. 'Come,' she said, 'to the Hôtel de Lauzun, rue Tiquetonne, and you shall be well received.' I shall never forget her words if I were to live for a hundred years. Well, Marcel, I saved that lady's child, and she will be grateful. Now, do not interrupt me," said he, seeing that his brother was about to speak; "let me tell you all I think, and then you can answer me afterwards. I have done this lady a great service, and she wishes to do one for me in return. Well, then, I will go to her house in Paris, and when she asks me what she shall do for me, I will only ask two things; that will not be too much, will it, Marcel? First, I will ask her to send for you, for without you I could not be happy; then the second thing would be to put me to a trade, for I would rather be anything than a boatman; then I will work very hard to become rich, and have you to live with me, and we shall be so happy, Marcel, so very happy. I shall have only one regret, and that will be, not having our dear father and mother with us to make them happy too."

Here the child ceased speaking, saddened by the last painful recollection. Marcel listened with a smile to the bright visions of his brother's fancy, for though he was but eighteen, and had never been far from his native village, yet he knew by experience that the rich are sometimes forgetful, and that the happy have often little sympathy for evils they have never felt; still, not wishing to quench altogether the ardour of his young mind, he merely replied: "Edme, our parents, and all our family, are buried here—would you not like to remain near them?"

"Their bodies are buried here, it is true," said Edme; "but, their spirits, I hope, are in heaven, and I shall be as near them in Paris as at Châtelet-Censoir."

"Then you really wish to leave me," said Marcel, taking his hand kindly; "and this cottage in which you were born, and the boat that supports us?"

"Oh! as for the boat, I shall not regret that; but only think, Marcel, of the Hôtel de Lauzun where I am invited, and the rich lady who expects me there."

"And who, perhaps, will never think more about you," said his brother.

"Can people forget those who have done them any good? But for me, Marcel, her son would now be in the hands of those robbers."

"Then you must remember that you are but eight years old, and I promised my mother, on her death-bed, that I would watch over you; so I cannot allow you to go alone to Paris."

"Well, if I am but eight years I am not quite a simpleton. I know how to read, write, and cipher, and if I had not some sense the people of the village would not be always calling me to assist them in their difficulties: it is 'Edme, come and read this letter for me;' 'Edme, come and help me to write an answer; it is nothing but Edme here and Edme there. Besides, I am not going to a strange place, where nobody knows me; I am going to a great lady who has invited me to her house, and who I know will be expecting me; And now, Marcel, you have nothing more to say."

"I can only say, Edme," replied his brother, "that life is certainly very uncomfortable here, and perhaps you are right in wishing to seek your fortune elsewhere. It is possible that you may be kindly received at the Hôtel de Lauzun; if not, you have only to return here, where you are sure of a hearty welcome to your father's cottage. But now let us retire to rest; to-morrow we will visit our parents' graves, and commend ourselves to God for His direction."

The next morning Marcel accompanied his brother to the village churchyard, where, side by side, were laid the bodies of those dear parents who had lived and suffered together. Edme fell on his knees and wept bitterly over their graves; but so far was his grief from changing his purpose, that the recollection of their poverty rather served to strengthen it. The brothers then went to visit an old schoolmaster in the village, who not only approved of Edme's determination, but also assisted him with a present of a pair of shoes and a six-franc piece. Edme took an affectionate leave of all his friends and neighbours, amongst whom he was an especial favourite, and prepared to set off on the following morning, the village carman having kindly promised to take charge of him, and give him a seat in his cart to Paris. The good-natured carman did more than he promised for the little orphan boy, never allowing him to break in upon his six-franc piece, but gladly sharing with him both his meals and his bed, nor did he part with him until he provided a guide to conduct him to the Hôtel de Lauzun in the rue Tiquetonne.

SUPERSTITIONS OF SEAMEN.

It is well known that seamen are perhaps the most superstitious of mortals, and although ignorance is undoubtedly the mother of superstition, that alone will not satisfactorily explain the fact, that seamen in all ages have been exceedingly prone to believe in omens, supernatural warnings, appearances, etc.; because not a few sailors are excellently-educated individuals, who have reduced themselves by misconduct to the lot of foremast Jacks, and consequently, it is not ignorance on their parts which makes them quite as superstitious as the most stolidly ignorant man on board. We think the main cause is, that the scenes a

sailor occasionally beholds are of that peculiarly impressive and awe-inspiring nature, that even a well-informed, clear-headed man unconsciously imbibes notions of the existence of "things unseen" hovering around for weal or woe, and by degrees, if he be not fortified by true religious principles, he extends his credence to omens, and what are called lucky or unlucky actions and objects. What greatly influences this weakness in such a man is the circumstance, that frequently all his messmates, and especially the oldest seamen, firmly believe in such things themselves, and will bring an overwhelming array of examples to prove that one thing is unlucky, and another a tempting of Providence, and a third certain destruction, and a fourth equally certain to bring good fortune.

One of the most ancient and deeply-rooted superstitions of seamen (although it is now less universal than it once was) is, that *Friday* is a most unlucky day for leaving port on a voyage. We never heard any reason assigned for this, except that a ship sailing on a Friday flings down the gauntlet of defiance to storms and evil influences, and will be almost sure to meet with serious, if not fatal, accidents. Mr. Fennimore Cooper relates a very extraordinary anecdote on this subject. He says that a wealthy merchant of Connecticut devised the following notable scheme to give a death-blow to the superstition. He caused the keel of a very large ship to be laid on a *Friday*; he named her the "*Friday*;" he launched her on a *Friday*; he gave the command of her to a captain whose name was *Friday*; and she sailed her first voyage on a *Friday*, bound to China with a costly cargo, and in all respects one of the noblest and best-appointed ships that ever left port. The result was, that neither ship nor crew were ever heard of afterwards! Thus his well-meant plan, so far from showing the folly of the superstition, only confirmed seamen in their belief. We may allude to a recent instance of a splendid ship commencing her first voyage on a *Friday*, namely, the *Amazon*, West India steamer, and what her fate was is only too well known. The *Birkenhead* also sailed on the same day. Such instances as these must have immense influence in keeping up the singular superstition in question. We ourselves once sailed on a *Friday*, and were in imminent peril of being lost.* It, perhaps, is a question whether the mere fact that a ship sailed on a *Friday* will not, in moments of great peril during the voyage, have an exceedingly depressing power over the energies of the superstitious among the crew, and thus indirectly help to bring about a catastrophe. None but those who know seamen can conceive what tremendous influence even trifling and positively ridiculous things and ideas exercise over them in the hour of excitement and danger. Alas! that it should be so.

Another old and wide-spread superstition, yet believed in by thousands of the most ignorant seamen, is the very romantic legend of Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman. It is asserted, as will be known to many of our readers, that, some three

centuries ago, a large Dutch Indianman, commanded by Mynheer Vanderdecken, attempted to double the "Cape of Storms" (now Good Hope) in the teeth of a head-wind. The obstinacy of Dutchmen is proverbial, and although the adverse wind long continued, Vanderdecken doggedly contended against it, and at length he impiously declared that he *would* double the Cape, even if he sailed till the day of judgment! The appropriate punishment of this daring impiety is, according to the nautical legend, that to this day the doomed ship, manned by her wicked skipper and crew, is continually sailing in the latitude of the Cape, but never can double it. Sailors are still found to affirm that, at midnight, in a gale of wind, (and there is nearly always a gale off the place much more appropriately called "Cape of Storms" than "Good Hope,") the phantom ship oft is seen, with her antique build and rig, and the figure of Vanderdecken on the poop giving orders to his ghastly crew. This legend, however absurd as an object of belief, is, to our thinking, most picturesque in point of conception. Whether it originally was a mere fiction of the brain, or in some measure founded on fact, we cannot tell, but we incline to the latter belief.

In olden times, prudent mariners seldom set sail without carefully consulting some notorious witch as to the prognostics of a lucky voyage, and they also paid her to procure them a favourable wind.* This superstition seems to have entirely died out—at any rate in England, but we are by no means sure that it is extinct in certain other countries. It was also thought that if a *child's caul* hung in the cabin the ship would not sink, whatever else befel her, and consequently these curious membranes found ready purchasers. Even to this day, master mariners of the old school will buy a child's caul. The last price we have heard "quoted" is 5*l.*; and sometimes advertisements will appear in the *Times* of a caul for sale. It was, moreover, believed that the presence of any one born with a caul would save a ship from sinking. A piece of shark-skin, suspended in the cabin, is thought to afford indications of an approaching tempest, and we are not quite sceptical ourselves on the point, for it is very possible that the skin may be so susceptible of atmospherical influences, that it softens

* In "*Macbeth*," Shakespeare thus alludes to the belief:—

1st Witch. Her husband's to Aleppo gone,
 Macbeth o' the Tiger;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.
2nd Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
1st Witch. Thou'rt mad.
3rd Witch. And I another.
1st Witch. And I myself have all the other.
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card,
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his post-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.
2nd Witch. Show me, show me.
1st Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

* As a counter-balance to these cases of navigation which, commencing on a *Friday*, have had an unsuccessful termination, it ought to be remembered that numbers of instances could be adduced on the other side, where no such disaster has occurred.

and becomes moist even before there is any sign of a coming storm in the aspect of sky and sea. But we would rather trust to the warning given by the falling of mercury in the barometer, than to all the shark-skins in the world. In tropical latitudes, the sudden falling of the barometer will almost invariably indicate the immediate advent of a hurricane, even although there is not a speck of cloud in the horizon; and many ships have been saved, by the captain wisely adopting early precautions in consequence of believing in this faithful and invaluable little monitor.

Sailors think that the presence of a woman or a child on ship-board is decidedly lucky; but they have a mortal hatred of the presence of a lawyer (or "land-shark" as they call him); and what is remarkable, they also have in some cases a great objection for a "black-gown" (clergyman) to be on board, unless he is a regular ship's chaplain, in which case they think him one of themselves. Neither can they bear to have a "Jonah"—that is, a man who has committed some fearful crime, and who hitherto has eluded human justice—on board, for they believe that an angry Providence will raise up tempests to engulf the ship that shelters him, and consequently that they will be made to suffer on his account. It is very clear that this superstition is derived from the scriptural account of the voyage of the prophet Jonah. Almost equally bitter is their hatred of an avowed atheist. Sailors are generally too thoughtless on the subject of religion, and also very wicked; but it is extremely rare for one of them to be either an infidel or an atheist. They think nothing of habitually indulging in language of the most licentious and profane description; but they tremble at the idea of denying the existence of God, (for they are usually surrounded by awful evidences that He exists,) and they regard any man who dares to do that with horror, and consider that his presence, among them may very possibly cause shipwreck or dire disaster. They also regard the bible with most sincere and unaffected reverence, yet it generally lies at the very bottom of their chests, voyage after voyage, and perhaps is hardly ever opened except for a chapter to be read by the hammock of a dying messmate. Such are the startling inconsistencies of men who "go down to the sea in ships," and do business in great waters!

It is singular that some seamen have a dread of sailing in a ship when a *Fin* (native of Finland) is one of the crew. They say that the Fins are leagued with the Evil One, and that if anybody offends them, they revenge themselves by causing adverse winds or accidents to happen! Dena, the able American author, mentions that an old sailor told him, that he once sailed in a ship, and headwinds beset her for so long a period that the captain sagely suspected that a poor Fin on board was the cause, and he therefore threatened the Fin what he would do to him if the wind did not change to the right quarter within a few hours; and the result was, that the guilty Fin was so terrified that he caused a fair wind soon to spring up!

Dogs are not much liked on board, and we have known a captain absolutely refuse to permit a passenger to take his dog with him for either love or money. Cats, however, are general favourites, and are held sacred. The man who dares to touch

pussy overboard must look out for "squalls" from his incensed messmates, we can tell him! It is held exceedingly wrong and unlucky to shoot either the albatross* or Mother Carey's chicken, (the stormy petrel,) and when the latter familiar creature takes refuge on board in a storm, it is never injured by the men. They also very rarely kill or capture any other bird that settles on the rigging, and this is a pleasant trait in their character. They have an intense objection to wear the clothes of a messmate who has died at sea, until the voyage is ended; but after that, we believe, all their superstitious dread vanishes. For our own part, we sympathise, to a certain extent, with this feeling. When rats desert a ship on the eve of sailing, (as they sometimes really do,) it is held an infallible omen that shipwreck or disaster awaits the vessel, and we believe that many instances have occurred to prove that this idea is not altogether erroneous, although we are unable to explain by what subtle instinct these animals are thus guided.

Whistling at sea, especially when there is a wind blowing, is held highly reprehensible. Seamen believe that it will aggravate a breeze to a gale, and a gale to a hurricane. Yet, sometimes, when there is a dead calm, sailors will venture to whistle in a very guarded tone, to invite the wished-for breeze. We once incredulously practised this ourselves, and can at any rate record the fact, that a nice fair breeze *did* spring up almost directly; but we dare say the sceptical reader will assert, that even if we had *not* whistled at all the breeze would have come just the same. Finally, seamen have a very extraordinary fancy, that in cases of shipwreck the sea will not cast ashore *their* bodies, (having a *lien* upon them, we presume,) but that the corpses of landmen are sure to be contemptuously washed on land.

We might pursue the subject further, but we have already sufficiently indicated the varied superstitions of mariners, and as a general rule we may add that seamen can assign no sensible reason for their pet likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, but they seem to cling to them the more pertinaciously on that very account! They are, however, somewhat ashamed to confess their weakness in these respects when ashore, but when at sea it is a different matter, for all their messmates are of the same creed.

. Much has been done of late years to improve the condition of seamen, and to communicate to them that religious knowledge which is the best counter-agent of superstitions like those detailed above; an effort made, by the Religious Tract Society to provide libraries for seamen deserves the notice and encouragement of ship-owners, and others interested in the improvement of our seamen.

* We need hardly remind the reader of the powerful use Coleridge makes of this particular superstition in his "Ancient Mariner."

"And I had done an evil thing,
And it would work 'em woe.
For all aerr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow;
Ah, wretch! said they; the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow."

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of a cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung."

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE history of English art presents a remarkable contrast to the history of English literature. Upon the dawn of the revival of letters, our Chaucer rose in resplendent beauty to vie with the Italian Boccaccio. The age of Camoens, Tasso, and Ariosto was also the age of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Jonson; while Corneille, Molière, and Racine were writing their comedies, Bacon was laying the foundations of true philosophy. Milton was creating his grand epics, and Dryden was pouring out his "full resounding" lines. But where, during that period; were the masters of British Art? There must indeed have been within our shores men of architectural genius to rear the magnificent edifices of the later mediæval age, the remains of which ever awaken admiration, even in uncultivated minds; but, after the decline and fall of the spirit of gothic architecture, no man appeared in England worthy of being esteemed a master in the art of building, till Sir Christopher Wren began to cultivate a taste for Italian forms and methods of construction. But he shines in his own department in solitary grandeur. Sculpture suffered a worse fate. With the exception of some beautiful mediæval statues by unknown hands, which still adorn our cathedrals, no English work of merit proceeded from the chisel through long centuries. No English name of note appears in the annals of statuary before the eighteenth century. Painting, so far as native talent is concerned, was scarcely better. George Jamieson, the Scottish Vandyke as he is called, who commenced his career in Edinburgh in 1628, in a measure rescues the northern part of our isle from the imputation of utter sterility of artistic taste and skill; but no painter of indigenous growth appeared on this side the Tweed worthy of being ranked with him, till a much later period. The names and works of Holbein, Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, if we may associate such unequal names and works, became successively celebrated enough in England, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but these were all foreign. No native artist of commanding power appeared till the following century. It is singular that the eighteenth century, the age of a perfect bathos in architecture, and during the latter half by no means pre-eminent in literature, should have witnessed the rise of English sculpture and painting.

Leicester-fields, as they were once called, and the region round about, contained the nursery of the latter beautiful art; and the facts just dotted down very naturally occur to us, as we walk through that bustling neighbourhood, so very unpicturesque and inartistic in appearance. Hogarth—who in so striking and original a manner depicted the manners of his age, performing with his pencil what Chaucer accomplished with his pen, and leading the way in English painting as the other did in English poetry—resided on the east side of the square, in a house which stood upon the site of the Sabloniere Hotel. It bore the sign of the Golden Head, cut by the whimsical artist himself out of pieces of cork, and then glued together. A story is told by Cole, in his curious collection of scraps, illustrative alike of the painter and the times in

which he lived. "When I sat to Hogarth, the custom of giving vails to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the door, I offered his servant a small gratuity, but the man very politely refused it, telling me it would be as much as the loss of his place if his master knew it. This was so uncommon and liberal, in a man of Hogarth's profession at that time of day, that it struck me, as nothing of the kind had happened to me before."

But the shade of another name pertaining to the history of the same art—less original perhaps, but in some respects more illustrious—meets us in the commencement of his career not far from Leicester-fields, and then fixes itself within a house which still exists on the west side. To some reminiscences of that distinguished man, preserved by admiring biographers; this paper is devoted.

In Great Queen-street there are two houses, now numbered 55 and 56, which were originally one. There, in the year 1740, lived Thomas Hudson, at that time a painter of great note; and there, in the October of that year, was Joshua Reynolds placed under him, as a pupil for instruction in an art for which he had already given unequivocal proofs of a distinguished taste. We see the shade of the youth, destined to become so illustrious a man, of middling stature, florid complexion, regular but rather blunt features, a calm intelligent eye, pleasing aspect, and graceful and easy manners. Industry is one of his leading characteristics, and he works hard in copying the drawings of Guercino; and so skilfully are these copies executed, that many mistake and preserve them as originals. In this method of instruction, adopted by Hudson, we detect his own want of a scientific acquaintance with the principles of his art, and recognise one reason why his pupil was over deficient in the knowledge of the anatomy of form—a serious drawback on an artist's power; but at the same time Reynolds found in it, no doubt, a discipline highly favourable to the culture of a correct eye, a free hand, and an easy touch—attainments in which he has had few equals. The instructor soon became jealous of the pupil; and the latter had to quit Great Queen-street, and remove for a while to lodge with his uncle in the Temple, whence he speedily repaired to Devonshire, his native county. In these movements we cannot follow him; much less can we accompany him to Italy, where he spent some time in studying, with critical acumen and most refined taste, the works of the most celebrated masters. To his career in London we must confine ourselves; and this, so far as our knowledge of him extends, will keep us chiefly in the neighbourhood already indicated.

Before, however, we pass over his connection with Hudson, we may relate a curious circumstance mentioned by Northcote, as illustrative of the low state of art as cultivated by the master under whom Reynolds received his first lessons, and of the mechanical habits of his early career. Hudson, to get over the critical difficulty of well-disposing the hands in a portrait, used to tuck one in the waistcoat, and hide the other by putting a hat under the arm. Reynolds caught the trick, and so natural did it come to him, that it is positively stated, when he was requested to paint some one with a hat on, he took care to put a hat under

the arm too. Nor can we forget another story connected with Reynolds's youthful days under Hudson's tutorship. He was once sent by his master to an auction, where he observed a great bustle by the door. He soon heard the name of Mr. Pope whispered. Everybody drew back as the poet entered and formed a line on each side, all being eager to shake hands with him as he passed. Reynolds was behind, but as he was reaching under another person's arm to catch the coveted honour, Pope immediately accepted the grasp of the young artist, little thinking of the future importance of the hand he then received in his own. Amidst that crowd of departed shadows, it is interesting to notice two illustrious ones, brought by accident into contiguity: and it is also curious to see how great was the popularity of the bard, and how easily the multitude obtained his friendly notice.

At the end of the year 1752, we find Reynolds established as an artist in a house in St. Martin's-lane, about opposite to May's-buildings; his youngest sister Fanny being installed as housekeeper. "He found at first such opposition as genius is commonly doomed to meet with, and does not always overcome. The boldness of his attempts, the freedom of his conceptions, and the brilliancy of his colouring, were considered as innovations upon the established and orthodox system of portrait manufacture. The artists raised their voices first; and of these, Hudson, who had just returned from Rome, was loudest." The originality of Reynolds's efforts, however, could not fail to attract public attention, which was speedily followed by public favour. A picture of a Turkish boy brought to his studio numerous visitors, and greatly served to promote and increase his fame. Reynolds now painted heads for ten guineas, half length for twenty, and whole length for forty. The rich were smitten with such a desire to have themselves represented in the new and tasteful style of the popular painter, that they soon added increasing wealth to his increasing celebrity, and enabled him to remove to a much more handsome and expensive place of abode. He took a large house on the north side of Newport-street, No. 5, still used as a picture gallery.

"There," says Northcote, "the desire of perpetuating the form of self-complacency crowded his sitting-room with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wanted to appear as heroes and philosophers." His work so increased that he had to employ assistants, and to raise his terms to twelve, twenty-four, and forty-eight guineas, which were the prices his late master Hudson received. Afterwards they became fifteen, thirty, and sixty guineas; and before leaving the house in Newport-street they had so risen as to begin with twenty. Dr. Johnson related that he had heard the artist confess, at this time, that he received six sitters a day, and found it necessary to keep a list of those who were waiting for vacancies to occur. The lexicographer's intimacy with the great painter commenced soon after his return from Italy, and we find them often in company with each other in Newport-street. Opposite to the artist there lived the daughters of Admiral Cotterell, where Johnson visited, and there it was that Reynolds first met him. An amusing anecdote is told of them as they were one evening together at

the house of these ladies. The Duchess of Argyle and another lady of rank came in, and engrossed conversation with the Misses Cotterell—an offence sure to rouse the ire of the great critic; so, to mortify the pride of these aristocratic dames, by giving them to suppose that they were in very humble company, he said to Reynolds, loud enough to be heard by all in the room, "How much do you think you and I could get a week, if we were to work as hard as we could?"

Johnson took about an equal fancy to Reynolds and his sister, saying of the former:—"There goes a man whom property cannot spoil;" and of the latter, "that he never saw one but her who could bear the application of a microscope to the mind." No doubt the lady greatly supported her influence with the eccentric philosopher by sedulously accommodating herself to his penchant for tea; and the story of his parody of Percy's Ballads, addressed to Miss Reynolds, has been often told.

"Oh hear it then, my Renny dear,
Nor hear it with a frown,
You cannot make the tea so fast
But I can gulp it down."

Martin's-lane and Newport-street only prepared for the still palmer days and brighter splendour of Leicester-square. Thither Reynolds removed in 1760, there to enjoy for the rest of life such a tide of prosperity as rarely rolls its treasures at the feet of genius. The building lately occupied by the Western Literary and Scientific Institution is the house in which he took up his permanent and final abode. Great alterations have been made at the back of the edifice by the construction of a theatre for public lectures, but the other rooms and the staircase seem to retain their original form, and much of their original appearance. Here we can easily picture Reynolds in his glory. He is an early riser, but does not breakfast till nine. At ten begins the chief business of his art. Step into his studio. It is of octagonal form, twenty feet long and sixteen broad. The window is high and small, above nine feet from the ground and not more than half the common size. And there, raised eighteen inches from the floor, stands the chair for his sitters—the famous chair often occupied by beauty, rank, and fashion, but above all by genius; by the author of the "Rambler," by the bard who sung the "Deserted Village;" the chair immortalized in the painting of the Tragic Muse, not less celebrated than the chair of Pindar in the porch of Olympia. Reynolds is busy examining designs and touching uncompleted portraits till eleven, from which time till four he is engaged with sitters. Dr. Beattie enters, well known as a champion for reason and religion against the fallacies of David Hume. Reynolds is engaged on a fine portrait of the Scotch philosopher and divine, with two figures beside him representing Truth and Falsehood. The easel is just by the little window. There stands the artist looking at his subject, and holding a pallet, not on his thumb, but by means of a large handle. Then turning to the canvass, he lays on with a pencil of nineteen inches those colours which glow with so much richness and radiance.

The hours of toil over, Reynolds takes a ride in his carriage, which, as it draws up at the door, you might mistake for the Lord Mayor's coach, so

elaborately are the panels adorned with allegorical paintings. Richly decorated vehicles are not uncommon, but this is decidedly in advance of the fashion. "It is too showy," says Miss Reynolds. "What, would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?" asks her brother, showing that a love of display is one of his weaknesses, and that he has a rather vulgar notion of the attributes of dignity pertaining to his profession. The coachman, however, delights in his master's taste, for people pay him to get a sight of the carriage. At dinner, Sir Joshua is surrounded by the *élite* of intelligence and talent, who, while they share in an elegantly furnished repast, are as much gratified by the conversation of their host. There is Johnson in his drab attire, and Percy in clerical costume, and Burke and Garrick in the fashion of the day; while Goldsmith appears in a fashion of his own, exhibiting with much satisfaction his "plum-coloured coat." Reynolds added to the taste of an artist the habits of a gentleman, and tended greatly by the purity of his conversation, and the virtue of his character, to discourage and repress, as far as his influence extended, those social excesses which were usual in his days, especially the earlier ones, among all classes.

Reynolds was now a great man, caressed by the mighty and served by the humble; admired by the cultivated, and wondered at by the vulgar. What Pope had been, he became; and it is curious to learn that the youth, who was so anxious to come in contact with the illustrious poet, rose to be the object of a similar kind of reverence and homage. Northcote, himself a devotee to the art of painting, and fired with all the enthusiasm of genius and ambition, when a young man attended a public meeting where Reynolds was present, when he got as near to him as he could from the pressure of the people "to touch the skirt of his coat," which he accomplished, he says, "with great satisfaction of mind."

But the full prosperity of Reynolds's mature life never induced him to relax in diligent application to the duties of his calling. With all the freshness and fire of a gifted mind he associated the painstaking of the humblest labourer. It was with him a favourite maxim, that without pre-eminent industry nothing of marked excellence can be produced. He had no faith in mere genius. So much did he extol the efforts and recommend the cultivation of intense and earnest study, that many thought he did not sufficiently recognise the difference between one mind and another arising from the fact of varied original endowments. Of the capacities and powers with which Providence had endowed him we can form no other than a very lofty estimate, but doubtless it was careful culture which developed them in so much beauty and perfection. It might be said of him, almost literally, "that he passed no day without a line." He was hardly ever absent from his painting room, and he used to say, when for a short space he had been visiting his friends, that he returned home like one who had been without his natural food; and that, if he made a visit for three days, it required three days more on his return before he could recover his usual train of thinking. Diligence of the nature which distinguished the life of Reynolds is commendable within limits, especially in association

with another and higher kind of diligence; but it would appear, at least through the larger portion of his history, that artistic diligence in his case was carried to an extreme, which entirely absorbed his soul, and left no place for incomparably more momentous subjects. Pleasure does not seem to have been supreme with him, nor wealth, nor even fame; but the culture of his faculties, the elevation and ennobling of his taste. Had he been merely an intellectual and social being, that might have been consistent. But he had a spiritual nature, which brought him into moral and everlasting relations to the Divine Being; he had a nature needing divine renewal, and standing in need of purification from sinful stains. Now the practical conduct of his life looked very much as if he ignored this. His intense love of art rendered him unmindful of the great duties of religion. It is very melancholy to be informed that he was accustomed to say, "The man will never make a painter who looks for the Sunday with pleasure as an idle day." His habit of painting on that day explains what he meant. Johnson knew the mournful failing of his friend, and the deep and fatal sinfulness involved in it, when, as he was on his dying bed, he begged him "to read the scriptures carefully, and to abstain from using his pencil on the sabbath." To these requests Sir Joshua gave a willing assent, and is said to have faithfully observed them. So writes his biographer. We trust the artist *did*, take the dying moralist's advice. We are sure that he could paint none the worse for it. Examples of the past and present show that Reynolds was mistaken about the need of painting every day. Religion—deep earnest religion—that which takes in the whole gospel, and which penetrates the depths of the soul—that which transforms the man and brings him into fellowship with the infinite and glorious mind of Christ—that which makes the sabbath a delight, and gives sacredness to every portion of time, by exhibiting it as a talent from the Giver of all good, to be devoted to his glory—is not only in harmony with the profession of the artist, and with all the diversified employment of social life, but it improves, exalts, and dignifies them.

In our next paper, upon Johnson, we shall refer to the literary club. He and Sir Joshua Reynolds shared in the honour of founding it, and, with Burke and Goldsmith, formed the brightest stars in that constellation of intelligence, wit, and genius. Sir John Hawkins tells us, that the celebrated Mrs. Montague invited the members to dine at her house for two successive years, possibly blending, with a curiosity to hear their conversation, a desire to intermingle with the charms of her own. She, it is said, gave the first occasion for distinguishing the society by the appellation of "literary"—an honour, it is pretended, which they were too modest to assume. It must have been a rare intellectual treat, whatever it was in other respects, to mingle in this party of savans, when their conversational powers would no doubt be wound up to the highest pitch by the presence and the stimulating talk of that eloquent and eccentric lady.

Sir Joshua, in 1770, became a member of another association, which dined together on stated days at the British Coffee-house Cockspur-street.

At some occasional parties of a similar kind we also meet him; one, especially memorable, at the St. James's Coffee-house, from the circumstance of the individuals present taking it into their heads to compose extempore epitaphs on each other. Poor Goldsmith came in for some cutting jokes, as he often did; and this suggested his well-known poem, entitled "Retaliation," in which he thus hits off the character of the subject of this paper, who, it must be remembered, was deaf—an infirmity which he diminished by the aid of a trumpet:—

"Here Reynolds is laid; and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judged without skill, he was still hawl of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

In a former paper we visited Somerset-house, to meet the shade of one of the princes of British science: to the same place we now repair as we follow the shade of one of the princes of British art. The building so intimately connected with the Royal Society is also united, by a bond as close, to the Royal Academy. Newton was an early president of the one; Reynolds was the first president of the other. The academy was instituted in 1768. It was opened on the 2nd of January, 1769, when the president delivered a discourse, and was soon afterwards knighted by George III. The beautiful composition then read was followed by others, which have secured for the author a literary as well as an artistic reputation. Sir Joshua's success has long since been decided in both capacities; and "students in art have reason to be grateful for the feeling by which the author of the discourses was influenced in composing them, and to rejoice that the talents of their great projector were so admirably adapted to the task which he assigned himself." As we peruse the discourses we seem to sit on one of the benches in the venerable and spacious room at the top of the building, devoted to the Society's use, in the midst of a learned and polite assembly, with whom, as the aristocracy of talent, the aristocracy of rank loved to mingle; while all were eager to catch the tasteful instructions which flowed from the lips of the accomplished president. We call to mind the story that, one evening, a certain earl was present, who at the close of the lecture went up to Reynolds, and observed: "Sir Joshua, you read your discourse in so low a tone that I could not distinguish one word you said." "That," replied the president, with a modesty instinct with wit—"that was to my advantage." And then the annual banquets on St. George's day, graced by the presence of royalty, distinguished foreigners, and other persons of renown—what ovations they proved in honour of him who had done so much, by pen and pencil, to advance the interests of the academy! One sees him, in 1786, supported by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Orleans, the latter sitting under his own life-like picture by Reynolds's hand; and, three years later, comes the still more grateful scene, when Burke sent up to Reynolds the following note: "This end of the table, in which as there are many

admirers of art, there are many friends of yours, wish to drink an English tradesman who patronizes the arts better than the grand monarch, 'Alderman Boydell, the commercial Mæcenas.'" The toast was proposed by the president, and drunk with loud applause.

Four years later, on the 10th of December, Reynolds delivered in the same place the last of his discourses, closing that beautiful production with the memorable sentence which pointed to the man whose works through life he had loved to study: "I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this academy, and from this place, might be the name of *Michael Angelo*."

Growing infirmities led to his final resignation; and a failure of sight put an end to those artistic pursuits which he had followed from his youth with so much ardour. The house in Leicester-square acquires a touching interest from a little incident connected with his last days. He was glad to amuse himself during his melancholy affliction, "and part of his attention was bestowed upon a little tame bird which, like the favourite spider of the prisoner in the Bastille, served to pass away a lonely hour. But this proved also a fleeting pleasure; for one summer's morning, the window of the chamber being by accident left open, the little favourite took flight, and was irrecoverably lost, although its master wandered for hours in the square before the house in the fruitless hope of reclaiming it." A symbol of a moral sentiment lies in that simple story. So do the cherished joys of earth in many a case take wing, leaving those who have lost them to wander after them in vain.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, after suffering much from nervous disease, died in Leicester-square, February 23rd, 1792, aged 69. He had a public funeral. The remains were removed to Somerset-house, and from thence the procession moved to the cathedral of St. Paul: it included forty-two mourning coaches and forty-nine private carriages, and the pall was borne by three dukes, two marquises, and five other noblemen. The funeral train was met by the lord mayor and sheriffs at Somerset-place, while vast multitudes lined the way to gaze upon the pageant; shops being shut, and people vying with each other to show homage to departed genius. He was interred in a crypt beneath the dome, where the ashes of other distinguished painters have since found their place of repose—Lawrence, Barry, Opie, West, Fuseli, and Turner. Nelson and Collingwood sleep within the same subterranean enclosure, to which Wellington, too, will ere long be conveyed, reminding us of the truth, not less affecting than familiar, that neither skill in art nor prowess in arms can protect the sons of men from the stroke of the last enemy.

THE PATH OF THE PESTILENCE.

THE following paper, which has been translated for our columns from the German, will be read at the present moment with more than usual interest, should the cholera, as it threatens to do at the time we write, again visit our shores.

The mighty East is now reposing in its grey old age; while in the West, owing to the influence that Europe is exerting, life is blooming

with the freshness and energy of youth. Phenomena, however, in the highest degree remarkable, are indicating that Asia, as in old times so now also, is the birth-spot of those dark and mysterious forms of disease to which we apply the terms plague and epidemic; and which, sympathising in a wondrous manner with the universal law of life's progress, are spreading in the direction of from east to west, sometimes at longer and sometimes at shorter intervals, terribly visiting the inhabitants of our earth.

Already the course of the cholera, which broke out in the year 1817 on the banks of the Ganges, and thence proceeded without interruption towards the west, has corroborated in these modern times the statement of the elder Pliny, that "the plague always travels onward from the parts under the meridian to the west." The small-pox and the measles, which were totally unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, made their first appearance in Arabia 550 years after the birth of Christ, during the reign of Justinian: in the first half of the seventh century they invaded Egypt, and for the first time came into Europe in the thirteenth century, probably brought by the Crusaders from Asia. This seems to be pretty evident, from the description which the Arabian physician Rhaza gives of the breaking out of the latter malady. No single plague can be proved to have originated in Europe spontaneously; on the contrary, the origin of every one of them may be traced back to the Levant. The horrible plague in the middle of the fourteenth century, to which the Decameron of Boccaccio owes its origin, broke out in the year 1333, in China. Phenomena the most extraordinary, and in the highest degree destructive, preceded its outbreak. Wide tracts of country, formerly fruitful and drained by mighty rivers, were suddenly visited by a scorching drought, which was followed by a terrible famine. Then, again, such mighty and continuous torrents of rain streamed down, that upwards of 400,000 men perished in the overflowing waters. Whole mountains were washed away, and immense swamps appeared in their places; swarms of locusts arose in such incredible multitudes, that for a day the heavens were darkened by their flight. Five millions of men in China, in a very short space of time, became the victims of the unrestrained elements. In the midst of these terrible portents, the frightful plague, known in that country by the name of the "black death," broke out: it approached Europe in the year 1348, after having made a destructive tour of China, India, Egypt, and Asiatic Turkey. It first set its crushing hoof on the noble isle of Cyprus, and thence travelled over Sicily, Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Flanders, England, Scotland, Ireland, Hungary and Denmark, and in several places swept off full four-fifths of the population.

From 1348 to 1350 the plague raged in Europe; and since the time of Maltea Villani the world has not seen a like devastation. Blood-spitting was the first sign of it, and the sick frequently died in this stage; from two to three days was the general term of its continuance; it rarely lasted longer. Even the nurses were frequently carried off by it, so that none could be found willing to attend on the sick, and many thousands perished

from mere want of attendance and help. Nowhere could the physicians discover an effective remedy, and equally inefficacious was the spiritual influence of the pope's indulgence. In every case, swelling of the glands appeared as a peculiarity of this plague.

• Even the plica polonica, which has generally been regarded as an endemic disease in Poland, appears from the investigations of Alibert to be of Asiatic origin, and to have arisen in Poland for the first time in the thirteenth century. It admits of no doubt that the leprosy—one of the oldest and most terrible of the diseases to which mankind is exposed—has its original fatherland in Asia. Through anterior Asia it propagated itself, and assumed, in lapse of time and from variety of climate, manifold modifications and changes; nay, it frequently allied itself with and became fused among other diseases. In the twelfth and following centuries it was brought by the Crusaders from its original seat to the western parts of Europe, where, till towards the close of the fifteenth century, it raged with the most frightful violence. Witness to this is borne by innumerable "leprous houses," which it became necessary to establish in several countries of Europe, and in which multitudes of the unfortunate victims of this scourge were isolated and completely withdrawn from intercourse with their fellow-citizens. Elephantiasis, the tuberculous leprosy of antiquity, is said to be indigenous to Egypt, and to have travelled across Asia Minor to Rome. This terrible cutaneous disease was also brought by the Crusaders from the east into the west, where it raged from the eleventh till towards the close of the fifteenth century, and was spread, by means of the slave trade, over Africa as widely as the Europeans trafficked in the wretched negroes, to the West Indian islands and to the continent of America.

• Just as in the case of the "black death" did the English "sweating fever" pass; in the year 1485, from the orient, over the isle of Rhodes, through France into England. A general debility took hold of its victims, who became literally liquefied in sweat, and often in a very few hours fell the prey of death. Queen Anna Boleyn is said to have been attacked by it, from which, however, she recovered.

The petechial fever, which prevailed in Spain in the year 1490, came over from Cyprus into Italy; in the same manner the fatal petechial fevers of the years 1505 and 1528, which Fracastorius describes, came into Europe. Even whooping-cough, according to Mark, belongs by no means to the modern but to the old, yet misunderstood, epidemic diseases. Evident traces of it are found among the Arabian physicians. During the reign of Charles iv, it was first regarded in France as an epidemic cough of a peculiar kind.

The origin of the influenza epidemic has been traced to Kiachta, on the borders of China. Its name (in German, Grippe,) has been taken from the Slavonic *chripanj*, hoarseness, which is one of its most striking symptoms. According to Gray, it sprang originally from the East Indies, where at all events, in the months of October and November, 1781, a similar epidemic had prevailed. From thence it probably travelled to China, on which account the Russians call it the "Chinese sick-

ness." From Kiachta it advanced to Irkutsk and Tobolsk. Towards the close of the year 1781 it raged at Moscow, and at the commencement of 1782 at St. Petersburg. Accounts assign the origin of the influenza of the year 1800 to the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea, in a district rendered swampy by the overflow of waters. That of the years 1832-3 likewise took its course from the east, through the north of Europe, towards the west. This epidemic, like the cholera, evidently originated in foul miasmas, and afterwards gathered strength in its course till it became a contagious disease.

Should the question, however, arise, whether an epidemic that has widely spread can have its original character changed by the influence of climate, several species of epidemic, such as influenza and cholera, immediately point us to the negative. The influenza of the year 1782 maintained its essential character unchanged in its course from Kiachta in Siberia to Lisbon. The influenza of the year 1800 and 1832 appeared in Russia, Poland, Germany, France, etc., with unvarying symptoms, and everywhere required the same treatment.

The Egyptian taraxis (inflammation of the eyes) was brought to Malta from Egypt in the English army. Soldiers—who in Egypt itself, in spite of the scorching heat and the fine sparkling sand, remained untouched by the disease—were seized by it on the open sea on their homeward voyage. It is believed by some that the English climate favours the progress of this disease among the soldiers. We are not of this opinion, but we strongly believe that the excessively active and the immoderately heating course of life of the English soldiers has a mighty influence in the development of this disease; this opinion we were led to form, from the good opportunities of knowing the facts that we had as head surgeon to a regiment in the Hanoverian service.

When the French troops returned home from Egypt they suffered from the same disease, which was, however, not near so violent among them as among the English. The French soldier needs much less to satisfy him, lives more temperately than the English one, and does not addict himself to spirit-drinking to the extent the latter does. In the armies of the Netherlands and of Prussia, the tight and scantily-fitting clothing, the stiff cravat tied close round the neck, the thick hard cap balanced on the head, notoriously promote the growth of this appalling disease; the excruciating agonies of which torture the sufferer even to the destruction of the pupil of his eye. Since the introduction of a lighter military coat, and of a helmet which allows the perspiration of the head to evaporate, the disease has been diminishing among the Prussian troops; although, according to the valuable observations of Müller, it appears to have become endemic in the Rhine provinces, and unhappily is widely insinuating itself among the inhabitants.

The circumstances which first gave rise to the Asiatic cholera in India, in the year 1817, were in all probability of a miasmatic nature. A poisoned atmosphere was produced by the overflowing of the Ganges, and by heaps of organic remains which were piled together in great masses in those districts, and doubtless aided by the in-

tense heat then prevalent. Thus the disease is proved to have originated in the miasma engendered on the banks of the Ganges, while its transplanting to the other parts of Asia, to Europe, Africa and America, may be ascribed to contagion. It always follows in the direction of the greatest confluence of men, whom traffic, war, or travelling brings together. Trade brought the cholera to Persia and to Moscow. In the latter place it remained confined, so long as Moscow was surrounded by a strong cordon; but when the Polish insurrection made the breaking-up of the cordon necessary, immediately the epidemic spread all over Russia, Poland, and Galicia; rafters carried it thence to Hungary; and, owing to the imperfect maintenance of the cordon, it passed into Austria. Prussia's cordon protected her but for a short time. Navigation on the Warthe, the Oder, the Havel, the Spree, and the Elbe brought the disease to Stettin, to Berlin, to Magdeburg, and Hamburg. Hence has arisen, in the minds of those who reject the notion that cholera is contagious, the belief that it pursues the course of the streams. Hamburg ships, which had gone to Sunderland to fetch coals, left the cholera behind them in exchange, which very soon spread over Great Britain and Ireland; while, in the same manner, it was carried over in vessels to Paris, Lisbon, and Norway, and by the Irish emigrants to Canada. In the summer of 1837 the cholera was brought in ships from Naples to Sicily and Malta; while the Papal states, which had been barred off, showed no traces of it whatever.*

THE GREAT INTER-OCEANIC CANAL OF NICARAGUA.

If our reader happens to have a map of the world before him, let him cast his eye on the relative positions of California and New York. Lying, as they appear to do, at a comparatively short distance by land, it will be perceived that, to be reached by sea, an enormous circuit must be made. The great promontory of South America must be sailed round, at a vast expense of time, toil, and peril. To add to this difficulty, it will be seen, on looking close at the map, that more than half this distance could be saved if, at the point where the South American continent contracts into what looks like a thin thread of land, a canal could be cut, so as to permit vessels to pass through from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, instead of doubling Cape Horn. When the reader has fixed these geographical outlines in his mind, he will have understood the first elements of a question which has of late been much agitated by the public press—"the Great Inter-oceanic Canal." It is, however, unhappily one of those enterprises which seem always on the point of coming off, and yet which somehow or other contrive to hang fire, and, after filling columns of the newspapers, fall back again into the region of unfulfilled projects.

Charles V., after the discovery of America, seems to have had serious thoughts of cutting this

* The reader need hardly be reminded, that the majority of English medical men are opposed to the theory of cholera being thus conveyed by contagion. The writer's views on this point must, therefore, be received with some distrust.

canal; the enterprise slumbered on, however, until the independence of the Spanish colonies, and our celebrated bubble year of 1825 awoke it, only to fall asleep again. Some ten or twelve years ago, Prince Louis Napoleon beguiled his captivity at Ham by writing a pamphlet upon it, and coolly proposed to style it "Canal Napoléon de Nicaragua." Still the project was but a project, and nothing more. Within the last eighteen months or so, however, brother Jonathan seems to have taken up the matter in earnest; a newspaper now before us reports that his government survey of the work has been completed, and from the go-ahead character of our American friends, and the strength of the Californian gold fever, we may perhaps conclude that the speculation of centuries will become in our own day what the French call a "realized idea."

Some two or three years ago, a Mr. E. P. Squier was despatched to Nicaragua to act as the charge d'affaires for the United States, and who paid of course, as was natural under the circumstances, considerable attention to the canal question. The result of his expedition, which we propose in the following paper to lay before our readers, he has given to the world in a work published at New York in the present year. He is an intelligent writer, somewhat voluminous, terribly prejudiced against John Bull, and foolishly affects the airs of a man of gallantry; but these are minor faults in a book otherwise of considerable merit and interest.

A smart sailing vessel from New York landed Mr. Squier and his companions at the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, the proposed terminus of the canal on the side adjoining the Atlantic ocean. Whatever its future bustle may be, should it become the grand transit station for West Indian steamers, American clippers, and the mercantile navy of all nations, the spot looked insignificant enough when Mr. Squier visited it. A few paltry cottages, with natives in a state of semi-nudity, composed the town. There was, however, a sort of attempt at a custom-house, where the British flag was hoisted in token of the friendly alliance of Great Britain with the king of Mocquito—a personage, it may be recollected, whose portrait appeared sometime ago in the "Illustrated London News," and about whose claims we had a smart diplomatic squabble with the United States. Mr. Squier did not remain long here, but made arrangements for ascending the river San Juan to Lake Nicaragua—the route which the Inter-oceanic Canal is to pursue. Before starting, however, he took a short walk into the dense forests which, in all their ancient grandeur and magnificence, lie behind the town. Tropical flowers twined round the trees, and beautiful birds, with hues of green and gold, flew among their branches; but, Eden-like as the spot looked,

"The trail of the serpent was over them all;"

and that not only poetically, but literally. The guides advised Mr. Squier's party to return, as two men had recently been bitten by snakes near the spot, and had died in great torture. As if to give them also another proof of the dangerous character of the locality, they saw, as they glanced through the bushes, some monstrous alligators slowly propelling themselves along the adjoining water. The hint

was quite enough; they did not pursue their walk farther.

Having made his arrangements, Mr. Squier embarked in an open boat, cabined at one end by a sort of folding-roof of half-dressed hides, diffusing an odour anything but pleasant. A motley but good-natured crew accompanied him; and fully alive to the honour of carrying a real ambassador on board, a little sort of ceremony had been got up to honour his departure. The captain of the boat, with a great conch shell in one hand, gravely stationed himself at the tiller, and when all was ready, gave on his marine trumpet a long unearthly blast, at the sound of which the oars dipped; the natives on the beach huzzaed, while the American flag was unfurled at the bow, and off sped the boat on its way. The river San Juan, on which the voyagers were now fairly launched, runs to the sea from Lake Nicaragua, a distance of about ninety miles. It is quite unsuited in its natural condition for the purposes of a ship canal. A large portion of it is, it is true, quite navigable, having at some places a depth of two fathoms of water; but there are so many rapids, falls, projecting rocks, and contortions of the stream, that even small boats, like the one in which Mr. Squier was conveyed, can at certain points only make the passage with great labour and difficulty. The American government survey, however, undauntedly proposes to grapple with these difficulties, and has recommended that the inter-oceanic canal should pursue this route, cutting a new channel to the extent of forty-seven miles, but using also seventy-two miles of the existing river, which is to be rendered navigable by a series of dams and flood-gates. All, however, was in its wild and natural state when Mr. Squier, with his Mexican *poncho*, waving the star-spangled banner of America at its prow, dashed along the San Juan.

The voyage was to be six days in length, and as the climate was enchanting, the party enjoyed themselves to the full. How indeed could it be otherwise? Who, we should like to know, would not have relished such a scene as is here described? "I never wearied," says Mr. Squier, "in gazing upon the dense masses of foliage that literally embowered the river, and which produced magical effects of shadow on the water. On the banks of the stream, feathery palms were interspersed with other varieties of trees, some of which were of large size and draped all over with vines that hung in rich festoons. Birds of various plumage glanced in and out of the forest, and cranes and other water-fowl paced soberly along the sand bars, or flew lazily up the stream, as we approached. Occasionally, too, a pair of green macaws—the macaw is rarely seen except in couples—flattered slowly over our heads. The air was cool and fresh, reminding me of a morning in June." Mr. Squier seems to have been less captivated by the iguanas or lizards, which looked down upon his boat, and hundreds of which, resembling miniature alligators, of small size and bright green colour, were seen sunning themselves on every old trunk that projected itself into the stream. On, on, however, went the boat, through scenes of tropical loveliness, the boatmen chanting at times some impressive chorus. In this manner a day or two glided imperceptibly away; when, at a new turn of the river, the voy-

agers came in sight of the old and now deserted fortress of Castillo. Mr. Squier describes impressively his walk through its embrasures and galleries, cut out of the rock; his passage through bomb-proof staircases and covered ways, once ringing with the clash of arms: he visited, too, the spot where the drawbridge stood, and the lofty towers where, in the time of Spain's glory, its silken standard floated on the wind. But all was now desolate and lonely—a few soldiers, living at a distance in a thatched cottage, being the only representatives of the garrisons that held the spot in days of yore. Here, by the way, Lord Nelson, when a captain, gained in 1780 some naval laurels; but, if we remember right, nearly lost his life by a serpent as he slept under a tree.

On returning to his boat, Mr. Squier experienced some of those difficulties which have given the San Juan such a bad character as a navigable river. Although his little vessel had no freight, yet three hours elapsed before it could pass the rapids of the Castillo. This, of course, is one of those points where the canal would have to be dug, or the difficulty overcome by some artificial dams. On the morning of the sixth day of their voyage, however, the little party reached San Carlos, a military station, which commands the point where the San Juan joins Lake Nicaragua. Mr. Squier had looked forward with much anxiety to his arrival at this place, and the scene which met his view seems to have been surpassingly beautiful. The broad lake spread like a mirror before them, its shores being marked by the volcanic peaks of some mountains, which, capped with clouds, rose dim and blue in the distance. Nearer lay the fairy-looking islands of La Boqueta, golden under the tropical sun; while, in the foreground, the emerald shores stretched their wide arms on either side—a fit setting for so gorgeous a picture. On landing at San Carlos, a courteous reception awaited the voyagers from the commandant of the town. A distance of some ninety miles had been traversed, and the party were by no means loth to partake of the hospitalities which were spread before them in the shape of dried meats, luscious plantains, and other edibles. As they sat at dinner, however, in the governor's house, they could see one of those drawbacks from a tropical climate which, in the shape of reptile monsters, it engenders. A low sandbank near the lake was crowded with alligators; their black carcases were distinctly visible, and the commandant showed his guests a basket of their teeth, which had been picked up, and which, Mr. Squier adds, were more pleasant to contemplate in that condition than when adorning the living animal.

In reaching San Carlos, Mr. Squier had accomplished the first stage of the proposed canal. Lake Nicaragua formed, of course, the next point of transit. This is a large inland lake, about 110 miles long and some sixty miles broad, well adapted apparently, without engineering efforts, to float upon its waters vessels of the largest size. About fifty-six miles from the point where Mr. Squier had reached, in nearly a direct line across the lower extremity of the lake, stands the little river of Lajas. When a vessel reaches this spot, it is only some seventy miles from the Pacific ocean. As might be expected, therefore,

the place has long been looked upon as the most favourable point for the last stage of the inter-oceanic canal, and a survey of it was made for the purpose so long ago as 1781. Mr. Squier, however, having made a calculation of the engineering expenses, which are greatly increased by the fact of a ridge of a mountain having to be cut through, reckoned them at no less a sum than 52,000,000*l*. Instead, therefore, of exploring this route, he resolved to examine another, which, although much longer, was yet invested with fewer mechanical difficulties. His plan was to proceed to the other extremity of Lake Nicaragua, a distance of 110 miles, and to explore a channel twelve miles in length, which connected it with another inland sea, called Lake Managua. The latter point once reached, there would be fifty miles of plain navigation for ships, and from the end of Lake Managua an easy cutting of some thirty miles would terminate the canal at the Estero Real in the Gulf of Fonseca. This route was a hundred miles longer than the other, but balanced as this was by apparent economy of labour, the difference did not appear to Mr. Squier of any material consequence.

It was necessary, however, as we have seen, for Mr. Squier to proceed to the extremity of Lake Nicaragua before he could complete his survey; and he set sail accordingly for Granada, a town which is situated but a short distance from the point of junction with Lake Managua. The voyage was a pleasant one, but it was not marked by any novel features. It would be out of our power, in our present space, to furnish our readers with any detailed sketch of the curious pictures of South American life which Mr. Squier has given. Suffice it to say, that he found Granada to be a fine old town, built in the Spanish style, abounding in marks of wealth and old churches, whose treasures tempted the cupidity of the buccaniers when they attacked the city a hundred and fifty years ago. Pretty much like it was the town of St. Leon, which Mr. Squier also visited. The whole country might indeed in some respects be called a paradise, so rich was it in natural charms. Beautiful mango trees golden with fruit, and vistas of orange plants, adorned the gardens. When Mr. Squier describes the country scenes which he traversed, he seems to become immediately poetical in spite of himself. "I took off my hat," he says, when describing one of his journeys, "and throwing myself on the horse's neck, gave myself up to silence and the scene. The air was literally loaded with fragrant odours from a hundred varieties of flowers, which blushed among the green thickets on every hand, while the waters of the lake flashed here and there between the trees like silver bars, and brilliant birds, noisy parrots, and dignified macaws in fiery plumage, looked down upon me as if I were an old acquaintance. Hundreds of lizards, bright green and gold, darted like rays of light before us, and large ants, each bearing a fragment of a green leaf above its back, marched across the path in solid columns, like fairy armies with long banners."

Lest our readers, however, charmed by these descriptions, should be forthwith desirous of emigrating to Nicaragua, we must candidly inform them that this delicious fairyland is not without some practical drawbacks; the three leading ones being volcanoes, revolutions, and superstition. As for

gards volcanoes, the whole district swarms with them; and Mr. Squier was present at a ceremony in one of the churches, which commemorated the escape of the town of St. Leon, in the year 1835, from an eruption of the most appalling character. The eruption in question took place on the 20th of January, in the year just named. A lurid light shed a baleful hue around; terrific explosions were heard, and sand fell in such quantities that the inhabitants feared that the roofs of their houses would be crushed under the weight. All nature seemed overawed; the birds deserted the air, and the wild beasts their fastnesses, crouching terror-stricken and helpless in the dwellings of men. The people for a hundred leagues groped, dumb with horror, amidst the thick darkness, bearing crosses on their shoulders and stones on their heads in penitential abasement and dismay. The strongest lights were invisible at the distance of a few feet; and, to heighten the terrors of the scene, occasional lightnings traversed the earth, shedding a baleful glare. This state of terror continued for forty-three hours, when the eruptions and shocks ceased. The noise of the explosions was heard more than a thousand miles off, and the superintendent of Belize, 800 miles distant, mustered his troops under the impression that there was a naval action off the harbour. Mr. Squier also describes a place which the lava from one of these volcanoes has overflowed, as looking like a vast plain of iron newly cooled, black and forbidding; the whole spot indeed had the aspect of an ocean of ink suddenly congealed. This state of matters in some degree reconciles us to our more homely climate—for birds of paradise and Eden-like landscapes are somewhat too dearly purchased by proximity to a volcanic peak, which may some morning open and sweep away you and your family.

As to revolutions in South America, they seem even more plentiful than eruptions. One party gains the ascendancy, and proscribes all its opponents; but, before a few weeks are over, they themselves perhaps are running for their lives from some junta, who have managed to get the reins of power. There had been a comparative lull in the revolutionary market when Mr. Squier visited Nicaragua; but, even while he was there, the calm was not without interruptions. One day, when at dinner, a sudden firing disturbed him, and the servant, rushing in, exclaimed: "Sir, I think there's a revolution." "I had no time," says Mr. Squier, "to reply, before the alarm 'un asalto de las armas' was raised in the streets, and the next moment a crowd of women and children, terror depicted in every face, rushed through the open court and along the corridors. These were followed by a confused mass, bareheaded and in the greatest disorder, which came pouring over the walls. They all crowded round me for protection. . . . While this was going on the firing continued, and women with trunks, boxes, and bundles, containing their valuables, thronged into my house for safety. Some prayed, and others ran wildly here and there in quest of their children, husbands, or brothers, wringing their hands, and appealing to save them." The attempt at revolution was on this occasion suppressed; but the story is a fair specimen of the stability of the governments in South America.

After having occupied some time at Granada and St. Leon, Mr. Squier proceeded to explore the Rio Telepapa, or Panaloya, the stream which was supposed to connect the lake of Nicaragua with Lake Managua. He was now at the opposite extremity of the former lake, and contemplated the possibility of these two bodies of water being joined at this point by a canal. He found the supposed streamlet dried up, although there was a dry and rocky channel which had evidently at some former period been the bed of a river. Clumps of bushes were growing in it, and cattle and mules were grazing there. This dried-up channel led to Lake Managua, which extends some 50 miles; but Mr. Squier did not traverse this as he had done Lake Nicaragua. He had now completed the main line of his investigation, and the other portions of his journey, however interesting, do not relate to the inter-oceanic canal.

Mr. Squier proceeds to sum up the arguments in favour of his first route through the two lakes previously named; but, however good a case he makes out, his own government has decided against him by adopting a different plan. The line which they propose is shortly as follows:—

From the San Juan River on the Atlantic ocean to Lake Nicaragua, partly by canal, partly by dams or river	119 miles.
Across Lake Nicaragua to Rio Lajas	56 "
From Rio Lajas to Brita, a port on the Pacific ocean, by canal	20 "
Total	195 miles.

The canal is to be on an average 17 feet deep, 50 feet broad at the bottom, and 70 at the surface. It is calculated that ten years would be required to complete it, and that the total expense would be, not 52,000,000*l.*, as stated by Mr. Squier, but 9,000,000*l.* It would afford, when completed, a passage to vessels of the very first class and largest dimensions.

An American company, we learn, is in the field, to undertake the execution of this canal; but at present it seems to have taken no practical steps, not having raised perhaps the necessary capital. While we write this article, however, a new route has been projected by an English company. It proposes to begin the work in the republic of Costa Rica, (which lies—the reader will perceive—lower down, in the South American map, than Nicaragua,) and to cut either a railroad or a ship canal between what are stated to be two of the finest bays in the world—Boca del Toro on the Atlantic, and Golfo Dulce on the Pacific coast. The distance between these points is only 70 miles, and the climate is represented as being extremely healthy. It now remains to be proved which of the routes will be adopted by capitalists, or whether perhaps, after all the talk that has been made, the matter will sink back into a mere project. If we were to be influenced by Mr. Squier's book, we confess that, grand as the canal appears to the imagination, the latter alternative would seem to be the best thing that could happen for England. The whole pith of Mr. Squier's reasoning goes to impress upon his countrymen that the commerce of our country would be damaged by an inter-oceanic canal, and that of the United States benefited. "As compared," he writes, "with the maritime nations of Europe, and in respect to what may be called the Asiatic

trade, the United States would be the principal, if not the sole, gainer by the construction of the ship canal of Nicaragua." "By the best of existing routes," he states in another place, "England is now 1700 miles nearer the centres of Asiatic trade (that is, Calcutta, Canton, and Singapore) than the Atlantic ports of the United States. Should the proposed canal be built, not only will this physical advantage be reversed, but those ports will be placed 3000 miles nearer the oriental markets than England. That is to say, the net gain of the United States would be, calculating time, which is a better standard than distance, a gain of from 25 to 35 days." We are loth to take this selfish view of the matter as a correct one, but it deserves carefully to be pondered by English capitalists; and it seems to be at direct variance with the advantages predicted from the cutting of the canal, which were thus detailed in a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, by Joseph Glyn, esq., a member of the Institute: Sir John Rennie being in the chair:—"It is indeed difficult to estimate the value of such a passage (from the Atlantic to the Pacific) to all commercial countries, but more especially to Great Britain; whose extreme territories in Australia and New Zealand would be rendered so much more easy of access. It would offer great facilities for the trade with China and the Spice Islands, Peru, the Philippines, and all the western coast of America; and although it would not reduce the length of the voyage to the East Indies in point of distance, it would materially shorten it in point of time, particularly as regards the passage out to India; while it would diminish the dangers, difficulties, and commercial risks to an extent that would greatly benefit the trade of this country."

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

A CLERGYMAN, who was the chaplain of a little squadron stationed in the Mediterranean for five years, related the following anecdote, which occurred during that time.

The commodore was a frank and generous man, who treated me with marked attention, and I used to preach in all the ships but one. This was a small frigate, and its captain was an irreligious and profane man. He used to say he wanted no methodist parson for a pilot, and he embraced every opportunity of annoying me. Being a person of violent temper, he took offence, and insulted the commodore, who meant to send him home. When I heard of his intention I waited on the commodore, and I said I had come to ask a particular favour of him.

"That shall be granted. I am always happy to oblige you. What is it?"

"That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S——," said I.

"Nay, nay; you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy? and I believe the only man who does not wish to see you on board his ship."

"That's the very reason why I ask the favour, commodore. I must practise as well as preach."

"Well, well, 'tis an odd whim; but if, on reflection, I can grant your request without prejudice to his majesty's service, I will do it."

The next day I renewed my petition.

"Well," said he, "if Captain S—— will make a public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

I instantly got into a boat, and rowed to the frigate. The captain met me with a frown upon his countenance; but, when I told him my business, I saw a tear in his eye, and taking me by the hand, he said:—

"Mr. ——, I really don't understand your religion, but I do understand your conduct, and I thank you."

The affair blew over, and he pressed me to preach in his ship. The first time I went there the crew were dressed in their best clothes, and the captain at my right hand; I could hardly utter a word, my mind was so much moved, and so were the whole crew. There seemed to be a more than ordinary solemnity among us, as I preached to them on the necessity of faith in Christ, and the renewal of their hearts by the Holy Spirit before they could enter heaven.

That very night the ship disappeared, and not a soul survived to tell the tale. None ever knew how it happened; but we supposed, as there had been a gale of wind, she had foundered, and went down in deep water.

How cheering the thought, that the men thus suddenly summoned into eternity had listened to the blessed message of the gospel, and that, too, under the circumstances which, through the blessing of God, were so peculiarly adapted to prepare their minds to welcome and receive it!

See then, reader, how "example" is more regarded than "precept." Persons can understand our conduct, if they cannot appreciate our principles; and they form their opinions more from what we do than what we say. We should, therefore, rather strive to live well than talk well. "Even a child is known by his doings." The religion of Christ teaches us to let our light shine before men; and it is highly important, that those who profess to love the Saviour should be careful to adorn, in all things, his doctrine.

GOOD MAXIMS.

An action cannot be perfectly good, unless it is pure in its motives; that is, unless the motives are virtuous, and free from any mixture of vice.

If we commit small faults without regret to-day, we shall commit greater ones to-morrow.

Pride is the most ridiculous and the most foolish of all vices.

In everything we do, however trifling, we ought to reflect and reason, otherwise we shall never do anything well.

Idleness renders us unfit for everything.

Flattery is more prejudicial than rudeness or anger.

We owe the greatest gratitude to those who tell us the truth.

Calumny is the voice of those who have neither a good heart nor a good understanding.

We ought never to believe ill of any one till we are certain of it. We ought not to say anything that is rude and displeasing even in joke, and even then we ought not to carry the joke too far.

The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best. In matters of evidence, last thoughts are best.

Lying is so very infamous, that the greatest liar cannot be so bad as other men.

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EDME'S "PRINCESS" TURNS OUT A MERE FORTRESS.

EDME CHAMPION.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Edme had taken leave of his conductor, he knocked loudly and with a joyous heart at the gate of that hôtel in which he anticipated nothing but

happiness and success. The gate was instantly opened, and he entered a large court; but not seeing any person to whom he could apply, he was walking forward to the steps of a handsome house that stood before him, when he heard a sharp

voice calling after him: "Well, little fellow, what do you want? Are you going to enter people's houses without speaking to the porter?"

Edme turned, and observed a woman sitting at the window of a little lodge, which had been concealed by the gate as it opened. She was very plainly attired, but Edme instantly recognised her.

"It is I!" said he, entering the lodge, and going up to her with great simplicity.

"And who are you?" she replied, looking rather angry at his apparent audacity.

"Do you not know me? I remember you quite well; you are the lady I brought over the water in the boat, and that I thought was a princess. Where is the little boy? I have brought him in his clothes;" and as Edme spoke he opened a little bundle and displayed to the astonished portress the hat and dress of her little *protégé*.

The woman's countenance instantly changed. "What! is it you, my dear boy?" she exclaimed, pressing him in her arms; "is it you? I am truly glad to see you, and if you will stay with me I will take care of you until the duke returns. He has been suddenly recalled to join the army; and his mother, who had come here to meet him and to see her grandson, has gone back to her château in Vendée, and taken the child with her. But never mind, you shall be my boy for the present, and shall want for nothing. My lodge boy is leaving me, and you shall have his place. You will not have much to do, only to pull the string of the gate, to sweep the steps in front of the house, and to go of errands; and, never fear, you shall want for nothing."

At every word the woman spoke, the countenance of poor Edme became more and more overcast. Here then was the fulfilment of all his bright visions of wealth and honour; his grand princess had changed into a domestic servant, and his grand preferment to pull the lodge string, to sweep the steps, to be in fact the servant of the portress. Tears filled the eyes of the poor boy, who nevertheless endeavoured to bear his disappointment manfully, merely replying to her long speech: "You are very kind, madam."

The portress left him to go and call in some of her neighbours, to whom she had related her adventures at Châtel-Censoir, to come and see the little boatman whose presence of mind had saved her foster child. During her absence the little traveller, who had expected to be received at least by a duchess, learned from the little lodge boy whom he was to replace, that the Duchess de Lauzun was dead, that the duke was not expected back to Paris for a long time, and that the hôtel was about to be let to strangers.

Notwithstanding the disappointment of poor Edme, he endeavoured to fulfil the duties of his new station with alacrity; the portress was very kind to him, and his evenings were generally spent in reading aloud to her and some of her friends. But in spite of all his attempts to be cheerful, the tears would at times roll down his cheeks at the recollection of his brother at home, and the demolition of the castles in the air which his imagination had piled.

It happened one day that a lady in his neighbourhood, who had taken notice of his constant alacrity

and attentive behaviour, discovered him in one of the melancholy moods we have described. She felt interested for the simple country-looking boy, and interrogated him as to the cause of his distress. Edme at once related his whole history, the adventure in the boat, his journey to Paris, his hopes, and his disappointment.

"And what is it you wish to do?" inquired the lady.

"To get a trade, madam."

"What trade would you like?"

"I have no choice, madam; any one by which I could earn enough to bring my brother to me."

The lady reflected for a few moments, and then said: "I do not live in Paris, I am only here for a short time, and would not be sorry to leave a memorial of my visit; would you like to be bound to a jeweller?"

"I should like it very much," replied the boy.

The lady then gave him her address, and desired him to come to her the next morning.

Edme was punctual to his appointment, and the kind lady who took such an interest in him, accompanied him to the house of a celebrated working jeweller, to whom she presented her *protégé*, requesting to know his terms for taking an apprentice. The jeweller said his terms were five hundred livres for three years.

The lady signed the agreement with the name of De Tessier, and paid the money; this was all that Edme ever saw or heard of his benefactress.

The trials of our poor little hero were, however, by no means at an end. Unhappily the first years of the apprenticeship of children are too often employed in going the messages of the shop; and Edme's master, seeing that he had neither father nor friend to look after him, instead of instructing him in the business which he had pledged himself to teach, allowed him only the occupation of a servant.

At first Edme submitted quietly, hoping that when his work was done, he should have a few hours in the afternoon to acquire some knowledge of his trade; but it was a vain hope, he was forbidden to enter the workshop, and if occasionally he slipped in to try and pick up some idea of the business, he was turned out and even sometimes beaten. The poor boy did not know what to do; he had no acquaintance in Paris except the portress, and she advised him to remain where he was until she could communicate with the duke, who she was sure would not allow him to be ill-treated. Edme endeavoured to follow her advice; but one day being threatened with severe punishment if he failed to attend well at table when a large company was expected, his indignation got the better of his prudence; he was of a strong and independent mind, and feeling the injustice of his master's treatment, and the total neglect on his part of the contract between them, he took the opportunity, when his master was engaged with his company, to escape out of the house; he knew not whither to go, but to get beyond the reach of his unjust and cruel master was all he cared for, and so he fled, he knew not whither.

In this respect, much as we may sympathize with Edme Champion, we can scarcely approve of his proceedings. When in trouble we ought to wait patiently God's time of deliverance, instead of

having recourse to irregular means of rescuing ourselves.

Edme left the city, and ran some distance into the country, when, overcome by fatigue and the dread of pursuit, he threw himself on the ground under some trees to rest. He had not eaten anything since early in the morning, and now hunger was added to his other sufferings. There was no dwelling near him, and no prospect of succour for the night; he ventured out of his hiding-place, and having read of people who had sometimes been compelled to subsist upon roots and berries, he began to search about to try and discover something of the kind. After a little time he came to a turnip field, when, without thinking of any harm, or even supposing that any person would have the wish to prevent him, he pulled up two or three roots, which with a glad heart he cleared from the earth and commenced eating. He had just finished the first when, without having heard any one approach, he felt himself suddenly seized by the ear, while a rough voice exclaimed:

"So I have caught you stealing the turnips, you young thief! you shall be sent to prison immediately."

Surprised and terrified, Edme dropped the turnips on the ground; he made no excuse, no attempt to palliate his fault, for he had not even thought that he was committing a fault; he could only repeat in a frightened tone: "A thief! I a thief!"

"No, truly," said the watchman; "this field, I suppose, became yours by chance."

"Certainly not, sir," replied Edme, respectfully.

"Well, then, what business had you in it?"

"You saw what I was doing, sir; I pulled a few turnips to eat."

"Oh! then you are not ashamed to acknowledge it!"

"Why, sir, what harm was there in it?"

"The harm was to steal," replied the man, roughly.

"To steal!" repeated Edme, in a voice of terror. "Oh! sir, do not say I stole; I would rather die than steal."

"I do not know what else to call taking other people's things without leave."

"Oh! I was so hungry!" said the child, bursting into tears. "I had not eaten anything since early this morning, and indeed, sir, I did not think that I was doing wrong; however, I beg your pardon for touching them; I have only eaten one, sir, and if you will wait for a few days I will write to my brother in the country, and he will pay for what I have pulled."

Edme felt the hand which held him relax its grasp; and trusting he should find forgiveness for his involuntary fault, he said: "You will not punish me as a thief, sir, I hope."

"Tell me the exact truth as to what brought you here, and then I shall know whether you deserve any indulgence or not."

Edme related his story with so much candour and simplicity that the watchman, who was moved by the real sorrow of the boy, and the apparent truth of his statement, took him home with him, and gave him his supper and a bed for the night.

In the morning Edme returned to the protection of his friend the portress, who having communi-

cated with the duke, he was by the duke's desire bound to M. Martial de Poilly, one of the most celebrated jewellers in Paris. His agreement with his former master was cancelled.

In a short time Edme became a general favourite in the establishment of M. de Poilly. Honest and intelligent, active and devoted to his business, he soon obtained the entire confidence of his master, while his obliging manners gained him the goodwill of every one. He was now in as great a state of happiness as his most sanguine wishes could have anticipated. Honoured by the patronage of the duke de Lauzun, who, having at last recognised his services to his child, allowed him a small salary for his personal expenses; apprenticed to a kind and benevolent master, who had the discrimination to perceive in the little orphan committed to his charge, the seeds of a noble character; Edme had little to wish for. He kept up a constant correspondence with his brother, and anxiously looked forward to the time when he should be able to bring him to live with him, nor did he neglect to send him assistance whenever he had it in his power.

Edme was thus happily circumstanced, when one day, as he was walking very quickly over Pont-Neuf, on his return from executing a commission, he observed a wretched-looking little boy lying on the side of the pavement, whom every one passed by without notice. Edme was hastening on like the rest, for it was a cold winter's day, when it occurred to him that perhaps the poor boy might be hungry. He recollected the day of his own flight from his first master, and all that he had suffered, and he turned back again to the boy. At first he thought he was asleep, but on a closer examination he perceived that his countenance exhibited an unnatural paleness, and that he appeared to be in a faint.

Edme stooped down and took his hand, which was deadly cold.

"Poor little fellow," said he, "you are suffering from cold and hunger."

The boy opened his eyes and looked at him, but was unable to rise. Edme recollected that there was a *restaurant* just at the other side of the bridge, and lifting the boy in his arms he carried him into the shop and desired some wine to be warmed for him.

When the little boy had swallowed the wine, he became much revived, and no longer feeling the exhaustion from which he had suffered, he refused to eat the food which was afterwards given to him, but turned from it and burst into tears.

Delicate minds have an instinctive insight into the feelings of others, and Edme rightly conjecturing those of the child, whispered to him, "You would rather carry this food home with you, would you not?"

The boy made no answer, but a gleam of satisfaction brightened up his pallid countenance.

"How many have you in family?" inquired Edme.

"Three, besides myself; my mother and two little brothers."

"Have you no father?" said Edme.

"He is sick in the hospital," replied the poor little boy.

"Show me where your mother lives," said Edme; and telling the shop-boy to follow them with a little

basket of provisions, he accompanied the boy to his home. In a garret of an old dilapidated house, in one of those wretched streets of the capital where dirt and misery abound, lay a poor sickly-looking woman and two young children, on a bed of straw on the floor, the little ones looking as pale and emaciated as their mother. The first words uttered by the poor woman, on seeing her son enter, followed by a well-dressed young gentleman and a boy carrying a basket of provisions, were: "Oh Antoine, I fear you have been begging."

"No, indeed, he has not," said Edme, taking the things from the basket, and placing them beside her; "but I saw that he was in need himself, and I asked him about you."

The woman told her story, and the cause of her distress. Her husband was a mason, who had some weeks since fallen from a scaffolding and broken his leg; he was then in the hospital, and she feared it would be a long time before he would be able to follow his trade again. She was in bad health, and having two young children, was unable to do anything for their support; she had sold one article after another to procure food, till she was reduced to her present state of destitution. Antoine did what he could for them, and went out every day in hopes of being able to pick up some odd jobs, such as going messages or holding a gentleman's horse; but these opportunities seldom occurred, and he as well as the rest suffered from the want of sufficient food.

Edme promised to give them a little help every week, until her husband was able to return to his work; but the little boy exclaimed: "Oh, sir! let me earn it, else my mother will not like to take it."

"Very well," said Edme, "henceforth you are my servant, and I shall expect you to attend me daily."

He then told the lad where he lived, and took his leave.

Strange as these incidents will sound in English ears, they were in strict keeping with the future remarkable career of Edme Champion; but we must not anticipate. As he descended the stairs of this miserable dwelling, he could scarcely help exclaiming aloud: "Oh! how happy are the rich, who can give when they please and what they please!" The satisfaction Edme felt in having been able to relieve this poor family was not unmingled with uneasiness as to what his master would say, when the boy should make his appearance at his house; what would he think of his having engaged a servant? He was turning over in his mind the next morning how he should mention the circumstances to M. de Poilly, and excuse himself for what he had so hastily done, when that gentleman entered the workshop, followed by the unconscious cause of his uneasiness.

"Edme," said he, "here is a boy who declares that you have engaged him as a servant."

"He says the truth, sir," replied Edme, blushing the deepest crimson.

"And when did you begin to require the assistance of a servant, my boy?" inquired his astonished master.

"It is not I who require his assistance, sir," said Edme, "but he that requires mine."

"That makes a difference certainly," replied M. de Poilly, in a tone of so much kindness that

Edme, who had hitherto kept his eyes upon the ground, now ventured to look up into his master's face.

"And now tell me, Edme," he continued, "what wages have you promised him?"

"Why do you ask me that, sir?"

"That I may double them," replied his generous master.

Edme threw himself into his arms: "Oh, sir!" said he, "the mother and two little brothers of that poor boy were like himself perishing with hunger in a garret."

"You did quite right, Edme; and in future let me be a sharer in your works of charity, as you shall from this day be in my business."

Some years after this, M. de Poilly retired from business, and went to reside in England. Edme Champion then became head of one of the first establishments in Paris, and married Mademoiselle Jobbé, the daughter of a jeweller in Versailles, who, though she did not bring him much worldly wealth, was possessed of many estimable qualities both of mind and heart. By a series of those vicissitudes to which commercial people are always exposed, and which the revolution of 1793 rendered almost universal, Champion lost all that it had taken him years of labour to acquire. Summoning religion and fortitude to his aid, he determined to commence the world again, without applying to any person for assistance. He was surprised one morning by a visit from M. Bellapcourt, the engraver, a person with whom he had scarcely any acquaintance.

"Monsieur Champion," said he, "I understand that you have shared in the general ruin, and are become a bankrupt. You will require capital to recommence your business. I have 80,000 francs which are at your service."

"Sir," replied Champion, much astonished, "I have no security to offer you for such a sum."

"Pardon me, sir, you have the very best that I could get—your character; and for the interest of my money, I solicit your friendship."

It would be pleasing if we could more frequently meet with traits of this kind, men holding each other in such high esteem that one would entrust his wealth to the integrity of another, and that other holding his word to be as sacred as his bond.

The brilliant court of Bonaparte brought precious stones and jewellery of every description into such request that Champion speedily more than recovered his losses. To exemplary probity, indefatigable industry, and strict economy, Champion was indebted for that fortune of which he made so noble a use. There can be few in Paris who have not heard of that mysterious person who for many years was designated by the title of the man *au Petit Manteau Bleu*; that person whom the first frosts of winter brought upon Pont-Neuf, with boilers of hot soup and vegetables, cartloads of wood, and many other comforts for the poor, which he distributed with his own hands. He selected this spot as the scene of his benevolent exertions, in commemoration of its being the place where he had first enjoyed the happiness of being able to relieve a fellow-creature. The name of Edme Champion will long live in the hearts of thousands whom it has been his privilege to relieve; and if it has not acquired a brilliant celebrity, it has

obtained what must have been more satisfactory to his own feelings, and more acceptable to his Divine Master, "the blessing of him that was ready to perish." The man in the little blue mantle was at his post but a short time since; unlike the swallows that appear in spring, and depart with the fine weather, it was the severe weather that brought him out. It was not at the parties of the rich, or the houses of the great that he was to be found, but amidst those who were suffering and who required his aid; it was on Pont-Neuf, surrounded and blessed by those whose misery he was relieving. He purchased all the woods which surround Châtel-Censoir, and the cuttings of these woods were distributed to the poor. In 1832, he was presented with the cross of the Legion of Honour.*

Monsieur Champion died, since the above was written, in the early part of June, 1852, after a few days' illness, aged 89 years, deeply and deservingly lamented. His little blue mantle, so well known to the poor of Paris, decorated his coffin.

The above biography was published, we may observe, during his life time by Madame Foa, who it is supposed was a friend of Edme Champion, and therefore in a position to know the singular facts of his history.

THE FIRM OF MESSRS. SPINNERS & CO.

It is the middle of October; the days are shorter than the nights, and admonitory symptoms of approaching winter are perceptible in the chilly atmosphere. In our little suburban garden, things have within the last few weeks assumed a new appearance; the flowerets are dying or dead, and the walks are covered with brown leaves, sodden with the showers of day-time and the dews of night. With the exception of one laggard nasturtium, which droops its head abashed, like a tardy guest arrived after the feast is over, not a single blossom is to be seen worth looking at. The starry chrysanthemum has not yet condescended to come forth: she waits until the night of winter shall

have set in, when she will shine alone. A few cloudy and rainy days have prevented our usual morning "turn in the garden," and we are struck with the remarkable change that has taken place. Yet it is one which we have often noticed as regularly occurring at this time of the year—not the falling of the leaves, the withering of the flowers, and such-like autumnal manifestations—we do not refer to these, but to a phenomenon invariably accompanying them, though much less generally observed. To describe the change we refer to in a few words—our little floral paradise is suddenly transformed into the manufactory, or rather the slaughterhouse of the firm of Messrs. Spinners & Co. These long-legged gentry, commonly known as garden spiders, have taken possession of it *en masse*, and with a grand and manifold display of geometric talent, have hung out their all but invisible banners in every direction. From every bush and herb and withering flower; from every projecting twig of the vine, where the small black grapes are ripening slowly, to perish by the first frost ere they are worth the gathering; from every creeper on the wall, and every dry stick stuck upright in the mould, there hangs a dew-fringed iris-coloured disk of network, brilliant this damp morning with all the hues of the rainbow; and each one guarded in the centre, or it may be in the cavity of a neighbouring leaf, which he has cabled up in the form of a cylinder, by a black, motionless, and big-bellied member of the Spinners' Company. The insects have had it all their own way in the garden during the long summer months, and now the spiders are taking their turn. There is, however, no necessity for attributing to the tribe of spinners the virtue of abstinence during the hot months. They are an industrious fraternity, and they have done as much business as they could. But now is their especial business season; they always rejoice in an influx of custom just as the watering-places go out of fashion, and comfortable people begin to pack themselves up for the winter. They live by carrying on war against the insect races, and their strategy is that of a cunning general who defers his grand attack until the foe is already weakened by famine or adverse circumstances. In October, Mr. Moth is as drowsy as a glutton after dinner, and as feeble as a medical patient under a dose of morphia. Mr. Huet, too, is in a state of lackadaisical bewilderment, and spends half the day on the sunny side of a wall, rubbing his nose with his criss-crossed feelers, feeling in all his pockets with all his legs, and wondering apparently what is to turn up next. Our venerable friend, old Father Longlegs, is grown a complete cripple; his six spindle shanks transformed into a set of unmanageable crutches, upon which he hobbles with a most ungraceful gait when his failing wings can no longer support him in the air. As for the rabble of gnats and house-flies and such small deer, having made no sort of provision for the winter which they feel coming upon them, their hearts are dying within them, and they are completely at their wits' end. Now, then, the Messrs. Spinners, like prudent managers, "come out strong." They step forth in the shape of an armed intervention, to settle the affairs of embarrassed gentlemen who have got into difficulties through want of prudence during the "long vaca-

* An idea of Edme Champion's charities may be formed from the following account of him which appeared a short time ago in a contemporary periodical:—"The ragged prowling wretches who ulcerate Paris would wait patiently for hours on his track, and catching sight of his well-known blue cloak in the distance, would say, 'Ah, here comes the little blue mantle. We are going to get something to eat!' Waistcoats and shoes were, however, his specialities. A benumbed wretch would be shivering in a gateway, tightly embracing his bare chest with his shrunken arms: Little Blue Mantle would collar him fiercely, force him severely into a warm woollen waistcoat; and, before the man could thank him, Little Blue Mantle would be a hundred yards away, brandishing his soup-jugs. A little half-congealed stomy of a girl would be crying on a door-step, her poor shoeless feet quite violet with the pitiless cold: incontinently she would be caught up from behind, seated on a pair of friendly knees, told half a merry story; and, a minute after, left staggering in the unwanted luxury of a whole pair of shoes. I need not say that this man was adored by the poor: that mothers brought their children to him for a benediction; that in the awful habitations he almost alone ventured into, thieves and murderers would have ropt each other in pieces before they would have suffered a hair of his head to be touched. I have conversed with a gentleman who assured me that, on one occasion, a great hulking savage giant of a horse-slaughterer, the terror even of his savage quarter, fell on his knees before him, and exclaimed 'with perfect French bombast', but with perfect sincerity, 'And is it possible that such a man can walk on earth?' He expected to see full-fledged wings sprout from the Little Blue Mantle."

tion." They issue their *capias ad respondendum* in the appropriate form of an invisible net; and no sooner does the suit thus commenced result in a *habeas corpus*, than—how unlike the torturing progress of human litigation—there is an end of the case at once—*habeas corpus* being the consummation of all processes in the Spinners' court of law.

Before taking a nearer glance at the doings of the formidable and ferocious fraternity of spiders, it may be as well to look for a moment at the apparatus with which they are provided to ensnare their winged victims. Everybody is familiar with the appearance of the spider's web; but everybody is not aware that, though composed of threads so minute as to be almost invisible, and singly barely visible to the touch, yet each of these threads is a combination of as many or more strands as go to the composition of the strongest ship's cable. The spider's spinning apparatus is situated in the lower part of the abdomen, and consists of four minute, barrel-shaped spinnarets, and, beneath them, a pair of jointed feeler-like appendages. The extremity of each of the two upper spinnarets is a flattened circumference, pierced with innumerable holes like a colander, through each of which a filament is drawn during the formation of a thread. The construction of the two lower spinnarets is different; for although these are in like manner perforated with numerous apertures resembling those in the upper ones, they are also provided with prominent tubes, from each of which a thread is likewise furnished. Within the body of the spider are a number of bags filled with liquid silk, which at the pleasure of the insect can be made to exude through the orifices above described. When, therefore, the creature wishes to form a rope, it simply applies the ends of its spinnarets to a fixed object, and drawing a filament of fluid silk through every pore, its line of course consists of so many threads as there are holes in the perforated plates of its four barrel-like colanders. The spider is further capable of spinning ropes of different qualities. It has been ascertained that the spiral lines of the garden-spinner's net are both highly adhesive and elastic, while the radii and the boundary line are inadhesive and but slightly elastic. A little reflection will suggest the reason why the spider has been provided with a rope of such complex construction, while in the case of other insects a single thread drawn from the orifice of a single tube, is sufficient for all the required purposes. The silk, it must be remembered, is in a fluid state in the body of either insect. The slow-moving caterpillar, as it leisurely produces its silken cord, gives time enough for the fluid of which it is formed to harden by degrees, as it issues by instalments from the labial pipe; but the habits of the spider require a very different mode of proceeding, as its line must be *instantly* converted from a fluid into a strong rope, or it would be of no use to bind the captive prey. It is for this reason, doubtless, that his rope is subdivided into numerous filaments, so attenuated as we have seen them to be, that no time is lost in the drying, and that they at once harden into solidity ready for immediate service. The feet of the spider are constructed upon a plan singularly suitable to his circumstances. Each foot is armed with strong horny claws furnished

along their under surface with bent teeth. By means of this apparatus he is able to dispose of his rope as it issues from the spinnarets; and also to suspend himself by an almost invisible line, which he can coil up or let out at pleasure, with a readiness and facility perfectly marvellous to witness.

We will now, with the reader's permission, return to our friends in the garden, and see what they are about. Here is a fine portly spinner, with a back of Vandyke-brown, varied with gray and bright yellow spots; he hangs "quiet as a stone" in the centre of his broad net, suspended mainly by his front pair of legs, as you can see by the extra tension of the elastic cross-bars upon which he bears the most of his weight. You see as we touch with this straw the outer bounding line and the long ropes more than a yard in length, which strengthen the whole fabric, and fasten it to the wall on one side and the rose-tree on the other, that we do not disturb him; at least, he takes no notice. Observe, too, that the straw comes readily away from these straight lines; you may touch any of the radii in any part without injuring the web; but if we touch either of the spiral lines, it adheres to the straw, and the web is rent in withdrawing it. There! the experiment has disturbed the spinner; he apprehends danger, and is making off; he is not, however, much frightened, and merely shelters himself in the cavity of a curled leaf until we shall have passed on, when he will come back again.

But come this way! here we are just in time to witness a battle-royal, but it will be one of cunning and confidence against rashness and despair. An over-gorged flesh-fly is caught by the shoulder of one wing in the viscid and elastic web which a crafty spinner has carried, by the aid of a projecting twig, above the level of the garden wall. He is thrashing away with all his might, agitating the vine-leaves to which the net is fastened, and has already rent away several square inches of the snare. Master Spinner, however, is darting round him in every direction, with the rapidity of an arrow, and with an agility of which you would not have thought his heavy body capable. Now the thrashing noise is hushed; that frantic wing which occasioned it is bound down with a dozen invisible threads strong as death, and veritable bands of fate to the luckless captive. Still he does not give it up, but struggles manfully with his legs and with convulsive throes of his body, that threaten to shake the web to pieces. Mr. Spinner now runs to the other side of his net, and confronts the kicking legs. He knows well enough what to do with them. A few turns backwards and forwards, and the recalcitrant members are fixed as firmly in the stocks as if a parish beadle had been employed for the purpose. The struggles of the floor captive are reduced now to a series of agonising throes and heavings with his body, expressive of the horrible anticipation of his fast-impending fate. The executioner, however, soon relieves him from his despairing agonies. Placing himself face to face with the pinioned victim, and in a manner embracing him, as it were, with his fatal arms, he plunges the sharp fangs of his murderous mouth into his breast, and sucks the life-blood from his quivering body. But all, be it remarked, is by no means over: it is now between nine and ten in the

morning; the slaughtering spinner has ensnared and subdued his victim, and has settled himself down to the enjoyment of a feast which will endure the best part of the live-long day. If you come again at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, it is ten to one but you find him still sucking away at the shrunken and exhausted carcase. So soon as it is drained dry, and no longer of any use to the spider, he will sever the confining threads, and the first breath of wind that blows will clear his web of the empty shell.

Let us leave him to his enjoyment, which, sanguinary as it is, it is not clear that we have any right to disturb, and pay a little attention to the operations of his neighbour, Spinner No. 2, who happens to be overloaded with business, having to attend upon two customers at once. A lively blue-bottle, and a common house-fly, have both blundered into the snare together. Mr. Spinner, who does business very much upon the system prevalent in human establishments, attends first upon the personage of most importance. The blustering blue-bottle, always a noisy and pretentious fellow, and now in a state of especial fury, is speedily reduced to the rules of good behaviour by the delicate restraints which Mr. Spinner knows so well how to administer. Being well swaddled up, like a kicking baby after a cold bath, he is left for a few minutes to plunge about as he best can, while Spinner turns his attention to the house-fly, who being a customer in a much smaller way, is not honoured by any very protracted ceremony. It is not worth while to waste any of his valuable web upon a victim who has not strength to resist; so he takes him at once in his arms, just as we have sometimes seen a very small child take a very big pitcher in both hands to drink from it, and drains him dry with a few sucks. Having thus whetted his appetite, he is off again to the blue-bottle, to whose mortal struggles he puts a speedy end, *secundum artem*.

The next member of this prosperous company with whom we have to deal, is an impudent fellow who has built up his geometrical trap right in our path, fencing off the whole gravel walk, and blocking up our way as though he had laid himself out to catch a blue jacket instead of a blue-bottle. We shall teach him manners and modesty, and shall act upon the law in such cases made and provided, and which was laid down long ago by Cowper in *The Task*. With just such fellows as these spinners in his eye, the poet says:—

"If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs."

There! that's as good as "crown's quest law," and we shall proceed to enforce it; but seeing that it is doubtful whether under present circumstances the bard, who had a tender heart, would have doomed the intruder to death, we shall give him the benefit of the doubt, and content ourselves with watching how he will behave himself when his handiwork is destroyed. Presto! with a couple of whisks of our walking-stick, the whole wondrous web has disappeared, being wound round the top of it. Quick as thought, poor Spinner, struck with mortal fear, has swung himself down to the ground, and showing four fair pairs of

heels, is scuttling, straddling, and scrambling away as fast he can get over the ground. But now mark the marvellous sagacity of the creature: he seems to know that his liberal display of long legs in helter-skelter motion is more likely to attract attention, which may be death to him, than no motion at all. He seems to know too, in fact he does know, there is no doubt of it, that he is himself of a dark brown, almost a black colour, while the gravel upon which he has alighted is nearer to a light yellow. What does he do? Look at him! he scampers by the nearest possible route off the light-coloured gravel to the little fringe of brown mould beneath the box border, and then suddenly drawing in and concealing every one of his long legs as effectually as if he had pocketed them, he throws himself upon his back, and simulates a small pebble or lump of mould so perfectly, that you would never dream that he was anything else, if you had not watched the manoeuvre. Let him alone, however, and he will turn to his feet before long, and steal off, all the wiser for his experience, and construct a new snare in a safer place.

But we pass on to another member of the firm, who has got a job in hand for which it is pretty plain, though he is the biggest we have yet seen, that he has no stomach. What makes him stand aloof upon the boundary line of his web, under a rose leaf, watching the devastation of his labours without moving a finger to prevent it? Ha, ha! he has caught a Tartar. A poor, half-starved, half-frozen, miserable outcast of a wasp has wandered unconsciously into the trap, and Mr. Spinner, for divers good and sufficient reasons, declines to welcome the unwished-for guest. Some how or other, he does not relish the look of him; perhaps he smells taggers, and knows that marauder wasp wears a weapon; at any rate, he gives him a wide berth, and looks quietly on while one strand after another of his filmy edifice is rent away, and the whole is going fast into ruin. Whiz! the wasp is off at last, and away with him flies the best half of the interior portion of the web, leaving a wreck of broken ropes dangling in the air, which will furnish employment for Mr. Spinner for the next hour in repairing them.

The next web that we come to, appears to be deserted by its owner, but on a careful search we discover him comfortably shokered in one of the leaves of the vine, which he has transformed by means of some hundreds of cables judiciously applied, into a neat penthouse impervious to the rain, having drawn the edges of the leaf together, and bound them down in the shape of a green funnel closed at one end, the other opening towards his snare. There he is inside clasping in his deadly arms a poor lady-bird who never got into his web, but whom he doubtless hunted down in a foray among the vine-leaves. But look here! Here is a spectacle far more remarkable. Another of these cormorant garden spinners has abandoned his web for a time, and, at a distance of near a foot from it, is standing upon the level arena of a broad leaf, measuring with his eye the thews and sinews of a hunting-spider quite as large as himself, with the exception of his unwieldy belly. The hunter, a lean, savage, and active fellow, is determined upon the attack. He flies at his breast with the rapidity

of a shot, and retreats again as rapidly, having perhaps inflicted a slight scratch or wound. He repeats the attack a dozen times, and a dozen times escapes the spinner's attempt to grapple him. Spinner, not apparently relishing these repeated thrusts, draws in his legs, and reared on end, presents them, woven into a kind of basket-work, as a shield to the assaults of the enemy; at the same time he counterfeits fear and retreats a full inch nearer to his web. The hunter, too, takes up new ground, and renews his attacks with greater audacity, wearying himself with fruitless headlong assaults. At length he pauses for a moment to take breath. Now is the spinner's opportunity; he plunges upon him with outstretched arms; the other rears up to receive him; their sixteen hairy limbs are locked fast in the death struggle: kicking, biting, twisting, writhing, and plunging over and over, it seems for a few moments doubtful as to which is the better man; but the web of the spinner, like the net of the gladiator in the circus of old Rome, decides the battle. You can see a complete cloud of thin gauze-like threads issuing from Spinner's ropery, in which the poor hunter becomes soon so completely wrapped up that his struggles are no longer discernible. The battle is over, and the victor taking his prey, in the shape of a gray bundle almost as big as himself in his arms, hurries with it to the centre of his web, and, like a greedy cannibal as he is, addresses himself at once to the feast of blood.

We can notice but the doings of one more member of this celebrated firm. He, beyond all the others, is most fortunate this morning, having just made a grand catch of a monster daddy long-legs, which we should imagine is of all fish the biggest that comes to the spider's net. Further, he is a sort of insect whom having once caught, there is no danger of losing again. There are many of the larger insects which, like the flesh-fly and the blue-bottle, would burst away from the spider's snare in a very few seconds, were it not for the toils which are instantly wound round them by the watchful hunter. Not so with the crane-fly, or father long-legs: the more he kicks and plunges about with his unwieldy shanks and flusters with his gauze-like wings, the deeper he gets into it, and the less chance there is of his escape. Mr. Spinner still does not neglect him on that account; but he sets about his business with more deliberation, and with far more appearance at least of system, than strikes us in his dealings with the others. You observe that he walks round him at a considerable distance, and if you watch him closely, you will see that the long legs of the struggling creature become bount down one at a time, parallel with and close to his writhing body, until the whole six are thus securely bestowed. The wings are fast glued to the viscid cross lines of the web. The poor wretch still twists and turns his long trunk in the toils, and all the while the spider is wrapping it up in a shroud of web-work until it is as completely covered as was ever the mummy of Cheops in the great Egyptian pyramid. Not till the whole of this business is carefully performed, and poor daddy, buried alive, has assumed the aspect of a chrysalis in his silken cocoon, does the spinner pause in his work, or deign to inflict the deadly wound.

The garden-spiders rarely build their snares very high; a distance of from three to five feet above the ground seems to be their average range, though occasionally they are met with much higher. This precaution is perhaps taken on account of the birds. Be this as it may, we have seen a hungry cock-robin dart at a fly while the spider was dealing with him, and carry him off, with spinner dangling below. It is curious that, though the garden-spider devours gnats, there is a larger species of fly which, though it often becomes entangled in his web, he never touches, but leaves to struggle out if it can, or to die of starvation if it cannot; we have watched them and have known them for days together in the snare, and have often released them alive without disturbing the spider from his lair. The fly we speak of is small and exceedingly elegant in shape, and so infinitesimally light, that it will walk about leisurely, as we have seen it do, upon the convex surfaces of the bubbles swimming on porter, without breaking them.

The operations of the firm of Messrs. Spinners & Co. continue but for a short period, which is always very much dependent upon the state of the weather. Jack Frost is the grand wholesale dealer in insect life. His approach strikes them dumb; and then the spinners shut-up shop, and retire to their winter retreats.

The spiders have but a very indifferent character among naturalists. They are stigmatized as murderers throughout their whole career. But they have their favourable qualities, or at least one quality of this character. If the female sometimes devours her husband—as she will do, if he dares approach her when she is not in a good humour—she is, on the other hand, devoted to her offspring: she lugs them about with her wherever she goes, so long as they are unable to provide for themselves, and rather than forsake them she will die in their defence.*

A VISIT TO SPIKE ISLAND.

THE harbour of Cork has long been celebrated for its picturesque beauty, as well as for its perfect security as a haven for ships. The beautiful river Lee, from the time that it takes its silvery rise amongst the romantic solitudes of Gongane Barra until it mingles its clear bright waters with the ocean, winds its smiling way between banks of unsurpassed loveliness. The harbour, which stretches out in a broad and ample expanse of water in front of Cove (called Queenstown since the visit of her majesty in 1849), is about six miles in length and three in breadth. The principal island in it is Spike. This contains 180 acres, and directly faces the entrance of the harbour, for the defence of which it had been strongly fortified. In the seventeenth century it belonged to the Roche and Galway families, in Cork, by whom it was forfeited in

* Young readers are apt to be perplexed at the appearance of cruelty in nature, such as seems to exist in the arrangements of spiders as a class in creation; but it must be remembered that spiders keep down the excess of insect life, and that the death of their victims, being almost instantaneous, is attended with only a momentary pain.

the great Rebellion of 1641. On the accession of Charles II an order was made for its restoration; but the "law's delay," and the tenacity with which the new occupant held, baffled all efforts for its recovery. In 1698, Joost, earl of Albemarle, who had obtained a grant thereof, conveyed to William Smith of Ballymore 56 acres of the lands of Spike Island, the estate of Arthur Galway, attained. The government purchased it, at the commencement of the French war, from Nicholas Filson. In 1791, Fort Westmoreland battery, intended to mount 100 guns, was commenced, and, in 1806, the barracks were erected. Enormous sums were expended in fortifying the island, yet the only use made of it for many years was as a barrack for a small garrison.

Not very long since, government conceived the plan of converting this most salubrious spot into a convict dépôt, or rather a penal settlement for the confinement and reformation of criminals. Large buildings adapted to the purpose were speedily erected, and an admirable system of discipline, and instruction in various branches of industrial employment, organized. On landing at the island, a wide sloping road conducts the visitor to the strongly-secured entrance gate of the prison, which, but for its security, is so light, airy, and cheerful-looking, that it scarcely seems to deserve that dismal name. Bounding three sides of a vast quadrangle, are the buildings devoted to the prisoners' accommodation. In my life I never saw any place kept in such perfect order, and so exquisitely clean. The whitest deal table, the housewife's pride in the neatest cottage in England, would be put to shame by the woodwork in the dormitories, lavatories, and eating-rooms; while, in the latter, the tins and platters were so lustrous in their unsullied purity that they seemed to impart quite an epicurean flavour to the excellent brown bread and sweet milk, the prison fare. In the dormitories, the bedding was neatly, and with more than naval precision, rolled up in each compartment; while it was pleasant to see a small collection of well-chosen books (some of them works of devotion) appropriated to each convict. The school-room, used on Sundays as a place of worship, is a large airy apartment; and in it the juvenile prisoners, indeed all who cannot read, are instructed in the rudiments of useful knowledge.

The first reflection that occurred to me and my companions, as we entered it, was:—"Well! there is a great deal of truth in phrenology!" Assuredly a worse or more degraded-looking set of heads, over some of whom scarcely eleven summers had passed, were never collected together to justify the creed of Gall and Spurzheim. One sullen-looking lad of twelve, with fierce yet down-cast eyes, was there to expiate the crime of murder. But, as our conductor informed us, the majority of these young offenders had been used as the tools of older villains, put in through window-panes to aid in house-breaking, etc., and good hopes were entertained of their reformation. Some of them, the deputy-governor told us, while his eyes sparkled with benevolent pleasure, had, on the expiration of their term of punishment, emigrated to Australia, there become virtuous and industrious characters, and written grateful letters to him, saying that they owed their present prosperity to the lessons

of religion and practice of industry required at Spike Island.

The range of workshops presented a busy and interesting scene. All the clothing, including shoes and stockings, worn by the convicts is manufactured by themselves. Rope mats, and various other articles, are made for sale; the produce forming a fund for bestowal on the best-behaved at their liberation. Each convict, at his entrance, is given his choice as to what handicraft he will learn, and that he is obliged to pursue with regular industry; so that many an ignorant boy, whom sheer idleness has tempted into vice, leaves the prison with a complete knowledge of some useful trade. A number of the prisoners are employed, of course under careful surveillance, in out-door manual labour, perfecting the government works, throwing up mounds, etc.

Let it not be thought that the prisoners are treated with undue softness or indulgence. On the contrary, the unvaried though wholesome food, the silence required to be maintained during the greater part of the day, the continued and enforced occupation, above all, the restraint and total deprivation of liberty, are sufficiently unpleasant, to a set of reckless, vicious, idle Irishmen, to render the settlement what it ought to be—penal.

Amongst the elder convicts I remarked one fine-looking old man, whose placid countenance and venerable white hair made one feel that he was not a fit associate for those around him. When out of his hearing, I asked what his crime had been.

"Ah! poor creature!" was the reply; "it would be hard to call him a thief. In the time of the black potatoes, the hard dreadful famine times, he stole a sheep, to keep himself and his family from dying of starvation. Of course, when he was convicted, he was sent here as a punishment; but we don't consider him a common thief. Before this he always bore an excellent character, and so he will again, we trust, when he gets out."

Owing to the admirable sanitary arrangements at Spike, and the great salubrity of the air, it is a remarkably healthy prison, and convicts in bad health are frequently drafted thither from other parts of the kingdom. Altogether it is a very interesting spot to visit, and so secure, as a place of confinement, that although the convicts are allowed to bathe daily in the sea, but one instance, I believe, has been known of a prisoner succeeding in effecting his escape.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE event which the laws of human life have long been admonishing us to look for, but which the public mind has been reluctant to entertain, came to pass suddenly and unexpectedly. The great Duke, the hero of a hundred fights, has departed to his long home. The warrior, who braved peril and confronted death in a thousand shapes, has died at last, in advanced old age, peacefully in his own house, far from the din and tumult of battle, the bustle of the court, and the strife of the senate. His name, more than that of any other man, living or dead, has been for the last fifty years a household word, and his decease has created a void which no other name can fill.

Arthur Wellesley was the son of the Right Honourable Earl and Countess of Mornington, and was born in the latter end of April or the beginning of May, 1769. His father died in 1781, and the care of the future hero devolved upon his mother, who was well qualified for the task. By her direction he was sent to Eton College, and subsequently to the military seminary of Angers in France. In March, 1787, being then in his eighteenth year, he received his first commission as an ensign in the 73rd regiment of foot. In the same year he moved as lieutenant to the 76th, and was afterwards transferred to the 41st foot and the 12th light dragoons successively. In June, 1791, he obtained a captaincy in the 58th, from which corps he exchanged into the 18th light dragoons. At length, in April, 1793, he obtained his majority in the 33rd, which he commanded personally through the early stages of his career. He owed his rapid promotions, it may be supposed, to his family connections. Before he had witnessed active warfare, he was returned (in 1790) to the Irish parliament, for the family borough of Trim. It was not till the spring of 1794, when he was twenty-five years old, that he embarked for the continent, at the head of his regiment, for actual service. His first practical lesson in arms was one of adversity; and his first military operation was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. The allied powers were driven by the French republicans to a disastrous retreat into Westphalia, whence the British embarked on board their ships. In this retreat, Wellesley, with his 33rd regiment, occupied the post of honour, the rearguard.

In the spring of 1796, the 33rd received instructions to embark for Bengal; and in February, 1797, Arthur Wellesley landed at Calcutta, to commence those memorable campaigns by which the British empire in the east was finally established. By a singular coincidence, his brother, Lord Mornington, was nominated to the governor-generalship of India, a few months after his arrival out. The brothers met at Calcutta in 1798. Then followed the famous war resulting in the death of Tippee, and the capture of Seringapatam, in which the future conqueror of Napoleon first won consideration and renown. By midsummer of the following year the capital had fallen, and Wellesley, having succeeded to the chief command, was virtually governor of Mysore. The year 1800 witnessed the summary rout and extinction of the desperado Doondiah, "king of the two worlds." Towards the end of this year, Colonel Wellesley received the command of a force collected in Ceylon, intended in some way to check the demonstrations of Napoleon in Egypt against our eastern possessions; but, from a misunderstanding, his proceedings while in command of this force were condemned and himself superseded. He returned to his command in Mysore. We have no space to enter upon the details of the Mahratta war, which was virtually decided by the desperate daring of Wellesley at the battle of Assaye, where the enemy numbered at least five to one, and where the slaughter among the British force was at one time so terrific, that of a company consisting of fifty men and their officers, six only were not struck down by the fire of the enemy. This battle was

fought in the autumn of 1803. In the subsequent war, with Holcar and Scindiah, Wellesley took no active part. He sailed on his return to England in the spring of 1805, and arrived here in September, having earned a major-generalship, the knighthood of the Bath, and the thanks of the king and parliament.

In 1807, Sir Arthur set out in command of the military operations in the expedition to Copenhagen, where he routed the Danes at Kioge, taking 1500 prisoners; and afterwards managed the negotiations for the capitulation of the city.

In the year following, the British ministry had resolved upon an expedition to the Peninsular territories, with the view of further stimulating the patriotic resistance, which had been unexpectedly displayed by the inhabitants, against the audacious rapacity of Napoleon. Sir Arthur was nominated to the command, and having succeeded in landing his troops, defeated the French generals Laborde and Loison on the heights of Rolica, on the 17th of August; thus winning the first in the long series of victories which cleared the Peninsula of invaders. He was, however, almost immediately after the battle of Vimiera, superseded by the arrival of Sir Harry Burrard, and he returned to England towards the end of September to resume his seat in parliament. His absence from the seat of war was marked by signal disasters to the Peninsular forces, the fatal retreat of Moore's army to Corunna, and the possession of the Portuguese capital by the French. The national pride of the English was much mortified at these reverses, and they instinctively turned their eyes to Sir Arthur Wellesley, as the only man at once capable and confident of reviving the lustre of the British arms. Again he set out for the Peninsula, intrusted with the conduct of the campaign, and soon, in the face of every difficulty, re-established the ascendancy of the British. We have neither space nor inclination to detail the events of the war in which England was fairly pitted against France upon the soil of Spain, nor is it necessary that we should do so. Talavera, Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, the Douro, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, San Sebastian, Toulouse: these are syllables that sufficiently recal to our memories the deeds of Wellington—of a man who was never daunted by difficulty or dismayed by misfortune, but who, in spite of both, never "flinched nor failed until he had led his little army in triumph, not only from the Tagus to the Ebro, but across the Pyrenees into France, and returned himself by Calais to England, after witnessing the downfall of the French capital." The careful reader of history is not slow to discern that it was in the plains of the Peninsula that the independence of Europe was won. It was there, for the first time, that the legions of Napoleon were consecutively defeated, and lost the prestige of invincibility which had enabled him to dictate to the sovereigns of the continent. The early successes of Wellington may be said to have begotten the reverses of the Russian campaign and the final overthrow of the French emperor, inasmuch as they showed how he might be conquered by the union of skill and fortitude.

Sir Arthur returned home in 1814, to reap the rewards and honours due to his courage and sagacity. Talavera had made him a baron and a vis-

count; Ciudad Rodrigo an earl, Salamanca a marquiss, and Vittoria a duke; and as these honours had all accumulated in his absence, his successive patents were read together in a single day, as he took his seat for the first time, and with the highest rank, among the peers of England. But he had yet to add the climax to his military reputation, by a more signal triumph than any which he had won upon the fields of Spain. While the allied sovereigns were disputing over the trophies of their arms, their terrible antagonist re-appeared once more. Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and at the head of his veterans was advancing with an army as formidable as that of Austerlitz. Wellington, at the head of the English contingent, hastened to Belgium to meet him; and there, upon the plains of Waterloo, won that crowning victory which finally demolished the power of Napoleon, and restored Europe to a peace which has now endured for nearly forty years. The history and the results of that memorable conflict are familiar to the minds of Englishmen, and we are not called upon to detail them here. The battle of Waterloo terminated the military career of the great captain of the age.

We have now briefly to glance at the conduct of the Duke of Wellington as a senator and a subject. In this review, two things stand prominently forth, namely, his indifference to public report, favourable or unfavourable, and his adherence to what he conscientiously believed to be his duty, even against the cherished opinions either of himself or his party. His political principles were highly conservative, and when the domestic troubles which agitated this country soon after the cessation of the war, drew upon the Tory party the odium of the populace, the duke shared it with them. The people, under the influence of demagogues and mob-leaders, were seduced to the committal of violent excesses; they hatched chimerical plots, and spoke treason at their meetings. The government, on the other hand, was perhaps as unsparing as the poor were reckless and disloyal: they opposed disaffection by artillery and special commissions; they dispersed out-door assemblies by charges of cavalry, and hung up rioters and felons on the same gallows. They became very unpopular, and of their unpopularity the duke, from his known intimate connection with Lord Castlereagh, bore a large share. At the accession of Mr. Canning to the premiership, the duke, feeling that he could not co-operate with one who was a liberal by principle, resigned his seat in the cabinet; and further, laid at the king's feet the master-generalship of the ordnance, and the command-in-chief to which he had succeeded at the death of the Duke of York. He opposed upon principle the free-trade measures of Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson, and drew upon himself the charge of intriguing for the premiership—a charge from which he exculpated himself with much pains in the House of Lords, declaring that he was disqualified for the part of *primo minister*, and "that he should be mad to think of it." Yet, when Canning had died in the fourth month of his office—and a subsequent administration under Lord Goderich had been tried, and failed—he, at the instance of the perplexed sovereign (George IV), allowed himself to be gazetted as prime minister

of England, within eight months after the declaration above alluded to. He had now to deal with three great questions, with regard to each of which it may be fairly said, that he held opinions which were averse to any material change. These questions were those of religious disabilities, of free trade in corn, and of parliamentary reform. After resisting the popular demand for some time, he passed the Roman Catholic Relief Bill through the House of Lords, in the session of 1829, and it received the royal assent shortly after.

In the following year came the French Revolution, the news of which again awoke the cry for parliamentary reform, and occasioned the fall of the duke's government. He was succeeded by Lord Grey. When, in March, 1832, the Reform Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords, by a majority of nine, the duke, with seventy-four other peers, entered his protest on the journals. The opposition was, however, forced to yield by the decision of king William IV, and the bill was passed, and received the royal assent on the 7th of June, 1832. On the 15th of November in the same year, the reform ministry having broken up, the duke was directed by the king to form a new administration, when he recommended the appointment of Sir Robert Peel to the premiership—the duke holding the seals of the three secretaries of state until the cabinet was filled up, after which he took the direction of the foreign affairs. Early in 1834, his grace was unanimously elected Chancellor of Oxford, in the room of Lord Grenville, deceased. His popularity, which had suffered to such an extent through his opposition to the Reform Bill that the populace shamefully endeavoured to assault him, now speedily returned, and remained undiminished to the end of his life. His reception by the people at the coronation of the queen, in 1837, was warm and enthusiastic. On that occasion he dined with his old antagonist Marshal Soult, at the Guildhall; the healths of the two warriors were drunk together, and they complimented each other in the warmest manner.

Lord Melbourne resigning in 1839, the queen sent for the duke, and again, at his suggestion, commissioned Sir Robert Peel to form a ministry; but her majesty refusing to dismiss the ladies of her household, the Whigs returned to office. On the 15th of August, 1841, Lord Hill resigned the command of the army, through ill health, and the duke, returning once more to that important post, retained it to the period of his decease.

The career of the Duke of Wellington, through the whole of his long life, exemplified in a remarkable degree the preponderating influence of duty over every other consideration. It was his maxim, that "it is the duty of the wise man to choose the easier of the difficulties which beset him." Thus, though he withstood to the utmost of his power many important changes in the policy of this country, it was clearly from a sense of duty that he withstood them; but these changes having become laws, he declared that "he considered it his duty not only to submit to them, but to endeavour to carry their provisions into execution by every means in his power." His practical good sense led him thus to act; and it speaks volumes for the nobility of his character, that a man who had occupied so high a position in the eyes of the world,

could bow with such a grace to the demands of a policy which he had opposed.

The last appearance of the duke in public was on the occasion of the dissolution of Parliament, when he was seen in his place, bearing the sword of state. His last remarkable speech was in the House of Lords, when he came forward to signify his approbation of Sir Harry Smith's conduct of the Kaffir war.

He was residing at Walmer Castle at the time of his death. Only a few days previously he rode over to Dover, a distance of ten or twelve miles, on horseback, and there, in his capacity of Lord Warden, had inspected the works in progress at the harbour of refuge. He seemed in excellent health and spirits, and no one augured aught of the approaching calamity. He died, however, three days afterwards, after a succession of fits, on Tuesday, the 14th of September, at a quarter past three in the afternoon. He has left behind him two sons, Arthur Marquis of Douro, now second Duke of Wellington, and Lord Charles Wellesley, M.P. for Windsor.

We have been thus concise in sketching the leading events of the life of this great man, in order that we might leave room, in the narrow limits assigned us, to contemplate him if possible under the influence of circumstances calculated to reveal to us, more intimately than they can be gathered from his public history, some phases of his private and personal character. The triumphant commander, the arbiter of war, the stern senator, the counsellor of sovereigns—the iron Duke—stands too far aloof from our common sympathies. We claim a human relationship with the great departed, and in support of that claim we seek in his past deeds some touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. If we mistake not, the search will not be in vain. Let the reader go along with us.

The scene is the Mahratta territory in India—the time, the middle of summer in the year 1800. The desperate, plundering, and piratical rajah Doondiah Waugh, taking advantage of the temporary confusion caused by the capture of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo, has gathered around him a lawless host, consisting of freebooters and disbanded soldiers from the wreck of Tippoo's army. He has already plundered the rich province of Bednore with merciless severity, during the paralysis of government consequent upon the fall of the Mysore dynasty; and though he has encountered some checks from the operations of the British forces sent against him, he is still in the field, and daily augmenting his army by bands of roving adventurers attracted by the prospect of plunder. Arthur Wellesley, aware of the necessity of dissipating this horde of robbers, takes the field against it with two regiments of British and two of native dragoons. Doondiah, proud of a recent victory over a body of Mahratta horse, is progressing rapidly in the formation of a dynasty, and has already assumed the title of "king of the two worlds." But Colonel Wellesley is upon his track, and advancing with a rapidity unheard of over the burning sands and waterless plains of India, storms one garrison, carries another by escalade, routs one division of his army, capturing all the baggage

and artillery—and at length comes up with Doondiah himself, who, at the head of five thousand horse, is marching deliberately to the westward, little dreaming of the redoubtable foe so close at hand. Wellesley's force consisted in all but of twelve hundred men; but he advanced instantly to the attack against an enemy quadruple his own numbers. The marauders quailed before the charge of the British cavalry, their whole army was dispersed in the pursuit, and Doondiah himself slain—an event which at once terminated the war. His body was carried back in triumph to the British camp. But there was a certain item of the spoil destined to speak more loudly in praise of the conqueror than the body of the slain rajah. This was a little boy of four years old, the innocent son of the dead desperado. Colonel Wellesley took charge of the child himself, carried him to his own tent, protected him through his boyhood, and, on quitting India, left a sum of money in the hands of a friend to be applied to his use.

Again: it is near midnight, on the 7th of April, 1812; the scene is outside the walls of Badajoz, which the army of Wellington have been for the last nineteen days besieging. Practicable breaches have been made by the storming cannon; and it has been resolved that to-night the place shall be carried by assault. Already the war and tumult of carnage have commenced. The doomed city appears enveloped in one mass of flame; torrents of fire stream from every battlement and loophole; the blast of mortars, the crash of shells, the sharp shot of musketry, mingled with the mad hurrahs of the besiegers and the groans of the maimed and wounded, fill the night air with a horrible and deafening roar too fearful for the imagination to conceive. Under the terrible fire from the ramparts, and the frightful crashing of huge logs of wood, heavy stones, shells, and hand-grenades, the assailants are rushing to the breaches and cheering each other to the assault. Their voices are answered by loud shouts of defiance from the enemy. Hundreds are blown into the air at once by the explosion of a mine; but thousands more, pausing but for a moment on the edge of the fiery chasm, leap into it. Numbers wandering from the right track fall into an inundated trench, and are drowned; but their dead bodies fill up the ditch and form a ghastly bridge over which their comrades rush to the slaughter. The shouts of the combatants are heard above the roaring of the guns and the thunder of the batteries. In vain the men rush up to the breaches: ponderous beams, thickly studded with sword-blades, bar their entry, while sharp spikes infix among the ruins pierce their feet, and discharges of grape and musketry tear down their ranks. The scaling ladders break beneath the weight of the eager soldiers, who, falling from them, are pierced by the bayonets of their comrades beneath, and die miserably. Hundreds have fallen, but hundreds more are eager for the fray. Picton, himself badly wounded, at length recoils for a moment's breathing time behind the shelter of a projecting hill. But the pause is only for a moment; the attack is immediately renewed; determined fortitude is united with desperate daring, and war in horrible sublimity gluts himself with blood. During the acting of this portentous scene, the Duke of Wel-

lington remains in one position, readily accessible to messengers from each of the attacking parties. He hears from time to time, with unmoved countenance, of the desperate resistance which his troops are encountering. He knows but too well how fearful is the work of death that is going forward; but the deed must be done; the fate of Europe depends upon his perseverance at this decisive moment, and his countenance is unmoved at the intelligence. One aide-de-camp after another departs with fresh instructions, while the awful storm of fire rages with undiminished fury. At length comes the welcome announcement that the castle is taken; the possession of the town soon follows; and then all is enthusiasm and joy. "But," says Alison, "when Wellington, at a subsequent period of the night, learned the full extent of the havoc made in his brave men, his wonted firmness gave way, and he yielded to a passionate burst of grief." That memorable siege entailed a loss of five thousand men and officers, of whom no less than three thousand five hundred were struck down in the assault.

Again: the scene changes to Vittoria, and the time is the midsummer of 1813. Wellington had been for some time driving Joseph Bonaparte before him, compelling the encumbered usurper to evacuate one post after another, until at length he mustered resolution to make a stand at Vittoria. It happened, fatally for Joseph's laurels, that his army, who had little confidence in his generalship, was more disposed for securing their plunder than for battle. They experienced on that spot the most conclusive defeat ever sustained by the French arms since the battle of Blenheim. The entire host was routed, with inconsiderable slaughter, but with irrecoverable discomfiture. They left behind them in their flight such an heterogeneous company of camp-followers as no conqueror before or since ever numbered among the trophies of his sword. In addition to the usual military baggage and ammunition, there were carts, wagons, travelling carriages, and vehicles of every description, crammed with actors, jugglers, buffoons, dancing-masters, and the finest works of art plundered from the Spanish collections—all bound for *la belle France* under the protection of the brother of the emperor. The terror and mortal panic of this mixed mob of non-combatants, as the English, bearing down upon them, thundered with their artillery over their heads upon the rear of the flying French, has been humorously described to us by an eye-witness of the scene. The noise of the booming shot as the heavy masses whizzed and whistled above them threw them into ecstasies of fear: some leaped from their carriages, and cast themselves prostrate on the ground; while others, petrified with alarm, lost all power of motion. They offered money freely for the bare promise of protection; and they were tolerably well relieved of their cash when they fell into the hands of the victorious soldiers. Among them, however, were several unfortunate ladies, the wives and families of officers of the defeated French army; these Wellington, with the true instinct of a gentleman and a hero, restored to their partners and friends, despatching them with a safe escort in the track of the retreating army; thus crowning the victory of the day with an act of generosity and humanity.

Once more: the scene is the plain of Waterloo, on the terrible 18th of June, 1815, and the shades of evening are descending upon the close of a strife as fierce and deadly as earth ever trembled to witness. From eleven in the forenoon until sunset the thundering roar of artillery has scarcely intermitted for a moment. Tens of thousands of gallant fellows, who rose that morning breathing hope and courage, are locked in the stark embrace of death, or writhing and weltering in blood upon the sodden soil. Hour after hour have the squares of the British, "rooted to the earth," been fighting the battle of endurance, closing up mechanically, as their ranks, mown down by cannon shot, dwindled gradually away. Hour after hour has the duke, watching from his position the operations of his redoubtable antagonist, played with cool and wary hand the terrible game of war, and kept the foe in check—biding his time to deal the decisive blow. Often is he seen to pluck forth his watch—to sweep the horizon with his telescope—while the expression of anxiety slowly gathers upon his face, and the wish escapes him, "Would to God that Blücher or the night were come!" and again, "It is now three o'clock, and Blücher not yet arrived!". Death is busy around him. One brigade, reduced to a third of its numbers, sends a request to be relieved. "Tell your general," says the duke, "what he asks is impossible: he and I, and every Englishman on the field, must die on the spot we now occupy." "Enough," returned the general, "I and every man under my command will share his fate." This was the stern valour that won that dreadful victory. It was the fortitude begotten by a consciousness of the justice of the cause which won the victory of Waterloo. But the Prussians arrive at length. The sight of their dense masses emerging from a distant wood compels the perplexed usurper to risk everything upon one desperate attack with his cherished guard. On they come, the veterans of twenty campaigns, "regular as rolling water;" but from the concentric fire of ten thousand levelled tubes they are mown down like grass before the scythe; pressed onward from the rear the front masses move to inevitable doom, and not till their route is well-nigh barred with the dying and the dead do they pause, then reel and recoil, and then retreat in disorder. Napoleon witnesses the irreparable disaster, and pale as death, and declaring that "all is over," saves himself by flight. "The whole French army," says the historian, "became one mass of inextricable confusion. All the efforts of the guard to stem the torrent, or arrest the progress of the victors, were fruitless. Never had such a rout been witnessed in modern war. Wellington rode constantly with the advanced posts, regardless of the balls from friends and foes which were falling around them. When urged by some of the officers in attendance not to expose himself so much, he replied, 'Never mind; let them fire away: the battle's gained.' A noble sentiment, coming from such a man at such a moment." It was truly a noble sentiment: it was the spontaneous expression of the feeling which had actuated him through life; namely, that his personal safety was of minor importance in comparison with the accomplishment of his duty.

We cannot extend further these characteristic sketches. We might do so at considerable length

were it necessary; but we have cited enough to give the reader some insight into the personal character of the life we have lost. We are not hero-worshippers ourselves, and of all so-called heroes we have the least predilection for mere warriors. War, for its own sake, would be a despicable thing, even were it not a horrible and soul-destroying thing. But God sends his judgments upon the earth in the shape of wars, as well as of earthquakes and pestilences. If we have read history aright, we have learned that tyrants and despots and desolating invaders have been His messengers of woe from the days of Nimrod to the days of Napoleon. They do his work among the rebellious nations; and when that work is done, they can do no more, because he stays the murderous plague—sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. It would seem, however, to be the order of his providence to punish the aggression of the sword by the sword, and to quell the pride of conquest by the humiliation of defeat. True patriots and true heroes are often his instruments in bringing this about. Such an instrument in the hand of God we have been in the habit of regarding the Duke of Wellington. To us he appears to have been specially trained by an overruling power, to withstand and finally to overthrow the reckless and sanguinary sway of the Man of the Revolution, who thought it nothing to trample thrones beneath his feet, and shackle the liberties of the world. As such an instrument we would award him the meed of honour which is his due.

GARDENS FOR LABOURING MEN.

OUR population, some say, is becoming, if not a pauper one, at least nearer to this than before; and the idea of self-employment, except in a man's regular trade for money wages, is fast becoming lost among us, because the means of obtaining it are not at hand. Yet this kind of self-employment, perhaps, especially when devoted to the cultivation of the soil, is one of the best kinds of moral discipline. Many good qualities of a man are brought out and nourished by it; the lessons of order, neatness, patience, and foresight, got from the garden, are not more wholesome than the steady self-sustained endeavour is salutary for his moral being. Thoughts applicable to his condition, helpful to him in many kinds of trials, find their way quietly and pleasantly into his mind during the operations of gardening.

It is true, that the most extensive system of allotment gardens will not prevent the misery consequent on gluts of trade, or the sudden loss of employment from monetary crises; but they will, in various ways, afford considerable aid in mitigating these evils; by affording, for instance, a profitable means of employing a few days now and then when trade is slack; by enabling the unemployed artisan to turn his hand to agricultural occupation, which will always be a large outlet for labour; and, by improving the town workman's general health and strength of body, and thus rendering him less liable to the assaults of disease and despair, that quickly prostrate him when "out of work." The gin-shop is not so generally resorted to, for the

purpose of drowning sorrow, by the man whose muscles and mind are strung by out-door work, as by the wan and sickly artisan accustomed only to heated rooms and unwholesome alloys. Yes, surely, the moral as well as the physical man is greatly improved by gardening. Working-men, we believe, think more in their quiet gardening hours than at any other time; they look for effects and examine into causes in what is before them, and thus habits of reflection are formed and cultivated, which the gin-shop will never supply. The freshness, beauty, and ever-succeeding miracles of vegetable growth and development communicate, also, clearness and healthiness of tone to the mind, as well as vigour and freedom to the bodily organs.

It is not, however, a very unusual objection among a certain portion of the working man's friends—those especially who perhaps expert too much from lectures and classes—that allotments prevent reading; that the labourer who cultivates his garden well, will not have time to cultivate his mind. An allotment too large for the skill and strength forthcoming may be attended with this among other bad results; too large an allotment may make a poor scholar as it sometimes makes a pauper small farmer. But those who want to read will not take so large a plot as to use up all their time; and, in a word, it is the busiest men who have the most time for all kinds of improvement. The man who works his plot of garden ground well, will have an additional slice of bacon and abundance of wholesome vegetables; and as he will not be the worse labourer, neither will he be the lazier scholar for these. But for those who cannot read (which is still, alas! the case of many thousands of our worthiest peasants and artisans), and for the still larger number who read with much difficulty, what more useful or improving occupation than that of a garden?

We usually hear of but three objections against allotment gardens for labouring men worthy of attention: the first, that a large allotment has a tendency to make its holder depend solely, or almost entirely, upon it for support—to become, in fact, an Irish cottier or small farmer in rags; and this is a true and serious objection—not, however, to allotments, but to making them too large. The object is to use up the spare time of the labourer or artisan, and to enable him to supply his own family with abundance of cheap vegetables: from the one-twelfth to the one-fourth of an acre is amply sufficient for these purposes, and, this condition complied with, the objection falls to the ground. In the rear of this objection come a host of opponents: farmers, who wish to keep the labourer thoroughly dependent and ever at their call; and rival cultivators of vegetables, who object to this interference with their legitimate monopoly. We believe it is better for both the farmer and labourer that the latter should have a good garden and a pig; and against the injury to the market gardeners, we have the set-off that multitudes of poor people, the neighbours of the allotment gardener, are enabled to procure easily, and at all times, such small supplies of green food as are suited to their funds and their wants. As a portion of the ill health which poor people suffer from, results from the too exclusive use of dry and salt food, there can

no doubt that allotment gardens, by cultivating the taste for fresh vegetable diet, conduce to their well-being.

The other objections—of the possession of a garden using up too much of a man's strength, and so making him the worse labourer; and too much of his time, and so leaving him none for moral and intellectual improvement—have already been spoken of; but, perhaps, a few words may be added. Surely a man with ever so good a garden will have many nights left for reading. The additional comforts he obtains, by his additional labour and skill, give him heart for mental employment. After a comfortable supper, eaten with the consciousness that he has earned it by his voluntary extra toil, a man will surely be fitter for any book, the best of all books included, or for wholesome cheery household chat, than after a hard day's work closed by a scanty meal. The empty stomach will not let its owner sit still or think cheerily about any thing. In the Ettrick Shepherd's song—

"Donald gaed up the hill cauld and hungry;
Donald came down the hill cauld and angry;"

and the hungry peasant or artisan goes up and down the stair as Donald went up and down the hill. A good deal of food for a family is got, by skilful labour, from twenty roods of land: the good gardener has more food, greater change of it, and often of a better quality, than his neighbour who has no plot of ground: he has more heart for his daily toil and his evening book; nay, he has also a little more money for his benefit club.

The mere cultivation of the soil, we repeat, is a fine moral training, and he must be but a thoughtless man to whom it is not calculated to impart something of a religious training also. Industry, order, neatness, foresight, are the roots of all moral and intellectual improvement; and in what soil can they grow better than in that of the garden?

Having cleared the ground as well as we can of objections, let us now try to get the allotment gardens laid out. Who is to find the land? how is the rent to be fixed? what are to be the rules? how are we to get the greatest good possible out of them?

Many land-owners, mill-owners, and clergymen have found the land for them in very many parts of England during the last few years; and judging from the experience given in the agricultural journals, and gathered from various parts, though the rents and the rules have been various, there has been but one result; namely, that the allotment-garden system has worked well and done much good. If the owners of land, as they generally do, lay out the required ground, there will seldom be any difficulty about high rents, stringent rules, or political vassalage. Yet it sometimes has been so: a keen-edged agent has sometimes applied his sharp political maxims to the working of the allotment system, thus depriving it of all its kindly, neighbourly influences.

To extort an enormous rent on the one hand, or to reduce the allotment system to that of a charitable institution on the other, is, we think, equally erroneous. To get the land for the men at the price paid by the farmers around, leaving the gardeners to derive the benefit of the additional value which their labour confers on it, this seems to us the fair

way between man and man. Not inflicting the sense of common charitable relief on the labouring man, nor the sense of injury on the farmer, by letting the land too low; not destroying all the kindly influences for which the system leaves scope between different classes, by exacting a rack rent: this seems the just medium in which safety and justice consists; and it is the line that has very frequently been followed in England.

A writer in the "Gardener's Chronicle," signing himself "Falcon"—who for many years past has been labouring to do good to his fellow men, in various ways connected with the soil, and among the rest in the way of gardens for labouring men—insists on the injustice of letting land for allotment gardens at the price of "accommodation land," as the pastures and paddocks near towns, suited for grazing cattle near the time of fairs, or keeping cows and hackneys for the townspeople, are called. He demands a Procrustean rent of 30s. or 2l. per acre under all circumstances. Now, allotment gardens, for towns and large villages at least, must always be on "accommodation land," because both, to be useful, must be near. In very large towns, beginning with London, we think the railway system might be brought to the aid of allotment gardens; and, for twopence a-day, a man might go for an hour or two to his plot of ground, four or five miles from the Babylon of brick in which he lives. And probably this would not only improve the complexions, but cheapen the vegetables, of Londoners, besides in some trifling degree helping the railway dividends. But near all towns and villages, we think the land ought not to be let at a smaller rent than it will fetch among the farmers, otherwise the thing becomes at once a mere charity; and, since the recipients really do not need mere charity, it demoralizes all concerned.

On the other hand, if the land is let, as we have known it to be by a keen-edged agent, at the highest rent to be wrung from the numerous competitors, all the moral and most of the material benefit to the working-man is lost: he feels that he is yet under the iron screw of necessity; and the agent, instead of, as his superior desired, brightening the black cloud of toil which hangs over the poor man's lot, by some silvery gleams of kindness, is only an agent in thickening, blackening, and bringing its folds closer down upon him.

The land should be let, then, we think, at the farmer's price, and, if any of the neighbouring landlords are willing to do this, so much the better. But, if not, it may be possible for a middleman to step in, and engaging a field for the purpose, let it out to the working man at the price he gives. Many landlords are willing enough to do this; and many landless people will be willing enough to undergo the trouble, and run the slight pecuniary risk, required in doing such kindness to their neighbours. They must very often make up their minds to submit to be branded, even by some of those whom they benefit, and by some of their wealthier neighbours, as Irish middlemen, making a profit out of their tenants; for whom they are all the time, it may be, spending some money, and a good deal of valuable time. This is the tax an allotment middleman must pay for being poor and kind-hearted; let him be thankful that he is able to pay the tax, and pay it cheerfully.

The middlemen have been, in one shape or other, the chief men for carrying on the allotment system, and they ever must be so, seeing that the possession of land is rare, while that of intelligence and benevolence is diffused also among the landless "masses." A field or fields having been procured for the purpose, it is better for the landlord to employ some one to lay out the walks and plant the fences, than to leave this to the community. Each man may be willing enough to do his part; but it would be in vain to expect uniformity, or even tolerable neatness, from the polyglot labours of the new tenantry. From the one-fourth to the one-twelfth of an acre will be found to be the most useful sizes for allotment gardens, and it will be better to have certain sumptuary laws respecting summer-houses and hot-houses, so as to keep the gardens in the hands of genuine working-men, to whom the profitable use of their spare hours is a desideratum, and who may not have their honest poverty humbled by seeing their aristocratic neighbour of the next allotment erecting a fine vinery. The permission to erect expensive summer-houses or conservatories (and these will sometimes be erected even by working men, joiners, glaziers, etc.), coupled with the leave to demand from the next coming payment for these expensive improvements, is calculated to injure the principle of gardens for labouring men, seeing that a plot, of which the rent is from 12s. to 30s. per annum, may be burdened with improvements worth 5l. or 10l.; thus placing these gardens entirely out of the power of the class of persons for whom they were originally designed. This is rather a growing evil, and deserves especial notice.

In order to encourage the good cultivation of the ground, especially if it is poor to begin with, there should be an agreement to pay to the tenant reasonable compensation for such improvements effected by him as have increased the annual renting value of the ground; but this "tenant-right" should only extend to improvement in the soil itself, and should not be allowed to extend to valuable fruit-trees, expensive flower, or sumptuous summer-houses.

It only remains to notice the rules required for the management of the gardens, and the fewer and simpler these are the better. It does the men good to leave a good deal to their sense of justice and honour. The following simple memorandum of agreement has been found to answer very well.

Memorandum of agreement between A. B. and the undersigned allotment gardeners:—

1st. Each of the undersigned shall pay for his allotment to the said A. B., or his agent, the sum of _____ as rent.

2nd. Each of the undersigned agrees to cultivate his allotment by manual husbandry alone, on the alternate system of cropping; never taking a seed-producing crop off land which bore one the preceding year, nor growing any grain-crop or a potato-crop on more than half his land during any one year.

3rd. Each of the undersigned agrees not to sub-let his allotment, nor any part of it.

4th. This agreement shall expire on Christmas day of every year, when, if it be not renewed, each of the undersigned shall deliver up his land to A. B., or his agent.

5th. In order to encourage the good manage-

ment of the land, and secure the tenant from loss, A. B. guarantees to any one who may give up, or be dismissed from his allotment, the true value of all manure or cultivation left in it, as well as of all crops remaining upon it which would be injured by removal, the same to be determined by valuers mutually chosen.

The landlord and tenants sign this document. If the *esprit de corps* is not found sufficient to induce the gardeners to keep their walks in good order, and refrain from doing anything which may injure the fences, small fines may be established for this purpose. It will be found better to appoint one of the number to clip the hedges and superintend the main walk, rather than to leave these duties to be performed by each man opposite his own plot.

To allow the man who has the best-kept and cultivated garden to sit rent free, and to offer a few well-constructed garden tools—a Vernon hoe, steel digging-fork, and Black's spade—as prizes for the best collection of vegetables, will be found to awaken emulation and to work well. Nothing is more delightful than a "cottagers' show." Fruits, flowers and vegetables, fowls and pigs, make an interesting exhibition; while the presence of the wealthier classes, and a few prizes offered by them, help to give *éclat* to the whole. It is very important to discourage working in the gardens on the Sunday. Some landlords, we observe, lock up their gardens from Saturday night till Monday morning. We have found, however, that an appeal to the good sense and right feeling of allotment gardeners is sufficient for the purpose in view; even those who had little respect for the Sunday, or for public opinion, refrained from desecrating it in their gardens, influenced partly by their desire of pleasing, and partly by fear of offending a man from whom they held a plot of ground at an easy rent. By locking the garden, the good lesson of self-control, we think, is lost. To remedy, therefore, the tenant, on first taking the ground, that it is expected there will be no working in the gardens on Sundays; hinting at the same time that this is especially the working man's day, and that he is but an unreflecting working man who, for his own sake and the sake of his order, does not respect it; that there is no sight more offensive to the working man's friends than to see one of them lolling about his allotment in his dirty clothes, with a pipe in his cheek, on a Sunday morning, while his respectable fellow workmen are going to a place of worship; that such conduct is injurious to the system of "gardens for labouring men," and gives a handle to the scorn of such good works, of whom there are always an abundance in every parish: these suggestions will, in general, not only prevent the evil occurring in the gardens themselves, but tend also to prevent the desecration of the day elsewhere.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

He that lives without prayer or prays, without life hath not the Spirit of God.

We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Remember that you are at the door of eternity, and have other work to do than to trifle away time.

Turn to God and he will turn to you; then you will be happy though all the world turn against you.

He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.

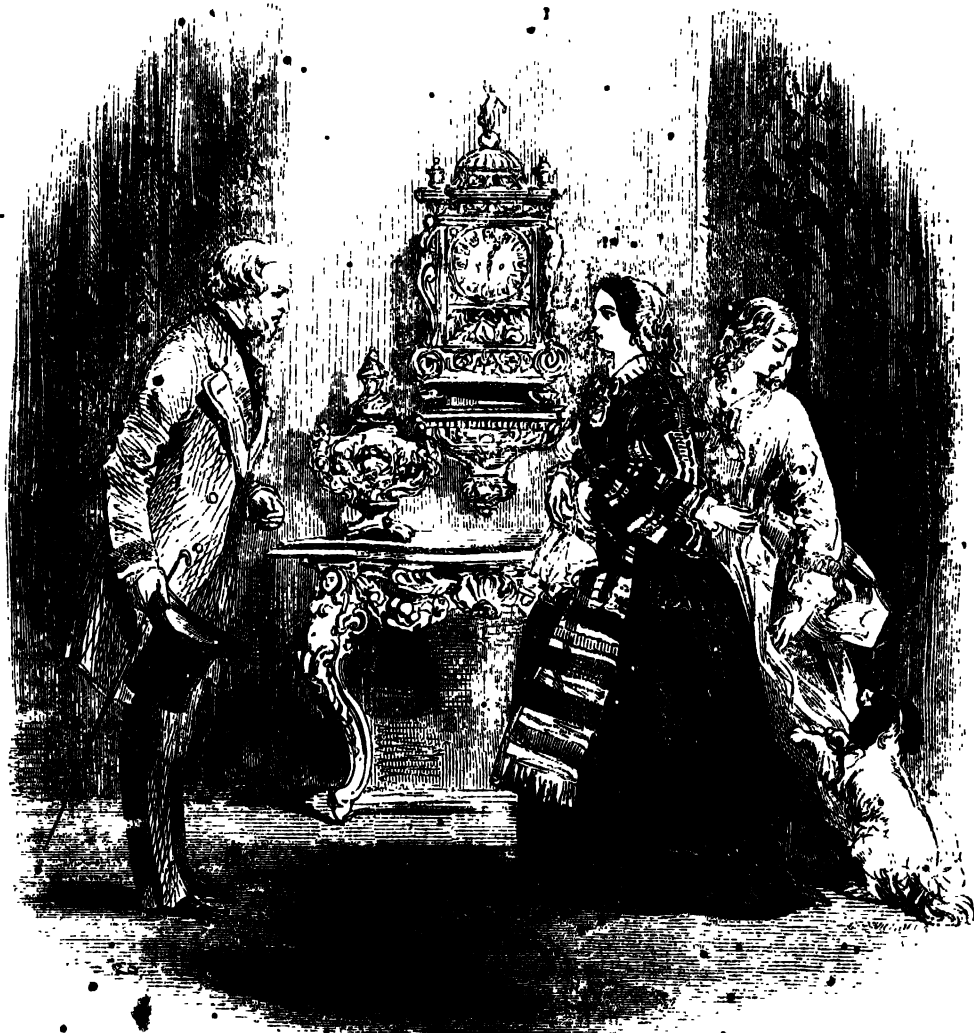
THE LEISURE HOUR.

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DESLAURIUS' INTERVIEW WITH MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE DURAVIN.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

A TALE.

"THE sun will set in a few minutes, and we have still ten miles to go. At our present rate of movement, my dear Deslaurius, we shall never arrive."

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The speaker was a fine young man, about twenty-five years old, mounted on a powerful horse, which he managed with ease and grace. His companion, who appeared to be some ten years his senior, instead of quickening his pace, pulled up his steed.

3 A

"My dear Sénéchal," said he, in a tone of the utmost composure, "at what hour this morning did we start?"

"At seven."

"And 'tis now five. Trotting for ten hours together, with only a few minutes' respite, may suit an experienced horseman like you very well; but I frankly confess that it has tired me exceedingly."

"If trotting fatigues you, we can gallop."

"Much obliged, friend, for your kind offer."

"You don't intend, I presume, to sleep under the canopy of heaven?"

"No, my dear fellow," replied Deslaurius, blowing on his numbed fingers; "but I see beyond the next turn of the road half a dozen smoking chimneys, and already I fancy that the delicious odour of the country hodge-podge soup has reached my nostrils."

"What can that matter? You know that a more fitting repast awaits us at La Martinière."

"Know, friend Sénéchal, that truffled partridges, ten miles off, would not tempt me half so much as a smoking bowl of vegetable soup, separated from my mouth by only the length of a spoon, even though that spoon be pewter."

"Nonsense!" cried Sénéchal; "you shall not play me so false. You know very well we are expected this evening at La Martinière, and you ought to remember what dreadful anxiety our non-arrival would cause my beloved Juliet."

"Well, well," said Deslaurius, with a quiet smile; "you are really very young for your years. 'Dreadful anxiety, indeed! I'll tell you what, your 'beloved Juliet' will eat her supper with an excellent appetite, saying perhaps once or twice, when at a loss for conversation, 'Tis strange that these gentlemen don't come.' Then, when closing the piano, preparatory to retiring for the night, she may probably remark, 'M. Gaston will certainly arrive to-morrow morning; shall I wear my green or my blue dress?' And there's 'dreadful anxiety' for you, my poor boy!"

"You talk thoughtlessly, Deslaurius; but I forgive you, because as yet you do not know my Juliet. One reason for my wishing you to be present at our marriage is, that her virtues and attractions may for ever vindicate her calumniated sex in your sceptical eyes, and teach you what admirable qualities a woman may possess."

"So be it, then," rejoined Deslaurius, in a half-comic, half-doubting tone.

By this time the poor tired horses had stopped of their own accord at the door of a snug-looking country inn.

"I defy all the Juliets in the kingdom to make me stir from this to-night," remarked the elder traveller, as he stiffly got off the saddle.

"As you please," rejoined his friend. "Sup on brown bread and rancid bacon, and sleep on a flock bed between coarse damp sheets; but for my part I shall start again, as soon as my horse has had a feed of oats."

To any other traveller than M. Gaston Sénéchal that inn kitchen would have seemed an attractive resting-place. On a clean shelf, half veiled by a snowy white napkin, stood a row of crusty, light-brown, freshly-baked loaves. A savoury stew was simmering on the fire, before which a pair of plump

fowls were revolving on a spit, with a gentle hissing sound. The bright tin and copper kitchen utensils, ranged against the wall, gleamed cheerily in the fire-light. A large cat was purring lazily on the hearth, in amicable companionship with the old house-dog, that lay at full length, cherishing his nose between his fore-paws, while the crickets chirruped cheerily amongst the warm wood ashes.

"Supper, if you please, madame; and have a bed prepared," said Deslaurius, as they entered, to the mistress of the inn.

"Certainly, monsieur; and for the other gentleman?"

"I shall start for La Martinière as soon as my horse is fed."

"For La Martinière!" repeated the hostess: "I fear monsieur won't reach it to-night."

"What should prevent me?"

"The late heavy rains have swollen the Galliotte, so as to make the ford impassable by night, and going by the bridge would take you a round of more than twenty miles. Languin, the muleteer there, will tell you the same."

"Tis all true," said the personage in question, who, seated in the chimney corner, was busily discussing a loaf and goats' cheese. "No one but a madman, or some one tired of his life, would attempt to ford the Galliotte now that 'tis as dark as a wolf's mouth."

"Then," said Gaston, sighing profoundly, "let two beds be prepared."

Pending the appearance of supper Deslaurius fell asleep in a straw arm-chair, and when aroused by the welcome announcement that the meal was served, he saw his companion in the act of putting up his pencil and closing his book, having been evidently penning some stanzas to the absent object of his attachment.

The muleteer had retired to the stable, and his place was occupied by a table covered with a cloth as white as snow. The ragout and the fowls, done to a turn, and smoking hot, were served on earthen plates adorned with a pattern of unheard-of flowers and impossible birds. After supper the hostess conducted the travellers into a snug double-bedded room; adorned with many coloured prints of shepherds and shepherdesses, together with sundry historical, scriptural, and mythological personages.

After a wretched sleepless night, the next morning found M. Gaston Sénéchal in a high fever, while his body was covered with spots.

"Madame!" called Deslaurius, "have you a doctor in this village?"

"Yes, monsieur, we have; he's called Doctor Meslier."

"Then send and tell Doctor Meslier to come hither immediately."

In a few minutes the physician arrived; and, after a careful examination, pronounced that his patient had the small-pox.

"Dear Annibal," said Gaston, the moment they were left alone, "hasten, if you love me, to La Martinière, and relieve my Juliet from her terrible suspense. Assure her and her family that a vexatious but temporary illness detains me here. You need not alarm her by telling its real nature at present. Go, dear friend; and by returning quickly you will prove my best physician."

Deslaurius, having earnestly recommended Gaston to the care of the hostess and the doctor, mounted his steel, and having safely crossed the now passable ford, pushed on with all possible despatch towards the dwelling of the young lady of whose praises he had heard so much.

The fine demesne of La Martinière belonged to M. Duravin, formerly a wealthy banker in Paris; but now, having been attacked by paralysis, he was wholly confined to his country house. His wife and daughter, however, regularly spent the winter in Paris, and plunged into all its gaieties. Gaston had met Juliet Dyravin at a fashionable party, and on a superficial acquaintance had speedily become attached to her. As he was young, handsome, rich, and of a good family, there was no obstacle to their union, and the marriage was fixed to take place in January. It was now about the middle of December.

Ten o'clock struck as the sorely tired Deslaurius rang for admittance at the hall-door. A servant in splendid livery answered the summons.

"Can I see Madame and Mademoiselle Duravin?"

"The ladies never rise before noon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the visitor, whose appetite had once more become inconveniently sharp; "and when do they breakfast in this hospitable mansion?"

"At one o'clock."

The cloud deepened on our friend's brow.

"Can I see M. Duravin?"

"Monsieur wishes to see M. Duravin?" repeated the lacquey, as if he doubted whether he had heard aright.

"Yes."

"M. Duravin, madame's husband?"

"Exactly."

"Then I shall have the honour of conducting monsieur to his room."

Deslaurius followed him through several long passages into a remote apartment, heated by hot air pipes to an intense degree of warmth. The ex-banker, enveloped in furs, and with a lack-lustre eye and hanging lip, was shivering in an easy chair.

"Monsieur," said his visitor, "my name is Annibal Deslaurius."

"Shut the door!" interrupted M. Duravin.

"It is shut. I am the intimate friend of your intended son-in-law, Gaston Sénéchal."

"Will you shut the door?"

"Monsieur, all the doors, I assure you, are shut quite close," said Deslaurius, ready to faint from the heat. "I have some unpleasant tidings to announce," continued he.

"Unpleasant tidings! Then keep them to yourself, I beg of you. My nerves won't bear to be excited. And, I beseech you, shut the door—it must be open—don't you see how I shiver?"

The ambassador bowed, and silently retired, wiping his streaming brow.

"Well!" he thought, "Gaston will have a delightful father-in-law. If the rest of the family answer to this sample, it must be a charming household!"

He found the servant waiting in the ante-chamber.

"Would you like to earn a louis-d'or?"

A low bow. "What can I do to serve monsieur?"

"Quick! get me some ink, with pen and paper."

In a moment he was supplied.

"Take this letter," he said to the servant, "and if within five minutes you bring me an answer from Madame Duravin, the money shall immediately be yours."

The lacquey vanished with astonishing celerity, and returned almost as rapidly.

"Monsieur, the ladies are dressing; they request you will wait for a few minutes. Have the kindness to walk into the saloon."

Meantime, a confused sound of ringing of bells, opening and shutting doors, and footsteps hurrying to and fro was heard overhead. Deslaurius be-thought himself of beguiling the tedious time of waiting by a minute examination of the room in which he was, hoping thence to derive some information touching the character and pursuits of its occupants.

"It is evident," thought he, after having glanced around the elegant apartment with a critical eye, "that these ladies think themselves handsome, or they would not have so many large mirrors in every possible direction. I see no trace of embroidery or needlework. But here are books—let's see what their studies consist of. Ha!" exclaimed Deslaurius, after having read the titles of several scattered volumes; "I don't think our intended mother-in-law is particularly scrupulous about her reading."

A piano stood open, and the visitor commenced turning over the songs, whose ownership was marked by an interlaced J. and D. His brow darkened; all were supremely silly—some decidedly immoral.

"Alas! my poor Gaston!" he muttered.

After the lapse of nearly an hour, two fashionable-looking women entered the room. Juliet was certainly very showy, with large blue eyes and a profusion of fair hair. Her mother, bowing graciously, said:—"Monsieur Annibal Deslaurius?"

A low bow was the answer.

"You are alone?"

"Yes, madame. I have left Gaston at the village of Moriez, suffering from what will prove, I hope, a slight illness."

Juliet remained unmoved.

"And you hastened on," said madame, "to prevent our feeling uneasy; how very kind! Have you breakfasted?"

"I have not, madame; and will frankly own that I feel very hungry."

Without replying, the lady offered Deslaurius an ornamented box, filled with perfumed chocolate lozenges.

"A cutlet and a cup of coffee would suit me much better," thought he.

"You have just come from Paris," said madame, heaving a gentle sigh. "Ah! my daughter and I have not been able to go there this month, on account of M. Duravin's melancholy state of health. You can tell us what is going on. Have there been many balls at the Tuileries? Will fur be much worn this season? Have you read the last new novel? Tell us everything; have pity on us in our dismal solitude."

"Ah! my dear Gaston," thought Annibal, "if

thy papa-in-law is somewhat silent, thy mamma-in-law takes care to make up for the defect!"

At length breakfast was announced; and, during the progress of the elegant meal, our friend continued to make himself so agreeable to the ladies, that Madame Duravin, as she touched his hand at parting, said:—"Should M. Sénéchal not be able to accompany you to-morrow, remember that at all events we shall expect you here. I have still a thousand questions to ask you about dear Paris!"

On arriving at the inn, Annibal found Dr. Meslier waiting for him at the door. He briefly informed him that his friend's illness had increased, and threatened to prove of a very serious character. "And thinking," continued the worthy man, "that he would be taken better care of and more closely watched in my house than at the inn, I have had him removed thither."

In a few minutes they arrived at the doctor's pretty, neat, vine-covered dwelling. The door was opened by a simply-dressed young girl, who seemed surprised at the sight of a stranger.

"This is my daughter Margaret," said the doctor, imprinting a hearty kiss on her fair forehead.

Gaston, who was by this time quite delirious, did not recognise his greatly alarmed friend, and repeated almost incessantly the name of Juliet. Three anxious days passed without any improvement. On the fourth, Dr. Meslier took Deslaurius aside, and said:—"I think you ought to go to La Martinière, and acquaint the family with our poor friend's very dangerous condition. If Mademoiselle Juliet wishes to see him once more, she should lose no time in coming."

"And," asked Deslaurius, while a large tear rolled down his cheek—"if, during my absence, you should be called away to some other patient, who will watch by Gaston?"

"My daughter."

"How! would you expose that tender young girl to such a hideous spectacle as the poor fellow presents; to say nothing of the risk of infection?"

"Oh, Margaret is a brave girl, accustomed all her life to help me in visiting and nursing my poor patients. Many of them say that she, not I, ought to have the diploma; for that her kind offices and gentle words do them more good than my prescriptions."

When about half-way between the village and La Martinière, Deslaurius met a servant coming from the latter place.

"Ah! monsieur, I am thankful I have met you. I was going to Moriez, to inquire for M. Sénéchal. The ladies are dreadfully uneasy about him."

"Don't stop me," cried Deslaurius, angrily, giving vent to his ill-humour; "when people are dreadfully uneasy, they don't wait without sending for three days!"

Walking noiselessly into the saloon on his arrival, Annibal surprised Madame Duravin studying the last book of fashions; while her daughter, seated at the piano, was singing a gay song of more than questionable tendency.

"Ah, here you are at last, monsieur!" said the elder lady. "How is poor Gaston?"

"For aught I know, he may at this moment be dead."

Both ladies screamed aloud.

"Yes; if you wish to see him once more, you have no time to lose."

"Germain, order the carriage immediately!"

Pale and trembling, both mother and daughter hastened to put on their bonnets and mantles, for once in their lives without looking in the glass.

"Have I judged them too hardly?" thought Deslaurius.

"What is the nature of his illness?" asked Madame Duravin.

"The small-pox."

The mother and daughter exchanged glances, and a painful silence ensued.

"Then, monsieur," said madame, at length, "you must be aware that it would be quite out of the question for us to go to M. Sénéchal."

"Out of the question!" repeated Deslaurius.

"That frightful malady is highly infectious, and I should be unmindful of my duty as a mother were I to expose my precious child to such a risk. Tell your friend that we both feel most deeply for him, but we are assured that you will watch over him like a brother. We will send every day to inquire about him, and meantime (putting her lace handkerchief to her eyes) no one can express what we shall suffer!"

"Peace, old actress!" thought Deslaurius, as he rose suddenly and fled, feeling himself to be in imminent danger of saying something more sincere than complimentary.

On his return, he found Margaret watching by the sick man's pillow.

"Hush!" she whispered; "he sleeps."

In the feverish restlessness of his slumber, Gaston let his pillow fall. Margaret gently raised the head, covered with the hideous eruption, and made a sign to Annibal to replace the pillow.

"Are you not afraid of infection?" asked he, thinking of the ladies at La Martinière.

"I have been vaccinated."

"So was Gaston."

"Then why do you watch him yourself?"

"Gaston is my friend; that makes a great difference."

"He is our guest, monsieur; how then could we neglect him?"

Deslaurius was silent, and sat for some time watching the doctor's daughter, as she busily converted some old linen into lint. There was nothing exalted or poetical in the employment; and yet Margaret, in her simple cotton frock, seemed in his eyes a thousand times more charming than the brilliant Juliet, dressed in silk and lace, and running her jewelled fingers over the keys of her grand piano.

"Will Mademoiselle Duravin come to visit her betrothed?" asked Margaret.

"No; she is afraid."

"Afraid! I thought she loved M. Sénéchal?"

"So she does, after the fashion of Parisian wax-doll, which has neither mind nor heart."

"You are too severe, M. Deslaurius."

"Time will tell," muttered he.

Next morning the invalid was decidedly better; and in a few days his host had the pleasure of pronouncing him quite out of danger.

"Have Juliet and her mother been here very often?" asked the patient, when restored to consciousness.

Deslaurius, in reply, gave him a detailed account of the two visits he had paid to La Martinière.

"Strange!" said the young man, sighing deeply.

"Look at Mademoiselle Margaret," said Annibal. "That you are not now lying in the village churchyard, you owe, under God, to her devoted care."

"How came it that you were so brave, while Mademoiselle Duravin was so cowardly?" asked Gaston.

"Because I had nothing to lose," replied the young girl, simply; "Mademoiselle Duravin has beauty—I have none."

Gaston, for the first time, looked at her attentively. He did not think her handsome: he thought her charming.

Meantime, Madame Duravin's domestic punctually accomplished his daily pilgrimage to Moriez; but he had strict directions never to cross the doctor's threshold, and his pockets were a perfect magazine of camphor, ether, and thieves' vinegar.

"Look at these two heartless women!" Annibal would exclaim; "if we had all got the plague, and the yellow fever combined, they could not be more afraid of us!"

"Ah, my dear Deslaurius," Gaston used to reply, "be more lenient towards them. Recollect that one of them will be my wife, the other my mother-in-law."

"More simple you," was the muttered response. Then aloud:—"And when will you make your triumphal entry into that dear house, as you poetically called it on the first night of our arrival?"

"At the end of the month."

"Better wait a little longer, until the traces of your illness shall have quite disappeared, and the fair Juliet may see you as you were before."

Very reluctantly the patient consented. However, he beguiled the time, and aided the progress of convalescence, by accompanying Margaret on her missions of mercy throughout the country.

One day, Deslaurius met Germain, and said to him:—"Tell your ladies that they need no longer send to inquire for M. Sénéchal. He is fast recovering, and I shall have the honour of waiting on them to-morrow."

The next day, accordingly, he went to La Martinière, and found both mother and daughter, most elegantly dressed, prepared to receive him.

"Welcome, dear Monsieur Annibal," said madam; "I know that we owe our dear Gaston's recovery in a great measure to your devoted care, and in my daughter's name and my own I thank you most sincerely."

"Thank God, madam, not me."

"We shall see him soon?"

"To-morrow, I hope."

"This cruel malady has not altered him?"

"Morally speaking, Gaston is the same as ever—kind, sincere, faithful, sweet-tempered, and," he added, turning towards Juliet, "more than ever attached to mademoiselle."

"How you rejoice me!" cried the mother; "dear, excellent Gaston! Ah, my child will indeed be a happy wife!"

"Physically speaking"—continued Deslaurius: Juliet fixed her eyes on him.

"Not to deceive you, you would scarcely recog-

nise him. The malady has committed fearful ravages on his face. But what signifies beauty compared to more sterling qualities?"

"Is he very ugly?" asked Juliet.

"Alas! mademoiselle, truth obliges me to say it is even so. You will have abundant opportunity of convincing yourself on the subject."

The two ladies exchanged a meaning glance.

"Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Deslaurius," said madame, at length, "that it would be well for M. Sénéchal to return at once to Paris? The physicians there may possibly find some means of restoring his appearance. Country physicians are very well in their way, but in these matters they have not the skill of Audral or Bouillaud; and for my part, I don't think he ought to delay another hour."

"Your idea, madame, is excellent; I shall hasten to communicate it to my friend." And rising, he took leave of the ladies with a low ceremonious bow. "May I never enter this cold-hearted house again," he exclaimed, as he set spurs to his horse.

"My friend," said he to Gaston, on his return, "pay your doctor, pack up your clothes, and let us be gone. We have no longer anything to keep us here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that if you marry Mademoiselle Duravin, I will never speak to you again;" and he then briefly explained what had passed. "You see," he added, "these two coquettes turn you off because they think that you are pock-marked. When will you set out?"

"Not now; I shall remain."

"Without me, then, it must be. Choose another bride's-man. I both pity and depise your folly."

Next morning, Gaston took his friend by the arm, led him towards the window, and raising the muslin blind, desired him to look out.

In the court beneath, Margaret stood distributing soup to a crowd of poor people.

"My dear friend," said Gaston, "there is my wife. I loved Mademoiselle Duravin with my head—I love Margaret with my heart. And now," he added, smiling, "I hope you will defer your departure, and be my bride's-man after all!"

One of the happiest wives in Paris is Madame Sénéchal. I cannot say as much for Mademoiselle Duravin, who, at the end of six months, married the elderly Marquis de —.

"A splendid match!" her mother says.*

THE WORKING MAN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HIS EMANCIPATION. **

WE have in our former papers endeavoured to depict the condition of the working classes in the olden time. The brief notes thus thrown together do not present a cheering picture; there is a gloom hanging around it which saddens the heart, and we can scarcely imagine that we have been reading of those "good old times" of "merry England," of which we have heard so much, and the recollec-

* The above story—which we insert for the excellent moral it contains—is adapted from the French.

tion of which is sometimes accompanied with a sigh that they will

"Come no more,
Never, never, never!"

As connoisseurs over an old painting sometimes imagine that it possesses a beauty which does not in reality exist, so the period in question has perhaps, on a cursory glance, a charm which research ruthlessly dissipates. They whose objects are equivocal may love such darkness and error, but he who has within him the spirit of truth and progress will thank God that the mists and gloom of the dark ages have passed away.

It becomes our more pleasant duty, in this concluding chapter, to depict the effect of the Reformation upon the social condition of the working man, and to show how it emancipated him from that physical and intellectual bondage, in which for so many centuries he had been held.

That the social miseries of the people were entailed upon them as a necessary result of the working of the papal system, is, we think, evident from the facts which we have adduced in our former papers; but could we entertain any doubts upon this score, they could be speedily dissipated by a consideration of the sudden rise and advancement of the social and moral condition of England, which immediately followed the overthrow of the Rônish system, and the establishment of a protestant faith. No sooner was popery abolished than the sturdy Saxon spirit of the people became developed. They were no longer the puerile, superstitious, and helpless beings of former centuries; the nobler faculties of man, which had long slumbered, were awakened into activity by the law of God, and the popular mind was illumined by the light of gospel truth. The working classes of England then commenced a new course and assumed a new position. From the Reformation to the present day they have steadily progressed in social and intellectual comforts, and they now possess privileges and blessings, both civil and religious, unparalleled in the history of the past. Well may the working man lift up his heart in thankfulness as he ponders upon the records of the olden time, and compares his own free condition, his happy home, his domestic comforts, and his means of education, with the miseries of the toiling bondsmen of former days.

The Reformation, begun in the time of Henry VIII, was not established until the reign of Elizabeth. It then threw off the trammels of popery, and the blessings of its principles were diffused and felt throughout all classes of society. The glory which shone over England in the reign of Edward VI, and the prosperity with which the people were then gladdened, had suddenly received a check on the accession of Mary. Society, which had so marvellously progressed, as speedily retrograded. Clouds gathered in the heavens, and England was again plunged into the miseries and degradation of the dark ages. This was wisely allowed by God; it detected the faithless and proved the true, and evidenced to England, in a manner which, we trust, she will never forget, how inimical is the Roman Catholic system to the liberties and progress of a people. Mary left the country weakened by long oppression, worn out with calamities and persecution, and plunged deeply into debt. The glory

of England had faded beneath her rule: Scotland was at enmity, and Ireland ripe for rebellion. The national wealth had been drained to enrich foreign powers; trade and commerce had declined, and ignorance and superstition held triumphant sway over the national mind. The people were indeed immersed for a time in all the horrors of mediæval darkness. But on the accession of Elizabeth the protestant faith was established, and under its benign influence the aspect of England soon changed.

The prosperity of the long reign of Elizabeth may be distinctly traced to the establishment of the protestant principle. The bible was no longer prohibited; and as that acquired freedom, so did the people progress. The bible is the bulwark of all national liberty; and the prosperity of our country has been in proportion to its free course and appreciation among us. It elevated the desires and improved the habits of the people. It was the great encourager of intellectual effort, of literature, science, and art. The working men of the Elizabethan age soon felt the benefit of this change by their extended liberties abroad, and their increased comforts at home. Our space will not allow us to enter minutely into details, but we will throw together some of the main features of this improvement in support of our assertion.

First, then, the working man was no longer a bondsman: he was emancipated from the thralldom of vassalage, and the institution of villanage became virtually extinguished. A grant from the crown is in existence, of the reign of Roman Catholic Mary, conveying as part of an estate, the "bondsmen, bondswomen, villans, and their offspring." * After her reign, several attempts are recorded in old law reports, of individuals claiming lordship over alleged villans; but all such attempts were discontenanced by the decisions of the court. One of the earliest acts of Elizabeth's reign bears reference to the wages of the working classes. It set forth that the old enactments were oppressive and insufficient, "the wages and allowances limited and rated in many of the statutes being too small," and it attests that the same laws could not continue in force "without great grief and burden of the poor labourer and hired man." The new enactment was far superior to the old, although it would appear arbitrary and oppressive if compared with the enlightened statutes of our own times.

Of the great blessings, in a social point of view, which the Reformation conferred upon the working classes, we have ample testimony in the writings of Harrison, who, living in the reign of queen Elizabeth, published a curious and interesting "Description of Brittain." Harrison was one of those antiquaries who felt a love for old habits, even when those habits were inconvenient, merely, it would appear, because they were old. He frequently sighs for the "good old times" of his youth, and appears surprised that what was good for the people in "old time" was not equally advantageous for them in the reign of Elizabeth, and indeed he looked upon the evidence of their advancement in social comforts as so many indications of luxury and pride. In the minute descriptions of this chatty writer, however, we are enabled to catch a glimpse of the

true state of things, and find convincing proof how powerful had been the impetus with which protestantism had advanced the general prosperity of the country.

After speaking of the condition of labourers, artificers, and husbandmen, he says:—"As for slaves and bondmen, we have none; nay, such is the privilege of our country, by the especial grace of God, that if any come here from other realms, so soon as they set foot on land they become as free as their masters, whereby all note of servile bondage is utterly removed." The progress of trade and commerce excites the astonishment of the old chronicler. It was the age of merchant princes, whose ships brought the produce of the world to the British shores; but this increase of comforts did not render the people less industrious. "Certainly, the soil," says our author, "is now, in these our days, grown to be much more fruitful than it hath been in times past. The cause is, that our countrymen are grown to be more painful, skilful, and careful, through recompense of gain, than heretofore they have been." Very different, too, from the miserable fare of a peasant in the days of Richard III was the common food of the working classes in the reign of Elizabeth. The pea-shells and vegetable porridge, the rye loaf and herring, were no longer the sole diet of the working man. They were able to obtain beef, mutton, veal, and pork. The improvement in domestic architecture was equally remarkable: an act was passed in the reign of Elizabeth for the improvement of the cottages of the peasants. The straw-thatched hut and mud cabins of monastic England were discarded for goodly houses "built of brick or hard stone," with rooms both "large and comely." "There are old men," says Harrison, "yet dwelling in the village where I remain, who have noted how things be marvellously altered in England within their sound remembrance; one of these is the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many, in the most uplandish towns of the realm, the religious houses and manor places of their lords always excepted; each one then made his fire against a reeredosse in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat." These old men of "sound remembrance" were struck with wonder at other marvellous changes. They looked back upon their youth with astonishment; the cheerless homes, the coarse fare, and the domestic poverty of their childhood, formed constant themes for the garrulity of their old age. Many praised God for the change; but some, not tracing it to the true cause, looked upon it merely as a "marvel." The furniture of our houses, exclaims Harrison, "is grown in a manner to passing delicacy; and here I do not speak of the nobility and gentry only, but likewise of the lowest sort. In times past, costly furniture and ornament was found only in monasteries and in the mansions of the nobles, but now it is descended even unto the inferior artificers, and many farmers have learned to garnish their cupboards with plate, and their beds with tapestry and hangings." Harrison goes on to contrast this with the former state of things. "Our fathers, yes, and we ourselves," he says, "have lain full oft upon straw pallets and rough mats, with a good round log of wood under our head for a pillow. . . . If

the good man of the house had, within seven years of his marriage, been enabled to purchase a mattress and a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lord of the manor."

The improvement in these domestic affairs is also evident from an act passed in the reign of Edward VI, by which it became illegal to sell beds stuffed with anything but feathers, wool, or flock. In the minor household arrangements the same spirit of improvement was observable, and another of the wonders which these old gossips of the village tell of, is the surprising disappearance of treen platters and wooden spoons from the dressers in the kitchen, and the appearance of those made of pewter and silver in their place. "So common," said they, "were all sorts of stuff in old time, that a man could hardly find four pieces of pewter in a good farmer's house; and yet, in spite of their frugality, they were scarce able to live and pay their rent without selling a cow or a horse, although their rent was but four pounds at the uttermost by the year." Such was the general poverty of even the middle class before the Reformation, that if a farmer or tradesman were in company with six or seven of his neighbours, and, "out of bravery to show what store he hath, did cast down his purse, and therein a noble or six shillings in silver did appear, it was very likely that all the rest could not lay down so much; whereas now, although peradventure four pounds of old rent be improved to forty, fifty, or one hundred pounds, yet will the farmer probably have six or seven years' rent lying by him, three or four feather beds, as many coverlids, a silver salt, a bowl, and a dozen of silver spoons."

This social revolution was rendered still more illustrious by the triumphant progress of literature. Printing had poured the ballad and popular lore into the homes of the working classes at the first dawning of the Reformation; but protestantism gave the people a literature which the press, under papal surveillance, would never have conferred upon them. It gave them the bible and a free educational literature. Knowledge was no longer in thralldom, and books were no longer imprisoned in monastic cells. It was enjoined that every parish church should be provided with a copy of the whole bible, and goodly commentaries. In some churches even yet, quaint old reading desks are shown to curious visitors, with ancient books fastened to them by chains; but

"All needless now their weight of massy chain,
Safe in themselves the once loved works remain;
No readers now invade their still retreat,
None try to steal them from their parent seat."

Bibles, at the Reformation, were placed in the chancel of the church; and rustic villagers who had learned to read at the parish school, and grey-haired old men, would there seek that wisdom which passeth all knowledge.

The long sterility of genius which had marked the mediæval ages was succeeded by an abundant produce of native talent. Divines and sages and poets shed unprecedented glory around the reign of Elizabeth. Education also made rapid strides. Schools were established in almost every town, and the grounds of the protestant faith were directed to be taught. It was no longer rare for working

men to read and write. The working classes of England became not of thought and action, and from their ranks sprang up many who rose to high eminence in piety and usefulness, and won illustrious laurels in the path of literature and science. If any should be disposed to deny to Protestantism, under the blessing of God, the glory of these triumphs, let him turn to those countries in which popery still maintains her sway. Let him look at Spain, at Italy, and at Ireland. Edmund Spenser, the poet, writing in the reign of Elizabeth on the state of the latter country, says:—"The fault which I find in religion is, that they (the papists) are so blindly and brutishly informed for the most part, that not one amongst a hundred knoweth any ground of religion, or any article of his faith, but can perhaps say his pater-noster or his ave-maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one word thereof meaneth."* Have this religious ignorance and mental poverty disappeared? Is the condition of the Irish much superior now, after the lapse of three hundred years, and with all the appliances which modern art and science have placed at their disposal? The mud huts of monastic England are still seen in that wretched country, and few evidences of civilisation are to be found in the peasants' homes. The habitation of the Irish peasant's ancestor centuries ago was little inferior to that which the peasant in Ireland now inhabits. His wages are low, and will scarcely purchase the meagre provender upon which his family subsists. Cleanliness and the smile of domestic comfort seldom cast their influence around his hearth; a bundle of straw serves for his pallet, and the tattered garments which scarce sufficed to cover him during the day help to form a substitute for a coverlid at night. Generous and noble of disposition, yet his mind is demoralized and overwhelmed by long habits of superstition, and a total absence of educational help. Untaught, he is incapable of diverting the leisure hour with reading, and no bible is allowed to enter his humble home. In fact, to behold the living reality of the English peasant of the olden time, as depicted in the page of history, we have but to look at the Irish peasant of to-day. The same power which exerted its influence over the English workman five hundred years ago is now exerting its influence over him. The causes are the same, and we can expect no other result. The effects of the papal church, in whatever country she obtains an ascendancy, are always observed in the ignorance and destitution of the working classes. It is indeed our sincere conviction, derived from a patient study of facts, and not, we hope, from any want of Christian charity, that during the last three hundred years, "to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power."†

FALSE HAPPINESS is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions, but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope*.

* View of the State of Ireland, written in 1696.

† Macaulay's English History.

BOX-MAKERS OF VIZAGAPATAM.

MANY of our readers will doubtless remember having noticed, among the costly array of East Indian contributions displayed at the Great Exhibition of Arts and Industry, some very elegant and highly-finished porcupine-quill work-boxes, baskets, and desks, inlaid with ivory and silver, lined with satin and sandal woods, and firmly bound together with highly polished buffalo horn bindings. These boxes are manufactured by the industrious natives inhabiting that part of the Madras presidency called Vizagapatam, the town on the sea-coast of which constitutes one of the northern ports on the Coromandel coast.

Vizagapatam is a small military and civil cantonment, containing a fort garrisoned by a few invalid soldiers, a civil judge, a collector and magistrate, and a few military staff officers. The fort itself is inconvenient and hot; hence most of the Europeans reside beyond its limits, on the road to, and in the military station of Waltair, some four miles distant from the port. The climate of the district of Vizagapatam is reckoned to be far more salubrious than the surrounding districts of Masulapattam, Rajahmundry, and Chicacole, and it is therefore oftentimes the resort of the sick and convalescent officers stationed in those less healthy cantonments.

There is nothing about the neighbourhood of Waltair or Vizag to arrest the attention of the curious; nothing that is not to be seen and found in all other parts of the Madras presidency; the same black-looking natives, the like bungalows and houses, the same fruits, vegetables, birds, butterflies, and thievish crows, identical noisy grey squirrels, and beyond a doubt the very same breed of mosquitoes; the only thing rare is the work-boxes, desks, and baskets already alluded to; and a visit to that part of the hot and filthy bazaars where these are manufactured was really well worth the fatigue and inconvenience. Not even the Chinese, adepts though they be, can surpass the natives of Vizagapatam for chaste rich workmanship and exquisite finish.

We sallied forth one morning, soon after eight o'clock, to visit the warehouses and workshops of these people. Though the hour was early, the heat was intense. Our friend, the Zillah judge, would not hear of our walking, so we were carried in tonjons (a species of elegant sedan-chair), borne by men on their shoulders. Peons or constables ran before us, each armed with a small carved silver-knobbed stick; and, preceded by this eastern paraphernalia, we ventured into the bazaars.

The uninitiated reader may perhaps imagine that the bazaars in India are something resembling, only far more tasteful and magnificent than, for instance, the Prince of Wales Bazaar in Oxford-street; or, may be, the famed aromatic bazaars of Constantinople. Alas! for his simplicity; he is grievously deceived. Imagine a filthy street, with a low range of smoky buildings running in a parallel line on either side, thatched with straw, lined with mud, stocked with red plantains, salt fish, melted butter, split peas, cucumbers, coriander, curry powder, rice, palampoor, fens, sandflies, and flies; and, in the centre of all this, a hot-looking black man squatted on the floor,

covered with caste-marks, such as yellow streaks on the forehead, possessing plenty of roquetry and very little clothing: this, gentle reader, is an accurate description of one of the hovels and its occupants, a succession of which constitute an Indian bazaar.

Having passed through these, we entered upon that portion of the town where these eastern cabinet-makers were busily at work. The shops presented a scene of bustle and confusion rarely met with amongst the generally indolent working-classes of India; there was of course a great deal of noise, for no Malabar people could carry your hat from one chair to another without extemporizing a few verses about its quality and the appearance of the owner, winding up with a eulogy about the proprietor's generosity. Here also, besides those actively employed, a number of old women were congregated, apparently for no other earthly purpose than that of finding some plea for exerting their lungs, in re-echoing the messages and commands conveyed from the senior workmen to their juniors in the trade.

In the first place we come to, the stench is beyond endurance: this arises from huge heaps of buffalo horns and porcupine quills, yet in an unpurified state. Hurrying by these, we come upon the sorters and pickers, who are occupied in collecting quills of a similar size and colour, and in handing these over to a separate class of people, whose sole occupation is to cleanse them of every impurity, and polish them with very fine sea-sand and coarse brown paper. After these, we come upon the huge cauldrons, in which the buffalo horns have been exposed to fierce heat till they have been rendered quite malleable; these horns are then cut into shapes and sizes suitable for the binding of the boxes to be constructed, and the ready-formed pieces are speedily polished and then laid by for use. Carpenters are now seen occupied in the formation of the skeleton frame-work; and these skeletons are no sooner knocked together than they are handed over to a separate class of workmen, whose business it is to line them with the ready prepared lathes of satin or sangal wood. The preparing of these lathes is the trade of a distinct set of workmen. Such preliminaries having been gone through, the boxes and baskets are now handed over to the cleverest and most experienced men of this peculiar profession, who with great nicety fit in the quills of the porcupine so closely, and with such regard to shade and colouring, that the effect produced is sure to call down plaudits from the unaccustomed spectator. Thus far advanced, it remains only that the rough borderings be speedily excluded from view, and this is accomplished by covering them with thin coatings or lathes of highly polished buffalo horn, so strongly cemented to the wood and to each other with glue that it would be an impossibility to wrench them off again, after they are once dry, without destroying the whole workmanship of the box.

The boxes are now finished; they have only the silversmith's hands to pass through. This skilful workman affixes silver hinges, silver knobs to the tops of the little partitions, and a silver lock and key; and the top of the box being ornamented in the inside by the addition of an elegant little looking-glass in a neat satin-wood frame,

(these glasses being only used in ladies' work-boxes) the whole business of manufacturing them is completed; they are then carefully dusted and wiped, and wrapped up in silver paper. If you wish to buy a very elegant present for any young lady of your acquaintance, you have only to pay down about fifteen rupees, and you may take your pick amongst the work-boxes manufactured at Vizagapatam.

Perhaps the most amusing thing about this busy and noisy scene is the impatience and gesticulations of the *story-teller* of the party, generally an old veteran, who, though retired from the active duties of life, still entertains a lively regard for the profession and its members, amongst whom he may possibly reckon a son or two of his own. This old man incites the others to activity by relating fabulous instances of Vizagapatam work-box manufacturers who rose to the dignity of rajahs, having captivated the hearts of some unheard-of princesses by the exquisite perfection they had arrived at in their art. The noise often interrupts the thread of his story, when he will scream for silence and attention; for no inducements could prevail upon him to continue his tale, unless on arriving at the end of every sentence he was urged on and encouraged by the exclamations of his auditors.

Having purchased a few specimens of their handicraft, we returned to our tonjons and the hospitable residence of the worthy Zillah judge, delighted to find amongst other things that so unsightly a creature as the Indian buffalo could contribute so largely to the luxurious elegance and taste displayed in the construction of the porcupine-quill work-boxes, desks, and baskets.

AN ARTIST, IN EARTH.

WHILE rambling on one occasion through the gorgeous courts of the Great Exhibition, bewildered by its manifold objects of beauty and utility, our wandering gaze was arrested and fixed by a sculptured form of commanding mien. It was invested with none of the insignia of royalty, rank, or riches; indeed there were legibly imprinted upon brow, and countenance, and limbs, the marks of severe thought and toil and struggle, evidently endured through a protracted period; yet, withal, it bore unmistakable indications of bold intelligence and original genius. "That statue," said a companion, who had witnessed the sudden and absorbed interest which we took in the figure before us, "is a representation of Bernard Palissy, the celebrated French potter of the sixteenth century;" and being well versed in the history of the arts, he sketched off, in a few pregnant sentences, the leading events in the life of this truly surprising man. The name, we must confess, was at that time new to us, and perhaps may, even now, be equally unfamiliar to the ears of many of our readers. The apotheosis of Bernard's effigy in the world's temple of art has done something towards rescuing him from obscurity, and advancing him to the position of honour he so well deserves among the illustrious of mankind. Since that period, moreover, an English writer has undertaken the welcome task of recording his history, which is now before us, and which

we have read with especial pleasure.* Bearing in mind that the only memoirs of the great mediæval "artist in earth" hitherto known have been the fossilized records of encyclopedias and dictionaries, and that the materials of the present work have had to be gathered, partly from the incidental autobiographical notices occurring in Palissy's own writings, and partly from contemporary annalists, we cannot but be gratified with the vivid and life-like pictures which Mr Morley has given us of the struggling and victorious potter, as also of the troublous times through which he clave his way.

The age upon which Palissy looked forth, from the very commencement to the close of his almost romantic career, was one of the most remarkable and stirring within the domains of modern history. He was the contemporary of Luther and Calvin among the reformers. Henry II, Francis II, Charles IX, and other sovereigns, ascended the throne of France and died during his extended and vigorous life. Mary, queen of Scots, was brightly shining among the beauties of the profligate court of St. Germain while he was still in the prime of manhood. Wars, civil discord, insurrections, and assassinations, made his times turbulent and dangerous. The massacre of St. Bartholomew darkened with its shadows of infamy his declining days; on which occasion, as a bold and uncompromising Huguenot, he owed his personal escape to the powerful friends whom his artistic skill and handiwork had raised up for him near the throne. The art of printing was just disclosing its mysterious facilities to the wondering world as Bernard was poring over the book of nature in quest of philosophic truth, and conducting his pertinacious experiments upon different soils and chemicals. Constable Montmorency, long the rival of the Gueises, was for many years his magnificent patron, and protected him from the vindictiveness of papal vengeance. These intimations of contemporary characters and events will suffice to convey an adequate idea of the era in which Palissy figured as "a man obscurely great among the prominently little."

The exact date of Palissy's birth is enveloped in considerable doubt. His recent biographer assigns the year 1509 as the most probable period, conceding, however, a margin of uncertainty of six years on either side. The same want of accurate knowledge extends to his birth-place, although it is pretty clearly ascertained that it was on the skirts of the province of Perigord, and in the diocese of Agen—a district diversified with mountains, barren plains, and forest scenery; and thus a fit spot to cradle and nurture those hardy, energetic, and manly qualities that distinguished our hero. The business to which Palissy was trained was that of a glass-painter and general worker in painted glass. The art of *verrerie*, comprehending all the various processes connected with the shaping and colouring of glass, was then accounted so honourable an occupation, that many of the needy noblemen of the time followed it without loss of caste in the eyes of a punctilious community.

Indeed, an erroneous belief has hence arisen, that nobles only were permitted to engage in this employment. By law this never was the fact, although by custom it appears to have been frequently the case. Bernard Palissy himself probably belonged to an impoverished branch of the patrician order. He is well known to have been born poor, and to have received in his childhood no more than a peasant's education; the nature and extent of which, at that period, was described in a recent paper in this journal on the "Working Man in the Olden Time." The hamlets and furnaces of those who followed this occupation were generally to be found in the recesses of a forest; partly because the fuel, on the cheapness of which their success was so much dependent, was thus conveniently accessible, and partly to avoid the risk of conflagrations to which towns would have been exposed at a time when domestic buildings were so much more combustible than at present. "Very reasonably, therefore," says his biographer, "we may suppose, that in a hamlet of the kind thus indicated Palissy was born; that as a child he rolled upon the moss, and ripened with the chestnuts. Bits of coloured glass held a high price, no doubt, among his early toys; and some of his first lessons must have been those which taught him to distinguish between certain minerals, by the burning of which, upon its surface, glass was coloured." And judging from the inquisitiveness and subtlety of intellect which he displayed throughout his entire career, we shall not be indulging any vagrancy of fancy, if we picture to ourselves the boy Bernard fingering his father's drugs, and asking puzzling questions concerning them; and failing to elicit satisfactory replies, rambling forth into the wood to think over, or ask again of nature, of whose teachings he was ever a diligent student. Among the self-acquired accomplishments of the embryo artist was the art of drawing from the living copies that surrounded him—an attainment that exercised a considerable influence upon his subsequent career and achievements.

On reaching the age of about eighteen years, Bernard emerged from the cover of his native wood, shouldered a scanty wallet, bade farewell to friends and relations, and went forth to find his own position in the world. Ten or twelve years were spent by him in wandering to and fro throughout the various provinces of France, of which no certain records have come down to our times. His wants were simple and few, and these he sought to supply by exercising his skill, as a decorative painter, in the churches of the land and in the houses of the nobility. Being brought by his nomadic mode of life in contact with all sorts of characters, he picked up an extensive acquaintance with men and things, and came to comprehend the spirit and tendency of the degenerate days upon which he had fallen; while, at the same time, he lost no opportunity of gratifying that craving for additional insight into the works of creation, which was one of the master passions of his mind. Insects, birds, trees, stones, springs, and other objects innumerable, were continually arresting his footsteps and fixing his studious contemplation. Indeed, it must have been chiefly from the enlightened observations and experiences collected during

* Palissy the Potter: The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes, his Labours and Discoveries in Art and Science; with an outline of his Philosophical Doctrines. By Henry Morley. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

these years of wandering, that he was able afterwards to mature and develop those views on some of the most recondite points in natural philosophy with which his name is associated, and which antedated, by at least one or two centuries, many of the more recent inductions of science. His mind being of a remarkably free and fearless turn, he began about this period to study the scriptures. Travelling from place to place, he necessarily saw and heard much of the religious scandals and corruptions of the times, which had been long engendering feelings of universal distrust, contempt, and indignation among the population, and which, not many years afterwards, burst forth in sanguinary conflicts. His penetration and strong sense of justice at once detected the claims of the reformers to his sympathy and support, and he accordingly, for weal or for woe, cast in his lot among them.

Whether it was because he was becoming wearied with the restless life of a cosmopolite, or whether, which is most probable, his heart was not proof against the attractions of woman's affection, we cannot positively assert; but it is certain that, when he was about the age of twenty-nine, he laid aside his pilgrim's staff and sought repose and peace in marriage and housekeeping. The rover settled in the small town of Saintes, the capital of Saintonge, a district corresponding with the present department of Charente Inférieure. This great event in his history took place about the year 1538. Here, to discharge his new responsibilities, he undertook whatever employment he could get, either as a surveyor or as a glass and portrait painter. His engagements as surveyor usually sprung out of disputes concerning the boundaries of land, in which cases a plan of the contested property became necessary to the litigants. But it was scarcely to be expected that so vigorous and aspiring a mind as Palissy's could content itself with occupations that barely brought bread to himself and family—for children soon came to multiply his cares and stimulate his hopefulness. He sighed for higher and nobler labour, and longed to accomplish something for the good of his country and mankind.

While in this mood of mind, there was shown to Palissy an elegant cup of Italian manufacture; "an earthen cup," he himself tells us, "turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun, when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels, and other things, very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing." This simple incident was the turning-point in Palissy's history. The rudimental thought, thus suggested, was the solitary seed which, falling on the congenial soil of true genius, germinated and fruited into forms of the richest beauty.

To discover how to make enamels!—that was to be henceforth the aim of Palissy's labours—the prize of his ambition. It is difficult for us to conceive the condition of a great country, famed for the luxurious habits and appliances of its noblesse,

three centuries ago, that should be almost destitute of those household requisites, so well known, under the comprehensive names of "pottery" and "porcelain," to the humblest cottager of the present day. And yet such was indeed the fact. Tea-cups and saucers had not then been invented; yea, more, tea itself was unknown in Europe. Enamelled vessels however did exist, for Palissy had beheld a specimen; but it was of Italian manufacture. Translucent porcelain had just begun to be imported from China in the time of our potter, though it is not at all likely that he had ever seen or heard of it up to the time when his genius was prompted to action by the sight of the "enamelled cup."

Went upon intellectual conquest, the "artist in earth" energetically entered upon his new career. "Without having heard," he says, "of what materials the said enamels were composed, I pounded, in those days, all the substances which I could suppose likely to make anything; and having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and after having broken them in pieces, I put some of the materials that I had ground upon them, and having marked them, I set apart in writing what drugs I had put upon each, as a memorandum; then, having made a furnace to my fancy, I set the fragments down to bake." The preliminary cost of this experiment made of course a very serious impression upon the household purse, at no time, we fear, too richly lined. If Bernard discovered the coveted secret, however, he would have enriched himself beyond all calculation. So, with this alluring prospect before him, the enthusiastic experimentalist proceeded with his work, sinking his scanty funds, and attending to his ordinary avocations only at the bidding of stern necessity.

The first trial failed. It was a dead loss. Not one of the chemical mixtures would melt. The secret was not to be so easily and cheaply plucked from the heart of nature. Again he tried, and again he was defeated. His mistakes, however, were fruitful in useful lessons. "Having blundered," he says, "several times at great expense, and through much labour, I was every day pounding and grinding new materials, and constructing new furnaces, which cost much money and consumed my wood and time." When he had in this manner, to use his own expressive phrase, "fooled away several years," amid "sorrow and sighs," the hunger-cries of his children, and the upbraidings of his wife, a new thought struck him. He resolved to send the chemicals to be tested to the kiln of some neighbouring potter; for Palissy, it must be borne in mind, was not himself at that time a practical potter. Accordingly, having demolished a fresh importation of crockery, and covered three or four hundred of the fragments with his commingled powders, he sent them to a pottery, a league and half from his dwelling, for the purpose of being submitted to a fiercer furnace. Whether the potters indulged in any good-natured jokes at Palissy's expense we are not informed, but in all probability they did. But the man that could not be conquered by defeat was not the person to be disencouraged by ridicule. The result of this new and anxiously-watched experiment was like the previous ones; for "on taking out my trial-pieces," he says, sorrowfully, "I received nothing but shame

and loss." The fire, it appears, was not hot enough; and the batch was not baked in a scientific manner. The decision of the indomitable worker was, accordingly—not to desist, but—to "begin afresh." All his beginnings and endings, however, were of much the same character, entailing great cost, loss of time, confusion, and sorrow. The minerals would not melt; the enamel would not be discovered! Worst of all, but not subdued, the noble man, with his own charming simplicity tells us: "When I saw that I could not at all in this way come at my intention, I took relaxation for a time, occupying myself in my art of painting and glass-working, and comforted myself as if I were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels." A very wise resolution, our readers will think.

Just at this juncture in the affairs of Palissy, a circumstance occurred that brought a sudden influx of temporary prosperity into his desolated home. It must be understood, that the district of Saintonge, in which Bernard lived, abounded with some extensive and curiously constructed salt-marshes; and it must be further remembered that, for a long series of years previous to the epoch under consideration, the obnoxious gabelle, or tax on salt had been levied, in spite of the deep murmurs of the oppressed people. Being so unpopular, every effort was made to evade it. Among other methods adopted was that most effectual one, of resolving not to use the article thus taxed. But this scheme of passive resistance did not at all meet the views of the absolute monarch of those days, and he accordingly resorted to a retaliatory measure for the enforcement of his arbitrary claims, which has scarcely ever been surpassed for audacity. The head of every family was informed how much salt the king wished him to use every year; and storekeepers and controllers were appointed to make domiciliary visits, to see that this mandate was complied with. Even this device failed. Fraud and evasion harassed the tax-collector, and compelled a relaxation of this stringent law. A new decree was made in May, 1513, containing the new modifications of this odious tax. And it was under this edict, for securing to the sovereign the rights of the gabelle in Saintonge, that a survey of that district was commanded, on which occasion Palissy, who evidently stood high as a local surveyor, received his commission to prepare a map. This engagement occupied him the greater part of a year.

Being thus re-established in comfort, and the exhausted purse replenished with a little store of gold, what was to be expected but that the heroic man would turn with fresh energy and hope to his suspended search for enamel. This he did accordingly, much to the grief and terror of his poor wife, who, though sharing in all the blows he suffered, was quite unable to comprehend the battle that he waged. Visions of hungry, tattered, and dying children—an empty cupboard—and a desolated, for-saken hearth, again rose before her eyes; and not without good reason. Bernard, however, was not to be deterred by any considerations of this kind, and therefore resumed his old experiments with a fiercer zeal, hurried on apparently by an irresistible instinct. After awhile he got his chemicals to melt. Thus encouraged, he pursued his experiments for two years longer without success,

and equally without fatigue. At length he resolved upon one grand final effort. He broke more pots than ever, purchased a still greater variety of drugs and chemicals, and made no less than three hundred different mixtures, each of which might possibly contain the substances used in the covering of the enamelled cup. These trial-pieces were put into the furnace; and by the fierce furnace-mouth sat the persevering man, in a paroxysm of intense excitement, watching the success or failure of this crowning effort. After waiting for hours, his eye runs over the regiment of potsherds—when lo! one of them has melted; and being taken out, is set aside to cool. As it hardens, it grows white! "All that was black in the thoughts of Palissy begins to whiten with it. It is cold. It is white and polished—a white enamel, singularly beautiful." Who can tell the joy of Palissy in that hour! It must have been like the exultation of a triumphant conqueror.

The battle, however, was far from gained. Greater difficulties and disasters than any he had yet encountered still awaited him in this scientific campaign. Henceforth his labours were to be privately conducted at home; but our space would fail to follow him through all his trials and heroic sufferings. We must, however, spare room for one passage, which exhibits Palissy in a crisis of anxiety, struggle, and earnest determination, that is full of sublimity and terror.

"Bernard lighted then his furnace-fire, by two mouths, as he had seen to be the custom at the glass-houses. He put his vessels in, that the enamel might melt over them. He did not spare his wood. If his composition really did melt—if it did run over his vessels in a coat of that same white and singularly beautiful enamel which he had brought home in triumph from the glass-house—then there would be no more disappointments, no more hungry looks to fear; the prize would then be won. Palissy did not spare his wood; he diligently fed his fire all day, he diligently fed his fire all night. The enamel did not melt. The sun broke in upon his labour, his children brought him portions of the scanty household meals, the scantiness impelled him to heap on more wood; the sun set, and through the dark night, by the blaze and crackle of the furnace, Palissy worked on. The enamel did not melt! Another day broke over him; pale, haggard, half-stripped, bathed in perspiration, he still fed the furnace-fire, but the enamel had not melted. For the third night his wife went to bed alone, with terrible misgivings. A fourth day and a fourth night, and a fifth and sixth—six days and nights were spent about the glowing furnace, each day more desperately indefatigable in its labour than the last; but the enamel had not melted.

"It had not melted; that did not imply that it was not the white enamel. A little more of the flux used to aid the melting of a metal might have made the difference, thought Palissy. 'Although,' he says, 'quite stupefied with labour, I counselled to myself that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and seeing this—' What then? not, 'I regretted greatly the omission'; but, 'I began, once more, to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool; in this way I had double labour, to pound, grind, and maintain the fire.' He could hire no man to feed the fire while he was sleeping, and so, after six days and nights of unremitting toil, which had succeeded to a month of severe labour, for two or three weeks more Palissy still devoted himself to the all-important task. The labour of years might be now crowned with success, if he could persevere. Stupefied, therefore, with a labour under which many a weaker body would have yielded, though the spirit had maintained its unconquerable temper, Palissy did not hesitate, without an hour's delay, to begin his entire work afresh. Sleeping by minutes at a time, that he might not allow

the supply to fail of fresh wood heaped into the furnace, Palissy ground and pounded, and corrected what he thought was his mistake in the proportions of the flux. There was great hope in the next trial; for the furnace, having been so long alight, would be much hotter than it was before, while at the same time the enamel would be in itself more prompt to melt. All his own vessels having been spoiled—the result of seven months' labour in the moulding—Palissy went out into the town, when his fresh enamel was made ready, and purchased pots on which to make proof of the corrected compound.

"For more than three weeks Palissy had been imprisoned in the outhouse with his furnace, haggard, weary, unsuccessful, but not conquered yet, his position really justifying hope. But the vessels which his wife had seen him spend seven months in making, lay before her spoilt; the enamel had not melted; appearances were wholly against hope to her as an observer from without. Bernard had borrowed money for his last experiments: they were worse than moneyless, they were in debt. The wood was going, the hope of food was almost gone. Bernard was working at the furnace, desperately pouring in fresh wood; his wife sat in the house, overwhelmed with despair. Could it lessen her despair that there was no result when all the stock of wood was gone, and wanting money to buy more, she had vainly striven to hinder Palissy from tearing up the palings of their garden, that he might go on with a work which had already ruined them?

"Bernard knew well how much depended on his perseverance then. There was distinct and fair hope that the melting of his present mixture would produce enamelled vessels. If it should do this, he was safe. Though in themselves, since he now had mere jugs and popkins to enamel, they might not repay his labour, yet it sufficed that they would prove his case, justify all his zeal before the world, and make it clear to all men that he had a secret which would earn for him an ample livelihood. Upon the credit of his great discovery from that day forward he could easily sustain his family, until he should have time to produce its next results. The furnace, at a large expense of fuel, was then fully heated: his new vessels had been long subjected to its fire: in ten minutes—twenty minutes—the enamel might melt. If it required a longer time, still it was certain that a billet in that hour was of more value than a stack of wood could be after the furnace had grown cold again.

"So Bernard felt; but any words of his, to his wife's ear, would only sound like the old phrases of fruitless hope. The labour and the money perilled for the last nine months were represented by the spoiled vessels in the outhouse: they were utterly lost. The palings were burnt in vain; the enamel had not melted. There was a crashing in the house; the children were in dismay, the wife, assisted doubtless by such female friends as had dropped in to comfort her, now became loud in her reproach. Bernard was breaking up the tables, and carrying them off, legs and bodies, to the all-consuming fire. Still the enamel did not melt. There was more crashing and hammering in the house; Palissy was tearing up the floors, to use the planks as firewood. Frantic with despair, the wife rushed out into the town; and the household of Palissy traversed the town of Saintes, making loud publication of the scandal."

The end of Bernard's troubles and disasters had not yet come. He gained the desired knowledge, it is true; but the practical difficulty was how, overwhelmed as he was with poverty, to make a profitable use of it. The striving man of genius, however, set earnestly to work. Deeply in debt already, he committed an act, which some would pronounce one of madness, others one of great rashness. He engaged a potter to work for him in the formation of vessels and medallions, which was carried on for a period of six months, the assistant being fed all the time by a sympathizing inn-keeper; and when the potter left at the close of his engagement, in lieu of the wages due to him, Bernard was forced to pay him in his own wearing apparel. Great hopes were built upon this new

batch, which if he succeeded, was to extricate him from all his embarrassment and misery. But, alas! it did not succeed. By an unforeseen circumstance—the explosion of flints which he had inadvertently mixed with the mortar wherewith he had built his furnace—the result of six months' labour was destroyed. The enamels had melted; but, while in a glutinous state, the splintered flints had covered the surface of his wares, and utterly disfigured his exquisite handiwork. The scene of dilapidation, despondency, and anguish that ensued we cannot pause to depict. The smitten man, followed by the upbraidings of his wife and neighbours, retired to his chamber, there to commune with his own bitter thoughts. In the spirit of a true Christian philosopher, considering within himself "that if a man should fall into a pit, his duty would be to endeavour to get out again," he returned to the old avocation of painting, and in divers ways took pains to replenish his purse with a little money.

Palissy, we rejoice to know, was not always to be beaten. Again and again he resumed his enterprise, until at last he triumphed, as he so richly deserved to do; and, while France was being riven by religious factions and feuds, he grew extremely busy in the prosecution of his new craft. After the lapse of time, the rich and beautiful products of his genius began to attract the notice of persons of high rank and wealth, among whom were the Constable Montmorency and Catherine de Medicis. On behalf of the former, he was engaged for the adornment of the Château d'Ecouen, about four leagues from Paris, which, taken with other influential causes, rendered it necessary for him to remove to the capital. The vicissitudes of his Parisian life cannot here be described. Several times he was seized and imprisoned for his bold enunciation of heretical sentiments; but inasmuch as the putting of Palissy to death involved the extinction of an ornamental art, powerful hands were more than once stretched forth to snatch him from the gallows.

Bernard was, as we have hinted, something more than an artist in earth: he was also a penetrating philosopher, a powerful writer, and an able lecturer. He had formed during his long life a valuable cabinet of natural history, calculated to illustrate the philosophic views of nature which he had gradually matured. And in his latter days, for the purpose of testing his notions (which had been derived from the study of creation itself, and not from the books of the ancients), he invited all the savans resident in Paris to attend his course of lectures, at which every encouragement was given to free discussion. Being the first lectures of the kind ever delivered in that capital, they naturally produced quite a sensation, and added much to Palissy's fame. While engaged in these and similar occupations, he was again seized, and immured in the Bastille, where he died, in 1580, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. To such of our readers as can procure access to the work from which we have drawn these facts we cordially recommend its perusal; and to our friends of the working classes in particular, we commend the example of this remarkable man, as a model of industry, unconquerable perseverance, stern integrity, and manly piety, in hard and tumultuous times.

CURIOSITIES⁶ OF LONDON LIFE.

THE CITY TOLL-MAN.

It is a long while since the toll-gates, which once barricaded the approaches to the city of London proper, finally disappeared from the public ways. The localities, where they once barred the road to the traveller who used any other means of locomotion than those with which he was naturally provided, are now not easily identified. It is probable, however, that the toll-gates stood very near the spots where were the gates of the ancient city when London was a walled capital. If so, their sites would be indicated, though with no very great precision, by the situation on the map of Aldgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, etc., etc., in former times the gates of the old surrounding fortification. But city walls and gates, and toll-bars too, have all been swept away by the rushing stream of commerce; yet though the material obstacles have vanished long ago, the pecuniary one remains. Vested interests, stronger than stone walls, endure in full vigour when these have crumbled to decay; and from this cause it is that, though the toll-man has been long ago turned out of house and home, he is not yet turned out of office, but continues to levy his exactions after he has been deprived of all semblance of authority, and of all show of right to the tax to which he lays claim.

The houseless and unsheltered functionary, who at the present day represents the corporation of London in their capacity of highway tax-gatherers, is a very forlorn-looking individual, who has to do battle for his levies, occasionally at a disadvantage, with any man who chooses to play the recusant; and, to say the truth, his adversaries are by no means few. He is a man evidently born to contend with opposition, and to get the better of it. He has in his time rubbed shoulders with so many discomforts, that it is a question whether he would feel at home without them. He is a weather-worn subject, somewhat wiry-faced and hard-featured, and with a figure thin enough almost to find shelter to leeward of a gas-lamp, and active enough to run down a fast-trotting horse in less time than it would take to saddle him. His occupation is no sinecure; he has to be thoroughly awake every day and all day long. Honour may nod, but not he; unless he choose to pay for it by the loss of income. His whole career in office is a continuous and praiseworthy example of "the pursuit of half-pence" under difficulties." In this pursuit he is constantly baffled, but then he is as constantly successful. If half of his unwilling va sals glude him, the other half pay him the hard cash; so that if he gets a grievance one minute, he gathers compensation the next. He is liable to be cheated every hour, and undergoes that penalty many times a day; but he has not time to grumble, and, more than that, does not think of grumbling, but looks the sharper after the next comer.

His occupation has taught him some practical philosophy. He knows the value of good temper and the folly of resentments. He is a civil fellow in the main, and will answer your questions readily enough; but you must not expect him to look you in the face: his eyes are ever on the highway, and if he shoots off like a rocket in the middle of a response, it is because he has a reason for it—

at least in perspective. Sometimes, when the day has been unproductive, he will avenge the delinquency of one defaulter by the persecution of another—hunting him down with great pertinacity, and following him from street to street, leaving the way clear meanwhile to all who may come. This is an imprudence, however, of which he is seldom guilty, because it is one which brings its immediate penalty.

The reader who would like to catch a glimpse of this active subject must look for him in some one of the thoroughfares of commerce, just at the point which marks the limits of the corporation domains. If he have a map of London in which the city proper is marked by a different colour, he will see at a glance all the inlets and outlets which have to be guarded and taxed by the toll-man. Thus there is one at Holborn-hill, whose occupation can be no sinecure, seeing that he has to do the duty of three imaginary five-barred gates, placed, one at Shoe-lane, one at Farringdon-street, and one at Snow-hill. There is another pluralist, who stands at the west-end of Fleet-street, keeping one eye constantly on Temple-bar and another on Chancery-lane. They are all authorised and enjoined to collect twopence from the drivers of all vehicles, not belonging to freemen of London, bringing goods into the city. The principal city toll-man is perhaps a speculator, who rents the whole of the tolls from the corporation. He supplies his assistants with tickets, which, like turnpike tickets elsewhere, are delivered to the drivers who pay the toll. Whether he pays his inferiors by stated salaries, or sells them the tickets at a discount, we are not in a condition to certify; but judging from the indefatigable efforts of some of them in the prosecution of their profession—seeing how recklessly they dash into the torrent of rushing vehicles, heedless of horses' hoofs and rattling wheels, after a driver who turns a deaf ear to their challenge—we are inclined to suspect that they have in some way or other a personal interest in the capture of every identical twopence. Be this as it may, the toll-man evidently reaps no great emolument from his profession, which is far more wearisome and laborious than it is profitable. Upon his first appointment, he is generally seen gaping about him in a state of anxious bewilderment, half uncertain upon whom to levy his unwelcome tax. By the time that he has got the freemen's carts by heart, and learned to distinguish his lawful victims, he has usually made the discovery that his vocation is intolerably exacting, and not to be endured. We never knew one of them stand the ordeal many years. A man who would get through such a function well is generally deserving of something better; and anything is better than a perpetual tramp out-of-doors in all weathers after flying twopences, in which he has but the merest fractional interest, if he have any at all. So it comes to pass that he looks out for repose in some other calling; and, mounted on the step of an omnibus as a conductor, or stuck into a cabin reared in the mud of the Thames as pay-taffer for a penny steamer, he congratulates himself that he no longer runs himself out of breath after the corporation coppers.

It is not easy to come at the origin of these city tolls. There is, however, a charter granted to the

mayor and citizens of London by Henry IV, which throws some light upon the subject. This charter was granted in return for the loyal assistance they rendered to the king in the matter of the conspiracy and rebellion in which his throne and life were attempted, in the first year of his reign, by the abbot of Westminster, the dukes of Albemarle, Surrey, and Exeter, the earls of Gloucester and Salisbury, the bishop of Carlisle, and Sir Thomas Blount. The conspiracy was discovered by accident, and the rebellion in which it prematurely exploded was quelled by the promptitude of the mayor of London, who supplied Henry with six thousand citizens completely armed. These were soon increased, by volunteers from the neighbourhood, to the number of twenty thousand. The rebel army was overthrown, and their leaders soon after taken and executed. The charter, which bears date the 25th May, 1399, confers, among other privileges; upon "the said citizens, their heirs and successors, the custody as well of the gates of Newgate and Ludgate as all other the gates and posterns of the same city." The charter, however, does not make mention of the sums to be levied as tolls at the said gates and posterns, and it would be absurd to suppose that there is any prescriptive right so ancient as the charter for subjecting each vehicle to the charge of twopence—a sum which in those days would have purchased a joint of meat.

That those tolls have been often the pretence for fraudulent exactions we may gather from the following record, preserved in the city memorials:—In the year 1743, one Anthony Wright brought an action against the lessee of one of the gates, who by his plea insisted on a prescriptive right to receive twopence for the passage of each cart laden with goods and merchandise amounting to the weight of one ton and upwards. It appeared, however, by the evidence, that the usage had been to take a penny only for a cart with two horses, however heavily laden, and a verdict was given for the plaintiff against the lessee.

We imagine the time is not far distant when the good sense of the corporation of London will lead to the final abolition of the city tolls, which, besides being a nuisance, must operate in some degree against the interests of commerce, which it is to their especial advantage to promote.

SENSATIONS IN DROWNING.

THE following letter, addressed by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. W. H. Wollaston, giving an account of the feelings of the former when apparently on the very point of death from drowning, was originally published in the *Life of the late Sir John Barrow*. It will well repay our readers' perusal.

The following circumstances which attended my being drowned have been drawn up at your desire: they had not struck me as being so curious as you consider them, because from two or three persons, who, like myself, had been recovered from a similar state, I have heard a detail of their feelings, which resembled mine as nearly as was consistent with our different constitutions and dispositions.

Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his majesty's ships in Portsmouth Harbour, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was en-

deavouring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttlings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and, not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard, the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them. With the violent but vain attempts to make myself afloat I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggle, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface;—all hopes had fled—all exertion ceased—and I felt that I was drowning.

So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued: my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable, and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous resignation—for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind: its activity seemed to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all description, for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace; the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances mingled with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. They then took a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage, and shipwreck—my school—the progress I made there, and the time I had thus spent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity. May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world; and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? But, however that may be, one circumstance was

highly remarkable; the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future. I was wrapt entirely in the past. The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

The strength of the flood-tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, chafing, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, that, according to the account of the lookers-on, I was very quickly restored to animation.

My feelings while life was returning were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind; instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it, a helpless anxiety—a kind of continuous nightmare—seemed to press heavily on every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought, and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least, in general distress. On one occasion, I was shot in the lungs, and, after lying on the deck at night for some hours bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted. Now, as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the overwhelming sensation which accompanies fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state.

If these *involuntary experiments* on the operation of death afford any satisfaction or interest to you, they will not have been suffered quite in vain by

Yours very truly,
F. BEAUFORT.

This letter of Admiral Beaufort, observes Sir John Barrow, must give rise to various suggestions. It proves that the spirit of man may retain its full activity when freed from the trammels of the flesh; at least, when all the functions of the body are deprived of animal power, and the spirit has become something like the type and shadow of that which we are taught to believe concerning the immortality of the soul.

It is seldom that we meet with the experience of an individual so near the confines of the eternal world as was the one in the case now before us. If all the acts of transgression, all the deeds done in the body, can thus in a moment be brought back by memory to view, does it not seem to give a fore-shadowing of that period when man is to stand at the solemn tribunal of

his Creator? How unspeakably important, on such a contemplation, must it be to have an interest by faith in the blood of Christ, which cleanses from all sin—not a mere head-faith, but one which shows its genuineness by loving God and, in the strength of the Holy Spirit, keeping his commandments.

Miscellaneous.

PICTURE OF LORD ALTHORP, AFTER HIS DEFEAT ON THE REFORM BILL.—“I went to Althorp at ten o’clock,” says Lord Jeffrey, “and had a characteristic scene with that most honest, frank, true, and stout-hearted man. He had not come down stairs, and I walked up to his dressing-room, where I found him sitting on a stool, in a dark duffle dressing-gown, with his arms (very rough and hairy), bare above the elbows, and his beard half-shaved, and half staring through the lather, with a desperate razor in one hand, and a great soap brush in the other. He gave me the loose finger of the brush hand, and with the usual twinkle of his bright eye and radiant smile, he said:—“You need not be anxious about your Scotch Bill for to-night; for I have the pleasure to tell you, *we are no longer his Majesty’s Ministers.*”

To those who think the loss of political power the greatest of all misfortunes, the following account of one man’s resignation under the calamity may be useful:—“Lord Althorp has gone through all this with his characteristic cheerfulness and courage. The day after the resignation he spent in a great sale garden, choosing and buying flowers, and came home with five great packages in his carriage, devoting the evening to studying where they should be planted in his garden at Althorp, and writing directions and drawing plans for their arrangement. And when they came to summon him to a council on the Duke’s giving in, he was found in a closet with a groom, busy oiling the locks of his fowling pieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry.”

JEFFREY AS AN EDITOR.—Jeffrey’s value as Editor was incalculable. He had not only to revise and arrange each number after its parts were brought together; but before he got this length, he, like any other person in that situation, had much difficult and delicate work to perform. He had to discover and to train authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject and, more offensive still, to improve contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master’s judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. The merit of getting so many writers to forgo the ordinary jealousies of authors and of parties, and to write invisibly, and without the fame of individual and avowed publication, in the promoting of a work made up of unconnected portions, and assailed by such fierce and various hostility, is due to him entirely. He acquired it by his capacity of discussing almost any subject, in a conciliatory spirit; with almost any author; by the wisdom with which his authority was exercised; by the infusion of his personal kindness into his official intercourse; and his liberal and gentlemanlike demeanour. Inferior to these excellences, but still important, was his dexterity in revising the writings of others.

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A DOMESTIC SCENE AT DR. JOHNSON'S, p. 740

SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"My first journey to London!" There are few of the country-born inhabitants of the great city who do not look back to that event with feelings

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of peculiar interest. How busy imagination used to be in the days of their boyhood with this object of their hope. How the old grey metropolis, painted in fancy hues, used to loom before the eye, and excite eager longings for the day when

the grand expedition was to be made. With feelings bordering on giddy, the lad on his way to school before breakfast, as the summer sun smiled so cheerfully on the front of the provincial inn, looked up to the passengers on the roof of the London day-coach, and paused to witness the busy preparations of the red-coated driver and gauryl, and followed with his eye the well-laden vehicle rattling along the stones and whirling round the corner, and caught the echo of the merry horn, becoming fainter and fainter till it died away. And when perchance some young schoolfellow had been to spend his holidays in the mother city, with what curiosity was he welcomed on his return, and how eagerly did listening groups gather round him to receive his wonderful stories. When the period arrived for one's own personal adventure in this way, how broken was the sleep the night before! What dreams we had, all in glorious confusion! Nor was there any fear of lying too late that morning! With what joy did we spring into the place booked sometime before, and all day long how we did wonder about what we were to see; and did we not stretch our neck to catch a glimpse of every object in advance, as the coach neared Whitechapel?

To how many has the first journey to London been really an epoch in their history. The legendary tale of Whittington dreaming of London streets being paved with gold, and finding out at last that for him they might be said to be so, has found almost a counterpart in the actual experience of not a few, who have in succeeding centuries occupied his seat of honour and worn the civic chain. Arrival in the metropolis, too, has often proved the first step out of obscurity into fame. Minds full of genius have found it a battle-ground on which, not however till after much hard fighting, they have won the laurels of renown. As in the biography of commerce, the struggles of young men in pursuit of wealth, during the first few years of their London life, would afford materials full of interest and instruction, so are illustrations and lessons supplied by the opening chapters of a metropolitan career in the history of aspirants after literary fame.

We often think of Johnson's first visit to London. He was twenty-eight years of age, and came up in search of fortune, in a double sense. He wanted a livelihood, but literary ambition was coupled with the humbler desire. He and Garrick travelled from Lichfield together. They liked to talk of it afterwards, and would paint the picture of their poverty at the time in the very darkest colours, as men who rise are often wont to do. "We rode and tied," said the tragedian. "I came to London with twopence halfpenny in my pocket," said the great lexicographer and critic. "What do you say?" his companion inquired. "Why, yes," he rejoined, "I came with twopence halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three-halfpence in thine." Johnson certainly was very badly off. His school at Lichfield had failed; and literature now was his only resource. It is ever, as Sir Walter Scott said, "a good walking-stick, but a bad crutch;" it was so then even more than now, for readers were a limited class, and the book trade far from flourishing. "You had better buy a porter's knot," observed Wilcox, the publisher, to the newly arrived competitor in the

race of authorship, as he looked on his large frame and vigorous limbs. For some time, so as far as a maintenance was concerned, Johnson could hardly have been in greater straits had he taken the man's advice. Even seven years after his first arrival, he was at times in such indigence, that he could not pay for a lodging, and he and his friend Savage wandered whole nights about the streets. On one occasion they walked till morning, round St. James's-square, not at all, however, depressed by their situation; as, according to Johnson's own account, "they were in high spirits and brim-full of patriotism, and for several hours inveighed against the minister, and resolved they would stand by their country."

The first place in which Johnson lived on reaching London was a garret in the house of a Mr. Morris, staymaker, in Exeter-street, adjoining Catherine-street, in the Strand. Frequently fourpence halfpenny a day was all that he spent on his support, for he was rigidly honest, and would not get into debt without the means of payment; thus forming a noble exception to the too general practice of his brother adventurers, at that period, in the book-making craft. When now and then a little more cash diminished the need of extreme privation, he gave himself a treat after the following fashion. "I dined very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the Pine Apple in New-street, just by. Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day, but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest of a shilling, for they drank wine, but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny, so that I was quite well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." Johnson's life just then was a cold and comfortless one, but he had a friend in a Mr. Hervey, of whom he ever spoke with gratitude and affection. Beautiful is it to notice, amidst Johnson's stern and rugged nature, fountains of feeling such as gush up in his well-known words: "If you call a dog *Hervey*, I shall love him." Johnson also resided in Bow-street, Convent-garden, and Castle-street, Oxford-market; but his early London history is better associated with another locality.

There is a quiet spot at Clerkenwell, which we are very fond of visiting. It is adorned with an archaeological relic of rare interest, one of the few which time and circumstances have spared. The picture of it still lingers on the brown cover of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' We allude to St. John's Gate, through which, in days of yore, crusading knights, of the order of that name, often passed upon their high-mettled steeds; but known in Johnson's day, and since, for other associations. There lived, in the first half of the eighteenth century, the famous Mr. Cave, an enterprising publisher, who originated the periodical just mentioned, calling himself, in his editorial capacity, Sylvanus Urban. Johnson admired this primitive leader in a walk of literature since crowded by a host of followers. To St. John's Gate he soon made his way, and beheld the edifice "with reverence," as he expressly informed Mr. Boswell; an expression which the biographer interpreted in allusion to the miscellany, whereas later annotators, who have been as busy with Johnson's works and life

as their ancient predecessors were with Homer, inform us there can be no doubt the reference is to the edifice itself, with its chivalrous memories. We find Johnson writing to Mr. Cave, "from Greenwich, next door to the Golden Heart, Church-street." Afterwards he became a contributor to the magazine, and arranged with Cave for the publication of his early works. There he would often go with Mrs. in his pocket to talk over literary and business matters with his new friend, and hence we can distinctly connect the shade of this great author, in his twenty-ninth year, with the gateway and the street adjoining. As we linger about it, we fancy we see him in shabby clothes, emerging from the little doorway under the shady arch, with that feeling of honest independence which Johnson of all men loved to cherish; a feeling which proceeded from having done his arduous work and received his scanty pay, while there were no demands upon him beyond what his slender means could fully meet.

The dictionary was commenced in 1717. While it was going forward, Boswell tells us that Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, and part in Gough-square, Fleet-street. Here we are allowed to enter his retirement and see him at work. Up in a garret, No. 17, on the north-west corner of the square, we discover him, with six amanuenses, employed in the compilation of his *magnum opus*. There he is with piles of books, looking for passages fitted to illustrate his definitions, and marking them in the margin with black-lead pencil, inscribing also the letters of the word under which they were to be introduced. The books are then handed over to his assistants, who copy the sentences on slips of paper, and arrange them in the order prescribed by the learned compiler. The preparation of those huge quarto volumes is tremendous drudgery, and occupies him for eight years, during which time he reaps but small profit, owing to the great expense necessarily incurred. Gough-square was the scene of other labours. There he wrote the 'Rambler' and 'Idler,' and we are informed by Miss Reynolds, that, while employed upon the latter, he was so indigent that he dressed like a beggar, and lived as such. She tells us he wanted even a chair to sit on, particularly in his study, where a gentleman who frequently visited him, whilst writing his 'Idler,' constantly found him at his desk, sitting on a chair with three legs, and on rising from it he remarked that Dr. Johnson never forgot its defect, but would either hold it in his hand, or place it with great composure against some support, taking no notice of its imperfection to his visitor. It is humiliating to think that a man who could and did work as he was wont to do—who penned the life of Savage in six-and-thirty hours—who in one night composed the 'Hermit of Teneriffe'—should have been so pressed and crushed by the narrowness of his pecuniary circumstances.

Nor was his poverty the only affliction which befel him in Gough-square. It was there that he lost his wife, for whom, though they do not seem to have led a very harmonious life together, he cherished a strong affection. Her death threw him into a paroxysm of agony, heightened probably by his hypochondriac temperament. Mrs. Piozzi states that Johnson's negro servant, Francis, ran in the middle of the night to Westminster, to

fetch Dr. Taylor to see his master, who was all but wild with excess of sorrow, and scarcely knew him when he arrived. "After some minutes, however, the doctor proposed their going to prayer, as the only rational method of calming the disorder this misfortune had occasioned in both their spirits." He preserved her wedding-ring as long as he lived, with affectionate care, in a little round wooden box, in the inside of which he pasted a slip of paper with the words: "Eheu, Eliz. Johnson, nupta Jul. 9, 1736; mortua, cheu! Mart. 17, 1752." It was also while living in Gough-square that his mother died at Lichfield; another circumstance which awakened in his breast poignant sorrow, while it also led to the composition of the celebrated tale of 'Rasselas'—a work which he sold for a sum sufficing to pay her funeral expenses, and some little debts that remained at the time of her death. This instance of filial affection and reverence reflects honour on the man who was so remarkable for his rough demeanour and apparent want of feeling. These redeeming traits, like myrtles growing among rocks, impart much beauty to a character which would otherwise be harsh and uninviting.

In 1762, Johnson had a pension of 300*l.* a year settled upon him by the king, after which the need of labour for his support was considerably diminished, and his comforts were greatly increased. He soon afterwards removed to No. 1, Inner Temple-lane, near the Bar, a region we have already repeatedly visited in search of illustrious shades. It was there that Boswell visited him immediately upon the formation of that acquaintance which ripened into so fast and firm a friendship. "He received me," he says, "very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck, and knees of his breeches, were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers." The man who was destined to be Johnson's biographer domiciled himself hard by, in Farrer's-buildings, that he might be near the object of his almost idolatrous admiration. Poor Bozzy! he writes as if he thought posterity would smile at his excessive reverence for his hero—an anticipation verified beyond what he conceived; but, notwithstanding, he persevered, with a sort of self-sacrifice, in doing honour to his hero. While giving abundant proofs of his own weakness, he has made succeeding generations his debtors for the minute and graphic portrait he spent so much of his life in painting. One pictures him becoming, as far as possible, himself Johnsonian—and such was the fact—imitating the Great Mogul of the literary world in his slouching air, constant restlessness, and negligent attire. His clothes were too large, his wig undressed, nor could he sit still in his chair; points of resemblance to the great original which were certainly within the reach of very limited powers to attain. He would sit with mute attention to hear his oracle in conversation, while his eyes goggled with earnestness, and his ear leaned on the doctor's shoulder, and his mouth dropped open to catch every stray word, and his memory was burdened, one would think

almost beyond endurance, to carry home the treasures of an evening's colloquy, and deposit all safe in a note-book for the volumes of that life the publication of which was to form the clinacetic of the author's existence. And how patiently would he endure the rudest treatment from his idol; submitting to him as a servant, obeying him as a child, and cowering down under the fearful explosions, "What do you do there, sir? go to the table, sir. What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, sir—running about in the middle of meals!"

Tuesday, July 19, 1763, is specially marked in Boswell's diary. "Mr. Levett," he writes, "this day showed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty, and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they might contain portions of the 'Rambler,' or of 'Rasselas.' I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was, all his life, very fond. The place seemed to be very favourable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant, when he wanted to study secure from interruption, for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. "A servant's strict regard for truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for himself?" The dingy lane of the Inner Temple suited Johnson's taste very well, as he had no love for rural scenery, and would even ridicule the sentimentalism of green fields and babbling brooks; quite content with such verdure as he could show his friend in what he called his "walk," a long narrow paved court in the neighbourhood, overshadowed by some trees, where he was wont to ramble after tea.

Under date 1766, Boswell informs us:—"I returned to London in February, and found Dr. Johnson in a good house in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, in which he had accommodated Mrs. Williams with an apartment on the ground floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret; his faithful Francis was still attending him." These were three persons well known to the readers of Johnson's life, indeed essential features in his domestic picture. Mrs. Williams was a blind Welsh lady, an admirer of the critic, who entertained a high regard for her talents and accomplishments, mingled with sterling and practical sympathy for her reverse. "I see her now," says Miss Hawkins, "a pale, shrunken old lady, dressed in scarlet, made in the handsome French fashion of the time, with a lace cap with two stiffened projecting wings on the temples, and a black lace hood over it." Robert Levett was a very humble practitioner in the medical profession, to whom Johnson took a great fancy, and declared that without him he should be dissatisfied, though attended by the

whole college of physicians. His practice was large, but his fees were small; so that, though his patients were scattered all over London, from Houndsditch to Marylebone, he was still in a measure dependent on Johnson, whom he constantly attended through the tedious ceremony of his late breakfast. Though grotesque in appearance, stiff and formal in manners, and taciturn in company, Levett ever commanded the respect of his patron, who knew well how to penetrate through the surface of character, and get at the sweetness lying at the core, if any happened to be there. Francis was a negro who waited on the doctor with great fidelity, for whose welfare he always manifested a great concern, and finally by will bequeathed to him a handsome maintenance.

These were by no means Johnson's only hangers-on. While he kept his numerous family in Fleet-street upon a settled allowance, he had numerous dependants out-of-doors, who, as he said, "did not like to see him latterly unless he brought 'em money." Hence he would assist them not only out of his own purse, but by contributions obtained from friends; and this, he would add, "is one of the thousand reasons which ought to restrain a man from dromy solitude and useless retirement." We are accustomed to think of Johnson only in connection with literature: it is very beautiful, in addition, to recognise him in the character of a philanthropist, bringing upon him the blessing of them that were ready to perish, and making the widow's heart to sing for joy. The healing of wounded hearts, and the assuagement of smarting sorrows, attract less attention than the prizes won in the stadium of scholarship, or than the bays which adorn the brows of genius; and yet we all know there are records kept of the former (when performed from right motives) in that world where the latter distinctions are overlooked as things of nought. Johnson's intellectual efforts defy imitation, but his quiet benevolence is within the reach of every one.

The penetralia of Johnson's domestic retirement few were permitted to enter, the Tavern and club room being the place where the literary world found access to their great oracle; but, as was fitting, Boswell was admitted to its mysteries, and he has left on record an account of dining in Johnson's court, written in a way that indicates how rare and distinguished was the privilege. "April 11th, being Easter Sunday, after having attended divine service at St. Paul's, I repaired to Dr. Johnson's. I had gratified my curiosity much in dining with Jean Jacques Rousseau, while he lived in the wilds of Neuchâtel: I had as great a curiosity to dine with Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the dusty recess of a court in Fleet-street. I supposed we should scarcely have knives and forks, and only some strange, uncouth, ill-dressed dish; but I found every thing in very good order. We had no other company than Mrs. Williams, and a young woman whom I did not know. As a dinner here was considered a singular phenomenon, and as I was frequently interrogated on the subject, my readers may perhaps be desirous to know our bill of fare. Foote, I remember, in allusion to Francis the negro, was willing to suppose that our repast was black broth; but the fact was, that we had very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal

pie, and a rice pudding." Whether there were plums and sugar in the pie he does not say, but it is most likely there were, as these were, with Johnson, favourite ingredients in that dish.

It may be added, that the privilege of dining with the philosopher was preceded by the opportunity of breakfasting with him on the Good Friday before, when Boswell tells us they had tea and hot-cross buns; Dr. Levett, as Frank called him, presiding at table. "He carried me with him," Boswell goes on to inform us, "to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat, and his behaviour was, as I had imagined to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany, "In the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us." The seat which he occupied, in the north gallery, near the pulpit, is still pointed out,* and there one sees his shadow under circumstances which recall some of the most solemn moments of his earthly existence; for never does the soul so assert its immortality, and come so consciously near to the edge of the invisible realm, as when truly engaged in the worship of God, and earnestly hearing and reflecting upon the momentous truths of the gospel. We know no associations more affecting than those which take this form. Here listened and worshipped a distinguished mind, that is now gone into the world of awful wonder, which then awakened its curiosity and solicitude. Here it thought of those realms of being into which it has been long since introduced; here it dwelt upon its relationship to that glorious Being in whose presence it has appeared; here it speculated with fear and trembling on what would be its present condition and employments! What change has the revelation of the secrets of eternity produced in its experience!

Johnson's fame was widely spread. He came to be one of the greatest notabilities of his day. Many of the great revered him, and on one occasion royalty commanded an interview. It took place in the royal library of Buckingham House; a full report of it is preserved, which previous to publication was perused and approved by the king himself. A long conversation took place on divers literary topics, Johnson feeling himself a monarch in that domain, and the sovereign fully acknowledging his authority there. Thorough manliness marked the interview on both sides, and did credit to both parties. A remark which Johnson made about a royal compliment which he received, is very amusing. He said he thought he had written too much. "I should have thought so too," said the king, "if you had not written so well." "No man," said the flattered author, "could have paid a handsomer compliment; it was fit for a king to pay. It was decisive." When asked whether he made a reply, he observed, "No, sir: when the king had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." The monarch was George III., and it is not a little curious that Johnson should have been also in the presence of two personages so far removed from each other in point of time as Queen Anne and George IV. He

was taken to the former to be touched for the scrofula; that superstitious practice, though on the decline, having not quite died out, for two hundred persons were touched when he was. Being asked if he remembered the queen, he said, "he had a confused but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds, and a long black hood"—one of the most picturesque views of her majesty, by the way, we ever remember having seen. George IV., when a little boy, was introduced to Johnson, who took the opportunity of asking him what books he was reading, and in particular inquired as to his knowledge of the holy scriptures. The prince, in his answers, gave him great satisfaction; and as to the last, said, "that part of his daily exercises was to read Ostervald"—no doubt the popular catechism and abridgment of sacred history.

Another change in Johnson's residence took place in 1776; but we still find him in his favourite Fleet-street. His new abode was in Bolt-court, No. 8. Boswell, on coming to London, in the month of March that year, sought out his friend, and on discovering his removal, wrote down in his journal as follows:—"I felt a foolish regret that he had left a court which bore his name, but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than when I went in, and which had often appeared to my imagination, while I trod its pavement in the solemn darkness of night, to be sacred to his wisdom and piety." We fully appreciate the biographer's reverence for the old court, and cannot help ourselves regarding it still with feelings akin to his, although the place is now greatly changed. But Bolt-court, as his abode for the rest of his life, and the place where he died, comes in for a larger share of veneration, while round it there cling the richest recollections of its famous inhabitant. The house is gone, and the little garden has disappeared, "which he took delight in watering," but prints of the spot are preserved, and we can still see the three circular steps leading up to the door, with the flat projection over the doorway, and the long row of windows in the roof, and the shrubs adorning the leads of a lower room, in advance of the adjoining residence. A tavern and a printing-office now occupy the chief portion of this little nook in one of London's vast thoroughfares; but the name of Johnson inscribed on the entrance is ever associated with the locality, and though many doubtless pass it by with other thoughts, we cannot suppose that we alone are wont now and then to turn into the little retired avenue and dream of other days. Why there he is! with poor blind Mrs. Williams coming up the court, and on reaching the steps he whirls and twists about with strange gesticulations, and then, with a sudden spring, strides over the threshold as if engaged in gymnastic exercises, or performing a feat for a wager; the blind lady groping about to find the entrance, while her friend continues his odd movements on his way to his own room. He makes it an object of anxious care to go in and out by a certain number of steps from a particular point, and to commence the operation always with the same foot; right and left being trained to a particular order in this exercise; and sometimes he

* A brass plate has been recently affixed to it, intimating that there Johnson sat.

will even count his steps with great earnestness, lest there should be an error in the important process.

Up comes Sir Joshua Reynolds's coach, and out steps Miss Hannah More, who is shown into the little parlour, where she sits down on a chair, thinking it to be the doctor's, hoping to catch from it some spark of his genius, when he enters with formal politeness and laughs at the lady for her mistake, the seat she has selected being one he never occupies. They talk away in the wainscotted old room upon divers literary matters, while the printer's errand boy stands impatient on the stairs, waiting for proof. The interview over, and Hannah much delighted with her reception, (for the doctor likes her,) she is handed by him to the coach, which, amidst a crowd of vehicles, now stands some eight or ten doors from Bolt-court, and then he exhibits such strange gesticulations that a crowd of people gather round equally surprised and diverted.

We follow him back to his room, and watch him after he has done writing—as he muses in his chair, making sundry kinds of indescribable noises, or as he talks to Bozzy, shaking all over, rubbing his knees, and puffing at the end of one of his sonorous sentences, like a whale rising to the surface of the water for a gasp of breath after some long deep plunge. Boswell gone, and all quiet, Johnson thinks of the necessities of his household, particularly of one member—an old cat, now very infirm and sick, Hodge by name, which is fond of oysters; and to spare Francis the negro the degradation of waiting on a four-footed creature, Johnson actually trudges forth himself to an oyster shop to bring home the desired delicacy for the feline inmate. Dreams of humanity and kindness, often very strange, are ever and anon shining out from among the dark clouds of wrath and rudeness that roll over the spirit of this wonderful but eccentric man.

Johnson walking along the street by himself was a notable spectacle; not only for a peculiar solemnity of deportment and measured step, which we fancy would have reminded us of his style of composition, as if he were beating time to his own sentences; but for a practice which is thus described. "Upon every post, as he passed, he deliberately laid his hand; but missing one of them, when he had got at some distance, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and immediately returning back, carefully performed the accustomed ceremony, and resumed his former course, not omitting one till he gained the crossing."

Johnson in conversation, as he threaded the mazes of a London crowd, was worth hearing; and one would also have liked to see him when some clever rejoinder fell on his ear; as, for example, when after visiting Westminster Abbey with Goldsmith, he had said to his companion, "*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*"—Goldsmith slyly whispered to Johnson, as they stopped at Temple-bar, and he pointed at the grim heads of the executed Jacobites, "*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis*."

Johnson at the tables of his friends—at Sir

Joshua Reynolds's, General Oglethorpe's, Mrs. Thrale's, and the rest—what a privilege to meet him; or at his club, at "Sam's," No. 40, Essex-street, where the terms were lax and the expenses light, the forfeit for absence being two-pence; at the "King's Head," Ivy-lane, Newgate-street, where he constantly resorted on Tuesday nights, and played the part of *symposiarch*, till the association was broken up; or at the "Literary Club," by far the most illustrious, as it proved the most enduring, first assembling in the "Turk's Head," Gerrard-street, Soho, and still continued at the "Thatched House," according to the standing toast, "*Esto perpetua*." Johnson at dinner engaged with equal earnestness and relish in the practical discussion of plate after plate of good fare, and the philosophical discussion of question after question of manifold kinds, was an occurrence to be long remembered by those who witnessed it; and not less so, Johnson at tea, drinking a dozen cups, and pouring forth streams of shining eloquence, or doubling that number and remaining silent, because his hostess had invited him to serve as a lion to the company.

All this, however, and much more, we must leave, and hasten to the end. Johnson died in the back-room first-floor of the house in Bolt-court, in 1781. The particulars of his death have been treasured up with the same care as the minutest details of his life. As we peruse the narrative, we feel how melancholy was the new interest which gathered round his favourite abode, as his friends perceived the decline of his health. We see messengers coming up the narrow passage to make inquiries, and many an associate and disciple of the great man hastening with an anxious countenance to hear once more a voice which had so often filled them with admiration. We hear him talking of his will, and making provision for the negro, Francis; and especially do we eagerly listen for all that throws light on the state of the sufferer's mind in reference to religion. Religion had ever been to Johnson a subject of reverential thought. The forays of it he had studiously maintained; but his religious meditations were pervaded by a deep melancholy, and his religious services were tinged with superstition. He had dreaded death, for he had looked to his own performances as a ground of trust. Towards the latter end his views improved; gospel-light shone clearly on his soul, and he became, it may be fondly hoped, another man. "For some time before his death, all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Christ." "My dear doctor," said he to Dr. Brocklesbury, who made the above statement, "believe a dying man—there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God." This beautiful testimony to the worth of the gospel in a dying hour may fitly terminate this paper on one who, with all his great faults and failings, belongs to the most illustrious group of the Shades of the Departed that meet us amidst the scenes of old London. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey; and as we pause in the poet's corner, and think of his rare endowments and acquisitions, all become lost in the infinite importance of his dying words—"there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God."

* "Perhaps our names will be associated with *theirs*." Johnson was a Jacobite at heart.

FUNERAL OBSERVANCES.*

THE solemn character of death combines with the dictates of affection in prescribing the use of a proper ceremonial towards the mortal remains of our departed friends. There is a "decent sorrow," which, as it is natural to feel, it is also becoming to express. It is, however, to be regretted that an event which more than any other reveals our insignificance, should often be regarded as an occasion for the gratification of vanity, and that we should choose to array ourselves in earthly pomp within those precincts where a thousand mementoes rise before us to proclaim its nothingness. Yet this has always been the chosen ground of extravagance. Sometimes the most lavish act of a man's life is that in which he makes provision for his own interment. Now and then we hear a humiliating instance of this kind. Our memory just reminds us of a splendid mausoleum, occupying a commanding position, and attracting by its magnificence the notice of every visitor, in a cemetery remarkable for the number and elegance of its sepulchral structures. Should any one inquire who or what the individual may have been who occupies in death such a stately home, the page of history is silent; no hospital or school-house can be pointed out as the channel through which his influence was poured to alleviate the miseries of mankind; no orphan children thank God for raising up in him a generous benefactor, or daily bedew his memory with grateful tears. When about to abandon the inquiry, some bystander may be found to tell him, with a look of scorn which it is sad indeed to fling across the grave, that the ashes reposing there are the remains of one whose most remarkable act was the devising in his last will of two thousand pounds for erecting that gorgeous receptacle. It is emobling to walk among those sculptured marbles, raised by the suffrages of a grateful nation, which perpetuate the names and illustrate the examples of the great and good; but tombs such as that referred to are an equal offence to taste and piety.

The mode in which we conduct our funerals opens a field of observation in which an enlightened moralist would find much to censure. Our general arrangements on such occasions are extravagantly expensive, and often involve very serious infractions of the laws of prudence and honesty. It is estimated that the annual expense of funerals in England and Wales alone is little short of five millions sterling. On evidence produced before the House of Commons, the funeral of every tradesman costs on an average from 50*l.* to 100*l.*; that of persons in the rank immediately above them from 200*l.* to 1000*l.*, while that of every titled individual involves an expenditure ranging from 800*l.* to 2000*l.*. The same authority informs us that 140*l.* would be allowed without scruple as the funeral expenses of an individual belonging to the higher class of tradespeople, though his estate should turn out insolvent. How many privations have many families suffered in order to keep up with the requirements of this tyrant custom!

A simpler ceremonial would not only effect a vast pecuniary saving, which would promote the comfort of survivors, and contribute no trifling addition to the resources of society; it would also be more correct and beautiful. That which obtains at present originated in social manners and modes of thinking which have long since passed away. The whole was at first a piece of mimicry—an imitation, on the part of the burgher class, of baronial state. Take a London funeral: the two men who keep watch at the door are supposed to represent the porters at the castle gate; the man who heads the procession in a scarf corresponds to the herald-at-arms; and in him who follows with a plume of feathers, we see the squire who bears to the grave the shield and helmet of the deceased baron. The pall-bearers are the knight's companions-at-arms, and the men with wands are the gentlemen ushers. All this is surely incongruous with the spirit of the nineteenth century, and since it grew out of the semi-barbarous notions of the middle ages, no one can claim for it any very high or sacred claim to our observance. But a stronger objection to it arises from its felt repugnance to the hopes which are inspired in the mind by Christianity. Death to the believer in Christ is not simply an object of gloom and terror. To the eye of faith, the grave is only a pathway to the skies. The dust of those who have fallen asleep in Jesus, is deposited in the tomb in the full and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. We are enabled to see in death, not the extinction of being, or the entrance to an abyss of darkness which it is impossible to pierce, but a glorious change in which we put off our vile body in order that we may be clothed with the garment of immortality. This hope should find expression in our conduct. The ceremonial of the grave should not consist of gloomy pomp; it should be far from a stately embodiment of despair: a spectator should be able to discern in it, not merely the sombre form of sorrow, but the reflection of that radiant vision which enwraps the soul when admitted to the presence of the Lord.

Among the customs which prevail in connection with burials, there is one with which it is difficult to deal, but which is peculiarly offensive to all correct feeling. We refer to the practice of feasting those who are invited to take a part in them. We are aware of the difficulty there is in fixing the standard of what is proper on such a subject; yet all must agree, that whatever is unnecessary for the purpose of mere refreshment, is a violation of propriety. To our minds, nothing is more perfectly revolting than the idea of indulging the appetite in the house of mourning—of providing a banquet in the abode of death. The usage is happily far from universal, and is now on the wane, but among large classes of the community it is still carried to an almost savage excess. We all know what is included in that horror of horrors, an Irish wake. It would assuredly be impossible to find anything like a parallel to this in any class which has been visited, though ever so faintly, with the purifying beams of protestantism; yet we have often been made the spectator of scenes which it has been difficult to contemplate without pity and disgust. Should this paper fall into the hands of a person who is acquainted with

* This paper was written before the Duke of Wellington's death, and the useful remarks which it contains were not intended by the writer to throw any reflection on the honours so justly due to the memory of that illustrious man.

the lower grade of Lancashire operatives, he will know well what we mean. To see the vast preparation which is usually made before a funeral for eating and drinking, would make one imagine that the whole neighbourhood was about to join in the celebration of some glorious event. Very commonly on the day of interment, some fifty or more of the acquaintances of the deceased will assemble, perhaps in an adjoining cottage, and while a few mourners are clustered around the corpse, these will regale themselves with pipes and ale. After the funeral has taken place, all restrictions are broken through, feasting is the order of the night, and it will be well if many do not leave in a state of intoxication. It is right, since we have mentioned the operatives of Lancashire, to observe that the prevalence of such customs among them does not arise from their being in a lower social condition than the same class in other parts of the kingdom, but from their having more money. It is a singular fact, that a Lancashire operative is never better provided with money than when one of his family dies. No matter how young the deceased may be, so that it is not a mere infant, the event is sure to add to his present resources. The practice of entering every member of the family in a club for the purpose of insuring the payment of a sum of money in case of death, is little short of universal. It was stated several years ago, that six clubs of this kind in the town of Preston numbered as many as 30,000 members, and probably the same proportion would be found throughout the manufacturing districts. The most thorough system prevails in the management of these societies. Each has its staff of paid officers. The collector invariably makes his appearance once every week or fortnight, and whoever else goes unpaid he is sure of his money. This practice might be taken as a sign of accumulative habits, but we are afraid it is practically the reverse. It is in many cases a mere salvo against extravagance. The club is entered under the impression that, if a provision is made for burial, all besides may be squandered away with impunity. It is often done by a wife without the knowledge of her husband—a practice not very favourable to domestic morality. In some cases, the same children are entered in several clubs at once, so that their death would be the means of laying a large sum of money at the disposal of their parents. No doubt this has often led to the most frightful abuse. Notorious instances exist in which the anticipation of such a prize has occasioned a course of neglect, involving all the guilt of murder; and, where it has not been attended with such consequences, its tendency to spoil the better feelings of the heart has been most pernicious. Sometime since, we heard the remark made to a young mother who carried a child in her arms—"Your child looks very ill, do you think she will get better?" What was the reply? "Her father says she must not die yet, she is not in the club." Granting that the answer was not quite serious, it is not one which should fall from a mother's lips.

The whole question of saving with a mere view to funeral expenses is one that stands greatly in need of being discussed. There is much false feeling as well as pernicious practice connected with it. Surely it is a poor thing to have always in

view, and must tend to exclude more important matters from the mind. The permanent interests of those for whose temporal welfare God holds us in a certain sense responsible, is a subject of immeasurably greater moment than whether we shall go down to the grave with a certain measure of comfort, or whether survivors shall be enabled to show by their habiliments a due sense of our loss. There must be less selfishness and greater breadth in our economical arrangements for the future. To provide for one's own funeral is surely a less generous and necessary act than to secure the comfort of those one may leave behind, and the most preferable of all methods for promoting that object is to give them, now while living, the best education which our resources will permit, and "train them up," by divine assistance, "in the way they should go."

THIEF AND UNTHIEF.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

THERE are some exceedingly strange anomalies existing at times in our social and domestic relations which, when they come to light, as they occasionally do, startle us by their utter discrepancy with common sense and common justice. In London, which has been justly described as a social desert, the most extraordinary inversions of what are usually considered as the natural and appropriate connections existing between parties in different walks of life, may and sometimes do prevail for years without discovery. A curious instance of this, though in but a comparatively humble and domestic way, which came to our knowledge not very long ago, furnishes us with a sample of experience worth remembering, and affords at the same time a not uninteresting glance at one of the many phases of industrial life.

In a large manufacturing establishment in the eastern quarter of the metropolis, there were, amongst the hundreds of workmen and artisans employed, two individuals, strangers to each other except by sight, and the interchange of a rare and passing word on matters of business. The one, whom we shall call Harvey, was a time-keeper and assistant accountant, chosen to exercise those functions by reason of his integrity and punctuality. The other was a skillful workman in an ornamental branch of manufacture; and to him we give the name of Roberts. Harvey thought himself well off with a salary of a hundred a year, paid quarterly; he resided in a neat cottage not far from Bow, and his home, his smiling wife, his little girl, and his little garden, were the centre of all his desires and enjoyments. Roberts, who had extraordinary tact and readiness in the department in which he laboured, could earn, when he chose to work, from three to four guineas weekly—and it was rumoured that he could spend it all at the public house when the drinking fit, which was not seldom, seized him. It was sometimes the duty of Harvey to report to the employers the irregular and unpunctual conduct of Roberts; but they were perfectly aware of his failing, and of his insolence when overtaken with it, and they in a manner winked at his shortcomings and tolerated his evil example, from motives of policy, because his talent was profitable to

them; contenting themselves with paying him only for the work which he performed, and administering now and then a curt and unearned-for rebuke upon the occasion of any violent infringement of the rules of the workshop.

Harvey, who had had the happiness to marry a prudent and managing wife, contrived, by letting off a floor of his cottage to a friend, and by cultivating his garden in his leisure hours, to lay by annually a fifth of his income for future exigencies; and so neat and tasteful did he make his little domain by constant care and the delight he took in improving it, and so modest, genteel, and becoming was the appearance of his wife and child at all seasons, that they passed with the neighbours, if not for gentlefolks, at least for persons of small independent property. They kept no servant in their little cottage, but had the occasional assistance of a poor woman who came on the Saturday to do the rough work, and put the house in trim for the Sunday, and who frequently brought a half-starved and ragged girl of tender age to weed or water the garden, while she was employed in the house. This poor hard-working woman had a drunken husband; and many a dismal tale of cruel ill-treatment, suffered both by herself and child, did she unfold to the sympathizing ear of Mrs. Harvey. Her tyrant, she affirmed, rarely came home of a night without being much the worse for liquor, and was often brought to their wretched room in such a state as to be utterly incapable of speech. She knew, she said, that he could earn a great deal of money if he chose, but whether he did, or if he did what came of it, beyond the disgrace and misery of drunkenness, she could not tell. Many years had passed away since he had given her anything towards housekeeping, and she was left to toil night and day to keep herself and child from starving, and to save a couple of shillings weekly to pay the rent.

Noting her oppressed and wretched condition, Mrs. Harvey assisted and encouraged her in many ways. The cast-off clothes of her own little Ellen were mended up and given to the ragged child; the mother was recommended to further employment, and when she was long from home she was permitted to leave the child for the day at the cottage, where it was well fed, taught lessons of usefulness and the importance of truthfulness and honesty, and rarely sent away without some small present, either of vegetables from the garden or food from the pantry. Harvey himself felt much interested in the lot of the mother and child, and encouraged his wife in her endeavours to ameliorate it. These endeavours were in some degree successful. The child was, by the contributions of friends, decently dressed and sent to school, and the mother, more constantly and lucratively employed, began to put a more cheerful countenance on the troubles of her lot.

Thus things went on for some time at the cottage, the abode of loving-kindness and peace, as it was of neatness and economy. But we must turn again to the manufactory, and see how things are going on there. Harvey had risen in the estimation of his employers, and had received a considerable gratuity at each recurring Christmas in addition to his salary; he had also been invested with greater authority, which brought greater respon-

sibility along with it. It was very different with Roberts. The reign of such characters in large industrial establishments is never of very long duration, for a very good and sufficient reason, to wit, that it is to the interest both of employers and men to put as speedy an end to it as possible. Roberts now saw himself equalled by many of the younger hands in his own especial department, and instead of wisely reforming his behaviour, which would have secured a continuance of his position, he grew daily more negligent and reckless, in proportion as he grew more jealous and captious. He became abusive to Harvey, who found it his duty to admonish him, and who at length, from the frequent repetition of offensive and violent conduct, saw himself compelled to report him formally to the head of the firm. The result was the immediate citation of the offender before the principal, who, upon hearing his own insolent version of the affair, dismissed him from his presence, with summary notice to quit on that day fortnight.

Roberts returned suddenly to his companions, and vowed a dire revenge upon Harvey, hinting too plainly at violence; but finding no abettors, he relaxed into gloomy silence. Harvey was made acquainted with the threat of revenge, but looking upon it as a mere ebullition of anger, and regarding that as beneath his notice, he paid no attention to it. The fortnight elapsed, and as Harvey, who frequently acted as paymaster, handed over his wages to Roberts, the last he would receive in that house, he gave him, along with his three guineas, a word of friendly advice, recommending him to husband his means, at least until he had procured other employment. The fellow ground his teeth, muttered an oath in return, and disappeared.

That night, on his way home to his wife and child, Harvey was felled to the ground by a blow from a bludgeon, at a sudden turn in the road, and he would in all probability have been murdered but for the fortunate arrival of two gentlemen in a carriage, with a footman behind it. The ruffian, staggered by the arrival of witnesses to his bloody deed, forbore to repeat his blow, and had not the presence of mind to run for safety; he was in a moment dashed to the ground by the footman, and soon bound hands and feet. Harvey was lifted bleeding and senseless into the carriage, and driven off to the house of the nearest surgeon, where he was laid on a bed, and prompt and skilful assistance immediately administered. Before Harvey had come to his senses, Roberts was safely lodged in the cell of a prison.

We cannot dwell on the anxiety and alarm of Mrs. Harvey and her little girl at the cottage, on the non-appearance of the husband and father, whose return was nightly hailed with so much pleasure. It was two hours after midnight ere they knew the sad truth. A letter found in her husband's pocket, addressed to his residence, had guided a willing messenger to their abode; and soon after, the affectionate wife was at the sufferer's bedside. Though severely struck and much injured, he had happily escaped fracture; and the surgeon augured well for his patient, when, having questioned the wife, he was made aware of his temperate habits and sound constitution. It was some days, however, before he was in a condition to bear removal; but that once accomplished, he grew

rapidly better under the careful nursing of his wife, who in this her hour of trouble reaped the reward of her kindness to the poor charwoman and her child, both of whom were constant and assiduous in their endeavours to be of service.

At the end of a month, Harvey was fully restored to health, and again at his duty in the manufactory. The delight and gratitude of his wife and child were expressed in the tranquil happiness that shone in their faces. In the meanwhile their grateful friends and protégés, the poor charwoman and her now tidy little daughter, had disappeared suddenly, and came no more to fulfil their weekly duties at the cottage. On searching out their lodging, and making inquiry, it was found that they had removed, no one could tell whither, though it was whispered that they had got into trouble. This was a mystery which neither Harvey nor his wife could understand. A few weeks, however, cleared it up. The day for the trial of the supposed highwayman approached, and Harvey had to appear in court against the man who had attempted his life. He knew well enough that it was his old enemy Roberts; but he had more to learn. On the night previous to the trial, while sitting at supper in his little parlour, a footstep was heard along the garden walk—a tap at the door—and then his wife led into the room the wretched woman who had for so many years been the object of their benevolent sympathy and regard. Her drunken husband was the would-be assassin of her benefactor, and she had come to plead for mercy on his behalf. She had not known, until many days after the deed, how miserably she was implicated in it. Her husband had been absent, it is true; but she had taken it for granted, as he never acquainted her with his movements, that he was seeking employment elsewhere; he had been often absent before for weeks together; and the loss of his company was a relief, not a deprivation, to her and her child. From a feeling of shame he had for some time refused to make known his residence; and he had only sent for her when his health began to fail him through confinement, and his spirits to flag through the sudden withdrawal of the fiery stimulants to which he had been accustomed.

Harvey felt deeply for the poor woman, and pondered anxiously upon the case. But what was to be done? Justice would take its course in spite of any endeavours of his to the contrary. To absent himself from the court, by a clandestine flight, was out of the question. He said what he could to console the weeping petitioner, observed that it was out of his power to identify the person who had attacked him, and that it was further very likely that no one had seen the blow struck, and that, perhaps, the conviction of the prisoner might depend very much upon himself and the skill of his counsel; and he promised further to petition for a mild sentence in case a verdict of guilty should be pronounced. The wretched wife of the criminal returned to the prison somewhat reassured by this interview, to await the events of the morrow.

The trial came on at an early hour: the witnesses for the prosecution had been examined, and the counsel for the prisoner, after an ingenious cross-examination, was in the act of proving, be-

yond the shadow of a doubt, the innocence of his client, when the wretched man suddenly broke in upon him with an abrupt confession of the crime, and a demand to suffer the deserved penalty of the law. The facts which he had learned during his confinement—for his wife had told him everything—occasioned him such an agony of remorse, that he could not endure the thought of escaping the punishment he had merited. He was sentenced to a long imprisonment, with hard labour, which he was still undergoing when this sketch was being penned; and we understood that there were good hopes of his emerging from the goal thoroughly cured of the vice of drunkenness, and awakened to the true nature of his obligations as a husband and a father.

LUCIFER MATCHES.

THE following paper from the Jury Report of the Great Exhibition, recently published, will well repay the attention of our readers.

For many centuries the apparatus of a stone struck against a piece of iron continued, with but little improvement, to be the only means of procuring light. By the Saxons the flint or the pyrites was used under the general name of *fyre-stan*; and any piece of iron that was sufficiently substantial was the substitute for the modern steel. A writing-stylus is known to have been used for the purpose by the abbot Bertin in Burgundy, early in the seventh century; an instrument, however, which should be at once more substantial and more convenient for striking, must have been soon required, and was probably as speedily invented in the form of the *fusil*, a thick rhomboidal piece of steel, having the faces cut into many angles. This was in use at a very early period of the middle ages, when it is frequently to be found mentioned under a variety of names, all of them being derived from the same original.

It was not until after the middle of the seventeenth century that the discovery of phosphorus indicated a quicker or more certain means of procuring light or fire. In 1677, Dr. Hook, in one of his *Cutler Lectures*, described the effects of phosphorus, as they had been recently exhibited in England to the Hon. Robert Boyle and several other Fellows of the Royal Society, by Daniel Krafft, "a famous German chemist." Even after all the earliest experiments, however, the new matter appeared to be regarded only as a curiosity, which Boyle entitled the "*Noctiluca*," and "a factitious self-shining substance," procured but in very small quantities, and with great labour and time; the principal value of which was to supply a light in the night or in dark places, when exhibited in glass vessels. It can scarcely be doubted but that some trial was made as to whether an ordinary match could be inflamed by the substance, but Boyle's recorded experiments refer only to the strength, diffusion, and continuance of the light.

After these notices of the older apparatus devised for procuring light, it will be an interesting inquiry briefly to glance at the history of chemical matches. And here it may be first remarked that the transition from the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, to the elegant friction-match, was not

so simple as a superficial consideration of the subject might lead one to infer. In the daily employment of a luxury, we but too often forget the persevering efforts which are always necessary to render available the discoveries of the experimental philosopher, and take but little heed of him whose disinterested labours are constantly bringing to light new truths from the hidden but inexhaustible stores of nature.

Soon after 1820, Doebereiner made the remarkable discovery that finely-divided platinum (*spongy platinum*) is capable of inflaming a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air, and he founded on this property of platinum the invention of the instantaneous Light Apparatus, first known by the name of Doebereiner's Hydrogen Lamp. This was greatly admired at that time, and is even now frequently employed, it having been again recently applied to light an ordinary gas-burner required to be ignited at intervals during the day-time for the purpose of sealing parcels and other similar objects. Although it was without any immediate influence on the development of the manufacture of chemical matches, which had before this time been repeatedly attempted, Doebereiner's discovery appears, nevertheless, to have attracted attention more generally to the subject, and thus, at least, to have contributed indirectly to their perfection.

A method of producing ignition, proposed about the same period, has never been generally adopted. It depends upon the property which certain compounds of phosphorus and sulphur possess of inflaming when slightly rubbed, in contact with the atmosphere. For this purpose about equal quantities of phosphorus and sulphur are fused together in a glass tube, which is to be subsequently closed with a cork. Upon opening the tube, if a splinter of wood be dipped into the mass, so that a small quantity of the composition may adhere to the wood, it will become ignited when slightly rubbed on the cork used to close the phial. This apparatus, however, has become almost entirely obsolete.

The first important and permanent improvement in the means of obtaining light consisted in covering the sulphurized end of a match with a mixture of sugar and chlorate of potash; which being kindled by immersion into concentrated sulphuric acid, communicated the inflammation to the underlying coating of sulphur. Many persons will call to mind the small glass phial containing asbestos moistened with concentrated sulphuric acid, which was usually fixed in a paper or tin box having two compartments, one of which held the prepared matches. These matches were in all probability invented in France, whence at least they were certainly first introduced into England; but prior to their introduction Captain Manby had been accustomed to employ a similar mixture for firing a small piece of ordnance for the purpose of conveying a rope to a stranded vessel; and indeed the composition was also described by Parkes in his "*Chemical Catechism*" amongst the experiments illustrative of combustion and detonation.

Exactly the same principle was involved in the preparation of the matches invented by Mr. Jones, of the Strand, and used for some time in England under the name of "*Prometheans*," but which do not appear to have found their way to the Conti-

nent. These were made of a roll of paper, into one end of which was placed a small quantity of a mixture of sugar and chlorate of potash, with a small tube (hermetically sealed), similar to those in which the leads of ever-pointed pencils are preserved, containing a minute quantity of strong sulphuric acid. By compressing the match with a pair of pliers, sold for the purpose, or between two hard substances (between the teeth, for example), the tube was crushed, and the sulphuric acid came into contact with the mixture, and ignited it. These matches, though very convenient, were so expensive that they were not very generally employed; but they certainly formed the stepping-stone to the production of the friction-match.

The first true friction-matches, or congrues, made their appearance about the year 1832. They had a coating of a mixture of two parts of sulphide of antimony and one part of chlorate of potash, made into a paste with gum-water, over their sulphurized ends, and were ignited by drawing them rapidly between the two surfaces of a piece of folded sand-paper, which was compressed by the finger and thumb.

The phosphorus matches or lucifers appear indeed to have been introduced contemporaneously in different countries about the year 1834. In Germany they were first manufactured on a large scale in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and especially in Darmstadt, where Dr. Moldenhauer, in particular, contributed much to the improvement of this branch of industry.

From Darmstadt the manufacture was gradually extended throughout Germany; but its progress was at first very slow, on account of the lucifer match being prohibited, until the year 1840, in Bavaria, Brunswick, Hanover, and various other states, from the alleged increased risk of fire consequent upon its employment. At present, however, there are manufactories established in Vienna, Prague, Triesch, Schützenhofen, and Goldenkrön, Berlin, Nuremberg, Ludwigsburg, Ulm, Gmünd, Warnevinde, and numerous other places.

According to Dr. Moldenhauer and Professor Schrötter, there are in the province of Starkenburg, Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, no less than eight manufactories, producing weekly about 500,000 boxes of matches, which are valued at 3000 florins (£577).

In Austria, the manufacture of chemical matches has been of late developed to so great an extent, that it supplies not only what is required for home consumption, but also enough to form an important article of exportation; indeed it appears that the most important item of Austrian commerce with Chili consists of matches.

The matches manufactured in Austria amounted in 1849 to 50,000 cwt., of which four-fifths were consumed in the country, and one-fifth was exported. From Trieste 3,787 cwt. were shipped, namely, to

	Cwts.
Turkey	1,236
Greece	596
Malta	492
Egypt	382
Ionian Islands	330
Naples	225
Other Countries	630
Total	3,787

That the export trade of Austria in matches is rapidly increasing, appears from the following statement of the quantities shipped on the Elbe during the last three years:—

Quantities shipped on the Elbe in	Cwt.
1848	286
1849	700
1850	1,800

In Austria Proper there are twenty-two factories, namely sixteen at Vienna, two of which exhibit, three at Fünfhans, one at Scharding, one at Fulle, and one at Pottenstein: there is also one in Moravia, which likewise exhibits. The number of workpeople employed is about 2,000.

In illustration of the quantities of the different materials employed, it may be stated that a Bohemian manufactory employing 100 workpeople produces annually about 200,000 boxes, each containing 5,000 matches. It consumes annually 25 cwt. of nitre, $6\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of phosphorus, and 300 cwt. of sulphur. Calculating on these data the total amount of materials consumed in all Austria, the following numbers are obtained:—

	Cwts.
Nitre	1,250
Phosphorus	325
Sulphur	15,000

The quantity of soft wood consumed annually amounts to 5,000 *klafters* or fathoms; and it is worthy of notice that a large portion of it is manufactured into splints in Budweis, and thence sent to Vienna. About 50,000 millions of single matches are produced annually in Austria. These are made with astonishing rapidity, in consequence of the employment of a simple plane of peculiar construction; with this instrument a single workman cuts off 1,814,000 splints in a day of twelve hours.

There were 21 manufactories, employing 561 workpeople, in Prussia in 1846.

According to a statement of M. Payen, the quantity of phosphorus consumed in France for lucifer-matches amounts to 30,000 kilograms. (590 cwt.), whilst 100 kilograms. (2 cwt.) suffice for all the other purposes for which it is used. In 1850, 220 kilograms. ($4\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.) were exported to England. From these numbers, it would appear that the quantity of lucifers manufactured in France must exceed that of Austria in the ratio of 590 to 325, or as 18 to 10.

The Reporters have not been able to collect any information respecting the extent of this manufacture in the United Kingdom. In 1850 there were 50,000 gross of matches imported into the port of Hull; but the Reporters are unable to state the total number imported into the United Kingdom, as chemical matches are entered in the Customs returns under the general head of "Goods non-enumerated."

● In continuing the narrative of the progress of this manufacture, we may next observe that, as it extended, all the processes were much simplified, and, as a consequence, the prices of the articles produced were lowered. Nor was this the only improvement, for a whole series of inflammable compounds was successively tried; and at last, by substituting, entirely or partially, saltpetre for chlorate of potash, the detonation attendant on the earlier matches was avoided. It was also found

that the sulphur-coating of the match could be to a great extent, or even entirely, dispensed with, and the cause of the unpleasant odour previously accompanying ignition in a great measure removed. Besides the ordinary match of wood, numerous other materials were devised, which could not have been made with the original composition of sulphide of antimony and chlorate of potash; as, for instance, wax-taper matches, fuses of Amadou (German tinder) and brown paper, Vesuvians for insertion into a cigar, etc. The roughly formed wood-matches, also, which had been previously cut by hand, were superseded by others carefully rounded by machinery.

The match having reached this point of perfection, some attention was given to the embellishment of the boxes by the various manufacturers, who tried to excel each other in the elegance, convenience, and security of the case, for which various materials were employed—for instance, card-board, wood, and metal—the latter being usually ornamented with coloured lacquers and engine-turning.

With regard to the composition for the matches now in use, Dr. Ure, in the "Supplement" to his "Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures," p. 153, gives the following recipe of Dr. R. Boettger:—

	Parts.
Phosphorus	4
Nitre	10
Fine glue	6
Red ochre, or red lead	5
Smalt	2

The glue is to be converted into a smooth jelly with a little water, and put into a warm mortar to liquefy; the phosphorus is then to be rubbed down with the gelatine, at a temperature of from 60° to 65° C. (140° to 150° F.), after which the nitre is to be added, then the red powder, and, lastly, the smalt, the whole being carefully mixed until it becomes a uniform paste.

Lucifer wood-matches that inflame without sulphur are prepared, according to Dr. Ure, by the ends being rubbed against a red-hot iron plate, and then dipped for a moment into melted white wax, contained in a shallow flat-bottomed pan.

In March 1842, Mr. Reuben Partridge obtained a patent for forming wooden splints by pressing, with suitable machinery, a block of wood against a steel plate perforated with holes, placed together as closely as possible. The wood is thus forced through the perforations, being first split as it advances, by their cutting edges, and comes out on the opposite side of the plate in the form of a multitude of distinct splints. Much attention has also been paid to the improvement of the apparatus for dipping the matches.

Before closing this short sketch of the manufacture of chemical matches, the Reporters wish to draw scientific and public notice to the terrible disease to which it sometimes gives rise. Dr. Lorinser, of Vienna, in 1845, first called the attention of men of science and the public to the fact that individuals working in lucifer-match manufactories were subject to pain and swelling of the jaws, followed in many instances by exfoliation of the bone. This was repeatedly confirmed by other observers, and induced several Governments to institute inquiries into the matter. The results of

all the investigations made into this interesting question have been collected by Doctors von Libra and Gieß, in a publication entitled *Die Krankheiten der Arbeiter in Phosphor-Zündholzfabriken*, Erlangen, 1847.

The disease has been observed principally in Germany, but it is also met with elsewhere, and especially in England.* The Reporters had the opportunity of obtaining some information on the subject from Dr. Sieveking, who has examined the disease with much care as it occurs in the London manufactories. According to his observations, the affection assumes the same character as it has done in Germany, and attacks those only who are engaged in dipping the matches into the inflammable compound, and who are, therefore, more immediately exposed to the phosphorus vapour. Dr. Sieveking saw several of these workmen (dippers) who had lost almost the entire lower jaw. After these painful statements, it is important and consolatory to know that the same physician has not found the disease to be equally prevalent in all manufactories; and that if cleanliness be enforced, and the dietary of the workpeople well attended to, and especially if a complete and continuous ventilation of the workshop be kept up, no evil consequences ensue. Dr. Sieveking met with parties who had been engaged in dipping matches for more than ten years, without exhibiting the slightest tendency to the complaint.

The importance of attending to the precautions indicated by these investigations can scarcely be sufficiently impressed upon the manufacturer. Much has been already done by several firms, especially in regard to ventilation, but much remains to be accomplished if this frightful scourge is to be entirely removed. For this reason, manufacturers should direct their attention to an important discovery made by science, in the shape of the so-called red or amorphous phosphorus. Some few years ago Professor Schrötter, of Vienna, observed the curious fact, that if ordinary phosphorus be exposed during a certain period to a temperature of from 250° to 260° C. (182° to 500° F.), it is converted into a red modification, which no longer possesses the main characteristics of phosphorus, viz.—volatility, fusibility, and inflammability at comparatively low temperatures. The poisonous qualities have also entirely disappeared in this modified condition of the substance. The amorphous modification of phosphorus, which but a few years ago was a mere curiosity in chemical laboratories, can now, however, be manufactured, according to a method proposed by Schrötter, in large quantities, and is likely to become an important article of commerce. The red phosphorus being perfectly innocuous when handled, and not giving off fumes in the atmosphere, whilst it is as well adapted to the manufacture of matches as the ordinary phosphorus, it is fair to assume that its general adoption by lucifer-match makers will prove a further guarantee against the disease of the workpeople. It is stated by those who have been accustomed to manufacture them, that they are as cheaply and as easily made as the common matches, and are not so liable to fire in the making.

AN OLD MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THE LIVING SKELETON.

BETWEEN some evils it would be difficult to choose. For ourselves, we hardly know, were it necessary for us to decide, whether we would assume the inflated form of Daniel Lambert or the attenuated frame of the living skeleton. We have spoken with many about the living skeleton, who were somewhat sceptical as to the existence of so wonderful a phenomenon, and we have spoken also with others, who like ourselves have seen, conversed with, and examined this human prodigy. One of the latter class said, that so much was he affected by his fancy when he made his visit, that just before the living skeleton appeared in his presence, he thought that he heard sepulchral voices:

"As one who walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens;
And, seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens."

Though years have passed since Claude Ambroise Senrat appeared among us, awakening an awful curiosity, and calling forth the unfeigned wonder of the spectator, that is no valid reason why an account of him should now be withheld. The very circumstance, that nearly thirty years have transpired since the first announcement of his arrival in England, leads us to suppose that thousands must be almost, if not altogether, ignorant of his ever having existed.

Hardly need it be said that we were younger when we went to see the living skeleton than we are now, or that our curiosity to see marvels was then keener than at the present time. We knew well enough the practice of representing common things as wonderful, and uncommon things as more marvellous than they are, to attract public attention. We had ourselves in our time, after gazing on the painted resemblance of the living bon-constrictor swallowing a tiger, and the monster of the Nile devouring an Egyptian, been put off with the dried skin of a serpent, and a crocodile stuffed with straw. We went, therefore, to see the living skeleton with moderated expectations.

When we entered the room, the most deathlike stillness prevailed, for the few spectators who had preceded us were attentively looking on a platform covered with crimson cloth, surrounded by a brass rail, and surmounted with a circular canopy of gnuze, cornice, and curtain. Here we supposed the living skeleton to be ensconced. We can hardly describe our emotions while standing with momentary expectation of his appearance, wrought up by a degree of solemn excitement, amounting to awe, our eyes fixed on the tent-like receptacle that shrouded him from our view. The curtain slightly trembled with mysterious motion; it then divided, and Ambroise Senrat came forth, rather like a tenant of the grave than a living, breathing inhabitant of the world. He looked indeed

"As though a fleshless frame had escaped from doom,
And burst the marble portals of the tomb."

True he was not habited like Lazarus of old, "bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face bound about with a napkin;" otherwise, "Lazarus, come forth!"—that impressive announce-

* "British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review," vol. i., p. 116 et seq.

ment by the Redeemer, of the resuscitated brother of Mary and Martha—must have occurred to our memory. After gazing a few seconds on the arresting spectacle before us, we stole a glance at our fellow spectators, and saw depicted on their countenance the same wonder which no doubt was visible in our own. Some were looking at Seurat's face, and others at his feet, while two or three behind the rest peered at him from their ambush, as though they considered themselves much safer there than they might be on a nearer approach. One young person showed almost as much fear as if he expected Seurat to spring upon him like a tiger, to clasp him with his death-like arms, or to clutch him with his bony fingers. It was not perhaps more the skeleton form of Seurat than his objectionable appearance that affected us. Expecting, as we did, that he would be clothed like another person, or, at least, habited in flowing robes, it surprised and somewhat shocked us to see him present himself, wearing no other dress than a kind of small fringed curtain round his loins with two holes for his hip bones to project through, and a pair of shoes on his feet. Prepared as we were for a gradual manifestation of his wasted form, we were not prepared for the sudden exposure of his forbidding frame, and felt abashed as well as awe-struck at the spectacle he presented.

It is wondrous how soon familiarity with even impressive objects moderates our emotions. We had not been five minutes in the room with Ambroise Seurat before our original surprise and repugnance were considerably abated. The face of Seurat was not wasted like his body, nor did it present the same forbidding appearance, so that when talking to him he became less repulsive and more companionable. Nothing could be more opposed to all commonly received notions of cheerfulness, or even comfort, than Seurat's figure and expression, though he certainly did make the best of his situation. We questioned him as to the inconvenience he might feel from confinement and the want of exercise, and asked him if he were in pain or unhappy. To all these interrogations he frankly replied in the negative, with some degree of cheerfulness; but while he spoke hopefully, he looked dejected, and called up by his mien and manner the very sympathy and pity his expressions seemed to repress. It is not impossible, nor, indeed, improbable, that the skeleton-like appearance of Seurat, and the forlorn way in which his almost fleshless arms hung beside him, might impart to the mind of the spectator a sense of discomfort and unhappiness, beyond what he himself experienced.

Different opinions were doubtless formed of Seurat. Such as were influenced by a fervent imagination, and led away by the epithet "Living Skeleton," almost expecting to see a transparent bag of bones, were of course disappointed. Others of a more matter-of-fact disposition, looking only for a thinner man than they had seen before, were wondrously astonished. For ourselves, though deeply and solemnly affected, we were neither perhaps so much amazed as the one, nor so disappointed as the other. Seurat's height was five feet seven inches, and his weight only 78 lbs., and there was beside his skeleton-like form a strangeness in his appearance that puzzled us. On his

small, close-shaven head he wore a black wig. One of his shoulder-blades was higher than the other, his ribs might be distinctly counted, and were separated, as if they had been enclosed in a thin leathery covering, while his wasp-like waist, and unsightly hip bones, added to his other peculiarities. There was a little flesh on the calves of his legs, and on the thick part of the fore-arm; but the upper part of his arm, which might be spanned by the thumb and finger, was likened to an "old ivory German flute," in size and colour, while his body resembled a series of thinly covered hoops. But the most remarkable defect in the whole frame of Seurat appeared to us to be in the extreme depression of the chest, which seemed not to leave room for those organs by which the functions of life are discharged. The heart was nearly a span lower than its customary position. His arms hung awkwardly by his side, and he could not raise his hand to his mouth. When he ate, he rested his arm on the table, and bent down his head to his hand to receive his food. The complexion of his face was dark, his cheek bones high, his features flexible, and his voice deep-toned but gentle. His heart beat with great regularity, but no pulsation was visible at his wrist. The daily amount of solid food consumed by him did not exceed four ounces. There is another point in our description that we must not overlook; Seurat wore a ring. Yes! the Living Skeleton wore a gold ring on his bony finger!

In Seurat's heart what object could provide?

We must not, we'll not, dare not, answer 'pride'.

It is but reasonable and fair to conclude that all arrangements respecting the exhibition of Seurat, even with regard to the ring on his finger, were made by his exhibitors, and that he had hardly a voice in the matter.

After Seurat had appeared for some time before the public, a certain journal intimated that he had been taken advantage of and treated harshly by those who exhibited him. To counteract this report, the following letter was sent to the journal, said to be indited and signed by Seurat.

"TO THE EDITOR.

"Sir—Having learned that in an article in your journal, the motives and conduct of the persons who brought me to England are severely alluded to, it is my duty both to them and to the public to declare that, so far from experiencing anything disagreeable, either in having been conducted hither, or at being exposed, I feel great satisfaction, not only in the change of my situation, but also at the bounties with which I have been loaded by the individuals who protect me. Far from having 'been brought from the tranquillity of my native village,' I was wandering about France, and making but little by the exhibition of my person, when I so fortunately met my present protectors, whose liberality will shortly render me sufficiently independent to enable me to return and live at my ease in my native country. I only beg to add, that my present situation is more happy than I ever yet enjoyed during my whole life, and is entirely conformable to my desires.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT."

Whether any harshness and restraint were really exercised towards Seurat, or whether the above letter is a correct statement of his position, we know not, but we can readily conceive that in the monotonous life he was constrained, by his peculiar formation, to lead, the exhibition of himself might operate as a relief and gratification.

Claude Ambroise Seurat, called the "Anatomic Vivante," or Living Skeleton, was, as the letter given implies, a Frenchman, his birth-place being the city of Troyes, in the department of Champagne: his parents were poor, but healthy. When Seurat was quite young, he was like other children, but as his bones increased in size, his flesh wasted away, and this was the case with him till he grew up to be a man.

"Many attempts were made to have Seurat presented to the French king; but his father conceiving that he might be consigned to some wretched asylum, there to subsist upon a miserable pension, uniformly objected to it. From the statements made by his father, it appears that the French gentlemen of the faculty, who visited his son, handled him so roughly, and pinched him so much in every direction, that he refused to see them at all afterwards. Many proposals, made to his father for the purchase of the body of Ambroise in the event of his death, were uniformly rejected. A medical gentleman in Burgundy offered him a "carte blanche," which he, with feelings highly honourable to himself, refused, stating his determination that in the event of Ambroise's death, he should be peaceably consigned to the cemetery of his native city."

The boys who saw Seurat exhibited, if now alive, must be grown up, and the men who paid him a visit, like ourselves, must now have furrows on their brows. It is neither an unwise nor an unwelcome occupation to review the past. If our visit to Claude Ambroise Seurat was somewhat mournful, it was medicinal, for it vividly set before us advantages and enjoyments in which he was necessarily restricted. It is one of the great errors of human life that we so frequently compare our position with that of those who are more amply provided for than ourselves. Were we to adopt an opposite practice, it would lessen our regrets and greatly increase our gratifications. The prodigies of the earth call forth our astonishment, but well is it for humanity that we are not all born to be remarkable, and to be handed down to posterity as wonders of the world. The greater part of mankind, says one, "must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man."

In giving the foregoing account, we have tried to persuade ourselves that no one with a healthy mind can read of Claude Ambroise Seurat without instruction and consolation, for both he and Daniel Lambert, though such opposite prodigies of humanity, according to their own testimony were far from being shut out from domestic comfort and social pleasure. Here then is great encouragement for those who, on account of their peculiar formation, may be bowed down. God has conferred on men the peculiar shape which they bear, and given them all their enjoyments; and there is nothing better to encourage humility, thankfulness of heart, and hopefulness of spirit, whatever be our form,

our stature, or our station, than this reflection Well has old Chaucer said:—

"That thee is sent receive in luxornesse,
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse.—
Forth Pilgrim! forth, least out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thank the God of all!"

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes."

Attend to your business, never trust to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Save the pence, and pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners ensure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labour; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot."

He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race. Above all things, never despair. "God is where He was." He helps those who truly trust in him.

MAXIMS RESPECTING CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE.

It is by throwing open a dark cellar to the sweet light and air of heaven that the mouldiness and dampness disappear; so it is by opening the heart to the influence of the love of Christ and to the reciprocities of Christian society that its gloomy and morbid feelings are chased away.

A plant that grows in a cave is pale and sickly; so is the piety of a Christian who shuts himself out from the fellowship of God's household.

It would be a poor state of civil society where every one should attempt to live independently of his neighbours, being his own hatter, tanner, shoemaker, spinner, weaver, chairmaker, &c. So it is a poor state of Christian society, where each pursues his weary pilgrimage to heaven alone, neither seeking health and comfort from his brethren, nor offering them in return.

A single stick of wood makes a poor fire, especially if it be green and covered with snow; but a mass of sticks can be made to burn, though they be at the beginning both green and wet. So what with inward corruption, and what with outward temptation, the Christian who shuts himself up from communion with his brethren, finds it hard work to keep his bosom in a glow, but when he goes among them, and mingles his feelings with theirs, then his heart becomes hot.

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." A maxim that cannot be improved in its application to Christian intercourse. We leave it as it is.

Would you like to give your brother a look of unkindness, a word of unkindness, and meet him the next moment in heaven?

Temporal affairs are best expedited when they are made the subjects of secret prayer. Generally speaking, he who prays fervently in his closet, will speed well in his shop, at the plough, or in whatsoever he may turn his hand unto.

Stray Notes on Australia and the Diggings.

SHEEP FARMING.—Flocks of moderate extent may be purchased, or leased on very moderate terms, and managed advantageously by a Highlander, a Cheviot, a South Down sheep farmer or shepherd bailiff, with a little capital; that is to say, enough to support him for one year after getting his sheep, if his family is sufficiently large and useful to do all the work, and that is not much, without hiring any labour. In an open country, from three to four youths can take charge of as many thousand sheep. While some of the family cultivate the garden and plant out wheat and maize, the women and children will see to the cows, pigs, and poultry. The only difficulty will be shearing the sheep, and that must be got over by co-operation. The German women as well as the men shear sheep, and there is no reason why English country girls should not learn to do the same.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Recent intelligence places the present state and prospects of this important colony in a more favourable light. A great reaction was taking place. One of the most gratifying features of Australian gold-hunting is the prevalence, among the diggers, of a disposition to invest the fruits of their hard toil in the purchase of homesteads and small allotments of land. Unlike the roving Californian, the gold-hunter of Australia rejoices in the prospect of a permanent settlement. Domestic considerations prevail over the thirst of gain. The facilities for the acquisition of small freeholds, in South Australia, have had the effect of attracting the attention of many of the successful gold diggers of Mount Alexander. Captain Tolhuero, in a speech delivered at a public meeting at Adelaide, detailing his overland trip to the Victoria diggings, bears testimony to this fact in the following words:—"He had conversed with hundreds; the reports of the hardships they had endured were astonishing. Some were successful, and many were not; but even if all of them were fortunate, he felt assured they would almost to a man return to this colony." At Adelaide, the former deserted state of the streets is being succeeded by a growing stir and bustle. At any business-hour of the day, in almost any day of the week, a person may stand at the corner of King William and Hindley streets, and count not less than from forty to fifty vehicles of one description or other. Females were a short time ago to be seen driving spring-carts in all directions, and boys were employed about men's work; but females and boys are gradually giving place to men, and the streets, if not so full as in the heyday of former prosperity, are at least fast filling up again. A good many shops still remain to be let; but the winter trade is expected to be fully an average one. In the country districts, too, many of the diggers have returned, and have set about the preparation for their crops in real earnest.

GOLD-FINDING.—Gold is found in dust and small scales amongst sand and earth; it is mixed with decayed vegetable matter in the bottoms of brooks, ravines, and gulleys; in nuggets and quartz on the tops of mountains and the gentle slopes of hills, and in currents of water, and deeply embedded in creeks and rivers. It is in the iron-stone rock, which sometimes yields 25 per cent. At the Wentworth diggings, it was discovered that a boulder had actually been made of this rock. Little did the boulder then imagine that he was striking a golden arch.

AUSTRALIAN INNS.—Here it occurs to us, says a traveller, that we ought to say a word or two on the inns. Those within one or two stages from Adelaide afford many little urban comforts, such as most travellers on an excursion of pleasure are willing to pay for. The ordinary inns have as yet no private sitting-rooms, or none such as can with certainty be considered so. Accordingly the charges in such places as Brighton are rather higher—breakfast and tea being 1s. 6d. each, and dinners sometimes 2s.; beds are also a little dearer. At Glenelg the charges are less, and beyond Brighton till you pass Willunga the charges for breakfast and tea are reduced to 1s., and the dinner to 1s. 6d. till at the *Ultima Thule* every meal is alike charged at 1s. There has been no deficiency anywhere in good and sufficient "provant." Now and then vegetables are at a premium. But good milk, bread and butter, very middling cheese, good tea, (not always coffee,) bacon, eggs, and nut-

ton, may always be had; pork occasionally, beef and veal rarely, but poultry when required is liberally supplied: horse feed is 3s. for a day and night; and at the remotest places you will miss the separate chambermaid and boots. The beds are generally good, nor have we been much annoyed by any, even the minutest, brood of entomological bloodsuckers, and but little dirt. Civility on the roads has been universal; we have no instance to record to the contrary, and everywhere hitherto a kind desire has been evinced to render us every service needed.

One man, says the Mount Alexander correspondent of the 'Melbourne Herald,' informed me he had to go five miles one day for a kettle of water, and when he came back had to share the same among ten. Let the traveller, before he proceeds there, weigh these circumstances well in his mind—unless he chooses to risk disappointment on every side.

WHO OUGHT NOT TO EMIGRATE.—The man who cannot shave without hot-water, or pull off his boots without a bootjack; the man who cannot get up without a glass of pale ale in the morning, or go to bed without a "bashawed lobster;" the man who has never carried anything heavier than his cane, or cut anything stronger than his beard; the man whose footing in society has always been upon the very best polished leather boots, and whose longest walk in life has been through the Insolvent Debtors' Court; the man who has never known what it is to earn a dinner, or to enjoy one without French wines; the man who would think himself degraded if he was seen carrying a parcel—such a man of all others ought not to emigrate. Better far for him to lounge and loiter on sofas, in a country that can appreciate him, doing no harder work than digging occasionally in the morning papers, or in the gold districts of his relatives' pocket, than to carry those same qualities to a distant land where they would only be thrown away.

WHO SHOULD EMIGRATE.—"A few words to the intending emigrant, and I have done," says Mr. Fairfax, editor of the 'Sydney Morning Herald,' at the close of a lecture recently delivered by him at Leamington. "To the young man of industrious and sober habits and of moral character, whose anxiety is to pursue a course of honest perseverance, unappalled by difficulty and danger, I say, *go*. To the idle, the dissipated, the drunken—he who is reckless alike of his own peace and the sorrow he causes to others—I say, *stay*; for if you go to a warm climate and persevere in your present habits, you will be an outcast, you will die miserably, neglected by man, and, perhaps, unpitied by God. 'To the masters or workmen who are doing well in England, I suggest the old motto, 'Let well alone.' But if you are struggling with difficulties, which appear unconquerable, wind up your affairs and try the colonies. There we are not so thick upon the ground, and with the prime beef at 2d., and mutton at 1½d. per lb. you cannot, you need not starve. Not that I would hold out the expectation of success without exertion, of fortune without the appliance of industry, or of the quiet repose of old age without thrift and care in early and middle life. The 'battle of life' must be fought lustily and bravely on both sides the world. And moral worth is as valuable and as highly prized there as here. In England there is a large class of young men who are well educated, but are not brought up to any business pursuits. Many of this class make their way to the colonies. They bring letters of introduction to respectable and wealthy people—often to the Governor—and imagine their fortunes are made. Poor fellows! Any well-instructed colonist can see with half an eye that they are unfit for hard work, and therefore necessarily unfit for the colony. Often persons such as these are returned home to their parents, like unsaleable bales of merchandise; and too frequently, alas! they remain to disgrace their name, to ruin their character, and to debauch their lives. The above remarks, however, do not apply in all cases. Ardour, intelligence, and industry, will do anything for a man who is left to his own resources; and I have known cases where such persons have overcome almost insurmountable difficulties. There is another and a large class—dividing itself into scampettes and general female servants—to which I would briefly say, in Australia you are wanted; and if you land virtuous and respectable, you may soon settle down the wives of honest and intelligent men."

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THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON.

At the present moment, while the recollection of the sublime and imposing pageant attendant upon the recent funeral obsequies of England's great

chieftain, by which the nation has so spontaneously testified its gratitude and esteem for his brilliant deeds of arms and sage counsel in the senate, is yet vivid in all minds, it seems natural for us to revert to the burial of Nelson, which

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has been described as a spectacle "the greatest, the most grand, and the most solemn that ever took place in England." Nearly forty-seven years have passed away since the gloom of that event overshadowed the city; but the recollection of its touching details yet survives in the hearts of thousands. Nelson was struck down in the prime of his manhood, and at the zenith of his fame, when the glory of his achievements was upon every lip, and the heart of every Englishman throbbed with emotion at the mention of his name. It was the wish of the sovereign, George III. that all ranks of the people, from the peer to the lowest of the populace, might have an opportunity of witnessing the respect paid to the remains of the hero, who all his life had scourged, and in dying had annihilated, the fleets of France and Spain, and who had established the independence of his country by proving her to be invincible on the ocean. It was for this reason that the ceremony of his funeral was made to extend over two days, the 8th and 9th of January, 1806. Nelson had fallen on the 21st of October, in the previous year: his body had been brought to Greenwich Hospital, where it had lain in state during the preparations for its interment in St. Paul's Cathedral.

At about eight o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the heralds and naval officers, who had shortly before assembled at the Admiralty, arrived at Greenwich Hospital, where they were met by the lord mayor, aldermen, and corporation committee appointed to conduct the aquatic procession. A little after ten o'clock the body of the deceased hero was borne from the saloon and out at the eastern portal, and placed on board the state barge. During its slow and solemn transit to the water's edge, the mournful music of the Dead March in Saul, the booming of minute guns at regular intervals, and the tolling of bells, announced that the funeral pageant had commenced. It was now the whole procession, arranged in order, sailed slowly from Greenwich. The first state barge which led the way was freighted with drums, trumpets, banners, and heraldic functionaries and insignia, with two captains and four lieutenants of the navy, all in full uniform, decked with the emblems of mourning. The second barge carried trumpets and heralds and the harness of the deceased as a knight of the Bath, together with the great banner, in charge of a captain and two lieutenants. The third barge, covered with black velvet, bore the body of the hero, under a large sheet and a pall of velvet ornamented with six escutcheons—the heraldic king of arms standing at the head, and bearing a viscount's coronet upon a black velvet cushion. The union flag waved at the prow. On board the fourth barge, Peter Parker, as chief mourner, was surrounded by admirals whose names stood highest in the service, and heroes who had fought in the same cause for which Nelson died. On the deck, holding the banner of emblems in his hand, stood Captain Hardy of the "Victory," who had kissed poor Nelson as he lay writhing in the death struggle, and had received his last commands. The fifth barge was that of his majesty, George III; and this was followed by twelve others bearing the commissioners of the Admiralty, the lord mayor and corporation, and the members of the several civic companies, each in their own ves-

sels. The barges were all covered with black cloth. The funeral barge which carried the body was rowed by seamen belonging to Nelson's own crew, and the others by men selected from the Greenwich pensioners. The flags of each were hoisted half-mast high, and minute guns were fired as they tracked their sluggish way. The barges were flanked with twenty-six row-boats belonging to the river fencibles and the harbour marines.

Thus constituted, the procession moved gradually and mournfully up the river, the passage of which had been rigorously cleared of every boat and skiff that might have formed a moment's obstruction. Every vessel lining the banks was densely crowded on deck, masts, spars, and rigging, with tens of thousands of spectators of both sexes and all ranks. Minute guns were fired from the Tower as the corpse of Britain's first admiral floated past the old walls. It is difficult to imagine this dignified array of funeral pomp proceeding in anything like solemn and seemingly order through the narrow arches of Old London Bridge, unless, as seems probable, the authorities had so ordered it that the transit should take place at or about the turn of the tide. As no accident, nor, that we are aware of, the slightest confusion occurred, it is likely that such was the case. Blackfriars was then the only bridge between London and Westminster Bridges: we may be sure that these three were all crammed and crowded to the utmost, as well as the wharves and warehouses on the banks and every point which afforded a view of the river. Opposite the Temple, a pleasure barge, as long as a seventy-four gun ship, had been moored for the accommodation of such of the members of the corporation as did not form part of the procession. Here, arranged in deep mourning, they saw it slowly defile before them.

It was nearly three o'clock when the procession drew up at Whitehall-stairs in two lines, through which the barge bearing the body of Nelson advanced. The trumpets blew a wailing dirge, and the gun-boats answered with booming peals as the disembarkation commenced. Just then the sun, which had been shining brightly all the morning, disappeared behind a mass of heavy clouds, and a tremendous hail-storm poured down, continuing until the body was landed, when the sky again as suddenly cleared up. The procession now formed upon land, in order differing as little as possible from the arrangement which had been followed upon the river, and moved onwards towards the Admiralty. There every necessary preparation had been made for its reception; the captains' room having been set apart for the purpose, and appropriately hung with superfine black cloth, and lighted with wax tapers. Here the body lay in state, the Rev. Mr. Scott, Nelson's chaplain, sitting up with it all night.

On the morning of Thursday the 9th, while it wanted yet an hour of daylight, the half-stilled roll of muffled drums was heard in every district of the city, calling the different volunteer corps to arms; the call was obeyed with alacrity, and soon the streets from St. Paul's Churchyard to the Admiralty were lined with these troops in double ranks. In Hyde-park the Life-guards were early at their post; and in St. James's-park all the regi-

ments of cavalry and infantry quartered within a hundred miles of London, that had served in the Egyptian campaign after the victory of the Nile, were ready to take part in the ceremony. At half-past ten the procession moved forward from the Admiralty, headed by several regiments, led by the Duke of York. Cavalry, infantry, and artillerymen, all branches of the service, were there—the infantry marching with arms reversed, their colours being hung with crape, and the officers wearing crape on the left arm. Then follow a band of pensioners from Greenwich Hospital, and another band of seamen and marines from the crew of the "Victory." As these march leisurely towards the Strand, there pours forth from the gate of the Horse Guards a continuous stream of carriages, each coming forward in time to occupy its arranged place in the cortège. The combined glories of kingly power, of military and heraldic pomp, are lavished to do honour to the memory of the idol of the nation. There are flags, and banners, and plumes, and drums, and trumpets, and trophies—there are the seven sons of the sovereign, three of whom are destined to wear a crown—there are dukes, and marquises, and earls of England—there are commanders of armies, and admirals of fleets—"captain and colonel and knight of arms"—there is the primate of all England, and a body of divines in clerical habits—men of peace and men of war—there are the kindred of the mighty dead, and his sobbing friends and fellow warriors—and in the midst of all moves quietly onward.

The BODY—

all that remains of the giant spirit, at the sound of whose name Napoleon himself quailed with apprehension, and from whose "avenging thunder" the banded armaments of France and Spain fled on the wings of fear.

Through the Strand with solemn stately tread to Temple Bar, to the sound of trumpeted dirge and cannons' distant roar, in gorgeous sadness, moves on the multitudinous woe. At the city gate they are received by the chief civic magistrate, and in silent and seemly order the dignitaries of the world's first municipality swell the funeral train. Upon that gilded coffin from which the velvet pall has been thrown aside, that all may look upon the narrow house in which "the great departed" sleeps his last sleep, are rivetted a hundred thousand eyes. Every house is a swarming human hive crammed within and crowded on the roof; from every window and loop-hole, from slated tile and chimney top, from every "coign of vantage," peers down the human face, and everywhere with one expression—the expression of that sorrow which has struck them all dumb. Ever as the funeral car* proceeds on its way, it is saluted by

the different corps of troops that line the route; the trumpets sound, the muffled drums roll, and the soldiers present arms. At the head of the procession are the prince of Wales and the lord mayor, accompanied by the heralds-at-arms. On its arrival at St. Paul's Churchyard, the cavalry march off to their barracks, the Scotch regiments remaining drawn up in the western area. The bands of pensioners, seamen, and marines enter the western gate, ascend the steps, and range themselves on each side, under the great western portico. On the arrival of the body, the funeral car is drawn up without the gate. The body is lifted from the car, covered with the pall, and borne up the steps on the shoulders of twelve seamen of the "Victory," and is received within by the supporters and pall-bearers, who had previously alighted. Slowly following it, the remainder of the procession enters the church; among them were Sheridan and Charles James Fox (poor Pitt was lying on his death-bed), Tierney and Wyndham, the Earl of Moira, Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Castlereagh. These, with the seven royal brothers, are Britain's chief men: there is a pause for a few minutes, as the dean and chapter, the minor canons and the vicars choral of the cathedral, fall into their allotted places. Then to the echoing peals of the organ, and the solemn strains of the burial service chanted by the united choirs of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the body is borne towards the church and choir, preceded by the great banner and the knightly emblems of the deceased, and followed by the mourners, his relations, and the kingly and honourable train assembled to do reverence to the memory of him who poured out his life blood for their and his country's prosperity, and of whom nothing but a mangled and mutilated body now remains to honour.

The spectacle that met the gaze of the mournful train, as they advanced along the central aisle, must have been one of unexampled solemnity and sublime magnificence. The broad, immense and lofty expanse beneath the dome has been converted into one huge amphitheatre of seats, stage above stage, stretching to a vast height. A temporary orchestra, over the entrance to the choir, is hung with black cloth, as well as the choir itself, the marble pillars and the fronts of all the stages. The whole of the enormous space is densely filled with spectators clad in deep mourning, the majority of whom are ladies. All eyes are fixed upon a wide platform* in the middle space beneath the dome, enclosed and covered with black cloth, and in the centre of which the grave yawns for all that is

* The funeral car or open hearse in which the body of Nelson was drawn to the grave was decorated with a carved imitation of the head and stern of Nelson's own ship, the "Victory," surrounded with escutcheons of the arms of the deceased, and adorned with appropriate mottoes and emblematical devices. Above was an elevated canopy in the form of the upper part of an ancient sarcophagus, with six sable plumes and the coronet of a viscount in the centre, supported by four columns, representing palm trees, with wreaths of natural laurel and cypress entwining the shafts. The whole was mounted upon a carriage drawn by six horses, the caparisons adorned with armorial escutcheons. The head of the car towards the horses was ornamented with a figure of Fame; the stern carved and painted in the naval style, with

the word "Victory" in yellow letters on the lantern over the poop. Between the escutcheons were inscribed the words "Trinidad" and "Bucentaur." The coffin was placed on the quarter-deck, with its head towards the stern, with an English jack pennant over the poop, and lowered half-staff. The corners and sides of the canopy were decorated with black ostrich feathers, and festooned with black velvet, richly fringed; immediately above which, in front, was inscribed in gold the word "Nile" at one end. On one side was the motto, "*Morte devicto, requiescit*," behind, the word "Trafalgar," and on the other side the motto, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*." The reader may gratify his curiosity by a sight of this car, at the cost of a journey to Greenwich Hospital, where it is still exhibited upon payment of a small fee. A workman employed in its construction is yet surviving, and it has been stated in the papers of the day that he made application for permission to assist also, though it be but by driving a single nail, in the preparation of the hearse that was to bear the body of Wellington to its final resting-place.

mortal of the heroic Nelson. As the coffin slowly emerges to the view of the vast and silent multitude, sobs and sounds of grief burst forth on every side, and the tribute of sorrow flows freely and unrestrained from eyes long unused to weep, but accustomed rather to flash with exultation at the mention of the prowess of him who is now borne to his rest.

Gradually the procession vanishes into the choir, and then the sounds of funeral music, reverberating beneath the lofty dome like the murmuring of far-off thunder, vibrate in every heart, and the rich strains of choral voices are heard mingling with the low diapason of the sighing organ—and thus they sing: "Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live. Thou hast made my days as it were a span long; and mine ago is nothing in respect of Thee, and verily every man living is altogether vanity. For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, O Lord, what is my hope; truly my hope is even in Thee; hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ear consider my calling; hold not thy peace at my tears. O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength; before I go hence, and be no more seen." Then after a pause, during which the lesson is read, the organ and the voices again break forth in the sublime language of the 90th Psalm, "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another," etc. The service in the choir concluded with the anthem, "Lord, let me know mine end," which being finished a procession was formed from the choir to the grave, bearing the flags and banners as before, the gentlemen of the choir accompanying the body, while the organ pealed forth a solemn dirge.

The short winter day had come to a close during the performance of the choral service, and darkness had gathered upon the scene; but this had been anticipated, and a timely provision had been made for illuminating the space beneath the dome. A gigantic wooden framing, painted black, to which were attached two hundred patent lamps of the greatest illuminating power then known, hung suspended over the centre of the area, which, while it afforded sufficient light for the purposes of the ceremony, added, much to the grandeur and sublimity of the spectacle. Beneath the partial and lurid glare of these blazing lights, the mourners and heralds arranged themselves in due order, while the coffin was laid upon the bier over the mouth of the grave. Here was sung the anthem, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live." Then, while the dean pronounced the remainder of the burial service, the coffin was gradually lowered by means of a concealed apparatus, and slowly vanished from the gaze of the breathless multitude, attaining their tearful eyes for the last look. Then was heard the rattling of earth upon the coffin lid, and the suggestive response of the choir singing, "I heard a voice from heaven," and after that came the concluding anthem by Handel, "His body is buried in peace; but his name liveth evermore."

The moment the body was deposited, a signal was given at St. Paul's, and in answer to it the troops who were drawn up in Moorfields responded

—the artillery by the discharge of ordnance, and the infantry giving volleys by corps three times repeated.

The body of Horatio Viscount Nelson being thus laid in its last resting-place, amidst a deep silence broken only by a few stifled sobs, Garter King of Arms advanced to the edge of the grave, and in a solemn voice proclaimed the style of the deceased peer. Then the treasurer, comptroller, and steward of his household broke their staves, and gave the pieces to Garter, who threw them into the grave. The twelve seamen from the "Victory," who bore the corpse of the gallant commander, were also about to lower his flag into the tomb, but suddenly with one accord they rent it in pieces, in order that each might preserve a fragment as long as he lived.* The trophies of the deceased, with the standards and banners, having been deposited on a table near the grave, the procession, arranged by the officers of arms, slowly departed from the cathedral in the same order in which they had entered in the morning. Thus terminated the funeral obsequies of the greatest naval commander the world ever saw.

During the whole of the solemn and imposing ceremony, which in the course of its two days' progress was witnessed by nearly all the inhabitants of the metropolis, the utmost order and decorum prevailed; and every possible testimony of sorrow and respect was manifested by the immense concourse of spectators of all ranks. It was not a ceremonial woe that overshadowed every face, but a real, deep, and substantial grief. The time was an earnest time, and every day brought tidings of earnest moment, bearing more or less remotely on the welfare of every man of every class. It is difficult now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, five-and-thirty years of which have been years of peace, to realize the state of public feeling, in his day, with regard to Nelson and his services. It may well be that the common people saw in him nothing more than a fearless and invincible warrior who trampled the power of the enemy under his feet, and conquered wherever he came. Such a character is sure to be popular in every age, and he will ever be the favourite of the multitude, irrespective of the value of his conquests. But fifty years ago the position of this country was very different from what it is at the present moment. Europe almost entirely was in the grasp of Napoleon, or about to become so; and Britain, herself threatened with invasion, preserved her independence only at the costs of immense sacrifices both of blood and treasure. The high spirit of the people never quailed at the aggressions of the continental despot; but cautious and wary politicians saw but too plainly that it was only by the predominant superiority of her arms upon the ocean, that the liberties of England were preserved. It was the long series of naval conquests gained by Nelson and his brave compeers that established them upon a firm basis. When the fleets of France and Spain had combined against Great Britain, then came the

* Both Southey and Alison record this act of the sailors at the grave of Nelson. As a further instance of the enthusiasm of the whole fleet in favour of the deceased commander, we may remind the reader that the leaden coffin in which his body was brought home, was cut up into pieces and distributed throughout the different ships, to be preserved as relics.

grand crisis of the war. Had Nelson sustained as great a defeat as he achieved a victory—if, instead of utterly annihilating their maritime forces on the day of Trafalgar, his own vessels had struck their colours to the foe—nothing could have saved this country from the horrors and miseries of at least a descent upon its coasts, an attempted invasion. In the words of Alison, "It was the arm of Nelson which delivered his country from that danger: thenceforth the citadel of her strength was beyond the reach of attack. *At Waterloo she fought for victory—at Trafalgar for existence.*" When we call to mind that considerations allied to these occupied the thoughts of the staid and better informed sections of society, we shall have a key to the universal estimation of the dauntless assertor of England's might, and the universal sorrow experienced for his loss. That sorrow, however, deep and sincere as it was, was yet associated with a stern joy. The warrior had fallen, it is true, never again "from his wave-ruling chariots of fire" to hurl the deadly thunders across the deep; but in his dying throes he had crushed the might and cowed the valour of his country's enemies; and he slept the sleep of death in the arms of victory only when there was no longer to be found on the broad bosom of ocean "a foeman worthy of his ire."

In the retrospect which we have thus briefly taken of the ceremonies which graced the interment of Nelson, we have seen attending at his funeral obsequies all the assembled nobility and true dignity of the British empire—the united aristocracies of blood, of reputation, of genius, and of commerce—commanders of armies, admirals of fleets, leaders of the senate, and heirs direct and presumptive of thrones. But where was he, the future Nelson of the land who was providentially prepared to dash the violated sceptre from the grasp of Napoleon, and to consummate the liberation of Europe, which the simple-hearted hero, whom an assembled nation had this day consigned to the tomb, had so gloriously begun? Where was he whom, half a century later, equal honours and equal pomp were to attend to the same bourne? Among the warriors who gathered round the tomb of the great admiral, we look in vain for the name of Sir Arthur Wellesley. Many of his after companions-in-arms were there, and some who were superior in command, but the future conqueror of Napoleon was far away. It is a singular circumstance that while Nelson lay dead and awaiting burial, Wellington was absent on the only fruitless expedition of his entire military career. He had sailed up the Weser at the close of 1805, at the head of a few British brigades, with the view of co-operating with the allies in thwarting the doings of the French emperor; but the prospect of making any impression upon the immense armaments of Napoleon was found so utterly hopeless at that particular period, that the attempt was abandoned, and the forces sent out for the purpose, after an absence of some weeks, returned to England without striking a blow. The names of Nelson and Wellington, the two world-renowned warriors of England, who led her hosts to victory by sea and by land, must ever be associated together. Though well-nigh half a century elapsed after the one had been struck down by the murderous bullet, before the other, at a ripe old age, had sunk tranquilly in

the arms of death, yet is the history of their warlike exploits one history: they wrought together, though at dates and distances far asunder, one work—the soldier, and subsequently the statesman, completing what the seaman had begun. In their lives they appear never to have met. But as the mortal remains of the great duke have been laid at rest by the side of those of the great admiral, they are thus united for the first time in the grave. It strikes us as a fit and appropriate union—there, beneath the shadow of that lofty dome, which, rearing its magnificent form above the metropolis of the world, may well serve as a fit mausoleum for their kindred ashes.

A PENNYWORTH OF LOCOMOTION.

If a history could be written of all the men who, by various means, have grown rich and retired upon a competence, we feel persuaded that by far the greatest number of them would be found to be the men who have adopted the commendable maxim of giving "a good pennyworth for a penny." The bold adventurers, the successful speculators, the unscrupulous intriguers for sudden gain, constitute, even when taken all together, but a fraction of the immense section of society who, having the world under their feet, live in the enjoyment of respectability and ease. How numerous this class has grown of late years, the observant pedestrian who rambles occasionally through the suburbs and surroundings of the metropolis has a very sufficient idea. The thousands and tens of thousands of genteel residences which have risen and are daily rising in every direction, and which are fit for no other purpose than the occupancy of families well-to-do in the world, afford a sufficient attestation of the numbers of the class to which we allude: they have achieved independence by the industries of commerce; and they owe their success mainly, as their history would show, to the practical adoption of the maxim above quoted. The discovery has at length been made, though it dawned but slowly upon the commercial mind, that the surest, though it may not be the shortest, way to success is by responding to the demands of the million at a rate of remuneration which shall ensure the growth and continuance of that demand. In consequence of the general reception of this discovery as a truth, and in consequence too of the competition which it has done not a little to increase, every necessary of life, and not a few of its luxuries, are now to be procured at a price which leaves the barest fractional margin of profit to the purveyor and the distributor, and which becomes remunerative only through the increased demand to which cheapness invariably supplies a stimulus.

But we are not going to write an essay on the peculiarities of present-day traffic, though something might be said on that subject worth the reading. We are going to take a ride in a penny omnibus. Here we are at Holborn-hill: the omnibus, a white one, has just turned round, and we are the first to jump in and ensconce ourselves in a further corner. Now we can ride to Tottenham Court-road for a penny, or to Edgware-road, if we choose, for two-pence. We are hardly seated,

when an elderly dame literally *bundles* in, having a large brown-paper parcel, almost as big as a parrot, and a crushed and semi-collapsed handbox, which she quietly arranges on the cushioned seat, simple creature, as though she had engaged that whole side to herself. She is followed in an instant by an elderly and portly figure in patched boots, and well-worn dingy great-coat, who takes the right-hand door corner, where he sits with clasped horny hands, nursing a corpulent umbrella, upon the handle of which he rests his unshaven chin, as with rueful face he peers over the low door. Bang! goes something on the roof; the explosion startles him from his contemplations and causes him to poke out his head, which is instantly drawn in again, as the conductor opens the door, and keeps it open while a living tide rushes in—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine! "No more room here, conductor; full here!" "Full inside!" roars the conductor, in reply. But we don't move on yet; there is a vision of muddy boots, corduroy garments, and coat-tails, clambering up consecutively in the rear under the guidance of the conductor, and making a deafening uproar on the roof in the ceremony of arranging themselves upon what has been not inappropriately styled the "knife-board." "All right," bursts involuntarily from the lips of the conductor, as the last pair of boots disappears above our heads. Now the "bus" gets under way, and we begin to look around us, and find that we form one of a very mixed company indeed. Opposite us sits the old lady with the handbox and monster bundle. By her side is a very thin journeyman baker in his oven dress, and next to him a young man carrying a blue bag, and wearing a diamond ring on his little finger, a pair of false brilliants by way of shirt-studs, and a violet-coloured neck-tye. To his left is the wife of a mechanic, carrying a capless, bald-headed fat baby in her arms—baby spluttering, staring and kicking in an ecstasy of delight, and stretching out its little puddings of fingers to reach the diamond-ringed hand that grasps the blue bag. Next to the mother of the baby is a blue-jacket, a regular tar, who, it would seem, has entered the omnibus for the sake of enjoying a "turn in," and is endeavouring to compose himself to sleep. Next to him is our friend with his companion the stout umbrella, which he still clasps with undiminished affection. Of the party sitting on our side we cannot give so good an account, by reason of a very corpulent passenger, weighing, at a rough guess, some twenty stone, who has almost eclipsed our view in that direction, and whose presence oppresses us with an idea of the cheapness of land-carriage in the present day—estimating it by weight. We stop for half a minute at the top of Chancery-lane, to put down the owner of the blue-bag; somebody too drops from the roof, but another climbs up, and another rushes in as we are again getting under way, and, still full, we proceed onwards. We drop three more of our company at the corner of Red Lion-street, and among them, greatly to the relief of the horses and the writer, the ponderous passenger. Now, we find ourselves sitting next to a shoemaker, who is taking home a pair of new boots of his own manufacture; we can tell that much by the channels cut by countless wax-ends through the hardened skin

of his little fingers. Next to him are a couple of boys, who, we suspect, have no other business to follow just now than to enjoy a penny ride for the pleasure of walking back again. We are soon in New Oxford-street, and now the elderly and portly man whom we first noticed lifts his corpulent umbrella carefully out of the omnibus and disappears in the shop of an advertising tailor, probably in search of a new great-coat, which indeed it is high time that he had provided. Nobody gets up in place of the last few departures—for a good and sufficient reason, namely, that we are approaching the end of the pennyworth, and that all who go beyond Tottenham Court-road must pay a double fare. Now the conductor pops his head in at the window, and, to save time, collects the pence of all the penny passengers, so that there will be nothing to do beyond letting them out when we stop. At Tottenham Court-road all the passengers alight but ourselves, even the old lady emerging from behind her handboxes, and walking off towards St. Giles's. But new customers are waiting, and in less than two minutes we are crammed again with a new cargo as various as the preceding one, and on we roll towards the Edgware-road. We set out with twelve insiders, and we stop at the end of our route with but four, and yet the conductor has taken twenty-two fares, by an accurate calculation, without actually pulling up to a stand-still once on the way. The necessity of despatch is recognised by both parties to the contract, and passengers, paying their money before they alight, are seen to step out while the vehicle goes on at an easy pace, and others clamber in or on to the roof in the same way.

We have got to the end of the journey, and nothing better offering on our return, we ascend to the roof, and ride back on the outside to our starting point. There is a great deal of the world to be seen in the inside of an omnibus, as those who are accustomed to ride in them very well know, but there is still more to be seen on the outside. The "knife-board," that is, the longitudinal seat which stretches from end to end of the roof, is a very favourite position with a numerous class of the metropolitan world. It is sufficiently far above the noise of the wheels to allow of undisturbed conversation, and is a point of eminence from which everything going forward below and around can be plainly seen. We have ourselves made from this point some curious surveys of men and things which we could not possibly have made in a less elevated position, or which did not, like that, afford us an ever-moving panorama of social life and action. We were indebted to it, not long ago, for an involuntary view of the mode in which London tradesmen live—a view, by the way, which might have satisfied the most sceptical of the material prosperity enjoyed by that class in spite of occasional cries of "bad times." Our omnibus slowly proceeded down a narrow and obstructed street. It was a warm summer's evening, between the hours of nine and ten, and the shopmen of the district, from warts of back parlours, were taking their supper in the front floor, with the windows of their apartments open. Cool gargished sirloins, parsley-decked hams, pickled salmon and lobster salads, with cold gooseberry pies, in great profusion, were forced upon our vision as we were carried along.

We are no friends to idle curiosity, however, and our only commentary on what we involuntarily saw, shall be the remark of a hungry-looking fellow-traveller, whose eyes twinkled, and whose mouth visibly watered at the sight, as he exclaimed spontaneously, "Oh, don't they do it capitally up here, sir!"

The boorish incivility and savage behaviour of omnibus drivers and conductors was, not many years ago, the theme of universal irritation and complaint, and indeed it was very justly so. At the present moment, the reverse is the case, a civil and obliging demeanour being the general characteristic of the profession. The key to the transformation is, doubtless, to be found in the fact, that civility pays better than its opposite. There is still, however, room for improvement in some particulars, as the following little incident will show. Entering the other day an omnibus which, by the inscription on its side, professed to carry passengers to — church, we found ourselves, while yet a quarter of a mile from the church, the solitary occupants of it, with the exception of another passenger. The omnibus stopped, and the conductor called upon us to alight, saying that they did not go any further.

"Not go any further!" said the other passenger, one of those individuals evidently who stand up for their rights—"you don't pretend that I am to get out and walk a quarter of a mile in the rain?"

"Don't go any further, sir."

"Yes you do; you have the name of — church painted on the side of your omnibus; you go there, certainly."

"Don't go any further, sir."

"Don't tell me that nonsense, you go where you profess to go, I suppose."

"Don't go any further, sir."

"But you must go further. I pay to be taken to — church, and to the church I will be taken."

"Don't go any further, sir."

"Then I won't get out—you may drive me back to where you took me up, and I'll pay you nothing."

Conductor (slamming the door with a bang that shakes the whole fabric, and bawling to the driver), "Go on to the church! The gentleman won't get out;" and away we drive, slashing through the mud and mire, and rolling, pitching, and labouring like a vessel in a storm, until we reach the church. At last we alighted; the other passenger walked off, and I asked the conductor why he wished to set down his passengers a quarter of a mile from their destination.

"A quarter of mile! 'Tisn't six yards! that gentleman likes a good penn'orth, anyhow: he does."

The conductor, though no political economist, had rightly described the leading principle that governs commercial transactions in the present day. A nimble shilling is now better than a lazy pound.

Although in the above sketch of a penny omnibus there may be little to attract towards such vehicles the wealthy or the genteel, yet the thoughtful reader, who looks more deeply into the subject, will see in their establishment the concession of a great boon to the working classes. Twenty years ago the omnibus, instead of being as its name imports—for *gill*—was the conveyance

almost entirely of the well-to-do members of society. The short fares were sixpence, and the long ones a shilling. Omnibusses were, therefore, for all practical purposes out of the reach of the humbler ranks. By the penny bus, however, the honest labourer may now at a trifling expense be conveyed to the place where he works, or transported from it, greatly to the improvement of his health and spirits. For a penny, too, the poor milliner may have her toilsome walk lightened; while relatives, separated by long distances in the great metropolis, may visit each other without being worn out with the toil of walking for hours over London's stony-hearted flags.

THE GROWTH AND INTRODUCTION OF GUTTA PERCHA.

OVER the primeval forests of Johore, on the Malayan peninsula; over the woods of Singapore, of Sarawak, of the wilds around Coti, on the south-east coast of Borneo; the sun rose and set through long ages upon large and magnificent trees of the sapotaceous order—trees which bore in their branches and trunks a product of almost unparalleled utility and consequent value; but which, however, were scarcely known for anything beyond an edible oil, (called by the inhabitants of Sarawak, *Niaro*), which the natives of these various districts expressed from their fruit, and which served as a nourishing accompaniment to their food. We say *scarcely* known, because, around Singapore—where the tree was named *Percha*—it was known to possess another and more valuable secretion in the form of an exudation termed *gutta percha*, literally, *gum of the percha*, or, even more correctly, *gum of Samatva*, the Malay name of that island being *Pulo Percha*, although, curiously enough, it cannot be ascertained that the tree has ever been known there. The exudation of which we have spoken was used by a few of the native woodmen of Singapore for the formation of handles to their tools, etc. And only so late as the year 1812, just ten years ago, these woodmen were apparently the only persons in the world to whom the value of this substance was known. Now, however, through the agency of Dr. Montgomerie, every quarter of the globe has it in daily and familiar use for purposes of the most heterogeneous description.

In that year, when Dr. Montgomerie was assistant surgeon in the island, his attention was attracted by the handle of a parang, or wood-chopper, with the nature of which he was unacquainted. He at once instituted inquiries, and learned that it might be moulded to any form by simply immersing it in boiling water, after which it would, on cooling, retain the given shape. To have the attention aroused, and to labour until its object is thoroughly investigated, are simultaneous impulses in the earnest mind. Dr. Montgomerie instantly got possession of the parang handle in question, and announced his desire to obtain as many more as possible. He also procured an account of the tree yielding this sap, and of the modes by which the latter was collected; but, unhappily, he was prevented by illness from personally visiting its native forests.

In the following year he sent specimens of the gutta percha to the Medical Board of Calcutta, and also to England; where they were submitted to the Chemical Committee of the Society of Arts, with a suggestion by their discoverer that the substance might form a valuable substitute for Indian rubber in its application to surgical purposes. These early specimens were exhibited in four different states, namely, the still liquid juice enclosed in

a bottle; some thin pieces "resembling leather;" a spongy mass, exemplifying the manner in which it hardens upon mere exposure to the surrounding atmosphere; and lastly, the before-mentioned leathery portions formed into a lump by immersion in boiling water; in fact, the gutta percha in the form in which we now so constantly see it. In the spring of the year 1844, several practical applications of the new substance were placed before the Society; amongst which we may instance a pair of shoes mended with it, varnishes respectively prepared by dissolving it in turpentine and in naphtha, casts of medals, lathe-bands, etc., etc. The gold medal of the Society of Arts was accordingly presented to its introducer to the civilized nations of the world: a testimonial which was indeed but a feeble shadowing forth of the gratitude which was soon to become his rightful due for the valuable gift which he had placed within the reach of every class. Gutta percha was received with less of

suspicion and prejudice than often falls to the share of a new and unknown substance, even in the present day; orders for continually increasing quantities flowed steadily towards its native shores, and the article became one of a regular and stated commercial interest. Yet even now little is known of the natural history, or indeed of any thing beyond the manifold uses, of the substance, so that we can offer but a meagre account of it to our readers.

Its principal known properties are, that it is

combustible, and burns brightly like Indian rubber, yet will not inflame without an extremely great heat. It is unaffected by cold or any degree of moisture, while atmospheric heat merely makes it less rigid, without in any way decomposing its form or lessening its value. It is capable of solution in essential oils, but is little affected by unctuous oils. It mixes well with most colouring matters, and when heated is tenaciously adhesive.

It is also slightly elastic, and possesses the very singular property of contracting with heat—a property which is quite at variance with every known law of physics.

The tree is, as we have before mentioned, of the natural order *Sapotacea*, an order remarkable for the secretion of an abundant milky juice, which, unlike similar secretions in other tribes, is free from all acrid or poisonous properties. The order includes also the celebrated Palo de Vaco, or cow-tree of South America, which yields an agreeable and nourishing substitute for animal milk; and the Indian Mava, or Madhuca, (*Bassia balypraca*), one of the many species of butter-tree, known to yield as much as three quintals of oil from a single specimen. The order *Sapotacea*, however, notwithstanding a very prevalent opinion to the contrary, does not include the caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, which is the secretion of a few plants that form rare exceptions in the otherwise acrid and even dangerous



THE GUTTA PERCHA PLANT.

order of *Euphorbiaceæ*.

But to return to the gutta percha, the *Isandria gutta* of Professor Edward Forbés; it is described as a magnificent tree, averaging from three to six feet in the diameter of its trunk. The wood, as may be readily concluded, is of a loose, spongy, and fibrous texture, of a light colour, and tracked with longitudinal lines of a deep black, which are in reality the reservoirs of the secretion, filled with it in a dried state. We may here men-

tion that we are indebted for the specimens of the wood which were first brought to England, to Mr. Thos. Lobb, the botanist of Mr. Veitch, the enterprising nursery gardener of Exeter. Sir Jas. Brook, the rajah of Sarawak, mentions the mode of obtaining the gum in Borneo to be the wasteful one of felling the tree, stripping off the bark, and then collecting the juice which flows from the lacerated surfaces in troughs formed of the hollow stem of the plantain; by this means, each tree furnishes from twenty to thirty pounds: but in Singapore, the more rational and fore-sighted mode is followed, of cutting notches in the bark, and so patiently collecting the milk as it exudes. The appearance of this substance is too familiar to need description; but we may mention that when it reaches this country in thin shavings, or in rolls—the two forms in which it is usually imported—it is seldom found to be unmixed with various foreign substances, as leaves, straws, etc., for the removal of which it undergoes a process known as “knecading,” which is done in hot water, and it is then ready to be formed into the various articles for which it is destined. It is worthy of especial remark that it is *never worn out*, for it is not injured in any way by re-forming, or by repeated modelling. It may be melted and remelted any number of times without losing its native properties, or acquiring any foreign ones.*

In the catalogue of the celebrated collection of curiosities made by the Tradescants occurs the following remarkable article:—“The pliable mazer wood,” which, “being warmed in water, will work to any form.” “Doubtless,” says a correspondent of ‘Chambers’ Edinburgh Journal,’ for 1850, “this was gutta percha.” Dr. Montgomerie describes it in the very words of Tradescant: “This is a point which awakens much speculation, and which we would gladly see well examined, though but little light can, we fear, be thrown upon it after the lapse of so many years.” Although we cannot suppose that the *mæsur* wood, mentioned in the ‘Red Saga’ of Eric, can have a connection either with the mazer wood of Tradescant, or the gutta percha of Dr. Montgomerie, we must not omit, as a conclusion to this short paper, giving the following passage from that ancient composition; premising, however, that this *mæsur* wood is usually supposed to be the bird-eye maple of America, and that we have no reason whatever to suppose the gutta percha tree to be a native of that continent, or that the Icelanders ever visited the southern hemisphere. The extract runs as follows: “When he (Karlsefne) was quite ready, and his ship was lying outside the pier, waiting for a favourable wind, there came to him a German man from Bremen, in Saxland: he asked Karlsefne to sell him his broom. ‘I will not sell it,’ said Karlsefne. ‘I will give you half a mark in gold for it,’ said the German man. Karlsefne thought this was a good offer, and thereupon they concluded the bargain. The German man went away with the broom. Karlsefne did not know what wood it was, but it was *mæsur*, which had come from Wineland.”†

* We refrain at present from alluding to the various uses of gutta percha, having, through the kind permission of the proprietors of the gutta percha works in London, been permitted to examine the process of manufacturing the article for various purposes. This visit will be described in our next number.

† See Mallett’s ‘Northern Antiquities.’

A PAGE IN THE CHRONICLES OF VERSAILLES.

It is not too much to say that every house, every tree, every blade of grass at Versailles has a legend connecting it with the annals of mankind. Here, indeed, we can read “sermons in stones,” and find an emphatic commentary on the words, “all is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

• The chronicles of Versailles would fill volumes. Just think of Trianon and Marie Antoinette—the tennis-court and Mirabeau—the *parc-aux-cerfs* and Louis xv. Here some one points out to you the *allée des philosophes*, where Bossuet, Fénelon, and a few others used daily to study the Bible. A little further on you find Mademoiselle de la Vallière’s favourite spot. This beautiful miniature garden, fragrant with the choicest flowers, and so tastefully laid out, was intended to perpetuate in the mind of Louis xviii, Hartwell, and all the sad story of the exile’s life. But we must forbear; let us select one point from the eventful history of Versailles, and endeavour to bring it out before our readers in all its completeness.

At about eight o’clock in the morning of the 22nd October, 1685, the secretary of state, Louvois, was sitting, apparently very much agitated, before a table covered with books, papers, and capacious portfolios. Every now and then he took up some document, perused it carelessly, then throwing it down again, started from his chair and walked towards the window, as if he expected either a message or a visitor. He had already shown several unmistakable signs of impatience, when the rumbling of a carriage, as it seemed, to stop before the gate of his hôtel, restored him to statesman-like calmness. A few minutes after the door of the room was opened, and a servant announced Father La Chaise, confessor to his “most Christian majesty.”

“Monsieur de Louvois,” began the priest, “I fear I have somewhat delayed answering your invitation, but the pressure of ecclesiastical duties must be my apology. I have only just left the king.”

“Well,” replied the secretary of state, with affected jocularity; “neither you nor I are likely to be long troubled about government matters, if what I hear is correct.”

“You allow yourself, sir, to be too easily frightened,” said La Chaise. “Madame de Maintenon hates us, it is true; but she cannot do without us, and if she should even succeed in rising to the throne, where will ministers be found capable of carrying out your plans?”

“Colbert is dead, certainly; but Seignelay, his son, enjoys the widow Scarron’s favour.”

“Seignelay,” cried the priest; “a fellow who thinks that together with his father’s fortune and name he has inherited his talents! Besides, I am to be discarded likewise, I suppose; and do you think, Monsieur de Louvois, that I shall yield to Madame de Maintenon my interests—I mean the interests of the church?”

Louvois was quite delighted at seeing La Chaise actually in a rage against the reigning favourite. “My reverend father,” said he, “you have, I confess, communicated to me an ardour which I much needed; let us set to work directly, if you please,

and endeavour to counteract the impending danger. The principal point is, that his majesty may be convinced how indispensable we both are to the stability of his government."

"Exactly, especially about the conversion of the heretics. How is Marillac getting on in Poitou?"

"Admirably," answered Louvois. "He is now billeting dragoons upon them. In his last letter to me he says: 'I am continually warring against the Huguenots, who dare not answer the least word. We take them up by the bill, as you do snipes, and if they make the most insignificant noise about it, we have them marched off to Rochefort.'"

"*Jans Deo!*" ejaculated La Chaise, crossing himself. "France will soon be indeed a Christian country. Jansenism has perished, Arnauld is in exile at Brussels, and the other leaders of the party are at last silent. The Huguenots must be reduced to exactly the same condition."

"Yet," continued the secretary of state, as he handed over some papers to his interlocutor, "do not imagine that conversions are so numerous as you have perhaps heard it reported. These protestants prove extremely stubborn, I assure you."

"But the Marquis of Dangeau," replied the priest, "told me yesterday quite a different tale. The inhabitants of Oléron, Salins, and Sedan were converted to a man! Montauban, Lyons, after a deliberation in the town hall! Montpellier, Nismes, and their dioceses! fifty thousand souls from the district of Bordeaux! while the dioceses of Gap and Embrun would not even wait for the dragoons!"

Louvois burst into a fit of laughter. "Those are Pélisson's lists," said he; "and you surely know that when an agent for conversion has fifteen or twenty thousand livres at his disposal, he can always reckon upon a certain class of proselytes."

"Madame de Maintenon herself," continued La Chaise, "asserted the correctness of what I have just been stating."

"Madame de Maintenon, my reverend father, is interested, you are well aware, in these conversions. She speculates in the estates of our heretic brethren, and by purchasing at a very low price valuable landed property, she has already amassed a fortune for one of her relatives."

"At all events," answered the Jesuit, "we must watch well over the prosperity of the church. Would it not be possible to excite the religious zeal of his majesty's catholic subjects?"

"No, sir," interrupted Louvois rather sharply, "I cannot allow of an appeal to the passions of the mob; and Marillac, whom I was just now praising for his good services, sometimes goes a little too far. Nay, I must request you to moderate the impetuosity of Father La Rue. He lately headed the rabble which destroyed the protestant temple at Alençon."

"I hope, Monsieur le Marquis, that you will make some allowance for an excess of earnestness in the cause of religion. But I perceive," continued La Chaise, rising, "that it only wants half an hour to the time appointed for the meeting of the privy-

council. Let us at least have the start of our adversaries."

"And render ourselves indispensable to Madame de Maintenon."

In saying these last words, Louvois took up his hat, and led Father La Chaise down stairs. They both jumped into his reverence's carriage; and ten minutes afterwards they were at the palace.

Few careers, in the whole range of history, have been more remarkable than that of Françoise d'Aubigné, marchioness of Maintenon. She was the daughter of Constant d'Aubigné, who, at one time protestant and at another Roman catholic, had betrayed his father, the wonder-working captain Théodore Agrippa. The old man in his wrath cursed his son, who, being pursued by his father's malediction in the old world, made his escape into the new. There he died in misery, leaving behind him a daughter. The orphan returned to France, where she was received in a convent at Niort. More ambitious than handsome and witty, she left this place to become the wife of the poet Scarron, whose talent was disgraced by levity and profligacy.*

During the seventeenth century the most extraordinary ideas prevailed throughout France on the important subject of morality—ideas which had gradually crept in amidst the distractions of civil war. If we make an exception in favour of that "small remnant" existing in all ages and bearing its testimony to the truths of the gospel, society had sunk to the lowest ebb, perverting all ideas of right and wrong. Thus we find Madame Scarron courting the friendship of Ninon de Lenelos, the most notorious of all abandoned women; thus, too, the witty Bautru used to say that "an honest man and a man of good morals are not identical."†

Such was the state of the fashionable world in France, when, after Scarron's death, the widow of that obscene buffoon entered the household of Madame de Montespan, to take charge of the illegitimate children which this lady had borne to the king. It was from this position that Louvois and La Chaise promoted her to be Louis XIV's companion. She was at that time about forty years of age; but her beauty was of that sort which defies the ravages of time, and awaits, before it fades, the ultimate triumph of the most colossal ambition. She participated in Louvois's hatred against Colbert, who, in the days of her adversity, had refused her a pension; and her worldly sanctity was that of the Jesuits.‡

A celebrated lady belonging to the last century, Madame du Deffand, has given of Françoise Scarron a very good and just appreciation. Sir James Stephen is rather too severe when he says that she was "the very type of mediocrity out of place." The woman who could rule Louis XIV must have possessed no ordinary powers. At the same time we must readily acknowledge that "her prudery, such as it was, served but to deepen the aversion which her intriguing, selfish, narrow-minded, and bigoted spirit excited and justify."§

It now remains that we should account for the

* Nap. Peyrat, *The Pastors in the Wilderness*, 1852. Vol. i. p. 95.

† See the *Memoirs of Dangeau, passim*.

‡ Pélisson-Fontanier, originally a protestant, had been involved in the downfall of Comptroller-general Fouquet.

* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 87.

† Guizot, *Cornellie et son Temps*.

‡ Peyrat, vol. i. p. 87, 88.

§ Sir James Stephen, *Essays*, vol. i. p. 515.

opposition which we have hinted at, as existing between Madame de Maintenon, Louvois, and Father La Chaise. The two last-named had wished the king not to have her as his wife. "It suited their purpose to have a grateful and obsequious favourite, but not an independent and domineering queen. Therefore, when Louis XIV wished to marry her, they did their best to turn the inflexible monarch from his purpose. On the other hand, when Madame de Maintenon triumphed, she insisted, as the first act of her revenge, on her two friends being witnesses of her clandestine marriage, which was celebrated at night, in the chapel of Fontainebleau, by Harlay, Archbishop of Paris. But she never forgave them her not having been recognised as queen of France."

Such were the unchristian feelings which actuated the five celebrated individuals now assembled in the council-room at Versailles. Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon are too well known to need here any sketch even of their outward appearance; Louvois as he sat seemed divided between anxiety and contempt; Father La Chaise looked like what he was—a Jesuit. A fifth personage, as illustrious as Bossuet's eloquence and his own sanguinary bigotry could make him—Chancellor Lefellier—must be noticed. This minister had been reared in the service of Mazarin and the queen-regent during the troubles of the Fronde. He was a wily old man, full of smiling cruelty and treacherous blandness. The violent plans which he craftily furthered at the council-board were, on his leaving it, still reflected in his long face, which resembled that of a hyena; and Count de Grammont used at that moment to compare him to "a polecat, which, after having just killed some fowl, goes on licking its bloody snout." He might have compared his sons to two wild boars, always bristling and snarling. One of these sons was Louvois.

The king opened the sitting by making a few remarks on the success of the catholic missionaries in the south of France. Madame de Maintenon observed that the opposition which his majesty's orders met with from those who were bound to execute them had become very serious.

Father La Chaise knew well against whom this reproach was directed. Louvois, somewhat embarrassed, rose and said: "Sire, it is true that I have ordered M. de Marillac to be more cautious in his treatment of the heretics; but whilst I uniformly recommend moderation and gentleness to your majesty's lieutenants in the provinces, and to the clergymen intrusted with the several missions, I am, I believe, only acting according to your majesty's commands. The instructions given by Government in 1681, 1682, 1683, agree in enforcing, above all, justice and charity."

"But, Monsieur de Louvois," answered the king, "Pellisson tells us that the Huguenots are of their own accord hastening towards their entire reconciliation with the church, and, consequently, every difficulty seems now quite cleared."

"Pellisson's lists, sire," said Louvois, "are not always to be depended upon; he allows his zeal to blind his judgment."

"Tush! tush!" interrupted Madame de Maintenon; "I have spoken to M. de Seignelay on the subject, and he is of my opinion. A few more efforts, skilfully but promptly conducted, will give

to heresy the fatal blow. M. de Seignelay undertakes to finish the work himself if your majesty sees fit."

Louvois did not expect so bold a step even from the favourite. This requires a little comment. The Colbert family, we may observe, had protected the protestants, and was considered as siding with Madame de Montespan. After the death of the queen, in 1683, the great Colbert, whose heart had been broken by Louvois, La Chaise, and Madame de Maintenon, speedily sunk into the grave. During his illness, Louis XIV having sent to inquire about him, the minister in the agony of death answered, "I will hear no more of the king. Had I done for God what I have done for this man, I should be sure of my salvation; and now I do not know what is to become of me." *

How painfully remarkable is such a confession! How much in unison with what another illustrious statesman—Cardinal Wolsey—had acknowledged a century before!

We see, then, that several motives naturally ought to have predisposed Madame de Maintenon against Seignelay; and yet mortified vanity and selfishness, the worst passions of the human heart, made her join for a moment with the son of her redoubtable adversary Colbert, in order to ruin Louvois, whose political principles she thoroughly admired. There was, however, opportunity yet for a high-minded minister to stand up boldly on behalf of the great doctrine of religious liberty, and to lay before a powerful monarch that truth which fawning courtiers and wicked place-hunters were constantly keeping from him!

It has been often asserted, that if Louis XIV had accurately known the state, the dispositions, the feelings of his protestant subjects, the edict of Nantes would never have been revoked. This is quite possible, and we can imagine to some extent the impressions produced by an appeal directed to the judgment, the tenderness, and the good sense of the monarch.

"Yes, sire," Louvois should have said, "my instructions to your majesty's lieutenants are uniformly grounded upon moderation and gentleness. I constantly recommend to both protestants and catholics the strict observance of the laws. I will add that, attached as they are to a form of religion different from our own, I have ever found in the Huguenots loyal subjects and useful citizens. Be not deceived, sire, conversions are by no means so frequent as you are led to believe; and if in a few instances they seem to be the result of genuine conviction, the great majority of those who abandon the faith of their forefathers are worthless mercenaries; for a trifle they would sell their country, their souls, and their God! Let us, by maintaining your majesty's protestant subjects in the full enjoyment of every civil and religious right, strengthen the prosperity of France; let us secure to your royal person the sincere attachment of earnest and devoted hearts!"

How delightful it would have been to find Louvois advocating ideas such as these! But, alas! unprincipled, ambitious, proud, his sole object on the occasion of this cabinet council was to maintain favour with Louis XIV. Perceiving that

the tide was set in against the Huguenots, he promised immediately to destroy heresy by every possible means, and to insist upon measures of severity, if such were required,

"If God spares the king," said Madame de Maintenon, rising, "there will be no more Huguenots in twenty years. Remember this, Monsieur de Louvois; his majesty wishes those who aspire to the absurd glory of being the last in going over to his religion, to be driven to the last extremities."*

So speaking, the powerful favourite withdrew.

When the members of the privy council were alone with Louis XIV, Chancellor Letellier unrolled a rather large manuscript which he had brought in his official portfolio: "I shall now proceed, sire," said he, "to the reading of the decree drawn up, conformably to your majesty's commands, by M. Bossuet, my lord the Archbishop of Paris, and myself. It will, I trust, effectually root out the last remnants of heresy, and accomplish all your majesty's anxious and kind intentions towards the church."

This decree, composed of eleven articles, was nothing else than the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Louvois, Letellier, and La Chaise signed it. On putting down his pen, the chancellor blasphemously exclaimed: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation."

On the same day, the parliament registered the new law, and persecution assumed throughout France an unwonted energy.

The reader of history will not require to be told how disastrously the blow recoiled upon the best interests of France; how hundreds of thousands of its best subjects emigrated to foreign lands; and how the measure proved the precursor of those terrible calamities which shook the gigantic power of the haughty Louis to its very centre.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE WATER SNAIL AND THE STICKLEBACK.

We have been favoured, by Mr. Warington of Apothecaries' Hall, with a copy of an interesting and instructive paper, which was intended to have been read by him at the last meeting of the British Association in Belfast, but which has since been communicated by him to the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History" for October, 1852. Independently of the pleasing interest of the facts communicated in the paper, we commend it to the notice of our readers, as pointing out a simple and innocent source of enjoyment to be derived from the observation of the habits of animal life.

My object in bringing the accompanying observations before the public is to endeavour to direct, more in detail than I have hitherto been able to do, the attention of naturalists, and those who take a delight and pleasure in the study of God's wonderful and glorious works, to a very simple means of easily investigating the habits and economy of

all those numerous classes of animal and vegetable life that are capable of being brought within the limited precincts of the small water-cases I have elsewhere described.* And when I state that these observations have been made by one most ignorant on the subject of natural history, and a perfect tyro in this field of research, as the details of this communication will fully demonstrate; when I mention also that they have been made at leisure intervals of very short duration, snatched as an amusement and as opportunities occurred from the weightier matters of professional business; I hope that it may encourage others to follow in the same most interesting course of investigation, when, aided by a little perseverance, they may insure for themselves an abundant reward.

The Water-Snail. This important element, in all the cases where the removal of the decaying vegetable matter, or the growth of *Conserve*, is necessary to enable the generality of fish to live healthily, offers to our consideration some very interesting phenomena. In commencing my experiments in the early part of 1849, I had employed the *Limnea stagnalis* for this purpose, but was soon obliged to substitute some less voracious inhabitant for my small domain, for I found that as it grew in size its appetite increased to an enormous extent, and the plants were punished most severely, the leaves of the *Vallisneria spiralis* being bitten quite through; and if the snails were in too large a number, the whole of the vegetation was rapidly removed; other varieties of the *Limnea* were consequently introduced at an early period, namely *L. auricularia* and *L. glutinosa*, as also *Physa fontinalis*, *Bithinia tentaculata*, *Planorbis cornus*, and *P. carinata*. These last two varieties have been found highly serviceable, as from the conical formation of their shell and small mouth, the fish cannot so readily get them out to feed upon. With the *L. auricularia* and *L. glutinosa* this is easily effected, in consequence of the large aperture of their shell; and if the fish fails in his endeavours by a sudden attack to shake the snail out, he will attempt to suck it from its retreat; as is the case with the gold-fish; with the minnow (*Leuciscus Phoxinus*), however, it is different, as the smallness of its size renders this manoeuvre impossible, unless the snail be very minute; it has recourse therefore to another and quite as efficient a means of obtaining its object, and I have seen these beautiful little fellows seize on their prey and shake it, as a terrier dog would a rat, between a piece of the rock-work and the glass, until they have broken its thin and delicate shell to pieces, and having effected this to their satisfaction, quietly consume their victim.

It will be seen from these facts, that the snails will require to be renewed at intervals, particularly as I have previously shown that the increase of the snail by its eggs, which are deposited in very large quantities, is entirely prevented by the fish consuming them the instant they exhibit signs of locomotion.

These water-snails have the extraordinary power of moving along the surface of the water with

* Peyrat, vol. i. p. 90. Letters of Madame de Maintenon.

* Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society, vol. iii. p. 52; and Garden Companion for January, 1852.

great rapidity with their shells downward, the foot being attached as it were to the atmospheric air. The *Planorbis* also can fix itself, without any apparent means of attachment, by its side to the flat surface of the glass, and will remain thus for several days.

In watching the movements of the *Limnea*, I was for some time under the impression that they had a power of swimming or sustaining themselves in the water, as they would rise from the bottom of the pond, a portion of the rock-work, or a leaf of the plants, and float for a considerable period, nearly out of their shells, without any apparent attachment, and, by the contortions and gyrations of their body and shell, move some little distance, in a horizontal direction, from the point which they had left. On more carefully watching this phenomenon, however, I found they were attached by a thread or web, which was so transparent as to be altogether invisible, and which they could elongate in a similar way to the spider; they also possessed the power of returning upon this thread by gathering it up as it were, and thus drawing themselves back to the point which they had quitted. These facts were clearly proved in the following manner. A *Limnea stagnalis* had glided its way along a young and short leaf of the *Vallisneria* which terminated below the surface of the water, and having reached the extremity launched itself off from it; after moving about with a sort of swimming or rolling motion in a horizontal direction for some time it lowered itself gradually, and in effecting this the long flexible leaf of the *Vallisneria* was bent with an undulating motion, corresponding exactly with every movement of the snail, clearly showing that it had a firm attachment to the extremity of the leaf. On another occasion a *L. glutinosa* gradually rose from the surface of a piece of submersed rock, and when at the distance of about 3 or 4 inches from it stayed its progress, floating about in a circumscribed horizontal direction for some time; at last it rose suddenly and rapidly to the surface, evidently from the rupture of its thread of attachment. The most convincing proof, however, of this fact that I can perhaps adduce, and one that I have often repented with all the before-mentioned *Limnea*, is that when the snail has been some inches distant from the supposed point of attachment, a rod or stick has been carefully introduced, and slowly drawn on one side between them in a horizontal direction, and by this means the snail can be made to undulate to and fro, obeying exactly the movement of the rod: this requires to be done very gently, as, if too much force is used, the web is broken, and the snail rises rapidly to the surface.

The next subject of interest which I wish to call attention to is—

The Stickleback, *Gasterosteus leirurus*. This most beautiful little creature has afforded a subject for much interesting observation for some time past, and I fear that what I have to offer will prove very much a repetition of what has already been published on the subject. As, however, the proceedings and observations of those who dare not rank themselves in the class of naturalists, sometimes from their want of knowledge, cause circumstances to arise which would not otherwise occur, so in the present case my failures through

my own ignorance may develop some new points in the economy of these small fry. Mr. Edwards of Shoreditch, whose London garden pond has afforded much interesting matter to many microscopists, informs me, in a note dated August 27, 1852, that it is about fourteen years since he first noticed the fact of the stickleback building a nest, guarding the spawn, and defending the young ones; no publication, however, of these observations seems to have taken place. Since that period, the facts have been published by M. Coste in France in 1847, and quite lately by Mr. Kinnahan,* in a paper laid before the Dublin Natural History Society.

My observations in the miniature ponds commenced in May, 1851, when, having received from a friend at Mitcham several of these little fish, male and female, the latter being full of spawn, they were introduced to their new abode. A curious scene followed: the male fish immediately took up certain positions, the strongest apparently having the first choice, which they maintained against all intruders, and a species of border warfare was continually maintained across the prescribed boundaries of each, and although at times driven out by a fiercer attack from a stronger fish, yet, immediately the battle had ceased, they returned to their previous position, which they defended most vigorously. These battles were at times most desperate, for these puny combatants would fasten tight on each other for several seconds, tumbling over and over, until their strength appeared completely exhausted. If there were more fish present than there were positions for, they fared most grievously, being driven altogether into one corner of the pond, from which they ventured forth only to be driven back again on all sides, where they were continually exposed to the attacks of their companions.

The day after they had been placed in their new domain, the strongest of the male fish was observed most busily employed gathering small ligneous fibres from different parts of the pond, and carrying them in its mouth to one particular spot, where he appeared to force them into the sand and gravel with his nose. Being perfectly unacquainted at the time with the fact of this little creature building a nest, I watched him more attentively. He had selected a spot behind a piece of rock-work, almost hidden from view at the front of the case and towards the room; but on looking down from the top of the water I could perceive that he had already constructed a small hole as round as a ring and with a good broad margin to it, formed of the materials he had been so industriously collecting, and on which he appeared to have placed numerous particles of sand and small pebbles. This spot he guarded with the utmost jealousy, continually starting forth from his position and attacking the other fish with most extraordinary fury. The desperate ferocity with which this fish attacked the others, and the continued turmoil the whole pond was kept in, determined me to do a most absurd act, which my want of knowledge of the subject at the time had prevented my foreseeing, but which I instantly afterwards regretted, namely, to remove this fish from the pond. I

therefore caught it in a small muslin net, and without the slightest trouble, as he attacked the net the instant it was introduced. But what was the consequence? No sooner was he removed from the water than the other fish darted to the spot he had been protecting, pulled forth a mass of eggs which had been deposited there, and which, I had not previously seen, tore it to pieces among them, and devoured it before I had time even to shake my prisoner out of his confinement; however, it taught me a fact in natural history, and it may perhaps be novel to others. So ended my experience of 1851.

Now I think it will be evident from what I have stated that these eggs must have been deposited by the female fish, and the nest made around them afterwards; and this I think was also the case with the fish experimented on this year by my friend Mr. Gratton, who had a fine brood of young sticklebacks hatched after fourteen or fifteen days, the nest being formed immediately after the introduction of the fish.

The appearance of the male fish during this spawning period is beautiful beyond description. The eye is of the most splendid green colour, having a perfectly metallic lustre, like the green feathers of some species of humming-bird. The throat and belly are of a bright crimson, the back of an ashy green, and the whole fish appears as though it were somewhat translucent and glowed with an internal incandescence: his ferocity during this period is extraordinary. How so small a creature can bear up so long under such a state of apparent excitement appears marvellous. Later in the year the colours slightly change, the back becomes more of a green tint, the throat and belly of a paler red, and all the glowing appearance subsides. The female fish is of a brown colour on the back, the eye also brown and the belly white.

I now pass on to the present year, when I had the pleasure of seeing the nest built from the very commencement and through all its stages. The place selected for the nest was the bare flat top of a piece of oolite, where it formed a tight angle by resting against the glass partition which separated two of these ponds, in one of which were kept four minnows and two small eels, and in the second the sticklebacks which form the subject of this observation. In this the male fish commenced gradually to deposit and accumulate his materials. I will endeavour to give in detail the exact description of his proceedings while I had the opportunity of watching him, avoiding as much as possible the repetition of his operations; for as each loose fibre or small piece of material was brought singly to the chosen spot, the same routine would be gone through over and over again. Now he arrives with a large fibre in his mouth, deposits it, re-arranges the whole of the materials, already accumulated, with his mouth, removing one fibre to this place and another to that, and departs on his search for more. Now he returns carrying a small piece of gravel, which is carefully placed on part of the fibres as it were to keep them down; he then draws himself slowly over the whole and is off again. Now he brings another fibre, which he dips in with his snout so as to make it interlace with the others; then he attempts to interlace in the same way the fibrous rootlet of a Lemna which is

growing above his head, but which, the instant he thinks he has fastened and loosens his hold of, rises again by its expanded lobe to the surface; this fibre appears to be well fitted for his purpose, for he repeats his attempts to fix it among his gleanings over and over again. Now he is busy making a circular hole in the middle of the accumulated materials with his snout; a piece of the fibre is next taken out from the mass, projected from his mouth, watched as it falls very slowly through the water; then, as it proves too light for his purpose, it is again seized, carried to some distance, and projected away, and he is off to re-arrange the remainder, carefully tucking in the ends with his snout; he then draws himself slowly across the whole and is off again. Now he catches a sight of the female fish, pursues her with great rapidity, seizes her by the tail and by the lateral spine, but she escapes his grasp and conceals herself behind the rock-work. Again he conveys more material to the nest, and the next journey is again laden with another small piece of gravel; the whole is then slightly shaken, then compressed, and he is off again; thus he conveys without cessation decayed rootlets, gravel, sand, and whatever material he can find that will answer his purpose. But I must observe that their specific gravity is continually tested: thus, having found what appears a suitable fibre, it is carried a little way, then projected to a short distance from his mouth and watched as it falls: if it falls rapidly, it is again seized and carried direct to the nest; if more slowly, it is tried again in the same manner; and if it then proves too light, it is abandoned altogether and another selected. If a piece is found better fitted for his structure than what he has already obtained, it is rapidly conveyed to the spot; much alteration in the arrangement of the materials takes place, so as apparently to dispose of the new prize to the best advantage, and it is only after continued and indefatigable perseverance that he succeeds in re-arranging them to his wishes. If there should be any strong fibre which he has a difficulty in causing to remain in the position he requires, a small quantity of sand is brought in his mouth and skilfully placed on the top of it to keep it down; if this does not effect the purpose desired so as to please him, the refractory piece is taken out and rejected altogether. At times he hangs or hovers close over the surface of the nest, and throws his whole body into a curious and rapid vibratory motion, by which he causes a rapid current of water to be projected on the materials, as though it were to prove their stability; and when this operation is performed, the lighter particles and light mud are as it were fanned or winnowed out by the generated current, and may be seen floating away: this operation will also explain the reason for testing the gravity of the materials before they are used. Another very curious operation is the action of drawing his body slowly over the surface of the materials which form the nest. I believe that at this time he excretes a glutinous matter, which acts as a species of cement and tends to keep the materials together, at the same time that the pressure of his body may render them more compact.

If during this time any other male fish makes his appearance, he is chased with the utmost ferocity and driven to conceal himself in any cranny

which he can find; should, however, another fish be also building, desperate battles ensue whenever they approach each other's position, or chance to meet while collecting their materials.

The whole time occupied in accumulating these materials for the nest was about four hours, during which interval a goodly quantity had been obtained; and a small opening appeared to be carefully constructed near each end of the mass, the use of which will be now explained. All having been apparently arranged for the female fish to spawn, and the operations of fanning out the light particles, the improving their order, the dibbing in the ends, the loading them with additional sand, and the consolidation of them as described fully effected, and the whole reviewed carefully for several days in succession, as it were awaiting the coming of the female, on her appearance the following curious scene ensued. The female fish came out of her hiding-place, her attention being fixed apparently on the nest, when immediately the male became as it were mad with delight; he darted round her in every direction, then to his accumulated materials, slightly adjusted them, fanned them, and then back again in an instant; this was repeated several times; as she did not advance to the nest, he endeavoured to push her in that direction with his snout; this not succeeding, he took her by the tail and by the side spine and tried to pull her to the spot, then back to the nest, and having examined the two small openings alluded to, he thrust his nose in at the lower and gradually drew himself under the whole of the materials, making his exit at the opposite one, as though to prove to her that everything was prepared for her spawning. These manoeuvres, however, failed in their purpose; she examined the nest several times; but the appearance of the minnows, etc., moving about on the other side of the glass partition against which the nest had been formed, I believe deterred her from depositing her eggs there, and she afterwards spawned elsewhere. The nest which had cost so much trouble was ultimately abandoned, and was gradually dispersed by the snails.

There are several other interesting particulars regarding the habits of the several fish, etc., which I have had the opportunity of experimenting with, and which may form the subject of some future memoranda. I would merely remark in conclusion, that I have, after many difficulties and failures, succeeded in keeping sea-water perfectly clear for upwards of six months, and that I have for the last five weeks had several sea anemones living in it which at present appear extremely healthy, and the water has not been disturbed for the last fourteen days. My great difficulty in the midst of London has been to obtain materials to work with.

AN ANECDOTE FROM AUSTRALIA.

WHEN the first settlers arrived in Van Diemen's Land they found a fruitful soil, fine climate, sparkling streams, and most picturesque country, but a total absence of all the cattle, fruits, and flowers they had been accustomed to in their native land. There was much to remind them that they were in a far and distant land: summer at Christmas; the sun in the north; strange stars in the south; the

trees and shrubs constantly green; trees shedding their bark instead of their leaves; the kangaroo hopping on two legs instead of walking on four; animals that can neither be called fish, flesh, nor fowl; cherries with the stone on the outside; flies that captured spiders, and many other wonders; but no corn, wine, nor oil.

Therefore, before the settlers could even commence farming, it was necessary to procure seed for the ground, and some imported one kind of seed and some another; others introduced cattle and sheep; others, horses and dogs, pigs, goats, and poultry. After the first urgent wants had been met, many of the settlers who followed brought stock of improved kinds—mottled racers, prize cart-horses, Devon cows, Saxon sheep. Others, again, took pains to introduce favourite or fancy animals, birds, etc.; pigeons, deer, pheasants, canaries, rabbits, and a host of other kinds: rats and mice followed unbidden. Others were careful to introduce some favourite flower, the offspring of their own dear lamented garden at home.

In this way has this distant colony been furnished with all the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. It was quite amusing to witness the efforts of some to render this land like England, taking great pains to localize that which never could find a home at the antipodes—larks, linnets, blackbirds, and other poor unfortunate creatures, to whom liberty in Van Diemen's Land was death.

The efforts of two individuals in this respect have been attended with widely different results, little anticipated by the one party at least; and as their acts forcibly illustrate the great difference betwixt a wise action and a foolish one, I have been led to record the facts in order that we (the young especially) may ponder before we undertake anything new: and may the following account of the introduction of bees and their colonies into Van Diemen's Land be a lasting remembrance.

A gentleman named Dr. Wilson, who had made several voyages to Van Diemen's Land, had observed that there were not any bees producing honey; he therefore, on one of his voyages, took with him a hive of bees. It was placed on deck, and the little voyagers were liberally supplied with moist sugar; and I understand the bees had perfect liberty, and however far they might have flown across the watery waste, always returned to the hive, and were conveyed 16,000 miles to Hobart Town. Dr. Wilson generously placed the hive at the disposal of Governor Arthur. It was placed in Government Garden; and so abundant was the food, and so adapted the climate to the bees, that I was told that a single hive of bees would produce twenty stocks in a year, the first swarms each yielding new swarms. The governor politely presented his friends with hives of bees, so that, in a very few seasons, most gardens in the colony were furnished with them.

I still recollect the very pleasing sensation produced in my mind when I first saw and heard the bee in Van Diemen's Land. It was Sunday, and I had retired to a shady walk in a garden in the country for study and meditation. An unusual sound struck my ear—familiar, though not immediately remembered. I sought for the little humming insect, when, to my great surprise and delight, I discovered a bee: it was gathering honey from

the blossoms of the gooseberry. Now the bee is found in all the settled districts of the colony. In summer, many swarms are found in the bush, and large quantities of honey are frequently found in the hollow trees. It is so plentiful that, in the summer season, it may be bought for fourpence per pound; and it is probable that, before long, bees-wax will form a staple article of commerce, and thus assist to enrich the colony.

An emigrant from Scotland, proud of his nationality, brought with him to the colony a packet of thistle-seed: and as soon as he had settled upon his grant of land, he scattered the seed around his dwelling, and the emblem of his native land was soon manifest in its forbidden grandeur. Great was the admiration of his friends and countrymen, and some almost wept as the thistle brought back to their memory the scenes of their own dear fatherland. The seed was liberally supplied to friends far and near, and soon the down was seen soaring over the hills of Tasmania, bearing the seed in its flight, and the thistle was no longer a stranger in this our adopted country. But, mark the result! The thistle soon manifested himself an usurper, and took possession of the soil to the exclusion of native grasses and herbs. In a very few years the colonists began to take the alarm: Large paddocks were overgrown with the pernicious weed; and not only was the pasture land destroyed, but, in some cases, the land became inaccessible to man or beast, and in autumn the seeds mounted in the air looking like snow, and I have seen the grass perfectly white with the down. The mischief is irreparable, and the thistle will never be extirpated in Van Diemen's Land, while the curse pronounced upon the ground for Adam's sake is inflicted; and some think that the thistle will usurp the vast plains of Australia, as its congener has the pampas of South America.

Now contrast these two acts and the introduction of a living creature.

Without the introduction of a packet of thistle. Without Take my own case as an example. I collect no honey or trouble on my part, I take as much honey or ask serves for a hive. I take as much honey and wax. If the autumn children use it profusely all the year round, the refuse makes an admirable vinegar. I had a small farm, being the principal part of my course. I had a small farm, being the principal part of my course. I had a small farm, being the principal part of my course.

the neighbouring estates; yet, during the last six years, I have, for four months in spring and summer in each year, devoted many days to its extirpation; some weeks, each six days: and sometimes with one man, and occasionally the whole establishment, I would take the field against the prickly enemy; and this day, the 16th of January, 1851, I and my eldest son have had a weary walk, making a circuit of at least a dozen miles, peeping into and examining every dell and nook, for the sullen gentleman, armed at all points, like a retired quiet spot to luxuriate in unmolested. Some hundreds have we this day destroyed, and there are yet many hills and valleys to examine; but one retired spot, formed by a bend of the river, quite dispirited us, and the task of destroying hundreds of tall weeds

is left for another day. Still my labour is each year to be again begun, for my careless neighbours supply me with abundance of seed.

Now, my friends, weigh well what may be the result of your actions, even of what you may deem a trifling one; for this is certain, each of your actions is either right or wrong. The one will produce health and sweetness; the other labour and sorrow; and no power can recall an act. All the powers of the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land could not destroy the bees or extirpate the thistle. The importation of bees was an act of benevolence; the importation of the thistle had its origin in pride and folly. So it is with human actions in general. We are ever sowing seeds of some kind—seeds which at a future period will produce fruits of a decided character for good or for evil. Well may we take the warning:—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." How unspeakably important is it, under the consciousness of guilt which such a solemn passage must awaken in every reflecting mind, to ask the questions:—Have my sins been covered by an appropriating faith in the atonement of Christ? Have I sought in prayer and received the renewing influence of his Holy Spirit? And do I, animated by love and gratitude, and aided by Divine grace, strive to sow no longer to the flesh, but to the spirit?

THE FINGER OF GOD.—The late Sir Evan Nepean, when under-secretary of state, was introduced to a friend of his, who was a man of great energy and moderate life. He was in perfect health, had a steady and moderately active mind, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven till two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and, to dissipate the cause of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the Home-office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass key. The book of entries of the day before lay open on the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him—"A reprieve to be sent to York for the owners ordered for execution the next day." It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing-street, knocked him up (it was then long past three), and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "collect yourself; it must have been sent." The chief clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it. "Good," said Sir E.; "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?" "No!"

"Then come with me to his house; we must find him, though it is so early." It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery-lane. There was no hackney-coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the under-secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

With an exclamation of horror, cried the clerk of the crown, "The reprieve is locked up in my desk!" It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart.

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THE PARTY ARRIVE AT THE HOSPICE.

A LADY'S WINTER ADVENTURE IN THE SIMPSON PASS.

It was in the latter part of the month of October, 1845, that I left England to join some part of my
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family, who were at that time residing in the north of Italy. I was accompanied by a friend, who never having before even crossed the Channel, was a complete novice in all the difficulties, discomforts, and crosses, which even in these days inevitably

attend on those who ramble abroad. Such troubles are passed over as trifles by those who really love travelling; but, to many, they form an insurmountable hindrance to the pleasures they might otherwise experience. My friend, belonging to this class, looks back even now with more of horror and dismay than gratification to the incident I am about to relate.

I will not inflict on my readers any account of the dull and tedious journey by the Belgian railway to Cologne, whereby the pleasure, doubtless found by many in former days in exploring the really beautiful and interesting towns of Belgium, is entirely brought to an end; for though there is now no actual hindrance to our doing this, some kind of infatuation seems to prohibit it; and we hasten on from station to station without even bestowing a thought on what lies so near, yet unseen. Neither will I linger to recount the days that we devoted to the attractions of Cologne, Heidelberg, and Strasburg; but will at once hasten on to the time of our arrival at Basle, where we spent a delightful evening, in a room almost overhanging the Rhine, and affording us a most enchanting view of that noble river, its picturesque wooden bridge, and the old town and cathedral, which I think seldom meet with as much praise as they really deserve.

We left Basle the next morning, for even here we were met by the intimation that we were already late, and had chosen a bad time for crossing the Alps; so after some tiresome negotiations with one of that most avaricious and obstinate of all classes, the Swiss voitureurs, we did at last effect an agreement with him, and started for Berne by the picturesque route of the Val Moutiers. Our carriage was comfortable enough, but I could not feel as well satisfied with the appearance of those lean, feeble-looking white horses which were appointed to convey us on so long a journey. The romantic beauty of this road hardly begins until the little village of Solcure is passed. Here we stopped to dine; and soon after leaving the spot, the defile was entered where, properly speaking, the Val Moutiers, or valley of the Birs, begins. The whole road is excellent, and is known to have existed from a very early period. In fact, it was used as such by the Romans, who thus kept up the communication between the Rhine and the capital of Helvetia. It may now be described as a succession of narrow and rocky defiles, alternating with open valleys or basins, cheered and enlivened by numerous pretty villages and mills. In some parts the precipices overhang the road, and these being well clothed with wood, the dark foliage of the fir-trees adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, in which the river Birs, foaming and rushing through the rocks below, forms also an important feature.

I can give no account of the view, usually reckoned so fine, of the Alps from the last slope of the Jura, for, as we descended on Bienné in the afternoon of our second day, the whole surrounding country was enveloped in a sheet of thick white mist, which, as we approached Berne later in the evening, almost presented the appearance of a vast lake, stretching out on every side. For this loss, however, we were amply indemnified the next day, when we began our sight-seeing in Berne with the platform behind the Minster, so celebrated for

its view, which, happily for us, was clearer and finer than any I had ever before enjoyed. The whole range of the Bernese Alps appeared before us, absolutely glittering against the sky like peaks of solid silver. From this point six snowy mountains may be counted; but from the Engle-terrace, where we went later in the day, twelve of their gigantic heads may be seen towering against the sky. Few things can be imagined more sublime than this view at sunset, when the rays reflected from the snows appear nearly of a rose colour, and the vivid, distinct, almost sharp outlines gradually fade away into dim shadow. After such scenes, one feels no great inclination for the lions, or perhaps I should say, without intending a pun, the bears of Berne; for bears, dead or alive, meet one in every direction. Many of the stone mountains, which are very numerous, are surmounted by quaint-looking figures of bears in different characters. One appears in armour, with a sword at his side, and a banner in his paw. There are various legends professing to account for the attachment of the Bernese to this animal. One relates that, when Berchtold founded the town, an enormous bear was slain on the side thereof. In the old German or Suabian dialect, the word *Bern* signifies bear, and these animals also appear in the armorial bearings of the canton. They are to be seen, in the museum, stuffed at almost every age, and are found alive in the ditch outside the Aarburg gate, which has been arranged for their habitation, and is called the "Bärengraben." When the French were finally expelled from Switzerland, one of the first cares of the citizens was to reinstate the bears, some of them having been carried to Paris in 1798, and installed in the Jardin des Plantes.

After leaving Berne, a journey of a day or two brought us on to Lausanne; intimations, in the shape of closed hotels, steam-boats laid up for the winter, meeting us on our route, and proving to us that we had delayed our journey beyond the usual season for pleasure tourists. From Lausanne a little more travelling would bring us to the Simplon; and having heard much of this celebrated pass, I was extremely desirous of crossing it.

Our preliminary arrangements being completed, we started for the Simplon, accordingly, on the morning of the 9th of November. I must here observe that all my inquiries at Lausanne, as to the safety and practicability of the pass at this season, were met by assurances of there being no risk or chance of difficulties whatever, and that the weather having been so fine, we should find no danger from the state of the mountain; a tolerably good proof this, as we found to our cost, that it is impossible to depend on the representations of those who are interested in your taking one route in preference to another. Had we gone to Geneva, and by the Mont Cenis, we should have encountered none of the troubles that I am now about to describe.

Our first sleeping-place after starting, was to be at Bex, but we had stopped off two hours in the day, to dine and rest, at Vevey, and were delighted with the beauty of its situation and with the views from it of the lovely lake Leman, the gorge of the Rhone, and the snowy peaks of the Dent du Midi, with many other mountains. The day was most

brilliant, and as Vevay, the "sweet Clarissa" of Byron, and Montreux, appeared in succession before us, each seeming to surpass the other in beauty, we almost longed to delay our entrance into Italy, and repose for some weeks in scenes so lovely. Next appeared Chillon; and though rather late, it was impossible to resist a visit to a spot not only interesting from its beauty, but from its terrible associations, enhanced and immortalized by the poetry of Byron. That poet, however, when he wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon," is said not to have known the history of the real captive, Bonnard, prior of St. Victor, who for six years languished, a victim to the tyranny of the duke of Savoy, chained in a deep dungeon to a ring in one of the stone pillars, which still remains. Here, in this dungeon, Byron inscribed his name, and I must acknowledge that my attention and enthusiasm were so rivetted to that memento of lofty though misguided genius, that I forgot to sympathize properly in the woes of the unhappy prisoner who had there suffered. Perhaps, as I looked out from the prison, which, contrary to the common idea of a dungeon, is lighted by several windows, and contemplated the blue waters of the lovely lake, I felt as if even imprisonment in such a scene would lose half its horrors.

We arrived late at Bex, where we found a tolerable inn: but my slumbers were disturbed about the middle of the night by a most violent storm of wind and rain. The gusts which shook the whole house, and seemed to threaten it with destruction, were positively terrific, and I was meditating whether I should rise and make inquiry as to our safety, when gradually the storm abated, and before I slept again the wind was almost entirely lulled, though the rain continued to fall in torrents. The suddenness of these mountain tempests is matter of astonishment to those who witness them for the first time. They arise without the slightest previous warning, and fall again almost as suddenly; but generally, like the one in question, leave their effects in several days of rain and storm. Our next morning proved fine, for it was cold, damp, and cheerless, and we were assured by the people of the inn that this was the beginning of their winter—not a very encouraging piece of information, considering our destined route. The remaining two days' journey to Brieg afford nothing interesting or remarkable. The weather continued sombre and chilly, and the inns after Bex were all bad, uncomfortable, and even dirty; while the road passing through the valley of the Rhone presented, for most part of the way, a most desolate aspect. For many miles above Martigny, the lower part of the valley is but a flat swamp, rendered extremely unhealthy by the overflowings of the Rhine and its tributaries. The devastation caused by these torrents strikes painfully on the eye of a traveller; for the waters, not being carried off by a sufficient declivity, frequently stagnate, and, in consequence, malaria prevails to a dreadful extent. The inhabitants are terribly afflicted by cretinism, goitre, and fever, and they have generally a diseased and filthy appearance, contrasting singularly with the neatness and healthy active habits of the Vaudois. This change is remarkable immediately on passing the bridge at St. Maurice, which divides the two cantons.

Early on the morning of the 12th we started from Brieg, the last resting-place before the ascent of the Simplon, which begins immediately on leaving the post-house, a most wretched spot, and which we were only too glad to get away from. We were anxious to reach the inn at Simplon, while it was yet day-light, and the morning, though by no means brilliant, seemed to us favourable enough; the air was peculiarly mild, the sky grey but not heavy or clouded; and a total absence of wind led us to hope that we should encounter no difficulties in our day's journey. This wonderful road, so admirable in its construction, is really entirely free from danger, except in stormy weather; though for those who are nervous and timid, the fearful depth of the precipices, along the edge of which the path is necessarily conducted, may be a cause of alarm. But such dread is needless, for the road is nowhere less than twenty-five feet in breadth, and in some parts as much as thirty; nor is the ascent in any part excessively steep or painful to horses, the average slope nowhere exceeding six feet and a half. Every one probably knows that the construction of this road was decided on by Napoleon, immediately after the battle of Marengo. It occupied six years in the completion, though more than 30,000 men were frequently at one time employed in the works. The bridges alone, great and small, are 611 in number; and in addition there are ten galleries cut out of the rock or built in solid stone, twenty houses of refuge and shelter for travellers, besides the Hospice at the summit, and numerous terraces of massive masonry, many of them being miles in length. It is impossible to travel on this road without admiration, wonder, and astonishment, at this stupendous and useful work. The governing motive which caused its formation was curiously shown in Napoleon's twice repeated question to the engineer employed: "When will the cannon be able to pass the Simplon?"

In spite of the advantages of the road, our voiturier judged it expedient to tax the strength of his three white horses in dragging us up the mountain, and he employed, for that purpose, four stout horses from the post-house at Brieg, leaving his own to follow at their leisure the progress of our carriage. The first part of our journey was entirely absorbed in admiration of the grandeur of the scene. The road runs near to the gorge of the Saline, on the verge of a precipice, whence at a vast depth the torrent is seen forcing its way tumultuously through the rocks. The scene is grand and almost terrific, when, crossing the torrent by a lofty bridge, called Pont du Gauthier, the road turns down on the opposite side, and, by various and most tortuous ways, brings the traveller to the little inn of Bérésal. The upper end of this ravine is fearfully subject to avalanches, and, contrary to the usual custom of the country, the bridge is uncovered, for it is supposed that any additional resistance of timber work would expose it to inevitable destruction by the fearful currents of air that accompany the fall of each avalanche. We were designed to dine at Bérésal, and, luckily obeying the orders of our voiturier, we really fared very tolerably, contrary to the expectations we had formed from the homely appearance of the small tavern of the place. Soon after leaving Bérésal, we passed the first gallery, 95 feet long and between 3000

and 4000 feet above the Glys. The view from this point of the Bernese Alps, glorious no doubt in clear weather, was on this day misty, dim, and uncertain, and we could barely discern the giant peaks of the Breithorn and Aletsch-hörner.

The cheerful sense of security which had attended us on our way as far as Bârsal, here began to diminish considerably; for soon we perceived, not only that the road was covered with snow, getting deeper and deeper every yard we advanced, but also that it was beginning to snow afresh, while the air grew perceptibly denser, and rapid; sudden, and startling gusts of wind from time to time seemed to forebode the coming storm. As we could have no hope of reaching Simplon under three hours and a half at the least, I own I felt considerable disquiet, but I was unwilling to show my friend, already greatly alarmed, the fears that were agitating my mind. The voiturier was grave and cross, and our English servant looked, as English servants too frequently do in difficulties, most gloomy and discouraging; and few things are more disagreeable than a long sulky face when one wants a few words of comfort. The portion of the road which we had now to traverse, between the fifth refuge and the summit, is reckoned, though I did not know it at the time, the most dangerous of all; and to protect unfortunate travellers as far as possible from the perils of avalanches, it has six places of shelter, three galleries, two refuges, and a hospice. The refuges are inhabited by labourers, who are employed upon the road, and also, as we afterwards found, in protecting and aiding those who are so unhappy as to be overtaken by storms in this fearful locality. In the time we left this fifth refuge, no doubt could exist as to the alarming state of the weather. It was blowing hard, the cold being bitter and intense; the snow was driving in our faces, and thickening the air so much that hardly anything beyond the immediate road could be discerned. These storms, in Alpine language, are called "tourmentes," and truly they deserve the name. One peculiar feature of them is, that the snow, so called, resembles more a shower of ice, and the flakes or morsels thereof, driving hard and fast into the face and eyes of the unhappy traveller, so blind and stupify him, that, exhausted in the attempt to battle with the icy tempest, he too frequently sinks down in the snow, and, overtaken by an irresistible stupor, miserably perishes. A fall of snow in these regions, it will therefore be seen, is a wholly different matter from the soft, large, woolly flakes which we are accustomed to in the world below.

The darkness was increasing upon us every instant, and the snow on the road had now become so deep as to hide nearly half the wheels of the carriage, and cause the greatest difficulty in their turning at all. The snow, being also newly fallen, was wholly untracked; and, no wall or parapet being possible in this part of the road, the path is only divided from the edge of the precipice by occasional large, heavy, single stones, something like magnified mile-stones. Against these we more than once heard the wheels of the carriage grate, proving how fearfully near the edge we were: and there really seemed nothing to guide or save our struggling horses from overstepping the almost imperceptible boundary that lay between us and

total destruction. It was a fearful scene; and one calculated to try the strongest nerves. My friend, terrified beyond all control, insisted on getting out of the carriage, and I, as in duty bound, followed. The danger of our position really seemed frightful. Men and horses were blinded and driven back by the wind and incessant fall of snow which came direct against them; and though striving hard to get on, they constantly stumbled and fell in the untracked and deep snow. The horses could only by the greatest exertions be induced to face the gale, or move a step onwards, their labour being of course doubled by the difficulty of forcing the clogged wheels to advance at all. Night, and that too a fearful one of storm, was evidently fast approaching. What was to be done? became the question. By this time we were getting near to the sixth refuge, and feeling that our ineffectual attempts to get on in the snow were only additional hindrances to the men, I persuaded my friend to return to the carriage. I felt almost in despair, for it seemed to me absolutely impossible that we should this night pass beyond the place where we now were. But at this moment we stopped, and, hearing strange voices, I looked out, and perceived that two men from the refuge had joined us: wild figures they were, enveloped in goat skins, yet I hailed their arrival with joy and gratitude, for I felt sure that some help was now near. One soon advanced to me, and, announcing himself as the inspector of the Simplon road, and therefore, of course, the chief of the band of men thereon employed, assured me that, though our situation was certainly alarming, he hoped to be able to get us on to the Hospice, where the monks would instantly admit us, and there he said we must sleep.

At this crisis our voiturier joined the conference, and with his usual obstinacy, objecting strongly to this plan, insisted that we must go on to Simplon, where he said we should certainly arrive before night. I soon perceived the cause of this perverse opposition which was the fear of having to keep and pay for during another day the four horses and their driver whom he had brought from Brieg; and for this pitiful consideration he was willing to risk all our lives without the slightest compunction. My friend the inspector, a remarkably pleasant-looking man, with a more open countenance than is usually seen among the Swiss, was not, however, of a sort to give way on a point so important, and he insisted on our adopting his plan, saying he was in a manner responsible for travellers, and that he could not agree to our making so desperate an attempt as to proceed on our journey in such a night as he foresaw this was likely to be. He said the road was wholly untracked, and that it was next to impossible for any carriage on wheels to get on; but that if we slept at the Hospice, we might perhaps, by sending for sledges, get on the next day. I strongly supported his arguments, and finally carried the point by peremptorily telling the voiturier that, if he said any more, I would dismiss him instantly on arriving at Domo d'Ossola, and send him back to Basle, and at the same time write to the hotel keeper and others there an account of his misconduct. He submitted, therefore, with a very bad grace, and we slowly and painfully proceeded

on our way. The inspector and his man being provided with spades of a peculiar kind, preceded us, and by digging and shovelling away the snow in the worst parts, and making a sort of track for the horses to follow, they considerably diminished the difficulties of our progress, which, though the distance is only half a mile between the last refuge and the Hospice, occupied a very long time. At last we arrived in front of a large and solid edifice, of a sober grey colour, and stopping opposite to it, the inspector advised us to get out and proceed as well as we could on foot, for that it would be both a tedious and difficult operation in so deep a snow to turn the carriage, and get it into the remise or coachhouse of the Hospice. We of course obeyed, as we should have done any directions he gave, and scrambling with great difficulty through the great masses of snow which covered the ground between us and the gate, chilled through and through, we at last arrived at the entrance, just as the great bell rang, and a monk, with three large dogs, came out to welcome and receive us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

ABOUT the time that the cheerful note of the cuckoo is heard by day in our land, announcing the full arrival of spring, a wildly shrill sound salutes the ear at night-fall in various parts of the United States, and is continued through the hours of balmy sleep. The sound in question proceeds from a bird popularly styled the Whip-poor-Will (*Antrostomus vociferans*), on account of the remarkable resemblance of its cry to the pronunciation of those words. The accent is very strongly laid upon the last word; next in order upon the first; and last of all upon the middle. The expression is not uniformly distinct. It varies to Whippoo-Will, Whip-peri-Will, and Whip-Whip-poor-Will, but the ordinary cry corresponds to the popular name, and the words are uttered as perfectly as they could be by the human voice. The cry is never heard in the day-time, the bird then retiring to the densest and darkest woods; but from about dusk to midnight, especially on gloomy nights, and just before dawn, the call is incessantly repeated in certain situations, which are chiefly elevated woodlands and rocky grounds, low marshy and maritime districts being avoided by the feathered exclamant. If not "most musical," the note is "most melancholy" to a stranger; and forcibly lays hold of the imagination when it is heard at intervals amidst the sobbing, sighing, and howling of the wind, while ragged clouds are flying across the moonless sky. It seems as though it came from some intelligent, conscience-struck, and self-tormented spirit, seeking rest and finding none, craving chastisement in order to relieve itself of some transgression; or from some innocent victim disconsolate under long exposure to the lash of the oppressor. The effect is heightened by the obscurity courted by the bird; for though the sound may betray its near neighbourhood, appearing as if it were at one's very threshold, it comes from a carefully concealed object, nestling on the ground beneath some bush, and may be called the voice

of the sad unknown. The North American Indians have a tradition of a great massacre of the red men by the whites, and regard the Whip-poor-Will as uttering the complaints of their departed ancestors.

The following lines from the pen of General Morris, long a resident on the banks of the Hudson river, and who conducted one of the New York literary journals, happily express the train of thought naturally excited by the mourning strain:—

"Why dost thou come at set of sun,
Those pensive words to say?
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?
And who is Will, I pray?"

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,
A suppliant at my door?—
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?
And is Will really poor?

If poverty's his crime, let mirth
From out his heart be driven:
That seems the deadliest sin on earth,
And never is forgiven!

Art Will himself?—It must be so—
I learn it from thy moan,
For none can feel another's woe
As deeply as his own.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,
While other birds repose?
What means thy melancholy note?—
The mystery disclose.

Still 'Whip-poor-will?—Art thou a sprite,
From unknown regions sent
To wander in the gloom of night,
And ask for punishment?

Art thou a lover, Will?—Has't proved
The fairest can deceive?
Thine is the lot of all who've loved,
Since Adam wedded Eve.

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen
No friend was he in need?
A common error—men still lean
Upon as frail a reed.

Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,
A crown of brambles won?
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same
With every mother's son!

Hast found the world a Babel wide,
Where man to manmoth goes?
Where flourish arrogance and pride,
While modest merit droops?

What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain?
To guess it who's the skill?
Pray have the kindness to explain
Why I should whip poor Will?

Do sincerely ask thy just desert?
What! not another word?
Back to the woods again unhurt
I will not harm thee, bird!

I'll treat thee kindly—for my nerves,
Like thine, have penance done;
Treat every man as he deserves—
Who shall 'scape whinnying?—None!

Farewell, poor Will—not valueless
This lesson by thee given:
'Keep thine own counsel, and confess
Thyself alone to Heaven!'

The bird, about the size of our own thrush, has its plumage variegated with black, very light and

dark brown, the colours extending in minute streaks over the body and spotting the wings. It migrates in the vernal season from the tropical part of the continent, ranges as far north as the great lakes of Canada, sometimes passing to a higher latitude, and after breeding retires to winter in the warm climes of the south.

An allied species, of larger size, has received the name of Chuck-Will's-Widow, *Antrostomus Carolinensis*, from its equally singular and affecting serenade, uttered with a slower, fuller, and louder tone than that of its comrade. The Indian becomes pensive on hearing the expression of bereavement echoing from the roof of his dwelling, or near his threshold. This bird is likewise a vernal traveller from intertropical districts, and is found in great numbers in the vast woods and solitary glens of the Mississippi and Missouri, retiring to the south about the middle of August. It too is silent by day, but commences its cry soon after sunset, and it is then continued with great frequency on moonlight nights, and repeated, after a cessation, before dawn. The nocturnal cries of animals in the apparently interminable equatorial forests of the western world, constitute a babel hard to describe and difficult to imagine. The jaguar howls after the peccaries and tapirs: the latter crowding together break through the interlacing climbers which fill up the intervals between the trees, in order to effect their escape. Alarmed by the crash, colonies of monkeys aloft on the boughs raise the cry of terror; while tribes of parrots and paroquets increase the general din. But without any disturbing cause, the ordinary sounds of the birds in these primeval woods are the most impressive, from their seemingly ominous significance. Mr. Nutt strikingly refers to the surprise and wonder of the traveller bivouacking for the first time in the interior of Guiana, and listening to the strange concert of its feathered inhabitants. In the obscurity of the twilight, perchance a fluttering object is dimly seen approaching, and begins to accost him with, "Who-are-you?" impetuously repeating the demand, "Who-who-who-are-you?" another advances, and, as though a toiling slave, bids him "Work-away," renewing with emphasis the injunction, "Work-work-work-away;" a third cries mournfully, as if addressing a reluctant child, "Willy-come-go!" urgently continuing; "Willy-willy-willy-come-go!" while, if in an upland region, the invocation is common, "Whip-poor-will!" "Whip-whip-whip-poor-Will!" If awake towards midnight, one of the large-sized goatsuckers may be heard, as though gasping in agony, "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" each tone being fainter than the preceding one, like the sighs of an expiring sufferer.

SEVEN GOOD MOTTOES.

We cannot expect too little from man, nor too much from God.

Time is my estate—my land, which I should improve.

The Bible is the representative of God upon earth.

Be ashamed of nothing but sin.

Doing God's will is food to a healthy soul.

God speaks to our ear by his word; to our eye by his providences; to our feelings by his love; and to our heart by his Spirit.

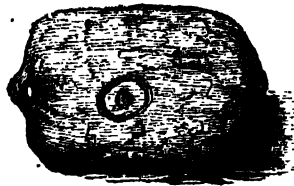
We cannot seek an interest in Christ too soon.

A VISIT TO THE GUTTA PERCHA WORKS.

ONE beautiful morning, a short time since, we found ourselves in a quiet and somewhat dirty thoroughfare, known as Wharf-road, City-road, the location of the factory of the Gutta Percha Company. Provided with a passport, we entered their works, and spent a very interesting "leisure hour" in the inspection of the curious processes by which this truly wonderful production is adapted to such a surprising multiplicity of uses. It must excite astonishment in every mind that an article, the knowledge of which was so recently confined to a few Malaysians, should within so short a time have given occupation to the two hundred persons employed in these works, to say nothing of the multitudes who, by patent and otherwise, are already engaged in its sale and manufacture throughout the land. For three centuries and a half Europeans dwelt on the spots where it is raised, yet, strangely enough, it remained unknown to them till the year 1821!

Were the present a fitting place for a grave dissertation, we might, perhaps, pen an interesting passage on the marvellous mode in which great discoveries are providentially adapted to particular periods in the world's history; remaining hid it may be in total obscurity, or else lying under the very eyes of mankind unnoticed and unknown, until the appointed moment of their development arrives. But we refrain from this curious speculation: our business is now simply to describe things which came under our notice.

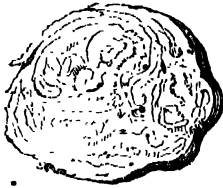
Just inside the gates of the factory, as we entered, stood a large wagon full of lumps of a substance somewhat resembling, at a distance, a load of cocoa-nuts, with the outward fibrous husk still on them. To the touch, however, on approaching, the difference was sufficiently palpable; they were far more solid and much heavier than the objects to which they seemed to bear some resemblance. The following cut will give some idea of the general appearance of these oblong masses, which are about half a cubic foot in size.



A very common practice among the cunning barbarians is to extend the bulk and increase the weight of their lumps of gutta percha by inserting stones, while the substance is yet in a plastic state and is being moulded into suitable sizes for transmission to this country. One shape, however, is by no means rigidly adhered to. We were shown some lumps fashioned into rude representations of ducks, with two little berries for eyes; representations of fish and crocodiles are by no means uncommon; while one lump has been received in the shape of an infant's head!

Leaving the yard, we were shown the "cutting

machine," where an immense solid disc of iron was revolving vertically, about 150 or 200 times per minute, against an inclined shelf, down which the blocks of gutta percha were guided by a workman, and being caught by the knives inserted in the disc, they were rapidly cut into slices. The large stones moulded into the lumps played sad havoc with the knives. One instance of this occurred even during the few moments we stood looking on.



Sectional View of a Lamp.

We now passed on to another department, where the gutta percha is separated from the dirt and all other extraneous matter which is often mixed up with it. Here we found several spacious tanks, into which the sliced gutta percha was cast, for the purpose of boiling, by means of the waste steam from the engine. Being thus reduced to a uniform consistency, it is put into what is technically called a "teaser," which is something like what is known as a "scutcher" in a cotton mill. This is a circular metal box, containing a cylinder, or drum, covered with rows of bent jagged teeth, which revolves about 700 times per minute. The shreds into which the gutta percha is thus torn fall into vats of cold water, and the gutta percha, being non-absorbent, floats on the top, whilst the various impurities sink to the bottom.

It is now subjected to another process, which is facetiously termed "kneading"—a term, however, which will give our housewives an accurate idea of the nature of the process. The "kneaders" are thick, strong iron boxes, about three feet long and a foot and a half deep, and are kept hot by being enveloped in a chest, or jacket, containing steam. Inside these boxes the mass of gutta percha, hot from the boiling tank, is firmly secured. The chest contains a drum, which, continually revolving, presses the doughy gutta percha without intermission against the sides of the chest. But we fear it is almost impossible clearly to describe the minutiae of the process of manufacture, without indulging in illustrations to an extent which our limits will by no means permit. At this stage it is easy to incorporate gutta percha with other substances; as, for instance, when it is desired to remove, to some extent, its rigidity and tenacity, and to secure a greater degree of elasticity, that object is effected by the admixture of india-rubber. This principle is already carried out to an astonishing extent; and what the ultimate achievements in this direction may be, time alone can tell.

It is now rolled out into sheets, or driven by curious and complicated machinery into tubes. It is also cut into longitudinal slips, for "driving bands," etc., which appear to be very useful; so much so, indeed, that we were shown a testimonial from an eminent brewing establishment, stating that their introduction had effected in respect to that single item of expense along an annual saving of 30%.*

* We were told that some object to the use of gutta percha "driving-bands," from the difficulty experienced in joining them; but the following instructions will remove all obstacles in this direction. Cut the ends of the band obliquely at an

Perhaps the most curious application of gutta percha is that which we shall now attempt to describe. A portion of the machinery being pointed out to us, in connection with the numerous lathes in operation in various parts of the building, we were obligingly asked to notice anything peculiar which might strike us in two of the wheels above us. The fact was, that the portion of the machinery alluded to worked without any noise whatever; the cause of which was this:—The teeth of one wheel were of gutta percha, while those of the other, which worked in them, were constructed in the ordinary way of iron, thus avoiding the disagreeable noise necessarily caused by friction in such cases. This was certainly a very agreeable change for the better, and would save amateurs fond of mingling with the complicated operations of machinery many a headache, even if it had no alleviating influence on those who were daily accustomed to it. On expressing a doubt as to the durability of the thing, we were assured that the wheel in question had been in daily use for fifteen months, turning five lathes, without receiving any perceptible damage. It required no oil, but was slightly greased; and our conductor admitted that the results of this curious and interesting experiment had exceeded the most sanguine expectations. So far as the noise was concerned, it presented to us a most agreeable contrast with a similar pair of wheels a few yards off; and we therefore commend the hint to our manufacturing friends.

There is an old adage—not to be despised, however, on account of its antiquity—which was constantly recurring to us while inspecting various departments of this concentration of marvels—"Necessity is the mother of invention." The large wicker baskets in which gutta percha, in its earlier stages, is carried about from one portion of the machinery to another, had slips of gutta percha fastened round the handles. It had been put on while in a plastic state, and was therefore moulded to the exact shape required by the hand of the party who was to use it; and being solidified by the application of cold water, it had permanently retained the requisite form. Now it is sufficiently obvious, that to any one who has to carry these large baskets full of weighty articles, it must be considerably more agreeable to the hand to be in contact with a soft cool material like gutta percha, than the uneven and comparatively hard substance presented in the original wicker handle. The same principle was applied in all parts of the building. Most of the knives had a thin coating

angle of thirty or forty degrees, making the band rather shorter than the length required. Secure one end to a board or bench by a clamp, or a couple of nails. Having heated a piece of iron—say one inch broad and half an inch thick—to the temperature of a blacksmith's smouldering iron, so that it will soften the gutta percha without burning or discolouring it, place the iron between the out edges of the band, pressing them against it, and keeping the band always in a straight direction until the edges are thoroughly softened, and in a sticky state. Then remove the iron, and press the two edges together as closely as possible, after which a couple of nails may be driven into the loose end of the band, by a heavy weight, or by means of a clamp, so as to make a smooth joint. A band of ordinary thickness may thus be rendered fit for use in ten or fifteen minutes, or even sooner, by the application of cold water. Flat joints may be made in like manner by shaving down the ends a little, so as, when laid one on the other, not to be much thicker than the other portion. Heat the surface of the edges, and press them together by a weight or clamp. Avoid heating the band throughout, and pare the edges when cold.

of gutta percha on the handles, which we were assured by the workmen made an agreeably perceptible difference to their hands in the course of a day's work. We also saw brushes, similar to those used by bookbinders and others, which had a casing of gutta percha around the twine with which the bristles are fastened on; thus rendering them twice as durable, seeing that the gutta percha is impervious to the wet; while any artisan who has used a brush much exposed to the water well knows how speedily it is "used up." Let them take this hint: warm a small piece of gutta percha in boiling water, and while in a plastic state squeeze it with the hand round the twine which binds the bristles, until cold, and it is at once ready for use. Some knife blades had become loose and fallen out; they were placed in with gutta percha, and when solidified by cold water, such are its contracting properties, that they were as tight, if not perhaps more so, than in their original state. This, too, is a suggestion which will be very useful to operatives; for only a small modicum of ingenuity is requisite to apply the principle *ad infinitum*. We may add, also, that while the gutta percha, as thus applied to tools, is in a plastic state, you may mark them with your initials, etc., by the use of any sharp-pointed iron instrument; and thus be enabled to "know your own." We must leave the ingenious mechanic to draw on his imagination for other applications of this sort, as space positively forbids further detail.

The acoustic properties of gutta percha are truly marvellous. As a conductor of sound, it stands unrivalled. We found tubes in use all over the factory for the purpose of distant communication. Its application in churches and chapels has been well tested. A very beautiful "sound-receiver" may be placed either inside or in front of the pulpit. From this a "main" pipe or tube is "laid on" in the middle aisle, from which branches are conducted to pews occupied by deaf persons. The only portion that appears at all in sight is a small and elegant branch which reaches to the ear. By this means—as scores of the afflicted ones can joyfully testify—a deaf person can hear as well in one part of the church or chapel as another; and those now can hear distinctly who before could not even when close to the minister. The deaf gentleman can now sit in his own family pew in comfort, instead of being compelled to take up his uncomfortable location in some crowded spot near the pulpit, or, perhaps, even on the very stairs thereof. One church was named in which a single pew contained eight deaf persons, all now able to hear the preacher—a sight which must gladden the heart of every philanthropist, and indeed of every beholder. A mistress also may have a tube from her bed-room to that of her servant, and call her at once. This is valuable, as some domestics appear to experience considerable difficulty in hearing a bell, especially if it should ring somewhat too early in the morning for their tastes and inclinations. Tubes may also communicate with the parlour and the kitchen. It would certainly be a great boon to servants to be told what is wanted in this way, instead of their having to run up-stairs, and then have to go down again, only perhaps to bring up some article which they may have had in their hands when the bell rung. Where gutta percha

is "laid on" in the residence of a medical man, you ring the "night bell," and apply your ear to the mouthpiece of the gutta percha tube. He is in bed, and keeps there; putting his mouth to the other end, the dialogue goes on:—

Medical Man.—Who's there? (Here he puts his ear to his end of the tube for a reply.)

Servant Girl (putting her mouth to the end of the tube at the street-door).—"Please, sir, Mrs. Smith is very bad."

Med.—"What's the matter with her?"

S. G..—"Please, sir, she's worse."

Med.—"Did she take the draught I left?"

S. G..—"No, sir."

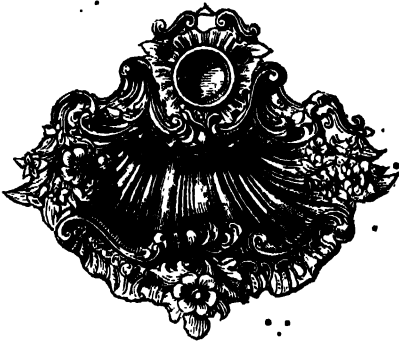
Med.—"Then tell her she must take it directly; and if she is no better in half an hour, come to me again, and I will soon be with her."

S. G..—"Very good, sir; I'll tell her what you say."

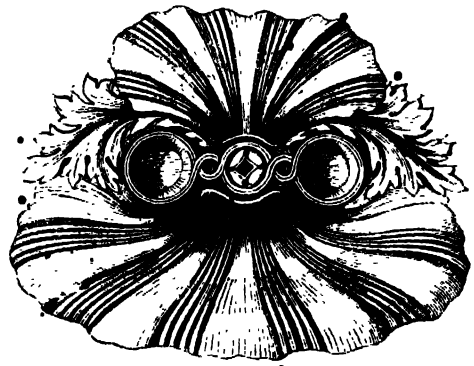
Thus the medical man just turns himself round in the bed, and without even taking his night-cap off, in many cases says all that is necessary. It is sufficiently obvious that this is an immense advantage over the old plan of getting out of bed in a cold wintry night, when just in that comfortable state known as the "first sleep," and thrusting half one's body out of the window into the frosty night; all, perhaps, that comes of it being just such a conversation as we have given above. The only comment we can make is, that it is most surprising that any medical man should know of this tubing and not avail himself of the unspeakable advantages it affords.

At a certain stage of manufacture, gutta percha may be incorporated with other substances so as to give it colours and other properties not naturally appertaining to it. The first application of this principle that we witnessed was shown in some very beautifully variegated shot-pouches. The gutta percha, being a non-absorbent, "keeps the powder dry" far better than leather. We commend this hint to our reflecting military readers, and pass on. It appears that the admixture of some substances slightly extends and improves the properties of gutta percha; but, for most practical purposes, the article in its pure and natural state is preferable, especially in point of strength. The variegated gutta percha is prepared by placing layers of the different colours required one over the other, like so many strata (as confectioners make the variegated sweet-stuff), the whole then being rolled together and kneaded in warm water. Some beautiful tints procured by these means were shown us, one of which—a dark rose-wood—particularly attracted our attention.

In the ornamental department, the exquisitely beautiful productions are too varied and multifarious to be fully detailed; they included ink-stands in ten or a dozen useful and ornamental varieties, bowls; drinking-cups, picture-frames and looking-glass frames, ornamental mouldings, jars, soap-dishes, vases of various styles, curtain and cornice rings, which are noiseless, and therefore a great boon to nervous invalids; card, fruit, pin, pen, tooth-brush, and shaving-brush trays; flower-stands, watch-stands, shells, and lighter stands; medallions, brackets, cornices, and an endless variety of mouldings in imitation of carved oak, rosewood, etc., for the decoration of rooms and cabinet-work. Time will develop this department to an indefinite extent. We present a few random specimens.



INKSTAND, SHELL PATTERN.



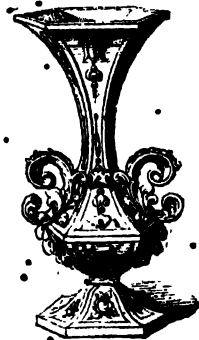
GRECIAN INKSTAND.



VASE.



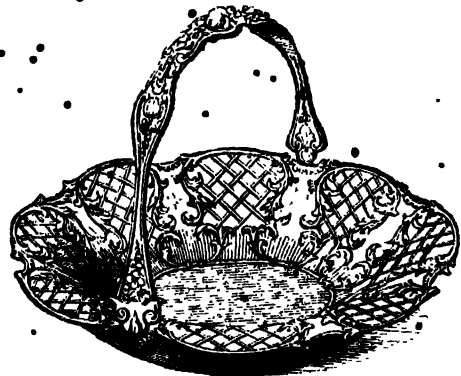
LICHTER STAND.



VASE.



FANCY BASKET.



ROUND CARD-TRAY, WITH HANDLE.



BISCUIT TRAY.



The surgical uses of gutta percha are almost equally varied. With regard to splints, an experienced surgeon says:—"I hereby certify that I have, during a stay of six weeks in Calcutta, in several cases used gutta percha for splints, and did not find it in any way affected by the temperature, which was, on an average, from ninety-two to ninety-seven degrees." Thus much for its heat-bearing qualities. It is also used in thin sheets for bandages, while stethoscopes are constructed of it, and several other surgical articles.

Its domestic uses are still more diversified. Cisterns may be lined with it. It makes capital clothes-lines; for, being impervious to the wet, they are not liable to rot by being left out in the rain till "the day after the washing" by some careless or indolent domestic; besides, when broken, they are easily mended. Damp floors may be carpeted with it, damp walls may be papered with it, and bonnets may be kept with it. Sponge-bags and foot-pans may also be made of it; while a balsam may be prepared for cuts and chilblains, by dissolving it in chloroform.

In its application to chemical purposes it manifests many unique properties. Its non-affectedness by hydrofluoric or acetic acids, bleaching liquids, or by caustic alkalis, renders it available in a vast variety of cases, and it is now extensively used in many chemical manufactories.

We may add, that in steam-vessels and ships gutta percha tubing is invaluable, as by it the merest whisper is rendered perfectly audible between the "man at the helm" and the captain in the cabin, or between either or both of them and the man on the "look-out" "forward," and the hands aloft. The damage to vessels and loss of life which might have been spared, and may still be spared, by the substitution of this certain mode of intercommunication, for the present uncertain one, by which a mistaken order leads to damage, and perhaps to fatal results, no tongue can tell. In case of a "man overboard," a gutta percha rope will float, instead of sinking as the ordinary ropes do, and thus multiply the chances of safety to the sufferer. Many other articles of great utility on ship-board are also constructed of gutta percha, which, especially to emigrants and those unused to life at sea, will prove particularly valuable. One advantage is, that if you do break a gutta percha article—not a very likely occurrence, by the way—there is little loss, since you can sole your shoes with a broken bucket, for instance, and then put the rest of your gutta percha articles into a state of thorough repair by softening the little odd bits which are left.

A very excellent and permanent source of amusement for children on a voyage, and indeed for all children everywhere, particularly during the long winter evenings, is provided by gutta percha in various colours, which is sold for amateur modelling, with which the children may make fantastic figures, take casts, and amuse themselves with this plastic and beautiful substance in a thousand ways which will readily suggest themselves. Children may make gutta percha horses, dogs, houses, and other toys, and they will not be liable to breakage. Moreover, if Johnny does break his horse, all you have to do, if it is past mending, is to soften it in boiling water, and sole his boots with it, or

mend your gutta percha baskets, bowls, or foot-pans.

The alleged disagreeable smell of this article is frequently adduced as an objection to its use; but, in the matter of soles, we are assured that it arises from the bad naphtha which is employed in the preparation of the solution that is often sold with them, and not from the gutta percha itself; and this we readily believe, for, although our olfactory nerves are keen, the odour was but slightly perceptible in the vast factory, although several tons were in course of manufacture during our visit.*

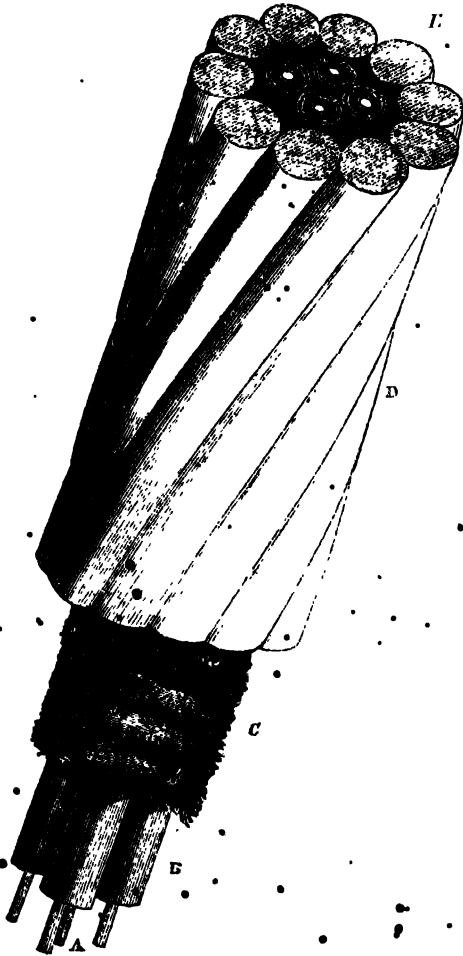
As a sanitary agent, in the conveyance of water, gutta percha tubes are highly valuable. Our readers will remember the dangerous position of the late Louis Philippe and family while at Claremont, from the water being impregnated with the lead of the pipes in which it was conveyed. We were shown some sections of lead pipe from the Isle of Wight, in which the water in two years had eaten holes a quarter of an inch deep! The consequences to the health of the persons drinking such water it is truly frightful to contemplate. These pipes have been taken up, and gutta percha tubes substituted in many instances. In no case should water be kept or conveyed in metallic pipes or cisterns. Gutta percha is at least twice as durable, and far more easily applied.

The latest application of gutta percha is in the shape of little shoes for sheep, to prevent the "dry rot," which, singular to say, is caught by the feet being touched in the wet! These shoes being of the exact shape of the sheep's foot, are placed on, and the thin upper edge is tied on with a piece of twine, or fastened to the foot by being moistened with warm water. The "anti-dry-rot powder," which is placed in the shoe, as we are informed, removes the disease; and the use of these curious little novelties is an excellent preventive against it.

In drawing our remarks to a close, we are reluctantly compelled to omit much interesting matter; and must content ourselves with the most

* Should any difficulty be experienced in this matter, let shoes or boots be soled in the following manner without the solution:—Rough the sole, then hold it to the fire, and while warm rub into it with a heated iron or poker (in the same manner as you would make a pitch platter) some thin parings of gutta percha which will melt without burning if the instrument be not too hot. Having covered the leather sole in this manner, warm both it and the gutta percha sole until they are sticky, in the usual way, and bring them together as before directed. Many persons adopt this method in preference to any other. As the frosty weather approaches, it may be useful to state that gutta percha soles may have their slippery tendencies removed by being warmed a little before the fire, and then pressed upon some smooth surface sprinkled with sand or rough emery powder. In putting on these soles, in addition to the above directions, we would recommend that a number of little holes be made in the old sole of the shoe, or in the surface presented when the gutta percha sole is placed on the welt: these holes will be filled up by the plastic portions of the gutta percha sole, when applied, and an astonishing degree of firmness may thus be secured. A tool for this purpose may easily be made out of an old file, giving it two or three short teeth, like a small section of a saw. In preparing a new sole, cut all the "grain" off the sole, rasp it well over, and brush the dust off carefully, before you pierce the holes above alluded to. Having made the holes, lay on a thin coat of solution; let it dry, and then apply another coat, and when that is dry, if the gutta percha sole to be applied is a stout one, soften it in boiling water; having taken it out, dry it well with a cloth, hold it and the shoe sole to the fire for a few minutes, till they are sticky; be careful, however, not to blister the sole; then apply it to the shoe, and press it well over: the softened surface of the gutta percha sole will enter the holes and effectually prevent its coming off. We hope the above directions will be found sufficiently explicit to prevent any failure for the future.

marvellous of all the marvels which even this concentration of curiosities could present—the Submarine Telegraph.



* The above is a very accurate representation of a section of the Submarine Telegraph, which has now been in operation for rather more than a year between England and France.*

It must be obvious to all acquainted with the properties and tendencies of the electric fluid, that the insulation of the telegraphic wires is a very delicate process, requiring the greatest care, and gutta percha of the purest quality; for the slightest particle of any conducting substance, such as wood, for instance, in any part of the gutta percha cover-

* It will be seen that it consists, in the first instance, of the four copper wires, the ends of which are shown at *A*. Those wires, by a curious process, are covered, or "insulated," as it is technically termed, with a double coating of gutta percha; this is done to prevent imperfections, as it is scarcely probable that both coatings should be imperfect at one and the same precise point. Being placed in the manner displayed in the cut, these wires receive a wrapper of yarn which is saturated with tar, *C*, which allows plenty of "play," as it is called, when subjected to severe straining, and it also serves to protect them from the friction of the exterior coating of galvanized wires, *B*, which are ten in number. At *E* is seen the appearance of the whole when cut straight through.

ing, would permit the escape of the electricity, and render the whole contrivance entirely useless. The Gutta Percha Company have discovered a process, of a highly ingenious character, by which gutta percha undergoes this wondrous perfection of purification, but of course it is kept a profound secret. As it would never do to lay down the wires, or even to encase them with their outer covering, while any uncertainty as to the perfection of the communication remained, they are all tested previous to leaving the works. On the occasion of our visit, some fifty miles of wire were submerged in the canal adjoining the factory; one end of the wire was put in communication with a powerful galvanic battery, by S. Statham, esq., the managing director, and the other end was placed close to a wire which had a communication with the earth. At the given signal, the electric fluid flashed down the line, round the fifty miles of coiled "insulated" wire in the canal, and in less than the twinkling of an eye flashed out in a spark at the other end communicating with the wire having an earth-connection. This experiment was repeated several times. The wires were for a submarine telegraph between Portpatrick and Dorughadee. Others are in course of preparation to connect Harwich and Ostend, as well as to unite England and Holland from some points not yet determined on. To show the strength of the Submarine Telegraph, as thus constructed, we may state, that the one laid down between Dover and Calais has twice been caught by the anchors of ships passing down the Channel; but, in both cases, after "heaving" for a considerable time, the cable of the ship had to be "cut away," and the anchors were left in company with the submarine cable. The communication was not impaired in the slightest degree.

As our object has been to show the vast diversity of uses to which gutta percha may be applied, we can hardly do better than conclude with the following poetic summary of them, written by a visitor who had preceded us:—

1. My parent died, when I leap'd from his side,
To fill mankind with wonder;
2. And now I abound in the wide world around,
The green-sward above and under.
3. I hold the flower in the sunny bowler;
4. I shelter the dead in their graves;
5. I circle the hair of the maiden fair,
6. And bid defiance to knives.
7. The miser his gold often gives me to hold;
8. I aid to extinguish the fire.
9. I'm chased o'er the green, where the schoolboy is seen;
10. I wait at the toper's desire.
11. I ride on the wave, the sailor to save,
When he shrieketh aloud in despair;
12. I whirl the machine, whose arms, dimly seen,
Hiss as they fly through the air.
13. I've been tried, and am cast with felons at last;
14. I'm halm to the wounded and torn;
15. I rival the oak; (16) the tell-tale I cloak;
17. I'm fashioned as high and low born.
18. I constantly mind the sightless blind;
19. Many garments my long arms bear;
20. By the sick man's bed; (21) by the ship's mast-head—
In various forms I am there.
22. Deep in the earth, though unseen is my worth,
I faithfully serve mankind;
23. I hear the whisper of the softest lipser;
24. And hold that which traceth the mind!
25. When the emigrant lands on far-off strands,
Perchance he treadeth on me;

26. On the rich man's table, (27) in the horses' stable,
My forms you may frequently see!
Now I challenge your mind my secret to find,
28. Though I travel along by your bed;
29. I come from the south; (30) I may dwell in your
mouth;
31. Or may rest on the top of your head!*

When we took leave of the factory, which we did with a grateful sense of the facilities that had been afforded to us, we found, to our utter astonishment, that, instead of the single hour we meant to have occupied, we had been three hours and a half engaged in our survey. Having thus introduced this wondrous article to the attention of our readers, and indicated the general principles sufficiently to enable them to make multifarious applications of it without difficulty, we leave the matter in their hands; and if they have felt a tithe of the interest in perusing our remarks that we experienced in our visit, and in subsequently jotting down these observations, they will be abundantly repaid by the amusement and instruction thus afforded them.†

WAS IT ALL LUCK?

BEFORE a single sleeper on the Eastern Counties railroad was laid down; before even that line of road was marked out on a map; at the time when stage-coaching was at the summit of prosperity, and omnibuses had not encroached upon the privileges of those pleasant conveyances which were "licensed to carry sixteen passengers, four inside and twelve out," so few, comparatively, of which remain to the present day—my story takes date.

One Saturday afternoon, Mark Anderson, a youth of about eighteen or nineteen, and a subordinate clerk in some inferior government office, emerging from Threadneedle-street, and hurrying on to the Four Swans inn-yard, mounted the box, and seated himself beside the driver of one of the numerous coaches which, in those days, plied between the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate-street and the suburban villages on the Cambridge and other roads branching outwards from Shoreditch. Though the time was summer, the day was drizzly and cheerless; and the young man seemed somewhat impatient of a slight delay to which the coachman was subjecting his passengers.

* The following explanation may serve to illustrate the above.—(1) Refers to the gutta percha trees; they are tapped, and the article, which is then a milky juice, exudes. (2) It is used both above and under ground. (3) Gutta percha flower-pots. (4) Lining for collars. (5) Bonnet caps. (6) Policemen's staves. (7) Money-bowls. (8) Water-buckets and engine-pipes. (9) Cricket-balls. (10) Mugs. (11) Life-buoys. (12) Machine driving-belt. (13) Indestructible vessels for the use of prisoners. (14) Balsam for slight wounds, instead of stielin, plaster. (15) Ornamental mouldings. (16) Coating of the telegraph wires. (17) Medallions and casts of celebrated and notorious persons. (18) Cord for window-blinds. (19) Clothes-lines. (20) Utensils for sleeping apartments. (21) Cordage and speaking-tubes. (22) Pipes for drainage, etc. (23) Acoustic tubes. (24) Inkstands. (25) Socks. (26) Ornamental dishes. (27) Buckets and harness. (28) Noiseless curtain-rings. (29) From Singapore, etc. (30) For filling decayed teeth. (31) "Sou'-wester" hat.

† We may add, in conclusion, that, with the view of promoting the frugality and comfort of the men employed in the gutta percha works, a savings bank has recently been established amongst them. At the time of paying the wages every Friday, such men as desire to leave a shilling or upwards as a deposit are at liberty to do so, upon which interest is allowed. Although this entails some amount of labour in keeping the books, the trouble is cheerfully undertaken by one of the principals. A large number of the men and boys have now begun to put by a little for "a rainy day."

"I thought your time was half-past four," said Mark, and pointed to the clock on the opposite side of the street; "you are nearly ten minutes behind."

"Just going to start," said the coachman; but still he lingered; and the youth having vented his reproof, tied a handkerchief round his neck, buttoned his frock-coat to his chin, and drew up the box apron over his knees; each of which precautions was very prudent, for though an honest big drop of real rain was not to be seen, the misty drizzle was very penetrating.

"Going to Waltham?" asked the driver.

"No; to Enfield Wash," replied the young man; "and far enough too, such a day as this. When are you going to move?"

"In a minute," said the man, looking round, and adding, "Oh, here he comes. Now then, sir, if you please." The last words were addressed to a middle-aged stout gentleman, well wrapped up in a great-coat, who, climbing to the top of the coach, observed in an indifferent tone:—"I have kept you waiting, Davis; but can't help it: business must be attended to. You must step out a little quicker, that's all."

"All right, sir," said the coachman, as the vehicle rattled off from the gateway of the Four Swans. "Not quite right, I say," muttered Mark to himself, "to keep us sitting in the rain for his convenience." But his grumbling was inaudible, and the cloud on his face soon cleared up.

The elder traveller seemed destined, that afternoon, to disturb Mark's complacency. Before the coach was off "the stones" he had unfurled a large umbrella, and held it over his head, much to his own comfort, no doubt, but to the discomfort of the youth, just behind whom he was seated, and down whose back the droppings from the umbrella began to trickle in a cold stream.

"Could you be so kind, sir," said the youth, looking round at his tormentor, "as to hold your umbrella a little more backward? It gives me more than my share of moisture, I think."

"Can't help it," said the senior traveller, gruffly. "My umbrella isn't in your way, that I can see; and if I hold it at a different angle, I shall get wet; and I don't mean to get wet if I can help it. Every one for himself, that's my motto, such a day as this."

"Very good, sir," said the young man, good-humouredly; "I only mentioned it, and did not mean to offend you. I am sorry if I have."

"No offence, young man," replied the other; "but you are wrong about the umbrella."

"I dare say you are right, sir," said Mark. "These Scotch mists get into one before you know where you are."

Scotch or English, the mist gradually thickened; and by the time the coach reached Tottenham, it mattered little to Mark Anderson that he had not been spared the umbrella droppings. He was almost wet through on all sides. But he bore the inconvenience with a good-humour that seemed imperturbable. Presently the coach stopped, and Mark got down while the horses were being changed.

"Hallo, Davis! I say, Davis, is that you smoking?" angrily shouted the elder traveller from under cover of his umbrella, some little while after the coach was again in motion.

"No sir, I am though," returned the youth. "Trying your plan, sir—taking care of myself."

"And annoying your neighbours," grumbled the gentleman; "that isn't my plan, my young friend."

Mark had it on his lips to say that he somewhat doubted that assertion; but he did not say it. Instead of that, "If my cigar is disagreeable to you, sir," said he, "I'll leave off directly."

"No, no; go on, by all means," said the gentleman, somewhat testily; "every one for himself; but it's a nasty habit, that smoking; and it cannot be very agreeable to anybody to be stifled with tobacco reek, I should think. It isn't to me, I know, so I'll just shift my seat, if you'll draw up for a minute, Davis."

"No need for that, sir," replied Mark, quietly. "I've done, sir, and I beg your pardon for having annoyed you. I did not intend to do it:" and, as he spoke, he threw the half-unconsumed cigar on to the road.

Mark's fellow-traveller looked half vexed and half pleased. "I did not wish you to do *that*," he said, in a tone very different from that in which he had before spoken. I am obliged to you, though, for, to tell the truth, I very much dislike the smell of tobacco. But you should have saved your cigar: it seems a pity to cast away what costs good money."

"It's of no consequence, sir," returned Mark; "I dare say you are right about smoking; 'tis only a habit."

"A *bad* habit," said the gentleman, very decidedly. "I should say a *very* bad habit for a young man like you. But it is nothing to me," he added, in his former misanthropical tone; "every one for himself."

"That seems rather a favourite motto of yours, sir," said the youth, respectfully but manfully; "but I think there is a better one than that to go by."

"Oh! what do you mean? what's that?"

"'Every one for his neighbour,' sir," replied Mark.

"Ay, ay! and who is my neighbour? Yes, yes, I know the answer to *that*. 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' and so on. You are right, young man; and it is the best motto to act upon, as you say. But I shouldn't expect it, though, from a young cigar-smoker."

"I don't know why you should not, sir," replied Mark, still good-humouredly. "A cigar-smoker, even a young one, may be courteous, I hope, sir."

"So it seems. And I thank you, my young friend, for your readiness to oblige me by putting out your cigar. You should *not* have thrown it away, though. You'll never get rich at that rate. I shouldn't be now if I had smoked cigars fifty years ago. But there were none then to smoke, I think; at least I never saw any: so much the better for me."

And there the conversation ended; but it was very observable that during the latter part of it the umbrella was gradually edged away from Mark's back. Presently the coach drew up at the iron gateway of a large and somewhat aristocratic-looking mansion, and the elder traveller alighted.

"You know that gentleman, I suppose?" said Mark to the coachman, when the coach was once more in motion.

"Yes; Mr. Cameron his name is. He goes up and comes down two or three times a week. That's his country house. He is rich as a Jew, they say, and does a large business in the City. I thought you would come in for it for smoking, sir. He can't bear it. He gave up the Edmonton Highflyer because the coachman would have his cigar."

In due time our young friend reached the neat little cottage of his widowed mother in safety, and received a gentle scolding for being so thoughtless as to leave his umbrella behind him at his Camberwell lodgings in the morning.

Now, the coach-top scene and conversation which we have attempted to describe may seem very trivial; but our readers will understand that it led to results which were not so. And we may observe, in passing, that really trivial events in life rarely or never occur. We may not, in every case, perhaps not in many cases, be able to trace the connection between the events of to-day and those of yesterday, much less of those which took place years ago; but the connection exists, nevertheless. And this fact alone should teach every traveller through life to look well to his goings and his doings. It should do something more than this, we think; but we will not moralize here.

It sometimes happens that two persons—strangers to each other—having once casually met, under circumstances, for instance, like those we have related, seem afterwards to cross each other's path with something like design, though the second rencontre and all succeeding ones shall be as accidental as the first. Not many evenings after that of which we have spoken, Mr. Cameron, passing over London-bridge, was caught in a sudden shower. It was very vexatious, for, by some extraordinary neglect, he had left behind him, at his counting-house, his almost inseparable companion, his umbrella; and inwardly fretting at his carelessness, or his overcredulous faith in a blue sky, he hastened on towards the Southwark side of the river to seek shelter. Before he could reach it, however, the shower became a torrent, and in another minute or two Mr. Cameron would have been drenched, but for the abrupt but timely offer of the very thing that he then most needed. The offer was made by a young man whom in his haste Mr. Cameron had nearly run down.

"Ha, my young cigar merchant!" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, who, at a glance, recognised his former fellow-traveller; "A friend in need is a friend indeed," they say. I beg your pardon for running against you; but you see I am likely to get wet."

"Yes, sir; and so if you will oblige me by making use of my umbrella—"

"To be sure I will. I am making use of it already, you see. But two can walk under it: I'll take your arm, if you please. 'Tisn't everybody I would walk under the same umbrella with, though. There—you needn't walk so far off; I can trust you, eh? And every one for himself, you know—and his neighbour as well. To be sure. By the way, where's your cigar, my young friend? You were smoking, I think, a minute ago, before I overtook you."

"Yes, sir, I was certainly; but you don't like it, and I couldn't think of offering you the shelter of my umbrella with a cigar in my mouth, so—"

"So you casted it into the Thames, I suppose. A foolish trick that, my young friend. By the way, what's your name?"

"Mark Anderson, sir, at your service."

"My service to you, Mr. Mark Anderson—a good name, by the way; north country, like mine, though you be a cockney. My name is Cameron: Watling-street knows me, I think. And what may be Mr. Mark Anderson's profession?"

"An inquisitive old gentleman," thought Mark to himself; "but there's no reason why he shouldn't know what I am;" and forthwith, with the frankness of a youth who has nothing to conceal, he answered that question.

The rain did not seem likely to cease, and the pavements were getting cleared rapidly. Our two friends, however, walked on together for some little time in silence.

"Which way are you going, and how far?" asked Mr. Cameron, abruptly, as he and Mark arrived at the end of the bridge.

"My lodgings are at Camberwell, sir, and I am going there."

"Ah! then we must part here. I was afraid of that. Our roads are different, young man. Mine lies down yonder"—he pointed as he spoke towards Tooley-street. So I must get on as well as I can, thanking you for your shelter while I have had it. There! I won't keep you any longer in the wet; every one for himself, you know."

"And his neighbour too, sir. It won't make much difference to me, and if you will allow me to walk with you as far as you are going; or, if you like to take my umbrella, sir, you are quite welcome to it."

"You are a fine young fellow, Mr. Mark Anderson," said Mr. Cameron, turning abruptly upon his companion. "A thousand pities you smoke." Well, sir, I'll accept your offer! It isn't above half a pipe that I am going, and you shall have the pleasure of putting your motto into practice."

Mark was right enough in judging his companion to be "an inquisitive old gentleman." He was, in fact, *very* inquisitive. But Mark did not mind it; and before they parted that evening, Mr. Cameron had learned a good deal of the young man's previous history,—who and what his father had been, where his mother lived, what her resources were, how many sisters he had, what they did to support themselves, and what his own prospects were. And as Mark shook hands with Mr. Cameron at parting, he received at the same time a friendly invitation, and a suggestion, couched in some such language as this:—

"Young man, I owe you something for your politeness, and also for being so rough to you the other afternoon on the coach——"

"Don't mention it, sir," Mark began to say.

"Yes, but I must mention it, though; I was in a bad humour that day. I had lost a good bit of money, or thought I had; but that's no excuse. Well, you must get down at my house next time we ride together, and take a chop with me, eh? And you can walk on to Enfield Wash afterwards. What do you say?"

Mark thanked the gentleman.

"And cheer up, my lad. You don't think your prospects very promising, I can see. Ah! but you don't know. Who can tell what a day may bring

forth? Not you, nor I. Fifty years ago, young man, I left Scotland on foot, with about ten shillings in my pocket, and not a friend north of the Tweed that I knew anything of. And here I am now, worth more than ten shillings and four-pence I think. But I didn't smoke cigars, young man. And I say, Mr. Anderson, 'tis a thousand pities you smoke. I wouldn't, if I were you."

Our narrative, however, must now take a leap over a long range of years. Twenty summers and winters have passed since that rainy day on London-bridge, bringing with them their chequered range of joys and sorrows, successes and reverses. The scene now shifts to a commercial room in the Eagle and Crown, at a market-town some fifty miles from the metropolis. There sat a party of commercial travellers at supper, discussing, while they did justice to the good fare, as is their wont, the credit and resources of various houses in the different lines of business with which they were connected.

"What a lucky fellow, by the way," said one of the party, after the merits of a great Manchester warehouseman had been canvassed, "that Mark Anderson has been all his life!"

"A very lucky fellow!" rejoined another; and a third re-echoed the remark.

"Do you think so, gentlemen?" asked a fourth—an elderly man, who had hitherto borne no part in the rather 'free and easy' converse of that evening.

"There can't be a doubt of it, Mr. W., I should think," replied the first speaker.

"Not a doubt of it," said the second likewise: "it was all luck, depend upon it."

"He began with nothing,—nothing to speak of," continued the former; "but old Cameron took a fancy to him; and now you see, the old gentleman retires from the firm, and leaves Mark Anderson at the head of it."

"And," rejoined the third *commercial*, "it all began, as I have been told, by young Anderson happening to have an umbrella, and saving Mr. Cameron from getting a wetting one evening. A lucky thing that. I think I shall take to carrying an umbrella, fine days as well as wet ones."

"That wasn't quite all, I believe," responded number one; "he came over the old gent. by chinning in with his humours and finding out the length of his foot. A clever fellow Mr. Anderson is, I fancy. But there was a bit of sneaking about him. That and good luck did it all."

"Ah! I have heard that Cameron cottoned to the young fellow at first, because of his name. It has a Scotch sort of sound, you know; and Anderson's father, or grandfather, was a Scotchman. So it was 'Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,' you know. A lucky thing to have a fine-sounding name, sometimes. Poor Jack Smith might have told his name fifty times, and nobody would have thought anything about it."

"A lucky thing of Mr. Anderson to leave off smoking as he did. He took his cue there famously. That was what nailed old Mr. Cameron, I suspect. A lucky thought that!"

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. W., when there was a slight break in the conversation, "you have had your say about Mr. Anderson, and you all seem to know something, more or less, of his history; but you will excuse me for thinking you are wrong in

ascribing his prosperity to what you call luck. There is more in it than that, I think."

"Of course, Mr. W.," replied one of the former speakers, "we don't mean that Mr. Anderson isn't clever and shrewd, and all that sort of thing that helps a man on in the world; it was his first start, mind you, that we said was so lucky."

"Mr. W. does not believe in luck, perhaps," observed another of the company.

"No, I don't," said Mr. W. "Luck is a heathenish word, and the idea it generally conveys is a heathenish idea. But we need not dispute about words. What I mean is that Mr. Anderson's 'first start,' as you call it, was owing to something with which *luck* had nothing to do."

"You know Mr. Anderson, perhaps?"

"Yes, rather intimately; and I'll tell you what I know of his rise in the world, if you like. A few words will do it."

"By all means, Mr. W.," said one of the other speakers.

"In the first place, then, what first attracted Mr. Cameron's notice in young Anderson, was his good temper and readiness to oblige a stranger who had behaved to him both crustily and selfishly. Their first meeting was on the top of a stage coach—"

"Yes, I have heard of that."

"Well, then, you will admit that had Anderson given his fellow-passenger 'as good as he sent,' to use a common expression, their acquaintance would probably have ended where it began. So I should say that *good temper*, rather than *luck*, was the first step towards Mr. Anderson's prosperity."

"There's something in that, to be sure, Mr. W."

"Then there was a degree of kindness, somewhat self-denying, in the offer of the umbrella when Cameron and Anderson came in each other's way the second time. It is not every young man would have gone out of his way to oblige even a common acquaintance; and not many, perhaps, would have thought of offering the shelter of an umbrella to such a crusty old fellow as Mr. Cameron had seemed to be. Some, I fancy, would have chuckled over the old gentleman's evident distress, and said it served him right. But the young man had a way of his own, and a principle of his own too; that principle was, 'Every man for his neighbour' and he acted upon it. So, instead of *luck*, we may set down thoughtfulness and disinterested kindness, and I may say *Christian* kindness—for 'Every man for his neighbour' is a Christian motto—as another step."

"Very true, Mr. W., so far."

"Then again, Mr. Cameron was pleased with the young man's conversation, and in consequence of that invited him to his house. Here was another step, with which *luck* had nothing to do. In the course of further acquaintance, Mr. Cameron discovered that his young *protegé*, as I may call him, was a good son, and—notwithstanding an unfortunate *penchant* for cigars—did a good deal, with very limited means, for the comfort of a widowed mother. *Luck* had nothing to do with that, I think."

"Nothing, certainly, Mr. W."

"Well, to go on with my—"

"Lecture," suggested one of the gentlemen of the commercial room, with a wink to the rest.

"Yes," continued Mr. W.; "to go on with my lecture—there was the leaving off smoking, which Mr. C. calls a lucky thought. Now, I can tell you how that came about. One day, after Mr. Cameron and young Anderson had become pretty familiar, as they were riding together on the same coach where they had first met, I believe the old gentleman began to attack the young fellow about his nasty habit, as he called it, and asked him what he would do if he should get a wife who didn't like it?"

"Leave it off, directly," said Anderson.

"You wouldn't be a le," said Mr. Cameron.

"I think I should," replied the other; "and to prove it, sir, I won't smoke again for the next three months."

"Well, gentlemen, young Anderson kept his word; and before the time was gone by, he happened to fall in with a poor scholar—a German—half starved, and learnt his history, which was a very sad one. To have the means of relieving him, Anderson made up his mind that he wouldn't spend any more money on cigars; and in gratitude for the unexpected kindness and liberality of the young clerk, the poor student offered to teach him the German language. Now, it might have been what you call a lucky thought; but I should rather call it a generous one, that led Mr. Anderson to give up smoking."

"I think it was, certainly, Mr. W.," responded Mr. C., the gentleman addressed. "You are right, sir."

"Well, Anderson was a sharp, energetic fellow when he took anything in hand; and in a year or two he was master of the language; though what good it would ever do him he had not the most distant idea. During all this time he hadn't met Mr. Cameron more than two or three times, and they hadn't got beyond a familiar sort of how-d'ye-do acquaintance. One day Anderson took up a newspaper, and saw an advertisement for a mercantile clerk well acquainted with German. At that time he was not making much headway, and it struck him that he might better himself by looking after this situation. So he made an appointment with the X. Y. Z. who had advertised; and who should it prove to be but Mr. Cameron himself!

"Ha! my young cigar merchant," said he when they met; "what do you know about German?" Mr. Anderson explained.

"But," said Mr. Cameron, "you are German out and out, I am afraid. German pipes as well as German gutturals? It won't do, I think. I was obliged to get rid of my last German correspondent because he perfumed the counting-house with stale tobacco: pah! I couldn't bear it any longer."

"I haven't smoked for two years, sir," said Anderson. And that pretty early settled the matter at once. In two or three weeks' time he had got into Cameron's counting house. After that, you know, he rose and rose till, by making himself useful, he was taken into the firm; but if you think he has not worked hard for it, you are mistaken. And I think you will agree with me in saying that my friend Mark Anderson does not owe his prosperity—no, nor even his first steps upwards—to what you, gentlemen, are pleased to call *luck*."

Poetry of the Declining Year.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

Now the growing year is over,
And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
Rings a low farewell:
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the wither'd beech-leaves quiver,
O'er the dark and lazy river,
In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
Reckoning in the rising sun;
Now the flowers around the fountains
Perish one by one:
Not a spire of grass is growing,
But the leaves that late were glowing.
Now their blighted green are strowing
With a mantle dim.

Now the torrent brook is stealing
Faintly down the furrow'd glade—
Not as when in winter pealing,
Such a din is made,
That the sound of cataracts falling
Gave no echo so appalling,
As its hoarse and heavy brawling
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
Round the clifted rock's bare height,
All the bordering mountains covering
With a dim, uncertain light:
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
Wide its heavy burden sailing,
Deepens, as the day is failing,
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stain'd moon is riding
Through the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
In a torch's glare;
Few the hours, her light is given—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven
O'er the mourning face of heaven,
All is blackness there.

PLACENTIA.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and scar.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves:
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold December rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died
Awhile the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wist that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not meet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on,
When'd in its surges disappear
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone!

O no! forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this alter'd ball
May still behold them glorious there.

'Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread;
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare—
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak years thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

MORTON.

THE LEISURE HOUR

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A LADY'S WINTER ADVENTURE ON THE SIMPLON PASS.

CONTINUED.

On entering the Hospice from the storm without, nothing could exceed the kindness of our reception. We were instantly taken into the house,

which is traversed from end to end by a spacious stone corridor, and on proceeding up-stairs, we found another corridor exactly parallel to the one below, and out of which all the rooms opened

The refectory, where our guide at first took us, is a large long room, looking front, and commanding a fine view of the mountains, and the road each way. It was warmed by an enormous stove, and altogether seemed, to us poor shivering wretches, the very perfection of comfort; and the sight of it, joined to the hospitable welcome we received, was most cheering to those who, an hour before, had hardly known where they should pass the night. The monks assured us that their supper would be ready in less than an hour, but they were very anxious that we should immediately have some refreshment; we, however, declined this offer, and begged to wait for the usual supper-time, for we had been too much alarmed and excited to feel very hungry. They then occupied themselves in seeing that rooms were immediately prepared for us, and the stoves lighted, so that they should be warm and comfortable by our bed-time. These rooms were on the opposite side of the corridor. There were four monks including the prior, all intelligent and agreeable men, but especially so the Père Hubert, who was clavandier or bursar to the establishment. He had been twelve years at the St. Bernard Hospice before coming to the Simplon; the prior, Père Barras, had been there also a much longer time. They expressed great surprise at our having ventured over the mountains in such weather, and strongly blamed the people at Brieg for having allowed us to start. The night of the storm at Bex had been, they said, the setting in of their winter, and it had snowed almost incessantly ever since. The morning that we had thought so satisfactory and promising was, they informed us, exactly what any one at all conversant with the variable and peculiar climate of the Alps, must have known to be the precursor of bad weather and tourmentes. The extreme stillness, the grey sky, and the mild air we had so enjoyed, always, it appears, precede and warn those who understand these signs of the coming storm. The tourmentes now raging was, they said, a terrific one; and they added, that we might indeed congratulate ourselves on being safely housed before night came on. In fact, as I afterwards accidentally ascertained, on this very day, on the Grand St. Bernard, where the tourmentes was probably still more fearful, the clavandier of that Hospice, together with three servants and some dogs, were buried beneath an enormous avalanche from the Mont Mort, which covered them to the depth of fifteen feet, and of course all perished.

We passed the time till supper in agreeable conversation with our kind and courteous hosts, and in profiting as much as possible, from the delightful warmth of the great stove. It seemed almost like a dream, for travellers, who had so lately left civilized England, to be supping in the refectory of a convent on the summit of the Alps. They placed us at the head of their long table, they themselves sitting next to us, two and two. On each side, there were some other travellers, apparently of a middling class; and, lastly, our own servants. Nothing could be more excellent than the supper; everything was plain but good; and the wine, which they informed us came from one of their own estates in Italy, was delicious. In this climate, all abstemious rules belonging to their order seem to be suppressed; and this was ex-

plained to us by the monks, who said that it was indispensable to health in that climate to live well, and that they had on that account a dispensation from many of the rules practised by their order elsewhere. In fact, they seemed to me, in-doors, to lead a most "jolly" life, neglecting nothing that could, in that dreary region, conduce to their comfort. They related to us many very interesting particulars of the establishment, and of the adventures that so often occur amid the perils and dangers of their long and rigorous winters. When we spoke of our alarm at the difficulty we had experienced in keeping on the road at all, after we got into the deep snow and out of all track of wheels, Père Hubert told us that the same sort of adventure had occurred some years before, to an English lady and gentleman, who were forced to sleep at the refuge. In the morning, they sent their carriage on, determined themselves to wait for the diligence, which, being on a sledge, would be a safer conveyance than their own coach. The latter vehicle was therefore sent on: providentially it had no one in it, for it actually went over the precipice, horses and all, and was never again heard of.

Our hosts told us that, on the Simplon, they seldom have occasion for the services of the dogs, which are so much used on the St. Bernard. There is no truth whatever in the common belief that these animals are sent out alone. This is never the case; but, undismayed by the fearful dangers they encounter, they invariably accompany the monks in the expeditions which are constantly undertaken for the discovery and relief of exhausted and overwhelmed wayfarers, who must otherwise undoubtedly perish. The dogs are especially useful; being able, from their light weight, to venture across snow-drifts which would not bear the burden of a man; and frequently, by instinct, they recover the path, when in the darkness and hurricane all traces of it are imperceptible to human eye. On one occasion, in 1823, all the dogs and three servants, who had been sent out together, were destroyed by an avalanche; and it was feared that the breed (which is supposed to have been originally a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean) would have been lost, but happily a couple of dogs which the monks had given away were returned to them, and the deficiency supplied. Since that period, they have always kept some young dogs at Martigny, and other places in the valley. The labour performed by the dogs is so great, that they seldom live more than nine years, and are frequently before that time rendered infirm and useless from attacks of rheumatism. In both convents, all travellers, of whatever class, are received, warmed, fed, and supplied with beds, also medicines, or any comforts their state may require; and they are welcome to remain until the weather is such as to permit of their proceeding in safety. Much as we must deplore, as protestants, the erroneous system of doctrine with which they are connected, all travellers in that district must agree that it would be a public loss, and a very great one, should the authorities of the canton persist in their intention to deprive these convents of their estates, thereby rendering their total suppression a necessary consequence; for, of course, large funds are required for their

maintenance, and for the support of their impartial and commendable hospitality.

We found comfortable beds in the rooms prepared for us; but even the stoves and double windows failed in affording such a degree of warmth as I could have wished. The cold of the night was intense, and the storm raged around the building with undiminished fury.

After an excellent breakfast, on the following morning, I proceeded with Père Hubert to see the great hall of the convent, where all the poor travellers were assembled. There were then above sixty, all driven in by the storm, and all in a warm room, eating the soup and other provisions that had been supplied to them. Neither from these, nor any other travellers, is payment ever required; but it is usual, for those who can afford it, to give a donation for the benefit of the poor.

On returning to the refectory, we found the inspector arrived. He had come to consult with us on the possibility of continuing our journey. Our entertainers, however, were averse to this, and kindly pressed us to remain as long as we might find it convenient: but we were anxious to get on; and as the inspector assured us that he believed we could do so on sledges that day, while, if we delayed beyond it, ten days might elapse before the roads would be safe or passable, we agreed at once to make the experiment. As he had sent to Simplon for sledges, we hoped to be able to start by two o'clock. He called our attention to the diligence, which had just passed and was winding slowly down the road along which we had come. It was by no means an encouraging picture. The vehicle was fixed upon a sledge, and seemed to rock to and fro in a very unpleasant manner, and looked as if it must inevitably be blown over by the furious gale that still raged. The snow fell so thick that, as the diligence passed, the track which it had made was almost instantly lost and obliterated by the fresh covering of snow, so that in a few minutes it would have been difficult, from the appearance of the ground, to tell that anything had passed that way. The monks again tried hard to dissuade us from going, assuring us that the experiment would prove both unpleasant and unsafe; but, encouraged by the inspector, we decided on making the attempt; and he further promised his own assistance, with that of ten of his men, to get us safe to Simplon.

We were greatly touched by the devoted kindness of Père Hubert, who declared that he also would accompany us on our route, and that he could remain that night at Simplon and return the next morning. In vain we protested against his making so painful an exertion on our account; go he would; and, leaving the room, he soon returned completely equipped in his mountaineer's dress. We dined in the refectory at one o'clock, which we found was the usual dinner-hour; and before proceeding on our way, our hosts insisted on giving us some excellent coffee, and a chasseur's café of the delicious kirchenwasser, far better than any I have tasted elsewhere. With great attention to our comfort, they arranged that we should get into the carriage in the remise, and then with real regret we took leave of our kind hosts, with the exception of Père Hubert, who accompanied us, chiefly on foot, but sometimes mounted on the box of our

carriage. Our cortège was certainly most curious and picturesque; first, our carriage on a sledge, drawn by the four horses from Brieg; next, the wheels and luggage on another sledge, which was consigned to three white horses. Our guards consisted of the inspector and ten men, most wild-looking objects, dressed in goat-skins, and armed with spades and all useful implements; besides the voiturier and his aide from Brieg, our own servant, and the monk.

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Poetry of the Declining Year.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

Now the growing year is over,
And the shepherd's tinkling bell
Faintly from its winter cover
Kings a low farewell:
Now the birds of Autumn shiver,
Where the wither'd beech-leaves quiver.
O'er the dark and lazy river,
In the rocky dell.

Now the mist is on the mountains,
Reddening in the rising sun;
Now the flowers around the fountains
Perish one by one:
Not a spire of grass is growing,
But the leaves that late were glowing.
Now their blighted, green are strowing
With a mantle dim.

Now the torrent brook is stealing
Faintly down the furrow'd glade—
Not as when in winter pealing,
Such a din is made,
That the sound of cataracts falling
Gave no echo so appalling,
As its hoarse and heavy hurdling
In the pine's black shade.

Darkly blue the mist is hovering
Round the cliffed rock's bare height,
All the bordering mountains covering
With a dim, uncertain light:
Now, a fresher wind prevailing,
Wade its heavy burden sailing,
Droopens, as the day is failing,
Fast the gloom of night.

Slow the blood-stain'd moon is riding
Through the still and hazy air,
Like a sheeted spectre gliding
In a torch's glare;
Few the hours, her light is given—
Mingling clouds of tempest driven
O'er the mourning face of heaven,
All is blackness there.

PERCIVAL.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and scar.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold December rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis die
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, neck blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wot that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
When'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone!

O no! forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, moldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this alter'd ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread;
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare—
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's moridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak years thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

NORTON.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

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A LADY'S WINTER ADVENTURE ON THE SIMPLON PASS.

CONTINUED.

On entering the Hospice from the storm without, nothing could exceed the kindness of our reception.

VOL. I.—NO. 50.

We were instantly taken into the house, which is traversed from end to end by a spacious stone corridor, and on proceeding up-stairs, we found another corridor exactly parallel to the one below, and out of which all the rooms opened

The refectory, where our guide at first took us, is a large long room, looking front, and commanding a fine view of the mountains, and the road each way. It was warmed by an enormous stove, and altogether seemed, to us poor shivering wretches, the very perfection of comfort; and the sight of it, joined to the hospitable welcome we received, was most cheering to those who, an hour before, had hardly known where they should pass the night. The monks assured us that their supper would be ready in less than an hour, but they were very anxious that we should immediately have some refreshment; we, however, declined this offer, and begged to wait for the usual supper-time, for we had been too much alarmed and excited to feel very hungry. They then occupied themselves in seeing that rooms were immediately prepared for us, and the stoves lighted, so that they should be warm and comfortable by our bed-time. These rooms were on the opposite side of the corridor. There were four monks including the prior, all intelligent and agreeable men, but especially so the Père Hubert, who was clavandier or bursar to the establishment. He had been twelve years at the St. Bernard Hospice before coming to the Simplon; the prior, Père Barras, had been there also a much longer time. They expressed great surprise at our having ventured over the mountains in such weather, and strongly blamed the people at Brieg for having allowed us to start. The night of the storm at Bex had been, they said, the setting in of their winter, and it had snowed almost incessantly ever since. The morning that we had thought so satisfactory and promising was, they informed us, exactly what any one at all conversant with the variable and peculiar climate of the Alps, must have known to be the precursor of bad weather and tourmentes. The extreme stillness, the grey sky, and the mild air we had so enjoyed, always, it appears, precede and warn those who understand these signs of the coming storm. The tourmentes now raging was, they said, a terrific one; and they added, that we might indeed congratulate ourselves on being safely housed before night came on. In fact, as I afterwards accidentally ascertained, on this very day, on the Grand St. Bernard, where the tourmentes was probably still more fearful, the clavandier of that Hospice, together with three servants and some dogs, were buried beneath an enormous avalanche from the Mont Mort, which covered them to the depth of fifteen feet, and of course all perished.

We passed the time till supper in agreeable conversation with our kind and courteous hosts, and in profiting as much as possible from the delightful warmth of the great stove. It seemed almost like a dream, for travellers, who had so lately left civilized England, to be supping in the refectory of a convent on the summit of the Alps. They placed us at the head of their long table, they themselves sitting next to us, two and two. On each side, there were some other travellers, apparently of a middling class; and, lastly, our own servants. Nothing could be more excellent than the supper; everything was plain but good; and the wine, which they informed us came from one of their own estates in Italy, was delicious. In this climate, all abstemious rules belonging to their order seem to be suppressed; and this was ex-

plained to us by the monks, who said that it was indispensable to health in that climate to live well, and that they had on that account a dispensation from many of the rules practised by their order elsewhere. In fact, they seemed to me, in-doors, to lead a most "jolly" life, neglecting nothing that could, in that dreary region, conduce to their comfort. They related to us many very interesting particulars of the establishment, and of the adventures that so often occur amid the perils and dangers of their long and rigorous winters. When we spoke of our alarm at the difficulty we had experienced in keeping on the road at all, after we got into the deep snow and out of all track of wheels, Père Hubert told us that the same sort of adventure had occurred some years before, to an English lady and gentleman, who were forced to sleep at the refuge. In the morning, they sent their carriage on, determined themselves to wait for the diligence, which, being on a sledge, would be a safer conveyance than their own coach. The latter vehicle was therefore sent on: providentially it had no one in it, for it actually went over the precipice, horses and all, and was never again heard of.

Our hosts told us that, on the Simplon, they seldom have occasion for the services of the dogs, which are so much used on the St. Bernard. There is no truth whatever in the common belief that these animals are sent out alone. This is never the case; but, undismayed by the fearful dangers they encounter, they invariably accompany the monks in the expeditions which are constantly undertaken for the discovery and relief of exhausted and overwhelmed wayfarers, who must otherwise undoubtedly perish. The dogs are especially useful; being able, from their light weight, to venture across snow-drifts which would not bear the burden of a man; and frequently, by instinct, they recover the path, when in the darkness and hurricane all traces of it are imperceptible to human eye. On one occasion, in 1823, all the dogs and three servants, who had been sent out together, were destroyed by an avalanche; and it was feared that the breed (which is supposed to have been originally a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean) would have been lost, but happily a couple of dogs which the monks had given away were returned to them, and the deficiency supplied. Since that period, they have always kept some young dogs at Martigny, and other places in the valley. The labour performed by the dogs is so great, that they seldom live more than nine years, and are frequently before that time rendered infirm and useless from attacks of rheumatism. In both convents, all travellers, of whatever class, are received, warmed, fed, and supplied with beds, also medicines, or any comforts their state may require; and they are welcome to remain until the weather is such as to permit of their proceeding in safety. Much as we must deplore, as protestants, the erroneous system of doctrine with which they are connected; all travellers in that district must agree that it would be a public loss, and a very great one, should the authorities of the canton persist in their intention to deprive these convents of their estates, thereby rendering their total suppression a necessary consequence; for, of course, large funds are required for their

maintenance, and for the support of their impartial and commendable hospitality.

We found comfortable beds in the rooms prepared for us; but even the stores and double windows failed in affording such a degree of warmth as I could have wished. The cold of the night was intense, and the storm raged around the building with undiminished fury.

After an excellent breakfast, on the following morning, I proceeded with Père Hubert to see the great hall of the convent, where all the poor travellers were assembled. There were then above sixty, all driven in by the storm, and all in a warm room, eating the soup and other provisions that had been supplied to them. Neither from these, nor any other travellers, is payment ever required; but it is usual, for those who can afford it, to give a donation for the benefit of the poor.

On returning to the refectory, we found the inspector arrived. He had come to consult with us on the possibility of continuing our journey. Our entertainers, however, were averse to this, and kindly pressed us to remain as long as we might find it convenient: but we were anxious to get on: and as the inspector assured us that he believed we could do so on sledges that day, while, if we delayed beyond it, ten days might elapse before the roads would be safe or passable, we agreed at once to make the experiment. As he had sent to Simplon for sledges, we hoped to be able to start by two o'clock. He called our attention to the diligence, which had just passed and was winding slowly down the road along which we had come. It was by no means an encouraging picture. The vehicle was fixed upon a sledge, and seemed to rock to and fro in a very unpleasant manner, and looked as if it must inevitably be blown over by the furious gale that still raged. The snow fell so thick that, as the diligence passed, the track which it had made was almost instantly lost and obliterated by the fresh covering of snow, so that in a few minutes it would have been difficult, from the appearance of the ground, to tell that anything had passed that way. The monks again tried hard to dissuade us from going, assuring us that the experiment would prove both unpleasant and unsafe; but, encouraged by the inspector, we decided on making the attempt; and he further promised his own assistance, with that of ten of his men, to get us safe to Simplon.

We were greatly touched by the devoted kindness of Père Hubert, who declared that he also would accompany us on our route, and that he could remain that night at Simplon and return the next morning. In vain we protested against his making so painful an exertion on our account; go he would; and, leaving the room, he soon returned completely equipped in his mountaineer's dress. We dined in the refectory at one o'clock, which we found was the usual dinner-hour; and before proceeding on our way, our hosts insisted on giving us some excellent coffee, and a chasseur's of the delicious kirchenwasser, far better than any I have tasted elsewhere. With great attention to our comfort, they arranged that we should get into the carriage in the remise, and then with real regret we took leave of our kind hosts, with the exception of Père Hubert, who accompanied us, chiefly on foot, but sometimes mounted on the box of our

carriage. Our cortège was certainly most curious and picturesque; first, our carriage on a sledge, drawn by the four horses from Brieg; next, the wheels and luggage on another sledge, which was consigned to three white horses. Our guards consisted of the inspector and ten men, most wild-looking objects, dressed in goat-skins, and armed with spades and all useful implements; besides the voiturier and his aide from Brieg, our own servant, and the monk.

The journey was certainly not performed without considerable misgivings and alarms; the distance from the convent to Simplon, although only three miles, we were above three hours in accomplishing. The snow, where it had drifted on either side of the road, was frequently above the height of the carriage, and every step we advanced seemed to be only accomplished after much scraping and digging on the part of the troop, for of course there was no track whatever. In some parts the snow was less deep, and we could see around us the great rocks, so thickly covered with a fleecy mantle that no part of their original form was visible, while the tall heavy fir trees seemed bowed almost to the ground by the weight of their branches. Enormous icicles, of every form and shape, hung pendent from the rocks, and in the already fading light assumed innumerable shades of colour. Nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more wildly grand and sublime, than the scene; and, in spite of my fears, I found myself almost absorbed in intense admiration. But I was frequently disturbed by the exclamations, the cries, and shouts of our followers, or by the really perplexed face of Père Hubert, who, appearing at the window, endeavoured to reassure us, while he himself was evidently very anxious and uneasy. At times the carriage, or rather sledge, would give us a most uncomfortable lurch to one side; when this happened, our escort would rush hastily to the other side, and hanging on to the carriage like monkeys, use all their weight to preserve the balance until the perilous part was past. At one time, I heard one of them say to another, in answer to some previous question which escaped me, "We must go on; for it is impossible to go back." The alternative did not seem hopeful; but at length, to our great relief, from amidst the increasing darkness and the glimmering of the white world which surrounded us on every side, we discerned the lights of the village of Simplon, and soon after, with great joy and gratitude, found ourselves installed in a tolerably comfortable and warm room. Our friendly Hubert spent the evening with us, and made himself very agreeable; he assured us that the journey there had proved even more dangerous than he anticipated, and that, had he known how bad it was, he never could have allowed us to undertake it. We had a parting interview with the inspector, whom we overwhelmed with thanks, and with the greatest possible difficulty persuaded to accept a sum of money for himself and his men. He refused for a long time, saying he had only done his duty, and was glad to have served us; almost the only instance this, I ever saw, of a Swiss disinterested enough to refuse anything. We saw Père Hubert on the following morning, just before his departure: he told us that we could now continue our journey with perfect safety—a rapid thaw having come on

in the night—and that, on the southern side of the pass, we should probably be soon out of the region of snow. We accompanied him to the door, where the diligence was stopping, and then took leave, with many assurances of friendship on both sides, and of gratitude on ours, which I still feel so warmly that I have great pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the kindness and valuable hospitality I received.

The rest of our journey seemed flat after the adventure of the last two days, and the weather was such that I can give no particular account of the beauty of the descent on the Italian side. I was struck by the general grandeur of the scene, the wild and sublime gorge of Gionolo, and the magnificent construction of the gallery, cut through the solid rock for a distance of 596 feet, and which required, for eighteen months, the labours of above 100 men; but any enjoyment of the scenery was impossible, for the rain fell in torrents, and the streams pouring in every direction, above and below us, together with the wild roar of the *hyveria*, fretting in its narrow bed below, made us really feel as if we had emerged from snow and ice into a second deluge. The rain continued incessant, and the Val d'Ossola, as we descended into it, presented such a lamentable and dismal aspect, so unlike the usual bright beauty of an Italian scene, that overcome by the depressing influence, I abruptly discontinued the journal or notes from which this narrative is now extracted.*

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.

FROM among the many publications of an ephemeral character which the Duke's funeral has called forth, we select, as worthy of permanent preservation, the following eloquent and just reflections on this striking event.

Forty-eight years ago, St. Paul's tolled a sorrowful knell, and the Tower guns boomed forth their requiem. Along the streets of London men were then carrying to his grave the remains of Nelson. Crowds looked on the funeral of the great naval commander, while princes and peers accompanied the hero to his resting-place, and mourned his loss in sympathy with the whole nation. Veterans of his crew paced mournfully along in the sad procession—they looking saddest of all, for they loved their admiral. How did they shed tears as they gazed down into the opening of the marble pavement soon to cover his tomb! Impelled by affection, how eagerly did they seize the victorious flag designed to be buried by his side, and tear it in pieces, each man seizing a fragment, and reverently taking it home as a precious relic! Some few perhaps of those now gathered in multitudes to witness the funeral of Wellington saw the funeral of Nelson. With the remembrance, surely there must come solemn thoughts of some who

stood by them on that signal day, who are now gone for ever; and there must come, too, still more solemn thoughts of their own speedy departure, which amidst these memorials of death seems so near. Forty-eight years of manifold and marvellous changes have come since then—manifold and marvellous, perhaps, in individual scarcely less than in national history, as the consciousness, it may be, of the reader of these few lines can testify.

Nelson belongs to a past age—Wellington to the present; yet they once met in the ante-room of the Colonial Office, Downing-street—the admiral, indeed, not knowing the officer, and the officer only knowing the admiral from having seen his portrait. But what is more remarkable, when the former was carried with so much honour to his grave, the latter had already won laurels in the plains of India.

The campaigns of the Peninsula, where he was employed by Providence to check the career of an oppressive power, are fresh in the remembrance of every Englishman, and should be connected with gratitude to the supreme Disposer of events for the merciful exemption of our beloved country from the evils which then ravaged the continent. One thinks to-day of the wonderful career of victory which Wellington ran in Portugal and Spain. He is seen victoriously moving up the valley at the head of his troops to the village of Roliça. Then comes the battle of Vimeira and the defeat of Junot. Talavera, within the Spanish frontiers, next appears, with that fearful and tremendous struggle between Wellington and Victor; while Soult, with an overwhelming force, is skillfully evaded and baffled by the British commander. Again he is seen on the ridge of Busaco, meeting and repelling the enemy as the mists of the morning dissolve. Once more he stands in the lines of Torres Vedras, entrenched in impregnable position—mountains scarped, rivers dammed up, and triple chains of redoubts skilfully disposed. Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz are besieged, and the strong old fortresses fall before the irresistible assaults of the conqueror. The advance upon Salamanca follows, and the decisive battle known by that name gives earnest of the speedy fall of French power in Spain. There he is “with the flush of victory on his brow, and his eyes eager and watchful, but his voice calm and even gentle.” Vittoria crowns the campaigns of Wellington on the south of the Pyrenees, scattering the forces of Jourdan, and laying at the feet of the victorious soldier spoils of inestimable value. He is seen winding along the rocky mountains, and penetrating the rude fastnesses which divide Spain from France, frustrating the designs and turning back the power of the foe. After a while, the eye glances over the plains of Waterloo, and Napoleon stands matched against the hero of the Peninsula; and men are face to face with each other in dire array, numerous almost as the ears of wheat which now wave over that field, as the 18th of June comes round; then ensues the shock of arms, till the summer evening witnesses the last flight of the proud emperor; and Wellington, the instrument of divine Providence, remains master of the day, rejoicing in his last victory.

These exciting scenes are now revived in the busy memories of many a one at this solemn hour;

* The hospitalities of the St. Bernard monks, and those of the Simplon, have been too well known not to demand acknowledgment even at the hands of protestant writers. In these days, however, when so much pains are taken to render the features of popery attractive, it may be well to remind our readers—while fully admitting the kindness shown to travellers in convents like the above—that, as a system, conventual life is not only unsupportable, but is proved by experience to be fertile in abuses.—ED.

but while the great duke *there* appears a centre of action—an impulse and a power moving multitudes—a commander swaying the wills of his fellow-men, or crushing their purposes—a spirit towering in majesty above all the rest who throng the fields of carnage; *here* we see him as the centre of another kind of interest—passive, resistanceless, impotent—the hand that held the truncheon, stiff—the eyes that shone with such a calm spirit of command, for ever closed—the lips which spoke with authority, silent—and the form which was animated by such a strong mind and steady will, mouldering into dust. What a sermon on the weakness of man! “No man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, and there is no power in the day of death, neither is there any discharge from that war.” Wellington’s coffin passes by as a pledge of the mortality of all who gaze on it.

One thinks of Wellington’s triumphal entries. There was the entrance to Madrid, when the houses were covered with tapestry, laurels, and flowers, and all the population of the Spanish city crowded the streets, and the air was rent with the shouts, “Long live the duke of Ciudad Rodrigo! long live Wellington!” There was the entrance to Paris, at the head of the allied armies, with all the pomp of military glory, when the duke was calm and dignified, restraining the impetuosity of Blücher, and respecting the rights of the vanquished. There was his visit to the city of London; on the 7th of July, 1814, another triumphal entry; when, on the right side of the Prince Regent, he was escorted with almost regal honours to the Cathedral of St. Paul’s, there to acknowledge the providence, and return thanks for the protection of the Lord of hosts. And now along the same street he is borne, not in triumph, but as one stricken at last by a mightier hand. The conqueror is conquered. The gay procession is turned into a funeral. The scene to-day is, after all, a humiliating confession, however disguised, of the strength of the last enemy. What we see is, professedly in honour of the hero of Waterloo; it is really a proof that there has come over this world a power mightier than the mightiest of heroes.

But war is terrible, and thoughts of it are repulsive, especially at an hour which invites to pensive and profitable reflections. With greater interest the mind reverts to the old duke as an instrument of Providence in another way—as a statesman and a councillor, with his strong understanding, clear judgment, sharp foresight, keen sagacity, iron-like will, and self-control. These qualities of his mind came out even more conspicuously in the history of his peaceful days, than in that of his memorable wars. Though his constitution became enfeebled, and his form drooped, and the silver hair told of coming death; though there was a manifest loss of strength as he mounted his horse at Apsley-gate, or tottered along Piccadilly; though, physically, the man whom we saw leaning on the arm of the marquis of Anglésea, at the opening of the Exhibition, was not the man who had fought by his side in the battle-field, yet mentally how little did he alter, if at all; how strong, clear, vivid, forecasting, and firm was that mind of his to the very last. The lamp of intellect was burning bright, when the earthen vessel that held it had become decayed and was on the point of

crumbling to pieces. Is there not something suggestive in this? Does it not indicate the distinctness, superiority, even independence of the soul? We cannot look on that great man’s soul as dead, but only as departed. What remains of him is but the empty fortress; the garrison is gone. The mind which *man*ned the material portion of his nature is living *somewhere else*.

There is a book written by the Creator of souls which tells us the history of souls. It takes up man’s story at the point where reason must stop in writing it. Yonder there stands “a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.” And there, far down, separated from it by a gulf impassable, there lies “a land of darkness, as darkness itself, where the light is as darkness,” and where there are “spirits in prison.” Into the invisible dwelling-place, whither another soul of no common order has been called, the soul of him who reads this paper will soon be sent. Each soul is on the way already. The distance of the termination every moment lessens. How very near, amidst these emblems of mortality, which are as the clouds of death passing over the heads of the living—how very near at this solemn hour does the eternal future seem to be! All of us seem touching on it.

The departed duke has been justly held up to honour and imitation as an extraordinary example of loyalty. Looking at his power and rank, at his victories and his influence, surely his attachment to the throne and government of his native land is most noteworthy. “My duty to the crown” was a sentiment which lay deep in his mind, and moved him with the force of supreme principle. One asks what bribe could have sufficed to shake his loyalty for a moment? That loyalty which presents a pattern for every Englishman is the image of a higher kind of allegiance. What Wellington was to his earthly sovereign, we should be to the King of kings and the Lord of lords. A breach of loyalty, however, in its highest form is the sin of all. The virtual displacing of the Ruler of the universe, and the elevation of an idol to his throne—the world or self, wealth, power, or pleasure—that is the crime of every fallen child of man, and that is treason. It is a capital offence, entailing capital punishment. Love as a husband, tenderness as a parent, fidelity as a friend, cannot be pleaded in bar of judgment, when a man stands arraigned for treason, nor can the fairest morality prove our innocence when appearing before God to meet an indictment for rebellion.

Mortals have apostatized from their Maker. The spiritual relations of mankind are all deranged and out of order. The world’s confusions are a proof of that deeper and still more fatal disturbance. War—which Wellington and the greatest martial heroes have been fain to confess as a frightful scourge—war, which has swept round the world more times than we can number, like the pale horse and his rider, with hell following behind—could never have had place in a world which was not a fallen one. War among men is only the fruit of man’s first war with God.

Wellington, at the commencement of his European career, found the continent overshadowed by a despotism which had broken up prior-existing governments, and thrown society into disorder. He found havoc and desolation on every side. He

reduced in weight, and weatherworn by exposure to the atmosphere. On the 17th of July, Baring Island was reached, and found to be upwards of 30 miles beyond Hamilton Island. But here, too, were no traces of the great object in pursuit. This island is ten miles long and five broad. Its height is about 200 feet, and the top is flat, with several lakes upon it. In one of its bays several pieces of driftwood were found. The boat had not proceeded far on its passage from Baring Island to the northern shore of the channel—a distance of 30 miles—when two sea-horses were observed close at hand. The party immediately bore down upon one of them to secure it for the sake of fuel, and putting a ball into its mouth they got fast to him with the harpoon and line. A good deal of firing ensued; but the balls took no effect, except to increase his fierceness and their danger in approaching him; they were compelled, therefore, to draw close up and run a lance through him. They required to be very cautious in their operations, for his large tusks might easily have torn a plank out of their boat. The blubber proved of great value as fuel, and some of the seamen thought the thick hide suitable for mocassins, as their shoes were very nearly done. As regards the flesh of the animal, Captain Penny says he relished it so long as it was fresh and sweet.

After twelve hours' plying with the oars, they reached land, and the commander hastened to the top of a hill to examine a cairn which they had seen from the water. It was a real cairn—but alas! not one of Sir John Franklin's. It had been erected a short time before by Captain Stewart, of the "Sophia," who, in command of one of the sledge parties, had travelled to this point along the eastern shores of the channel. It was the farthest point he was able to reach before he was compelled to return to the ships. Five miles farther north, Captain Penny reached a splendid bay, which would suit well for a winter harbour. From an elevation in its neighbourhood, six or eight hundred feet high, nothing could be seen to the northwest but open sea and a watery sky. The coast was bold and led away in a northwest direction. The most distant part of it that could be seen, the discoverer named Cape Sir John Franklin, and it appeared to be a few miles beyond latitude 77° and longitude 100°. Several islands also were seen and duly designated. Before quitting, Captain Penny erected a cairn, and took another view of the expanse of water that was before his eyes. "Oh! to have been here only with my two little vessels," he says, "what could we not have done in the way of search? but I greatly fear, if we had, the missing ships are beyond our reach. That there is a large arctic sea beyond this channel, in which the ice is constantly in motion, there can be no doubt; for where could all the ice have gone to? where does the comparatively fresh driftwood come from? It must be from America or Siberia, and that through a body of drifting ice."

To have proceeded farther with only one week's provisions left would have been foolhardy. But it required a severe struggle to relinquish the search. On the 20th of July they began their return journey, and in fifteen hours they reached the southern shores of the channel they had been exploring, having in that time sailed over eighty miles. From the state of the ice along shore it

was soon found necessary to abandon the boat, and to attempt the journey to the ships by the coast, over a distance of upwards of 100 miles. Abandon Bay, as they called the place where they left the boat, was not far from their old retreat, Disappointment Bay.

There were fresh difficulties now to be encountered. The rivers, whose beds contained nothing two months previously, but ice as hard as the rock, were before the end of July discharging continuous streams into the sea, and were often so swollen after heavy rains that it was difficult to cross them. All the other explorers had already returned to the ships after their hard but fruitless toils, and were filled with anxious fears for the safety of their commander and his seven companions. Two days after abandoning his boat, Captain Penny reached a dépôt of provisions which his fellow officer had laid down in his track. Some days later he found a boat hauled up at the mouth of a large run of water, placed there by the same considerate foresight. By the 25th of July the fears of their friends became quite oppressive, from the winds and violent storms, the rainy, thick, and gloomy weather which had prevailed for some time. At 10 p.m. of this day they were retiring to rest, when a party was observed in the distance. "For a few minutes," says Dr. Sutherland, "we thought it was composed of some of the men, who often, in spite of bad weather and fatigue from their day's work (in ballasting and preparing the ships for their summer voyaging), took an evening excursion to the eastward; but as the party approached, and a telescope was levelled upon it, Captain Penny was recognised. Up went the St. George's or British ensign, and in a few minutes we were among the party. He at once told us he had seen nothing of the missing ships except a bit of elm which might have belonged to them, and that his opinion was they had gone away to the northwestward, far beyond his reach. The men and their commander were drenched to the skin, and most of them had either their toes or heels exposed through their boots to the ice or the rough and sharp-pointed fragments of which the surface of the land is composed, over which they had to perform their weary march for whole days. With his arrival, the last of the travelling parties in search of Sir John Franklin came in, and the same dismal shade which veiled the mysterious fate of our long-lost countryman still remained as it had been when we commenced our travelling."

The sequel is soon told. That the missing expedition had gone by the route recently explored, Captain Penny had no manner of doubt. Still he could not produce sufficiently palpable reasons to convince others to the same extent that he himself believed the fact. But even if it were certain that they had, the question occurred, was it prudent, and would it be of effective service, for him to remain a second winter with only his present resources, for further search? He soon felt that steamers were essential to the accomplishment of anything of importance.

He was thus in a dilemma. "He had on the one hand to contend with the possibility and even the probability that much ought still to be done in search of the missing ships, and on the other hand he saw coming upon his shoulders the

responsibility for the lives of all engaged in both expeditions. Again and again he said that he would neither be responsible for bringing the search to a close, nor for jeopardizing the lives of upwards of 220 men by leading them up the Wellington Channel in the very footsteps, as he believed, of the unfortunate Franklin and his adventurous companions." Accordingly, at an early meeting with Captain Austin, the superior in command of the larger of the two searching expeditions, he proposed a continuation of the search by means of one of the steamers and the "Sophia," so soon as the ice in Wellington Channel should open. But all he could say failed to convince Captain Austin of even the faintest probability that the missing ships had taken that route. The piece of elm was, but in requisition, but in vain. Without Captain Austin's co-operation, Captain Penny's expedition, dried up in its resources, could effect nothing by remaining out a second winter. And thus brave men, who were willing to hazard their lives in the cause of humanity, had no alternative left them but to abandon the hope of rescuing their lost countrymen from the icy wastes and chilly waters of the pole, and return to England. May a happier issue follow the toils and perils of their successors, in an enterprise which the civilized world watches with the throbbing interest of a most painful suspense!

Since the preceding was written, the "Prince Albert" has arrived at Aberdeen. She spent last winter in Batty Bay in Prince Regent's Inlet. The principal result of her voyage is the discovery of a channel, distant 600 miles westward from the ship's winter quarters, opening up a bay by the northern coast of North Somerset. This channel was explored by Mr. Kennedy, the director of the expedition, and a party of men, who walked and sledged it, traversing the north side of Somerset, round by Port Leopold—a journey of not less than 1200 miles. On the return of the "Prince Albert" eastward, Wellington Channel was found open and free from ice as far as the telescope could command. The searching squadron, under Sir E. Belcher, had gone up the channel; and it is the opinion of Mr. Kennedy, and of the officers of the "North Star," whom he saw, that, from the remarkable openness of the season, it would occupy a more advanced position than any of the previous expeditions could reach. Describing the state of this channel to Captain Penny, at Aberdeen, that gentleman expressed his firm conviction that, if the steamers are pushed forward with energy, they might get through at Behring's Straits.

The "Prince Albert" has brought home despatches from Sir E. Belcher, down to the 14th of August. From what Sir Edward has discovered floating down Wellington Channel—remains of whales, bears, and other animal substances—his party have been led to the conclusion, that not only is there food for mankind in that direction, but that the floating portions of whales and bears form the relics of what have been actually consumed by human beings. "Sir E. Belcher," says a morning journalist, "has by this time, most probably, explored the regions pronounced to be accessible by Captain Penny, but injudiciously abandoned, and has thus confirmed the truth of Penny's testimony.

It is fearful to contemplate the consequences of a year's delay in following the track presumed to have been taken by Franklin; as, of course, hopes of effectual succour must be diminished by the year's postponement of that search which Penny so warmly suggested on the spot, and which he so nobly volunteered to undertake on his return to England last autumn." The intelligence thus referred to, still preserves from extinction the hope that at least a remnant of our missing countrymen may yet be discovered and rescued; and moreover encourages the expectation that the long-sought north-west passage will ultimately be effected.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST;

OR, NEVER DESPAIR.

A TALE.

"WHAT a terrible incident!" said I, laying down a letter just received from the north.

"What is it?" asked my aunt Eleanor, without raising her eyes from the newspaper she was reading.

"Do you remember a Mr. Logan whom we met last year in Scotland?"

"Oh yes;—a tall, handsome man, with a very fine expression of face. I remember him well."

"And I think, aunt, you will be as much shocked and surprised at what has occurred as I am. You know that Mr. Logan was one of the managers of a bank. It appears that he has of late been speculating in railroad shares, and that to meet the calls made upon him he appropriated money not his own, hoping to repay it before any discovery could be made. However, it was found that there must be a mistake somewhere—that there was some error—and this was easily traced to Mr. Logan. I believe at the time there was no blame or even suspicion attached to him, but it was deemed desirable to send a clerk with him to his own house, where, he said, he could produce documents which would clear up the whole affair. He left the bank with this man, and they proceeded together through the town and towards his house, which is about two miles beyond the bridge. I dare say you remember that bridge, built so high up because of the swollen stream that rushes through it in the spring; and the rocky bed of the river, which may be seen quite clearly at low water. Well, they reached the bridge, and as they were passing over it Mr. Logan said, 'This is rather a high parapet, is it not?' and yet I should not wonder that with one leg on this side I could rest my other foot on the outer ledge of it."

"I should not wonder, sir," answered the clerk; "you are so very tall."

"I will try," said he; and in an instant his foot rested on the outer ledge. Just one spring, scarcely time for the man to start forward, and there was a splash in the water below, and the body of a man rose to the surface and floated down with the stream. He had struck his head upon a rock, and instant death followed."

"What an awful thing!" said aunt Eleanor. "And to think that a man should thus enter into the presence of his Creator, and cut off from himself also all chance of repairing the wrong which he had inflicted on his fellow-creatures."

"Well, yes," I answered; "but still one cannot help looking with a kind of respect on the man who holds his good name dearer than his life, and thinks that this last is but the setting of a noble stone—valueless when the jewel is gone."

"I don't know what you mean by those fine words," said aunt Eleanor, rather sharply—at least sharply for one who was always so gentle. "Surely the 'good name' you speak of is only an outer and visible sign, and if the latter is wanting the other is valueless. A man is content to lose his honesty and integrity—the foundation of his good name; but he cannot bear that his fellow-men should point at him the finger of scorn and of reproach. God and his own conscience speak to him in vain, but a single whisper from mortal lips is more than he can bear. I should not have thought," she added after a pause, "that Mr. Logan had been one of the worldlings, there was so much of manly courage in his whole bearing; I had believed him capable of higher things."

"Perhaps," said I, "it was a momentary despair which seized him, and then the place, the opportunity—"

"Perhaps it was," she answered; "God knows our own strength is but very feebleness. Yet how much nobler, when a man has fallen into temptation, to seek by God's aid to recover himself than to yield thus to rash despair. Let me tell you, however, as a case in point, a passage in the early history of one whom you well know—your uncle Alfred."

"My uncle Alfred!" I exclaimed; "why, he is the most noble man I ever knew, and the very greatest physician, I should think, in all England. I really don't think he ever could have been guilty of a fault."

"Yes," said Eleanor, "and of one which might have embittered the life of any man of so sensitive a nature as himself. You know that he began his career as apprentice to a chemist in the City, but he was far too active and intelligent to be content with merely mixing drugs and standing behind a counter from morning till night to retail them. He soon busied himself in trying to ascertain the nature of every drug and chemical in the shop, and the effect that was produced by their combination; and then he turned to the customers: he was so quick to understand, so willing to help, and showed such ready sympathy with all trouble and affliction, that he was soon beloved and trusted by all the poor of the neighbourhood. There was one policeman in particular, who said not only that he was cleverer than his master, but that he would much rather trust him than Dr. Squills, who lived in a large house in the next street. And yet neither the policeman, his wife, nor one of his children, had ever entered the shop of Alfred's master when he made this assertion; but the boy had shown that he possessed a brave and tender spirit, and our good policeman took all the rest on trust. I will tell you how this happened. In the middle of one night there was a cry of 'Fire.' Alfred jumped out of bed, and saw the flames rising from a house in an adjacent street. He was quickly dressed and out of doors. Arrived at the scene of the fire, he found there was no chance of saving the house in which it originated, and scarcely any hope for the one adjoining it. This

latter belonged to a poor widow woman, who was standing at some little distance: her frightened children were crying round her, while she gazed vacantly at the flames, which would soon destroy all that she had to depend on for the maintenance of her family and herself. Alfred said a few words to her, but she only shook her head, and turned again to watch the fire. He made his way through the crowd, and asked a fireman whom he knew, what chance there was of saving Mrs. Thompson's house.

"Well!" said the man, "it aint caught yet, but you see it is so hot you can't stand on the roof, else with wet blankets and buckets of water I don't wonder we should save it." But there's ever so many tried, and they can't keep their heads up nohow."

"Let me pass," said Alfred, "and I'll try."

"Sir," said the policeman at the door, "I don't think you'll stand it."

"I mean to try," answered your uncle, and he spoke in such a determined manner that the man took courage and caught him by the arm.

"Just wait a minute and I'll go with you, for really it makes my heart ache to see the poor missus there at the corner."

So they went together, and Alfred proved himself a perfect salamander; but then I do believe the clothes might be burnt off his back before he would move, when he has determined to do a thing and believes it right. At first the heat was most oppressive, and the burning embers fell in showers; but he spread out wet blankets, and poured over them the water which was handed up in buckets; then the policeman came to his assistance: they worked a great part of the night, and by their exertion the house was saved. And it was because of this incident that Williams—that was the name of the policeman—said he would rather any day trust Alfred than his master, or even Dr. Squills. Mrs. Williams was of the same opinion; so, after that, she always went to him for advice and medicine whenever her children were ill; and, what with stomach complaints in the summer, and coughs and colds throughout the winter, he had a good deal of experience with the whole family.

"A few weeks before the time of which I am about to speak, I went to see him, and could not understand the change that seemed to have come over him. He had grown careless and indifferent, and several times I heard him reprimanded by his master for mistakes and omissions; so I said, 'Alfred, life and death are serious matters.' 'Oh,' he answered, 'you girls always make a fuss about everything. If you had made up as many doses of medicine as I have, you would not think so much about them; you are frightened just because you know nothing.'

"It may be so," I replied; "but it seems to me that there is great responsibility attached to your position, and all the more because you are so young."

"Well," he said, "I had just the same feeling until quite lately, but now it has entirely worn off."

"You may be sure that I was much grieved at the change indicated by this conversation, and the more so because, it was decided that Alfred was to be a surgeon instead of a chemist, and my father was trying to make arrangements for cancelling

the indentures which bound him to his master for five years. . However, to proceed with my story : a few weeks after this time Mrs. Williams came into the shop, crying and in great trouble. Her youngest child, a baby of eight or ten months old, who, she said, between her sobs, had never known a day's illness, was now very bad. He was the joy of her heart, and of her husband's too; and all the neighbours said they never remembered to have seen such a beauty; and what she should do if he pined away, and grew weak and sickly like the others, she didn't know. Alfred listened, or half listened, to her story, for he owned he was thinking of something else at the time, and then he mixed an opiate, and told Mrs. Williams to give the child a teaspoonful every two hours. After the first dose he fell asleep, and looked so calm and pretty that the mother's heart was set quite at ease, and she thought, as the medicine seemed so good for him, he should have another dose in an hour and a half. She continued administering it, until baby had taken seven or eight teaspoonfuls, and then she found it impossible to rouse him to take more. She grew alarmed at this, and began tossing him in her arms, and talking and singing to him; but the little limbs were weak and powerless, and the half-opened eyes had no life in them. The poor mother was half dead with fright. She was alone, for it was near eleven o'clock at night, and her husband was out on his beat, and would not be home till morning; so she ran to fetch one of her neighbours, and then, crying bitterly, went to tell Alfred that she thought her child was dying. The chemist himself always went to bed at ten, but your uncle was sitting up to read; and when Mrs. Williams had told her tale, he took the door key and went out with her. His heart misgave him sadly; and when he saw the baby, his worst fears were realized, and he knew there was very little chance that it could live.

"Mrs. Williams," he said, "the medicine I gave you was an opiate, and it was too powerful. You must carry the child about while I run for Dr. Pearson; he may be able to save its life."

"But Dr. Pearson shook his head when he saw the baby, and the poor mother's tears burst out afresh. They tried all remedies, and used every means of arousing him to consciousness; but, at first, in vain. Towards morning, however, their efforts seemed to be succeeding; for he opened his eyes and looked about, and had regained the use of one side. So Dr. Pearson took his leave, and Alfred, who did not wish his master to know that he had been out all night, went with him. On their way home he begged the doctor to visit the child frequently, and do everything for him that lay in his power; adding, 'This is the only reparation I can make for what they must suffer through my carelessness.'

"Poor boy! It was on the evening of the third day from this that he wrote to me, saying he was in great trouble, and that I must go to him. I shall never forget his pale and wretched face. He had been up every night watching with the mother by her child's bedside, and had had no sleep since the day on which she had fetched the fatal medicine; and this, together with the anxiety and remorse to which he had been a prey, was enough to blanch his cheek and make his eyes so hollow

and sunken. I have told you that the child rallied; but it was only for a few hours. It died on the morning of the day on which I saw him.

"O, Nelly!" he said, "if you had been there, that scene would haunt you as it will do me all my life long. All the time little Tom was alive, Mrs. Williams sat sobbing and rocking herself backwards and forwards by his side; but when he died, she was quite still, and did not utter even one moan; but Williams, who had stood watching by the child's side for an hour, fell down upon his face on the floor—fell straight down and never moved."

"Poof fellow!" said Mr. Jones (Alfred's master), taking me aside; "he lays it very much to heart; certainly he is to blame, but this may be a lesson of so great value to him, that in time, perhaps, his friends will not regret it. I suppose you know that there is to be a coroner's inquest the day after to-morrow, and, of course, I am anxious about the decision they will come to. Mrs. Williams was here this afternoon, but I sent Alfred away; he ought not to see her until that is over."

"Did she say anything about him?" I asked.

"Yes; she wanted to tell him that, now her child was dead, and she should never see it again, she could not turn against the young gentleman who had been so kind to her in all her trouble; she was quite sure that he would have done anything in the world to save little Tom, and she couldn't have the heart to stand up and say he'd poisoned him."

"I told her," continued Mr. Jones, "that she must tell the truth, and that would serve him better than anything else; but I am rather afraid of what she may do, for she talks a good deal about our Mrs. Taylor, who says Alfred will certainly be ruined, if not imprisoned or hanged, were the whole truth to come out."

"I was anxious and nervous after this conversation, fearing that these two women, with their mistaken notions of the means of doing good to Alfred, might greatly injure his cause; and I was glad enough when the day came which would decide all. As to him, he seemed indifferent both to the jury and their verdict. 'They cannot,' he said, 'inflict greater pain on me than I have already suffered, and sometimes I think it would be a relief to have a definite punishment assigned me for the crime I have committed,' for in that light his carelessness appeared to him. The inquest was to be held at seven o'clock in the evening, and at half-past six Mr. Jones and I were making our way through narrow dirty streets and alleys, till we came to a court-yard, which we entered, and, turning to the left, we passed down a dark passage and entered a long low room, lighted only at one end. I think it must have been some kind of school-room, for I remember there were raised forms in one part of it. There was also a long deal table, with chairs placed round it; and the room was so narrow that these had to be ranged on each side against the wall.

"After a while voices were heard; there was a great shuffling of feet in the passage; one by one the gentlemen of the jury entered; and last of all came Dr. Pearson, who was honoured with a chair at the top of the table, and placed by the

side of the coroner. As soon as the names were called over and they were all seated, something was said about the body, and they rose and left the room. Mr. Jones told me they had gone to view the body of the dead child, and would not be back for half an hour. 'And now,' he said, 'I shall leave you; for, as I am one of the witnesses, I must not be in the room till I am called for.'

"So I was left alone, save for the presence of one man, who sat on a low form, with his clasped hands between his knees, and his head bent down upon his breast; he raised it once, so that I caught sight of his haggard face, and then I knew that he was little Tom's father. Every now and then a woman or a dirty child peeped into the half-lighted room, and cautiously retreated again; and at last there was once more the sound of voices and of feet; the jurymen returned to their seats, the coroner and Dr. Pearson were at the head of the table, and the first witness was called. This was Mrs. Taylor, the neighbour who had been with Mrs. Williams nearly all the time of her child's illness. She seemed to have a very wild idea of the kind of information she was required to give, and would insist on entering into details of her own domestic life, not at all interesting to the jury. And it was wonderful how, in answering questions that were put to her relative to the deceased child, she managed to introduce an account of the death of her own Mary Ann, and the birth of Sarah Jane, which events took place within three weeks of each other, and not more than two months before the birth of Mrs. Williams' little boy. Then her statement as to the illness of the child was the most incoherent possible.

"I was with him," she said, "on Thursday, and about an hour before he died there came a lump out on the top of his head that fluttered up and down just like a bird, and I said to Mrs. Williams on Tuesday morning, says I, 'You may depend upon it he'll never get over it, for my Mary Ann —'

"But," interrupted one of the jurymen, "I thought you said the child died on Thursday?"

"So he did, sir; but I was speaking of Tuesday, likewise of Wednesday evening, when it seemed to me as how he was sinking fast; but then again, on Monday afternoon, he slept like a lamb; and says I to Mrs. Williams, 'Why, that medicine's a real blessing, and I wish I had a little of it for my Sarah Jane, who's fractious both day and night.'

"Some questions were put to her with respect to the medicine; she said it was in a phial, which was about three parts full, and that when she saw it, it was not half empty, and that the child had never had any more after Mrs. Williams had fetched her, but she believed it had taken altogether about six or eight teaspoonfuls.

"I am making a long story," said aunt Eleanor; "but the whole scene is so distinctly before me, and I hear that woman's voice so plainly, that I do believe I could repeat every word of her evidence. Besides that, I have never spoken of the events of that night to any one save yourself, and I suppose that is the reason why I dwell so long upon and describe so minutely circumstances which you think perhaps might be omitted altogether, or at least passed hurriedly over. But they were all burnt in upon my brain, because I knew that the decision of that night might be a matter of life and death to

your poor grandfather, and could not fail to influence the whole after-life of your uncle."

"Go on, aunt Eleanor," I said; "I am interested in all that you describe. Tell me about the other witnesses."

"The next witness called," continued she, "was Mrs. Williams. She was crying bitterly, and very few questions were put to her, except as to the quantity of medicine in the phial, and the number of times she had given it to the child; and to these she made such strange and contradictory answers, that the coroner shook his head, and looked first at one jurymen, and then at another, and finally said that they would not trouble Mrs. Williams any longer.

"Then came a woman who deposed that two of Mrs. Williams' children had died of water on the brain, and that little Tom had a very large head, but then he had a large body also. And after that Dr. Pearson was called, and he explained how he had been called up late on Monday night to see the child, and had attended it until the day of its death. He had not seen the medicine which was administered to it on Monday morning, but should think it had contained some kind of opiate, in a large enough proportion to prove fatal to the child.

"Did he know what that proportion was?"

"Yes, he had been told by the young man who mixed it, and believed his information was correct."

"Did he believe it would have proved fatal to any child?"

"No, but he would be sorry to prescribe it for any child—though he knew it was often done—more especially for a child he had never seen."

"What quantity did he suppose the child must have taken?"

"Certainly almost the whole contents of the phial. It was all but impossible that a smaller quantity could have caused death."

"There are two witnesses who say that the child did not take one-third part of the contents of the bottle. What are we to understand by this?"

"I cannot say. Mrs. Williams told me she had given the child all that was in the phial."

"After a few more questions, Mr. Jones the chemist was called; and then it was ascertained that he had not mixed the medicine, and knew nothing about it; so his apprentice was sent for. How my heart beat when your uncle's name was spoken, and during the few minutes that elapsed before he came! The jurymen leaned across the table and whispered to each other, while the coroner, seen dimly at the far end of the room, sat silently back in his wooden arm-chair. Williams the policeman, who, as I have said, was seated on a low form near me, took up his hat and began nervously twitching at the brim of it. I scarce remember Alfred's entering the room, as it was the sound of his clear, firm voice that first aroused me and dispersed the fears that were crowding thick upon me. I was sure, from the quiet determination of his voice and manner, that he had heard how the two women had wished to shield him from blame by giving a confused statement about the medicine. He was only sixteen at that time, and not tall for his age; but his face wore a frank honesty of expression, which went straight to the heart of every one who looked on him, and always caused him to be more trusted than those far beyond him in years.

And now he stood up, telling the truth, and the whole truth; and as I looked round the room, I felt that there was not one man who doubted his word. But when he began to speak of the medicine, I saw great drops of perspiration bursting from the forehead of Williams; and when in answer to a question, Alfred said, 'The bottle was quite full when I gave it to Mrs. Williams; and when I next saw her, the child had taken all, except one dose, which was spilled in her attempt to rouse him,' the poor man started forward, and evidently with difficulty refrained from interrupting the witness. The only thing Alfred did not tell was, that he had been up with the mother every night of little Tom's illness. For the rest, he gave his evidence in a clear, straightforward manner, with no attempt either to blame or to exculpate himself."

"When he retired, it was found that there was no further witness to be called; therefore, the 'gentlemen of the jury' were required to deliberate, and return a verdict according to the merits of the case. So they once more began to whisper together, and then Dr. Pearson stood up and said, there was one thing that he thought they ought to be acquainted with, and that was, that the youth whom they had last seen had expressed to him on the Monday previous his intention of defraying the whole expense of his (Dr. Pearson's) attendance on the child, and also that every night after his work at Mr. Jonas's was ended, he had gone to Mrs. Williams and stayed with the child until morning. 'Yes, gentlemen,' said Williams, starting up from his seat, 'and I can tell you, and my wife would tell you if she was only here, what a comfort and a blessing that young gentleman has been to us; and my poor missus says she shall never hold up her head again if harm comes to him through us.' But the coroner shook his head at this interruption, and it was intimated to Williams that he must leave the room, which he did very reluctantly. As, for me, I was sitting in a dark corner, and could not be seen; so I waited, watching anxiously the breaking up and assembling of little groups of three or four jugymen, and the frequent conferences held with Dr. Pearson, and the way in which he stood up with his hand thrust into the front of his waistcoat, and turned first to one and then to another, answering the same question over and over again without the least show of impatience."

"At length, the jury had come to a decision, and the coroner delivered his verdict. I forget the exact words of it, but something about a 'natural death,' and I know that it ended with a caution to Alfred, who was in the room, given in the very kindest possible manner, and accompanied by words of praise for his after conduct. It appeared, I believe, that the child had some tendency to disease irrespective of the medicine. Alfred had not expected this result, and his lips quivered, while his face was quite pale. Dr. Pearson came forward and shook him kindly by the hand, and I found myself, standing, I scarce know how, by his side, with one hand clasped in both of mine."

"'You are his sister,' said Dr. Pearson, turning to me, 'and I am glad to have an opportunity of expressing to you my satisfaction at the way in which this affair has terminated, and the very high esteem in which I hold your brother. It is warm

here; we can all walk home together if you have no objection.' So we went with him to his house, and sat there talking for two or three hours; and it was from the manner in which he pointed out to Alfred the future that lay before him, and the possibility of his so living that his life should be a blessing to all who knew him, that I learned what is the real lesson we ought to learn from the failures or mistakes into which we may be betrayed. They ought to lead us earnestly to beg forgiveness from God, and serve as beacon lights to warn us against future dangers."

"You have indeed convinced me, dear aunt, of the error under which I laboured when I began this conversation. And I am sure if ever, humanly speaking, the past has been repaid by a course of noble action and untiring energy, it has been done by my uncle Alfred. Now I understand how it is that he shows so much gentleness and tenderness towards every sick person whom he sees; and why, though he has seen death in all its most terrible forms; he has never become hardened to the appearance of suffering, but has as much true pity and sympathy for those who are in pain as the most delicate woman, and the very deepest possible feeling of the value and the importance of life; indeed, that is scarcely so much what I mean, as that he seems to look upon all life as sacred."

"My dear," said aunt Eleanor, "he does not look upon it as sacred; it is sacred. But you are right in supposing that he learnt this lesson in his youth, and that it was written in such indelible characters, that after impressions have but strengthened it. So that his early mistake, instead of being the dark spot and the curse of his life, to be brooded over in every hour of depression and to drag him down whenever he dared to hope, has, by the goodness of God, been changed into a positive blessing. Those who despair are ever false to themselves and to their truest interests."

HOME! SWEET HOME! OR, MY LODGING IN LONDON.

I WAS once what has been denominated by very competent authority, "a melancholy spectacle;" that is, I was a man able to work, and willing to work, and unable to procure employment. Melancholy enough I was, that is a sure thing, but the spectacle of my misfortune had no other effect, for all that I could see, upon other people, than to induce them to get rid of me as fast as possible, whenever I offered them my services. I was not a bad workman; nobody that I know of ever gave me that character; but the trade I then followed had fallen into a temporary decline, and there was but little work to be done, and even of that little none came to my share. I lingered a long while in the town where I had served my apprenticeship, and where I had wrought under my master for three years after my term had expired. My master had promised to take me on again so soon as fresh work came in; but all my small savings had gone out before that time arrived. I was foolish enough to keep hanging on till I hadn't money enough left to jingle in my pocket, being reduced to my last shilling. Then I called upon him and asked his advice. He was not a bad master, or a bad

man either, but he had a long family, and I knew well enough that it was as much as he could do at times to make both ends meet. But he was a cheerful-minded man, and always put a good face on the worst that happened, and more especially when things went against his own interest. "Bob," said he, "this is a bad look-out, but things often mend you know when they are at the lowest; I'm thinking you must be off to London, after all, and try your fortune there." "Very good," said I, "but I can't go to London with empty pockets, and if I sell my clothes and tools I sha'n't get work for want of a decent appearance; or if I get it I sha'n't be able to do it." "No," said he, "that won't do; you musn't sell either clothes or tools; you give me a memorandum, and I'll lend you a couple of pounds, and if so be you should be hard up, you can write to me for another." So I gave an (F. O. U. for the money, and thankful I was to my old master when he shook me by the hand, and wished me success and a pleasant journey.

I sent my luggage by the wagon, for there was then no railway from our town, and set off, with a pocket-full of provisions, to walk the fifty odd miles, beginning at ten o'clock at night. It was the middle of summer, and after walking all night I slept for a few hours on a bench by a road-side ale-house, and arrived in Westminster on the evening of the next day, pretty well knocked up by tramping through the dusty road in the hot sun. My first business was to look out for a lodging, and after resting a little while in a coffee-room, I started again on the search. There was no want of "lodgings to let" in the windows, but a few inquiries soon convinced me that what I wanted was not very easy to find. I struck out of the main streets, and began looking about in bye and quiet places, but even here I found the accommodation all too dear to venture upon. At last I hailed a journeyman carpenter returning from work with his basket of tools, and asked him to recommend me to a lodging. When he understood that I could pay for it he was ready enough, and invited me to accompany him to the house where he lodged himself. He led the way, and stopped at the open door of a house at which several people of both sexes were seated, some on the pavement and some in the dark wide passage, talking together and enjoying the coolness of the evening. "This is the landlord," he said, introducing me to a red-faced countrified looking man in a sporting green coat, spotted red neckerchief, corduroys, ribbed stockings, and shoes with bright buckles; "he will talk to you about the lodging:" and so saying he passed on to his own quarters.

The landlord was exceedingly civil, and having understood my wants, and made himself master of my circumstances and prospects by a string of very home questions, which I found it impossible to parry, he called for a light, as it was growing dark, and motioned me to follow him up-stairs. The house was much larger than from its outside I had fancied it was, and contained a great many more rooms than it had ever been intended to contain by the man who first built it. We had mounted four pair of stairs before the landlord stopped, and drawing a key from his pocket, unlocked a black door, not much wider than a clock case, and pushed me into a small closet which had been lately inclosed

from the landing-place, and in which stood a long narrow bed not more than twenty inches in width, a small table, a chair, a washstand, and a corner cupboard, which was to answer the purpose of a chest of drawers. One side of the room was nearly all window, and this looked out upon the leaded gutter between the sloping tiled roofs. If the accommodations were limited, the terms were low, and thinking I could not do better, I struck a bargain at once, and added one more to the household, without having the slightest suspicion how very numerous that household was.

I remained in this lodging-house rather more than three months altogether, and having for the best, or I should say the worst, part of the time, nothing else to do, made myself tolerably well acquainted with the character and circumstances of the inmates, and with the whole history and economy of the swarming establishment; and which I shall now detail as correctly as I can for the benefit of the reader. The landlord was a small jobbing builder by profession; but it is difficult to say what he was *not* in reality. He was a dealer in everything, and was well known among a certain class of petty tradesmen as a buyer of anything that was to be sold by which a profit was to be made, from a house to a horse, the bricks of an old wall or a decayed water-but. He had been brought up in the country, and though he had resided twenty years in London, he yet retained his country garb and spoke as broadly as ever in a West of England dialect. He had a natural genius for turning a penny, and exercised it upon every describable and indescribable species of commodity; but he had no warehouse, and rarely kept anything that he purchased longer than twenty-four hours, turning the goods into cash at once. His knowledge of all the markets in London for every species of rubbish enabled him to do this with certainty, and was probably the secret of his success; and a successful and prosperous man he was.

The main source of his prosperity, however, was the lodging-house, from which he drew a thumping revenue every Monday morning, collecting his rents personally, and giving a receipt in the memorandum books of his lodgers, to each of whom he issued one upon receiving the first week's rent. He was invariably dressed in the costume above described, though he would indulge in a variety of waistcoats of fancy patterns, and covered his head when he went abroad with a new white and shining beaver, with an extra broad green rim. He had bought the house in which he and his little world of tenants resided, when after years of neglect and dilapidation it had been reduced to a mere shell; but with a professional eye he had seen that it was substantially built, and he had refitted the interior to suit his own purpose. He resided, with his wife and two children, on the parlour floor, which he had divided into four rooms, including a kitchen, the only one in the house, where he took all his meals, and where the single-men lodgers might, if they chose, dine with his family on the Sunday, at the charge of tenpence a head, from a plain joint and pudding. The ground or cellar-floor of the house was let off in two departments; the front room, the original kitchen, to a master basket and hamper maker, who employed a good number of hands, many of them blind; the back room to an Italian,

who was at work day and night in the manufacture of plaster casts and images, with which he supplied his travelling compatriots at a cheap rate. Neither basket-maker nor Italian artist, however, was permitted to compromise the respectability of the house by any outward and visible demonstrations of their craft, but pursued their calling in an unobtrusive way, both of them being effectually barred and bolted off from any communication with the world above stairs, they and their workmen entering and departing through the area gate.

The first or drawing-room floor, which in the first place had consisted of but two chambers with three windows in each, had been ingeniously divided into six, with a gallery, lighted by a spur of gas, running between the front and back rooms. These were let off to foreigners of various nations—Germans, French, and Italians—poor but gentlemanly men, who got their living as they best could by giving instruction in languages. They were out all day, but mostly came home at dusk, when they commenced filling the house with the fumes of tobacco, and occasionally, when they were inclined for mirth, with the strains of some patriotic ditty. There could not have been less than ten of them in the whole, and sometimes there would be twice that number of visitors in addition, every man of them foreigners; and when they met together for the purpose of an entertainment, as they sometimes did, the din they contrived to raise amongst them is a thing not easily to be imagined. Our landlord, who was proud of his foreign customers, from no other cause than I am aware of than that he could scarcely understand a word they said, treated them with profound respect and with an indulgence that sometimes gave umbrage to the tenants of the three-pair, who suffered most annoyance from the wild uproar they made. In addition to this indulgence, he did all he could to further their interest by exhibiting in his front parlour window a most elaborate specimen of penmanship, the work of a young Italian up-stairs, announcing to all whom it might concern that translations and correspondence in any of the continental languages were there executed by native professors on the most moderate terms; and further would now and then, when, to use his own expression, he thought one of his band of learned professors looked "particularly down," invite the moustached and melancholy man to partake of his Sunday's dinner, an invitation which was never known to be declined.

The "three-pair," or, as it is called in London parlance, the second floor, contained literally three pairs of rooms, being portioned out exactly as the floor below, though it was much more diversely inhabited. Number seven, the first room to the left, was at once the studio, the dormitory, and the reception room of a portrait painter, who by day shub up his bed in the interior of a cheffonier, against which he placed an easy chair for sitters when he had any, which was but seldom. He spent his time chiefly in the manufacture of madonnas and brigands, in which latter department he was considered remarkably clever. He did me the honour to select my face, having encountered me several times on the stairs, to figure as some celebrated handit whose name I have forgotten, and, having nothing better to do, I sat to him,

and thus became acquainted with his mode of life. I had always considered the occupation of an artist as a sedentary one, but I was disabused on this score by witnessing the actual labours of Mr. Pannel. He never sat down, and what is more never stood still, for the space of a minute at a time. While at work, he was continually advancing and receding before his canvass, like a fencer before an antagonist—coming up cautiously and with bated breath to plant a touch upon cheek or chin, and starting back immediately, as though repelled by an electric shock, to the end of the room; where, shading his eye with his hand, he would make the most horrible grimaces at the picture, and then advance as suddenly again to renew the assault. In this way he had painted himself into a perspiration before I had sat an hour, and was compelled to pause to recover himself. His room was hung round with sketches and half-finished portraits of real or imaginary persons, among which I discovered the landlord, whose broad red face he was working up by degrees in payment of a long-standing arrear of rent; and five or six of the bearded foreigners living on the floor below. Pannel was poor, but not in the least proud; he would put his art in requisition for any honest purpose; he had painted red cows without number for the dairy-shops, groups of trout, roach, and pike for the fishing-tackle makers, transparencies for the illuminating tradesmen at the West-end; and compositions of bread, cheese, butter, and rashers of bacon for the cheap coffee-shops. Besides all this he made innumerable pictures for the auction-rooms, in one of which, by the way, I saw myself knocked down as the celebrated bandit for seven-and-sixpence, within twenty-four hours after the paint was dry. He had further a valuable connection among some low dealers, who employed him in the perpetration of "moonlights," for which they furnished him with canvasses already prepared to the colour of a midnight sky. He could paint one of these a yard square in an hour, and got half-a-crown each for them, taking large and small together. They were of various sizes, but varied very little in pattern, consisting generally of a moon in the middle of the sky, stamped with a button dipped in white paint, a tall black-looking ruin on one side, a blasted tree on the other, and a sheet of water in the middle, in which the reflection of the moon was represented by a score or two of wavy lines of white. In the foreground was a black boat, in which the shadowy figure of a man was seen stooping over the side. These works of art were, at the time I am speaking of, shipped in large quantities to the West Indies, and sold to the emancipated negroes, among whom a taste for art and sentiment had arisen at the dawn of freedom.

THE DOCTOR WHO FORGOT HIS ERRAND.—In the biography of Hannah More, it is related, that when about sixteen, a dangerous illness brought her under the care of Dr. Woodward, a physician of eminence at that day, and distinguished by his correct taste. On one of his visits, being led into conversation with his patient on subjects of literature, he forgot the purpose of his visit in the fascination of her talk, till suddenly recollecting himself, when he was half way down stairs, he cried, "I've actually forgot to ask the girl how she was;" and returned to the room—"How are you to-day, my dear child?"

THE FAMOUS WINE CELLARS OF CHAMPAGNE.

THE cellars of the far-famed wine-stores of Messrs. Moët & Chandon are entered by a flight of steps cut in the chalk rock. They are extremely vast, extending upwards of a mile under the hill, and ramifying into endless labyrinthine passages, lined by vinous walls. They always contain several millions of bottles; and it was curious to contemplate the huge army of long-necked flasks, with their shining silver helmets, each containing a valiant spirit, and to think of the terrible havoc that they would make some day, scattering the brains and good resolutions of man and woman-kind to the winds; that is, presuming they do not come to a premature and inglorious end, "wasting their sweetness," not on the "desert air," but in the humid caverns where they are tenderly laid side by side. Unlike his Lusitanian brother, who mellowed by age, becoming softer and milder as time clothes him with a venerable beard, he, native of glorious Champagne, frequently disdains to have his fizzing spirit pent up within the narrow confines of a bottle, and refusing to bide his time, which might have in store for him the enviable destiny of being pressed by the lips of a blushing ball-room belle, bursts his crystal prison, and sighs his last on the ground of this dreary vault. And it is worthy of note, that as all great deeds are immediately imitated, the example set by a rebellious and hasty champagne flask is by no means lost on the multitudinous tribe that lie around. Pop—pop—fizz—fizz—fizz—fizz—pop—crash—bang; you would imagine all the spirits in the cauldron of the French republic *sociale* of A.D. 18—, leave your readers to add the figures—were let loose; and, believe me, no revolution could strike greater terror into the hearts of Messrs. Moët and Chandon than this rebellion among their bottles. Troops of men, clothed in defensive armour, are sent down to these lower regions to quell the insurrection. I am only stating the truth. For, when the explosions are frequent, and the breakage abundant, the workmen who are despatched to suppress the disturbance, wear wire masks to protect themselves from the broken glass, which is projected shell-fashion with considerable force. So disastrous are these explosions, that I was informed on one memorable occasion upwards of 500,000 bottles were lost before a sufficient quantity of ice could be thrown into the cellars, to lower the high temperature, which caused excessive fermentation. In all years, a certain loss arises from the latter cause, although the greatest care is taken to reject all bottles which are not strong and of uniform thickness. The estimated average of loss from breakage is 20 per cent.; it varies, however, according to the temperature of the seasons, from 5 to 40. All the manufacturing operations are carried on in the absence of daylight. Like miners, they carry a candle with them, and by its light perform their work. Daylight is nowhere admitted into the vaults.

The grapes which are used in the manufacture of champagne wine, are small and very sweet, and not gathered until they are perfectly ripe. Few sights are more beautiful than an abundant vintage, when a cloudless sky smiles upon the merriest harvest of the year, and the golden vineyards are peopled with pea-ants, happy because the weather is fine and the vintage is good. Then are the roads full of fine donkeys, bearing heaps of luscious grapes to the straining wine-presses. The juice remains in the cask for about four months, when it is bottled. Now commences a series of very delicate operations. Each bottle is placed, with its neck downwards, in long racks, having holes cut for the purpose, and it is shaken occasionally, in order to detach the sediment from the sides, and to cause it to subside into the neck. When this effect is produced, the wire retaining the cork is cut, and the cork and sediment are driven out by the carbonic acid gas. The greatest dexterity is required on the part of the workman to get rid of the sediment without wasting the wine. The bottle is then filled up with pure wine, resealed and restacked. This operation is termed *disgorging*, and it is repeated until no sediment remains. On the last occasion, the wine receives a dose of liqueur, which is prepared with great care, and is perfectly pure. It consists of sugar-candy dissolved in white wine, for ordinary champagne, and red wine for pink. But, from the information that I received, I apprehend that, for the English market, a

petit soupon of brandy is added, the English palate being spoiled by strong brandied wines. The champagne exported to Russia, and that kept for home consumption, is perfectly pure. Formerly, the final operations of corking, wiring, and capping the bottles, was tedious and expensive, as each bottle had to pass through several hands. Now, a most ingenious machine, by the simple depression of a lever, effects the work, and in a much more efficacious manner than heretofore. The greatest care is taken to select good corks, and it may convey some idea of the gigantic nature of Messrs. Moët's concern, when it is stated that 7000*l.* per annum is paid for corks alone. They are subjected to immense pressure before being introduced into the neck of the bottle. This line—represents the diameter of the corks before they are compressed.

The average quantity of genuine champagne annually produced is said to exceed fifty millions of bottles, a quantity, however, quite insufficient to meet the public demand, as the great numbers of establishments for the production of spurious champagne attest. I have heard it stated, on good authority, that in one establishment alone, upwards of 500,000 bottles of so-called champagne, made principally from the stalks of the rhubarb, are annually sold. Some idea may be formed of the relative consumption of real champagne, by different countries, from the following return of the sales in 1843 of the department of the Marne. The total quantity amounted to 2,689,000 bottles, which were thus distributed: England and British India, 467,000; Russia and Poland, 502,000; Germany, including Prussia and the Austrian dominions, 439,000; United States of America and the West Indies, 400,000; Italy, 60,000; Belgium, 56,000; Holland, 30,000; Sweden and Denmark, 30,000; Switzerland, 30,000; South America, 30,000; Spain and Portugal, 20,000; Turkey, 5,000; and France, 920,000 bottles. —*Literary Gazette.*

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUTH.

GERON, an old man of eighty years, was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling, enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eye rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward, like the smoke of burnt-offerings, and now upon his nurlful grandchildren, who were sporting around him.

A youth from the city approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him. When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance. Whereupon he asked the old man, when it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life.

Geron answered:—"My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them."

Having uttered these words, the old man arose, and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart.

Then the old man spoke:—"Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age."

The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.—*Krummacher.*

A *SPLASH THOUGHT*.—It has been observed, with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born to-day, which may never die! Feelings may be awakened to-day, which may never be extinguished. Hope may be excited to-day, which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

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THE PERSECUTED SELLING SLIMS AN ASYLUM IN THE HOUSE OF SIMON VON CRUTER.

IIANS THE STRANGER.

PART I.

THE district of "Delft" has been for ages esteemed at once the most fertile and the most perilously situated portion of southern Holland. The country,

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flat as a household floor, lies so near the level of the North Sea, that but for the dykes and sluices, which protect the coast like a line of fortifications, it must be submerged at every flood-tide. The rich loamy soil, nevertheless, amply repays

cultivation; the Mense, its only river, flows slowly through luxuriant pastures, where the great Flemish cattle, in great numbers, to defend them from gnats and other insects, graze at ease, by fields of bending corn and laden orchards, interspersed with villages, hamlets, and farm-houses. Almost in the centre stands the old town of Delft, famous for a peal of a thousand bells, for the tomb of a Prince of Orange assassinated long ago, and for having given its name to the common potteware of England.

Town and country have changed but little in appearance since the year 1620, when a broad marsh at the foot of the Sleidar Dyke, now covered with rank weeds and mossy ruins, where the wild cranes build in summer time, was occupied by the fields and homesteads of Adam Ausler and Simon Von Gruter. Adam said that his family was one of the eldest in the province, and could reckon a burgomaster of Delft among its early branches; better than that, Adam himself was well reputed as a kindly neighbour and an honest man, faithful in every relation of life according to his knowledge, and somewhat over-proud and careful of his credit in worldly matters. Adam's father had owned the same farm and was thought a flourishing man, but his wife died early of consumption—the scourge of southern Holland—and he was cut off by a fever in the prime of his days, leaving to his eldest son, Adam, the charge of providing for seven brothers and sisters. Justly and successfully had Adam fulfilled that trust. His four sisters were all creditably married, and his three brothers settled in trades at Delft; and when all was fairly done, he and his old sweetheart, Mauricene Heslick, who had waited for him fifteen years, wedded and established themselves in the old farm-house.

Nobody knew it, but the farm was a poor possession after portioning off the seven. There were debts upon it which Mauricene's dowry was not sufficient to pay; and the pair, already in middle life, had need of all their industry and prudence to support appearances on the impoverished acres. Things were different with their neighbour, Simon Von Gruter, who had inherited a farm twice the size of Adam's, clear of all encumbrance, from a childless uncle. He had married the daughter of a wealthy burgher of Delft, who, besides her large dowry, had city connexions which gave Simon additional importance in the eyes of his country neighbours. As years went on, the difference in those two farmers' fortunes increased. Simon had two sons, who grew up robust young men, and helped to look after the farm. Numerous and well-to-do relations gathered to harvest field or festive board at his call, with that respect and zeal which generally follow the prosperous, even among their kindred. His cattle multiplied, his money increased, and Delftland reckoned him among its rich men. Meanwhile, Adam's home remained childless. His own and his helpmate's hairs were whitening fast. Of the brothers and sisters he had portioned with so much care and pains, the most promising and thrifty had died away one after another, for their mother's disease was in the family, and those who remained were necessitous, not over provident, and burdened with many children. Their claims on Adam had been frequent, and rarely refused; the farm, encumbered

as it was, did not prosper. Adam's anxiety to conceal his poverty went beyond real prudence at times. His fields were not tilled as they should have been; and one hard winter he was obliged to sell the greater part of his cattle (a Dutch farmer's chief dependence) at ruinously low prices, because the supply was insufficient in his granary. After that his neighbours began to see how things were going; for, to replace the stock in the following spring, Adam was obliged to mortgage half his father's land to Simon Von Gruter, who had now begun to add house to house and field to field in that fashion.

The commerce with the far east, which so greatly enriched Holland in the seventeenth century, was at this period rapidly growing, and hemp for shipping purposes brought large returns to the husbandmen on the low grounds of Delftland. In hopes of retrieving his affairs by one profitable crop, Adam put all the means he could muster in requisition to sow his remaining fields with hemp; but the hopes of this world have many a sword suspended over them. The summer proved dry, the seed was defective, and Adam's crop dwindled away and died. At the beginning of autumn, a pestilence broke out among the cattle. There were few farmers in the province who did not lose some, but Adam's stock perished utterly.

It was a harvest-day, such as comes to the low countries ramparted from the German sea; the sun shone faintly through a thin floating haze, which there was not a breeze to break on the ripe corn, standing still and tall over the level land. On the green meadows, by the broad canals, and in the old-fashioned neatness of the Dutch farmers' homesteads, servant and master, burgher and husbandman, were within doors at the mid-day meal, for it was noon; but Adam Ausler stood alone under the great poplar-tree that overshadowed his dwelling. His musings were sad, for he was looking on his own fields, now bare and blighted. Amid the riches of the harvest, he had nothing to gather in but the fruit of his orchard, and it was not abundant that season. There was not a single cow remaining, and no provision for the long cold winter. Worse than all, Adam felt that his poverty must be known, and he had nearly determined to sell the old house and fields, and remove to some distant village, where he might live and labour ar from the sight of those who remembered his former fortunes. Then his eye fell on the mortgaged fields. They were covered with the ripe corn and thriving cattle of Simon Von Gruter, and the man took to comparing what he called his fortunes with those of his prosperous neighbour. How lucky Simon had been! no orphan brothers and sisters were left on his hands to portion. His wife had brought him a great dowry; his sons had grown up to be his help and comfort; his relations were all rich and respectable about him. Thus far all things stood in fair contrast to his own lot; but, in the short-sightedness of human reckoning, Adam overlooked one treasure which enriched his poor state beyond all Simon's wealth, and that was his wife.

Mauricene Heslick was to the common eye a pallid, worn woman, on whom hard work and weak health had brought age before the time, though still comely to see from her meek and cheerful

aspect; a simple woman, moreover, and of small account among her neighbours; but she had sought and found, through many trials, the wisdom that cometh from above. The early resting-places of the woman's heart had been troubled. Her mother died when she was young, and a stranger took her place at hearth and board. Her brothers and sisters had married and scattered away, while she waited for Adam Anslar, with an affection that endured unfiringly the chance and change of fifteen years. When at length they came to bear life's burden together, Adam too was weighed in the balance and found wanting. His pride was poorer than she had supposed. His temper did not stand disappointment and adversity so well as she had once believed it would; and shaken out of every earthly trust, her soul at last cast anchor within the veil, and learned to lay up the treasure of its hopes in heaven. Cheerfully and easily as one on the way to an eternal inheritance did she bear the troubles that beset them; strengthening by word and deed and daily life the less constant spirit of her husband. For years it had been her hope and prayer that he too might be taught the things that belonged to his peace, and that they might behold the promised land together from some Pisgah of their latter days; for though a good and honest man in the ordinary acceptation, though just in all his dealings, and a member of the Reformed church of Holland, Adam Anslar was not a heartfelt and practical Christian. Hence he saw no rainbow in the clouds that darkened overhead; and having built only on the sands of this world, the ruin of his house was great.

"Unlucky, besides, I have been!" muttered he, closing his discontented summary; when a kindly hand was laid on his shoulder, and his wife said:—

"Adam, dear, the day wanes, and our dinner is spread within."

"Let it wane," said the man, moodily. "There are few more days or dinners for us here;" and he pointed to the blighted fields.

"The Lord of the harvest will provide for us," said Mauricene; "and it may be, Adam, that this is but a trial of our faith."

"As if we hadn't had trials enough already," grumbled Adam. "Just look at our neighbour Simon. What is he better than us?"

"Dear husband," said Mauricene, "he may be tried in another fashion; and what are we better than many on whom greater misfortunes have fallen? These things are God's doing; let us trust in his wisdom and do the best we can, for nothing in this world is certain."

"Well, wife, it is pretty certain that we have no provisions for the winter, anyway," said the half-angry Adam. "I had hoped to live and die here as my father did, but that can't be;" and he proceeded to unfold his scheme of sale and removal.

"If you think it best, we will rise and go," said the meek Mauricene; "but, Adam, would it not be wiser to mortgage the rest of the land to Simon, all but the orchard and our little meadow? We could live very well on that, with a cow and some winter stores, which the mortgage money would buy; old Simon would be glad of your help, and Dame Gruter has said as much as wishing me to manage her dairy. We could keep our own house

still; it would be a shelter for our old age, and, with the help of God, you might save something to redeem your father's land."

The thought of serving his old neighbour was at first too much for Adam's pride; but he had a large stock of worldly prudence, and the more he thought and reasoned upon it, the more evident became the wisdom of his wife's proposal. Besides, there was a vague hope of regaining his farm, at which the man caught, and at length it was agreed that the pair should proceed to arrange matters with old Simon, when the work of the harvest-day was over, and such a great and busy man might have time to talk with his poor neighbours.

The brief autumn twilight, which in Holland falls like a sudden mist, was brightened by the ruddy blaze of the evening fire, glancing through half-open door and windows, which Adam and his wife came on their humble errand to the dwelling of Simon Von Gruter. It stood in the midst of great green meadows, and was built in the fashion most approved by wealthy Dutch farmers at that period, of two stories, long and narrow, yet occupying an ample space, for the family apartments were in the front of the lower or ground story, while every domestic office, from scullery to cow-house, was included in the rear. The second floor was the granary, in which all the produce of farm, orchard, and dairy, for sale or family consumption, was stored up. Without, the timber walls of the mansion were painted in alternate and precisely measured squares of dark red and white. The pointed gables and high sloping roof were ornamented with great and curious sea-shells at eave and summit; the small windows were of lattice-work, thin polished horn or coloured glass, according to the order of apartment to which they belonged. There was an ample farm and haggard behind, one within the other, but secured only by low walls and wooden gates, for trespass and robbery were scarcely known in Delfland. In front was a court with two poplar-trees, in which the tame storks roosted; a basin-like well, bordered with red and white tiles; and a broad walk, covered with white sand and small glistening sea-shells, led to the principal door, over which the upper story projected, forming a species of verandah with well-scoured wooden seats in it. Close by, an outside stair led up to the granary, but it was kept in a state of perpetual polish, for only the master and dame had the right of ascending that stair, there being another at the back for the more common purposes and people of the household. There were sounds of merry voices and spinning-wheels within, and Adam perceived at the courtyard gate Dame Von Gruter's confidential maid Perrette, in her white apron and scarlet petticoat, gazing wistfully along the Delft-road. As they drew nearer the girl retired, as if unwilling to be seen, took up her full picher which stood beside the well, and hurried in before them. The door of the great kitchen, which was the principal apartment in the rural homes of Holland, stood ajar; a bright wood-fire blazed in the wide chimney, and a tall pillar-like candlestick, with a flaming torch in each of its three branches, stood in the centre. Everything there, from the polished tile floor, inlaid with pieces of many colours about the hearth, to the long lines of tin and pewter

ware which, on all manner of pins and shelves, covered the snow-white walls, declared the oversight and industry of the active dame. There were evidences, too, of trade with far-off lands; the broad chimney-piece was covered with great ostrich eggs, painted cocoa-nut shells, and strange vessels of porcelain; the large Dutch clock had a case of ebony, and a Japanese cabinet stood in the opposite corner. Supper was over, but no time was ever lost in Von Gruter's house; at one side of the fire sat the two maids and the harvest women, some spinning, others knitting under the special superintendence of the dame, whose own fingers also plied the wires; at the other side all the men-servants were busy on ropes, baskets, and matting, the eldest son, Philip, leading their operations, while Simon himself smoked in great state on his accustomed seat within the chimney. The Anslers were received graciously by Simon and his wife, who guessed their errand and had long hoped to secure their farm and services.

They were a money-getting, money-saving pair. Simon was keen in bargain or speculation, huffed to hoard and anxious to gain. The dame had a mighty esteem of her own rank, riches, and house-keeping; but beyond these, her fifty and her husband's five-and-fifty years had passed without thought or endeavour, except that Simon had a strong taste for polemics, and prided himself on his orthodoxy, which he thought became a rich man. The expected proposal was not long under discussion, though Simon made some demur regarding the orchard and meadow, which he wanted also, and reduced the mortgage money considerably below Adam's estimate; the farmer was on the whole pleased to have his honest old neighbour for a sort of upper servant, and Dame Von Gruter promised herself great things from Mauricene's experience and willing hand in the dairy. Matters were thus arranged, but Adam still sat talking with old Simon on the state of the harvest, while Mauricene heard from the dame a full account of all the cheeses she had made that year, when, with a low knock at the still open door, to which Perrette's eyes kept constantly turning, there stepped in, evidently much to the maid's disappointment, a ragged way-worn man, who bowed low to the master of the house, and inquired, in an accent unusual with Delfland peasants, if he wanted a man to help in the harvest work?

"I am not sure," said Simon, who had been complaining of the scarcity of labourers. "What wages would you expect?"

"I am poor, and a stranger in this province," said the traveller. "Give me what you think sufficient for my work, and I will stay with you all the winter."

"Well, friend," said Simon, taking a long whiff, while his eye twinkled in prospect of a good bargain, "that's just your winter's victuals: we don't much like strangers in these parts; but as it's right to be charitable, you may sleep in the back granary and have your meals as long as you work honestly."

The stranger, who indeed seemed civilly satisfied, agreed to these conditions, saying, at the same time, that he was hungry and had travelled far. The second maid, Sybil, at the bidding of her mistress, rose to get him some remnant of the

supper, when the door again opened, and his parents welcomed their youngest and favourite son Hatto, from a visit to his uncle at Delft.

Perrette also welcomed him with extraordinary joy, and flew to prepare his supper; and the young man, carelessly greeting his brother and the Anslers, seated himself by the fire.

"What news, Hatto?" inquired old Simon.

"Not much," replied his son. "They talk of nothing at Delft but the heretic Skelling. He has made his escape from the castle of Leyden, where they shut him up for life, and has been preaching through all the east country. The stadtholder has set the price of twenty thousand guilders on his head; and some say he has gone northward to hide in Friesland."

"I hope the wretch will be taken," said Simon. "These Arminians are the plague of our country."

Reader! in those days the protestant churches had cast off the supremacy and superstition, but not the persecuting spirit, of Rome. A bigot zeal for abstruse and difficult doctrines too often forgot or superseded the practical teachings of the gospel. Almost since the Reformation, Holland had been divided by a fierce dispute on the mysterious subject of divine fore-knowledge and decrees. On that, numerous volumes had been written, and bitter controversies carried on, till at the famous synod of Dort, about two years before the period of our story, the Arminians were denounced as heretics, and the sword of justice invoked to extirpate their creed and people from the land. These men were persecuted, instead of being won over by the mild voice of affection and charity. Doubtless the suffering sect were not free from faults: in some points too, perhaps, their views were not, some may think, free from a tinge of error: but there were learned and pious men among them, one of whom was the noted preacher Skelling. For years he had laboured in the rich and trading city of Amsterdam, insisting not so much on his own peculiar doctrines, as on "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come;" but he rebuked with more zeal than prudence the vices of individuals in power, and was in consequence arrested as a heretic, tried, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Leyden. The news of his escape was unpleasant to Simon Von Gruter, for he was one of that class, still too common under all forms of faith, who made orthodoxy a substitute for heartfelt religion. Moreover, Simon was not a little proud of his controversial knowledge: it was the only diversion he allowed himself from the service of Mammon, and all who differed from the church in which he had been a deacon for the last seven years were regarded as his natural enemies. His household understood this, and the preacher's escape was freely commented on; but the days were dark, and all spoke in the master's vein except the tired stranger, who ate his supper in humble silence, and Mauricene, who reminded them that Christ forbade his disciples to use the sword, and said his kingdom was not of this world; whereon Simon remarked in wrath that such matters were beyond the comprehension of women, an opinion in which Adam Anslar freely concurred, for he was in the habit of thinking that his wife had too much religion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAY AT A COTTON MILL.

ABOUT five miles from Huddersfield, in a valley at the foot of the backbone mountains of England, stand the Meltham Cotton Mills, the village of Meltham being half a mile higher up, upon the very edge of the wild moorlands which stretch, with little interruption, from thence into North Britain. The scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of the mills is very varied, and presents many features of woodland beauty, which are heightened by the contrast of the black and savage moors, which come sweeping down to them from the neighbouring hills. The valley is well cultivated, blooming with corn-fields and rich pastures, and made merry with babbling brooks and the song of birds. All the region round about the mills, and, indeed, for many miles round Huddersfield, has been reclaimed within the last sixty years. Manufacturing enterprise has changed the entire face of the country, and seated its large human population upon lands formerly covered with bog and heather, and inhabited only by grouse, and the weird fires over which Will-o'-the-wisp presided as king. Factories have sprung up, outrivalling the stories of eastern palaces and oriental splendours which many of us loved to read in our youthful days;—factories, shooting up skyward, lighted by innumerable windows, range above range, and containing within their wondrous, such as the eastern world never dreamed of in its wildest flights of fancy; machinery, doing the work of men without hands or feet; making broad-cloths and cotton fabrics, silk and fancy goods, to clothe the naked backs in all quarters of the globe; whilst thousands of men, women, and children have little else to do but superintend its operations.

Nearly the whole of the population of the village of Meltham, and its environs for several miles, is employed in the Meltham Mills. These mills consist of an enormous pile of buildings, which stretch their huge length along the valley, and have a very imposing appearance as you come suddenly down upon them from the "Isle of Syke," and those vast moorlands, before alluded to, which lie on the plateaux of the adjacent hills. There is nothing flimsy and weak about them; all is solid and massy, as if they were erected, like the old Saxon castles, to endure for ages. One magnificent chimney shoots up in the foreground, high above them, the top of which is visible at a great distance. A beautiful church, founded and endowed by Joseph Brook, esq., deceased, who was one of the most gentle and beneficent of men, stands on the slope of a hill, as you enter the village, not far from the noble hall, and almost within the precincts of the park, where one of the proprietors of the mills resides. The parsonage-house, surrounded by trees, and overlooking the valley, is situated within a short distance of the church, and a handsome school-house not far off—where the children belonging to the mills are educated—complete the external features of Meltham Mills, and the neighbourhood.

We will now conduct the reader through the mills themselves; and that he may have as clear an idea as we can convey of the process which the raw cotton undergoes before it is finished on the spools, we will commence at the COTTON STORE, that is, the room where the cotton is stowed in bales as it

comes from the plantations. We will then follow it through all the stages of manufacture, until the process is completed.

Imagine, then, a large room, in the lower part of the mill, filled with these long and tightly-packed bales, the growths of the southern states of America, of the West Indies, and of romantic Egypt. In those remote regions, sundered by prodigious distances, hundreds of slaves have toiled under burning suns to produce this cotton, that hundreds of freeborn men might convert it into threads at Meltham Mills! And here it is at last, stowed carefully away for this purpose, after witnessing many painful scenes where it was grown, and enduring many stormy tossings during its voyage, which, if all could be written in detail, would make the cotton manufacture the saddest of histories. Let us examine, however, some of the bales, and think as little as possible of their antecedents. See, here is a specimen of Egyptian produce, and a very poor material it is. Take hold of it, and pull it to pieces. Do you not see how short the fibre is, and how full of dirt, chips, and gins, is the whole batch! It seems impossible ever to convert it into twist fit for the delicate fingers of a fair lady to handle; and yet I have no doubt it can and will be done. We shall see by what process hereafter. In the meanwhile let us try another bale. Here is a handful of what is called "Sea Island Cotton," and what a contrast it presents to the other! Mark how beautifully white it is, and how fine, long, and silky is the fibre. This is the prince of all cottons, and the material which is chiefly used in the mills. You see, however, that it is not free from many admixtures of dirt and chips; and now we will witness, in another room, the process by which it is cleaned.

Observe that curious machine, which those men and boys are feeding with the dirty cotton; samples of which we have just seen. It contains two *eight cutters*, or blades, which revolve 1600 times per minute, and the cotton is fed into these, and held fast by two pairs of rollers, the blades striking against it at such a distance as enables them to open up the cotton, and separate the large chips and foreign substances which are mixed with its fibres, and these fall to the bottom of the machine; the cotton, thus partially freed from its encumbrances, is now carried forward to another roller, and undergoes a further cleansing, until it is finally driven down into a great basket at the end of the machine, and carried off to receive a more complete and satisfactory dressing. This is the first process in the manufacture. And now mark that, although vast quantities of this dirty, dusty cotton are constantly subject to this operation of cleaning, there is neither dust nor dirt in the room. The air is quite clear and healthy. Where, then, does the refuse go? By a very simple and beautiful contrivance, it is all driven up a pair of tunnels, running from the machine into a cylinder placed in the roof, and is carried thence into a chimney outside the building. This is effected by means of a very ingenious contrivance of fans, which has saved many thousands from premature graves; the process of cotton dressing being formerly as inimical to human life as the trade of the Sheffield grinders.

Let us now go to another machine, and witness the second process of cleaning, which consists in

taking out all the small nips and shorts from the long cotton. This operation is performed pretty much in the same manner as the former, the cotton being fed in by rollers, and placed upon huge cylinders or combs, by a series of cylindrical brushes; the combs are then carried round one by one, and brought under the action of a *beater*, holding fast all the long fibres, whilst the *beater* frees them from the shorts, when they are stripped off on the other side, to be ready for further use. This machine answers the same purpose as the *combing machine* used for wool.

We now come to the *blowing machine*, where we see numbers of men engaged in subjecting the cotton to a third process, similar to that which it underwent in the first machine, only this blowing Boreas being much larger and finer set, the opening is more minutely done. The cotton is now delivered, you will observe, in the form of a *web*, and wrapped round a roller, freed from most of the dross that was originally mixed with it. The rollers are then carried to another machine, where they are doubled three together, and passing through another eight *catcher*, are again formed into a web, and wrapped round a roller, being made by this process as even in every square inch as possible, so that they will fill the card equally without choking it. See what piles of these rollers stand there, in their white jackets, ready to be carried to the *card room*; and from thence to be doubled upwards of thirty-five millions of times, and twisted and twirled by remorseless spindles, before they have been tortured into twist, and made ready for the market. Let us follow them.

Open that door in the side wall; but be careful, or you will tumble down—down thirty feet below. What see you there? A square tube, running from top to bottom of the mills, with a moveable floor exactly fitting it, which rises or falls as required by means of ropes and pulleys. See, the floor is now far down below where we are standing. Give the signal. Lo! up it rises, with a man to direct its movements. Now it is on a level with us. We step upon it, and in a few seconds are carried to the *card room*.

What a strange and wonderful sight bursts upon us! The room runs the whole length of the building, and is full of machinery, which really looks alive, and seems as if it could talk. What a roar of wheels and humming of spindles salute the ear! and how complicated is the work going on here! Yet all is accurately and beautifully done, without confusion, without rest or haste. Hundreds of hands, most of them girls from fourteen to twenty, are busily engaged in their several departments, watching the machinery, feeding it, and instantly joining the broken ends of cotton. Not a moment is lost; every eye is vigilant, every hand active. Let us see now what they are doing with the cotton rollers, specimens of which we saw below.

The machine to which they are now put is called a *breaker*; it consists of rapid rollers, and a large cylinder covered with card sheets, with moveable tops. These sheets contain thousands of sharp iron teeth, so nicely and accurately set that they catch every fibre of cotton, and separate them from film, laying them longitudinally to each other. A smaller cylinder of the same description is placed

in front of the large one, and set so close to it that it draws away the cotton in regular proportions as fast as it is fed into the machine. It is finally drawn away from this cylinder by means of a comb, and delivered in a long tin case, in beautifully white streams about two inches wide. It is then carried to the *lip machine*. From twelve to twenty-four cans are placed behind a pair of rollers kept down by levers and weights; and the cotton is spread out like the warp of a web, and rolled firmly upon another roller, in order to go through another process of carding, called *finishing*. The finishing cards contain about 700 teeth, or points, to every square inch, and the fibres are here thoroughly and finally separated. They are then carried off in a long thin web through the delivering roller into another pair of rollers, when each inch of cotton is drawn into lengths of two inches, uniformly from end to end. The cans are all filled with these long streams, which have been delivered into them by the *finisher*; and here, close at hand, is another machine ready to receive them. This is called the *drawing frame*, and you will observe that it contains four separate divisions, each alike. Six of the cans are placed against the *frame*, and six ends, one for each can, are put into the backmost roller in the first division. You will notice that there are four rollers in all, at small distances from one another, each of them, from the back to the front, going round a little quicker than its neighbour; so that the front roller will revolve six times for one revolution of the back roller. The consequence is, that every inch of cotton taken in by the back roller is drawn into six inches by the front roller; so that the six ends put in behind come out in the form of one end in front, of the same thickness and weight as each of the six ends; or, in other words, as one single end, as it came from the cards. This process is carried on through all the four divisions; and after passing through them all, and being doubled 180,624 times, the cotton is still of the same thickness and weight as it was at the beginning of the doubling and drawing operation.

But mark what a change has taken place in its appearance. When it was put into the cards it was coarse and rough, with the fibres pointing in all directions; but now it has assumed the lustrous appearance of silk, every fibre lying smooth, and straight, and all in the same direction. It is now in a fit state for further operations. You will observe that it is in one endless length, but still thick enough to bear its own weight. Now before it can be drawn much finer, some means must be adopted to make the fibres hold together. In its present state, there will be about 100 yards to the pound; but it cannot be drawn out to eight or ten hundred yards unless some means can be devised to make it hold together. How then is this to be accomplished? Let us go forward to the *slubbing frame*, and the difficulty will be solved.

A row of cans stands behind it, filled with cotton in the state we have described above. The *frame* has three lines of rollers for the purpose of drawing the riband, or stream of cotton, out into a "roving." A series of "flyers" is also fixed upon revolving spindles, with *bobbins* upon these spindles to receive the rovings. As the cotton is delivered from the front rollers, it passes through the flyers, and is wound round the bobbins, receiving at the

same time its proportionate quantity of *twist* by the revolution of the flyers. The bobbins are regularly carried up and down by mechanical contrivance, so that the rovings are uniformly laid from end to end of the bobbins, at equal distances to suit their diameters.

Take a bobbin from the frame, and examine it. It is so soft that you can press it flat with your fingers; but it is so equal and level, that every part of it contains nearly the same number of fibres! And now listen to this astounding fact. The roving on this bobbin has been doubled 746,496 times since it left the *bag*, and it is eight times smaller than when it left the *cards*. You will see that there is no more *twist* put upon it than is just necessary to keep it from separating, and straining its parts by its own weight; and this twist is the sole secret of keeping it together, which was the difficulty that startled us, when it left the *finishing* machine. It is now about one *hank*, or 840 yards to the pound.

The bobbins are now taken forward, and put through a similar machine to the last, but smaller and finer in its parts. As the rovings are getting finer, the bobbins are made lighter, and smaller in proportion. The rovings undergo here another doubling, two of them being made into one, which is then drawn out by rollers four times longer than the former; and after this process is accomplished, it is put through a third and fourth, growing finer and finer as it advances, until it passes through the last frame in the card room, when every pound is made into thirty hanks, containing 25,200 yards of roving, which has now been doubled no less than 3,981,312 times!

It is now ready for being spun into fine yarns, and we must follow it, therefore, from the card room to the spinning room. As it is too much of a toil to climb the long range of steps to the next room above, suppose we mount the "*hoist*" again, and make the steam horse pull us up. So here we are in a room filled with *spinning-jennies*. These machines differ considerably from the former, as the yarns are here finished, and receive all the twist necessary to fit them for any purpose they may be wished to be applied to. The "*rovings*" are here also doubled into the rollers, and drawn out, to ten times their original length. They are built upon spindles, and then doffed off by the hand of the spinner. It is scarcely fifty years since yarns were spun only by hand, one thread at a time; but now one man, assisted by three boys, can keep 1200 or 2000 spindles going at once, each spindle producing a thread! Look at those before you: how smooth they are! how level! the fibres all twisted firmly together, making the thread strong and elastic. Here is a cap finished, and just taken off the spindle. It is solid and hard, containing 3000 yards of yarn, and weighs about one-third of an ounce!

The most wonderful, however, of all the machines in these wonderful mills is the *self-acting spinning-jenny*, which performs all the operations alluded to above without any help from the hand of man. We must look at it, and so mount our steam horse again, and rise to the next room. There it is at full work, no one helping it—the dumb machine doing as it were both the thinking and the labour. How cunningly it is devised! how admirably it

performs its duties! It never makes a mistake, and is never wearied; but continues to work all day long in the same precise, accurate, and methodical manner. It has taken twenty long years of thought and toil to bring it to the state in which you behold it. All the motions are performed with an exactitude that no manual labour can equal. The yarn is spun, twisted, and rolled on the spindle; the cap is built in its proper form; and all these operations are carried on by the agency of that shaft which you see, and its dependencies.

Let us now follow the caps to another part of the works. Look you, here is a large iron chest, or rather a great cistern, piled with baskets full of them. What is going to be done with them now? We shall see. The doors are suddenly closed, and the cistern is thus made air-tight. A man near by turns a tap, and there is forthwith a rushing and roaring of steam as it penetrates into the cistern, and through every fibre of the yarns, softening and moistening them, so that they will not double up and kink when they are made into twist. They are now taken out, and are ready for winding on the bobbins, whilst they are yet warm and moist. We shall not, however, pause to describe this process. One hundred bobbins are filled at once, each of the same length, when they are doffed off by the girls and put into a basket to be further dealt with. The operations seem endless, and no one would imagine that it required so much trouble and skill to make a spool of cotton. There is no time for reflection, however, and we are hurried along by the never-ceasing machinery to the next process, by which the yarn is turned into thread.

This is carried on in a large room, containing 12,000 spindles, which are superintended by young girls, whose pleasing faces, picturesque dresses, and active movements, increase the animation of the scene.

After undergoing this process, the bobbins are carried to the *winding room*, to be made into *hanks*, which is done as follows. The machine consists of a long-spoked cylinder, fifty-four inches wide, with spindles attached upon which the bobbins are placed, perpendicularly to the reel, so that they turn round and unwind as the reel revolves. The ends of the thread are fixed to the spokes of the reel, which carries the thread along with it during its revolutions, and forms it into a hank or skein, with any number of threads in it which may be required, the number being regulated by an *inlet* placed on the axle of the reel, so that the reel may be stopped at any moment.

The hanks are now taken to the *bleaching works*. Many hundred weights of thread in hank are scattered in piles around the room, according to the different stages through which they have passed in their progress towards bleaching. See, here is a batch of brown thread, just as it came from the hank reels. It is now thrown into a huge caldron full of boiling water, with soap and potash dissolved in it. It remains there until nearly all the colouring matter in it is discharged, when it is taken out, well washed, and afterwards put into a large vat filled with water and chlorine, where the colouring matter is changed by the acid. After steeping for some time here, it is again

taken out, washed well, and put into a solution of sulphuric acid and water. It is afterwards washed with pure soap and water, so that every brown speck is taken out of it; and, as a final process, it is drawn through a vat of clear spring water, mixed with the extract of indigo, so that the white ground may appear clear and brilliant. It is now subjected to *hydraulic pressure*, freed from all superabundant fluid, and carried from thence to the *stove*, where you see it hanging upon poles until it becomes dry, being literally "white as the driven snow."

We must now follow it again to the mills, where it will have to be regularly ironed. This is done partly by machinery. There are two powerful dressing machines, with triangular pipes attached, filled with steam, and two rollers moving perpendicularly up and down. A number of girls, busily engaged in their various occupations, are near it; and one amongst them takes hank after hank of the thread, and puts them over the end of the pipe and roller. The latter moves upwards and downwards as before described, stretching out the thread from the pipe, until every crease in it is drawn quite smooth, and the whole hank is made straight and lustrous. It is now passed over to a table in the same room, where it is separated into smaller heads, neatly doubled up in hank, and packed in parcels of ten pounds weight each, when it is ready for the market.

The process by which the thread is wound upon spools, or balls, such as are purchased in shops, is also a very interesting one; but we have already gone sufficiently into detail. We may remark how gratified we were to observe the care taken to give the public exact measure, a notice being posted up to the following effect:—"NOTICE.—Winders shall pay one shilling for every bobbin that has two lengths less than ordered, and sixpence for every bobbin that has more than ordered. Those who are habitually guilty of these irregularities shall be discharged."

Such is a sketch of this wonderful process of cotton-spinning. It would have been easy enough to have written a lighter and more dashing article about it, but the object has been to describe the manufacture, and to convey some idea of the complicated machinery used in it. Little do the ladies of England imagine, as they sit at work in their quiet parlours or magnificent drawing-rooms, at sewing or embroidery, how many thousands of persons are employed, how many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended in machinery, to provide for them the material of their occupation.

The general appearance of the hands—men, boys, and girls—employed in this manufactory we found very satisfactory, both as regards health and dress. As regards the schools attached to the works, we never saw pupils better trained. Their qualifications varied from simple addition up to algebra; and there were pupil-teachers in the schools who were really master of the first four books of Euclid. Their geographical and historical attainments were equally creditable. The whole scene was well calculated to disabuse a visitor of the error once prevalent, that there is a necessary connection between manufactures and moral and intellectual degradation.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

OPPORTUNITY is the flower of time. The ancients painted it as an old man, bald behind, but with a lock of hair in front—implying that the present moment should be seized as it passes, and diligently improved. Standing lately in the hall of the London Post-office, near the hour of the despatch-box closing, we watched with interest the loads of letters and newspapers which poured in. A crowd gathered around; faster and faster came the stream; every eye was fixed on the dial-plate, and, as the last note of the clock striking six rung across the lobby, the receiving-box was closed with a loud crash that echoed through the hall. At that moment a cab drove up in haste; a young man, with a large bag full of letters, stepped out. He was a minute too late; the opportunity had gone, and his chagrined looks told the disappointment which he felt.

Too late! too late! Oh! if it be thus with the things of time, what must it be with the things of eternity? Look up, dear reader; see how fast run down the grains of time from the sand-glass of life. Few, perhaps, may remain. Flee, then, now to the Saviour; repent, and believe the gospel. Ah, what must it be to awake in another world, to find the gates of heaven closed, time over, the sand-glass run down, and the soul not saved!

"What would lost souls," says a writer of the seventeenth century, "give for a little of that time they had on earth? If the Lord, by divine and extraordinary dispensation, would but grant them one month's time to come hither again, and to make a new trial, do you think they would not prize the grant? Would they not esteem that little golden season of grace at a high and mighty rate? Would they not embrace every opportunity to flee to the Saviour, lay hold of heaven, and escape the unquenchable fire? Oh, yes! If you would tempt them, saying, Come spend this hour in sinful pleasure, would they not answer, Alas! we have but one month's time to live here in this world, and then we must either return to the regions of despair, or, if we improve our time well, ascend to heaven. Shall we trifle away this time of trial and season of grace in offending God? Shall we cast away our souls again to gratify you? Oh, God forbid! Avoid Satan; avoid all temptations! Welcome now all those messengers of heaven that will bring us the glad tidings—the offers of Christ and his salvation. Let not one hour in the sand-glass run down till we have fled for refuge to the Saviour, and cast ourselves in faith upon his righteousness and atoning sacrifice. Let each hour, then, be spent in doing good—in heartfelt prayer—meditation—in hearing God's word; but let not one be spent in sin. Thus would they prize and improve the time, because they know its worth by woful experience. Oh! it is so precious, that all the earth, if turned into gold, could not buy one minute of it."

"Life is the season God has given,
To flee from hell and rise to heaven;
The day of grace flits fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay."



VISIT TO A REPTILE-ROOM.

THE accompanying sketch represents the Reptile-room of the Zoological Gardens, to which additional interest is now imparted by the accident to the keeper of the snakes, which occurred from his rash familiarity about two months ago. We are induced to reprint the following narrative from the pages of an extinct periodical, as being new to the majority of the readers of the "Leisure Hour."

About thirty years ago, a reptile of a deadly class, (a rattle-snake, if we remember rightly,) was exhibited in London.

One day, its keeper having handled it, we presume, incautiously, was bitten by it, and died of the wound. The attraction to an idle populace was irresistible. Multitudes flocked to see a live snake which had actually killed a man. In the letters of the late Charles Lamb, mention occurs of an exhibition of reptiles in the English metropolis, to which he paid a visit, in the year 1800. The passage is so curious, that although it is probably a little coloured by the writer's poetical imagination, we transcribe it for the entertainment of our readers: "There is," he says, when addressing a country correspondent, "there is an exhibition here quite uncommon in Europe—a live rattle-snake, ten feet in length,

and the thickness of a man's leg. I went to see it last night, by candle-light. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours, at Pentonville. A man, woman, and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half-moon of wired boxes, all mansions of snakes, whip-snakes, thunder-snakes, pig-nose-snakes, American vipers, and this monster. He lies curled up in folds; and immediately a stranger entered (for he is used to the family), he

set up a rattle like a watchman in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head from the midst of these folds like a toad, and shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike at the wires with my fingers, and he flew at me with his toad mouth wide open: the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. I forgot, in my fear, that he was secured. You would have forgot too, for it is incredible how such a monster can be confined in small gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish you could see it. He absolutely swelled with



THE BOA, OR PYTHON.

passion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box; and just behind a little snake, not an inch from my back, had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain quite through the bars. He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror; but this monster, the rattle-snake, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his mouth when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pains all over my body with the fright."

It has only been lately that even in the gardens of the Zoological Society an opportunity existed of seeing reptiles to advantage. The boa constrictor—the animal alone—so far as we can recall to mind, then exhibited to public view, was encased in a box covered with wire, upon opening the cover of which there was seen at the bottom a slimy mass, only partially distinguishable, and which bore little correspondence to the ideas which the visitor had formed from the narratives of travellers, of the far-famed king of the serpent tribes. Now, however, all has been altered. An apartment, designated the Reptile-room, has been erected, and furnished in a manner which affords the visitor every opportunity of examining the properties and habits of some of the deadliest species of snakes, with a feeling of perfect security.

I gradually succeeded in finding my way to a portion of the reptile-room, less crowded than the entrance. It was an apartment of moderate dimensions; and the reader who has not paid it a visit, will form a correct conception of it, if he figures to himself a room, one half of which is fitted up with large cabinets, fronted with plate-glass, the remaining space being principally occupied by boxes of a snuff-box size, not fixed against the walls, and by small jars containing toads and frogs of a rare species. On looking into the compartment opposite, which I found myself, I saw that the branch of a tree filled the body of it. Coiled on the floor, like a cable on shipboard, reclined a large spotted reptile; its thickness somewhere about that of a man's arm, and its length, judging from appearances, about fifteen feet. It needed not the scientific term fixed above the case to show that this was one of the python or boa species. It was a very fine specimen of that class, and recalled to memory, as it reclined in its sinuous folds, a hundred stories which boyhood had treasured up of its wonderful strength. As I stood looking at it, the monster uncoiled itself, and slowly crawled to its dish of water, which it lapped with its bifurked tongue. By a few boards, it is separated from a serpent of a similar or allied species, kept in an adjoining cabinet. All risk is, in consequence, avoided of the recurrence of a singular casualty which happened in the gardens some years ago. Two boas or pythons, it appears, were kept in a cage together; one of them had made a sumptuous nest on some Guinea-pigs. The next day, the keeper, when examining the apartment, found that this boa had disappeared. From its lethargic habits after meals, it was highly improbable that after making its supper so heartily, it could have crawled away anywhere, even had escape been practicable. The mystery was a perplexing one. At last, however, the solu-

tion of it was found. The remaining boa, although not recently fed by its keeper, was observed to manifest signs of having made a very comfortable repast. It lay bloated and torpid. The secret was out; it had swallowed its friend, and thus, by a annimary process, had secured not only him, but the Guinea-pigs and rabbits which he had previously devoured.

Turning round to a cage behind, two green serpents attract our attention. They are short, and their bodies terminate abruptly in a small tail. A gentleman happens to be holding a piece of coloured paper to the glass, and one of the reptiles, attracted by it, puts his head forward, as if he were some domestic animal about to feed from the hand. How gracefully it glides along! The eye is almost puzzled to detect its gradual motion! Sir Joshua Reynolds, or some other artist of his day, in a picture of Innocence, represented a child holding out his hand to play with a serpent, in ignorance of its deadly properties. The snake before us might also have stood as the artist's type, so beautiful, so gentle, so little invested, apparently, with dangerous qualities. This mild-looking reptile, however, is one to whose tenderness we should be sorry to entrust ourselves in its native wilds. It is the puff-adder of Africa, having, as its name imports, the property of inflating itself when provoked to anger. It has also the dangerous habit of turning round suddenly upon its assailant, and inflicting its bite. From its fangs the Bushman extracts the deadly mixture of poison for his arrows. Emblem of gentleness and innocence that we took thee for, it is well that in thy case, too, a stout partition divides us from thee! One fact only, for thy credit, we record, that thou art slow to attack, and only dost so when attacked thyself.

But what is this inhabitant of the reptile world, who, with dark skin and small black gleaming eyes, lies stretched at full length, looking maliciously from his prison, as if he bore no goodwill to the surrounding spectators? No one, at least, would take you as the type of gentleness. On your front you bear too conspicuously the marks of vengeance and enmity to the human race. I was not mistaken in my estimate of the reptile's character. If liberated, its presence would most assuredly have rapidly cleared the too crowded apartment. It was no other than the deadly cobra-capella, whose bite, as all my readers know, is certain, if not almost instantaneous, death. At the time I looked at it, it lay along with its companion, (for there are two of them,) quiet enough; but sometimes it is not so tranquil.

A couple of weeks before my visit, as a lady, known to me, was passing it, something about her dress had apparently excited its antipathy, for it made a spring forward against the glass, having only the satisfaction, however, of knocking its own head for its pains. The mark of its bad you can easily trace; but to see it to advantage, it must be inflated. It is of this animal, if we recollect aright, the anecdote is recorded, of the gentleman who was bit by it having the presence of mind at once to seize a hot iron from a camp fire, and to hold it to his limb until the parts were cauterized. It is in connection with the cobra, also, that the story is told of the soldier who was visited by one

in bad, and who had the presence of mind to lie as if inanimate while it crawled to and fro across his face. Sir James Mackintosh's garden, in India, used to swarm with these reptiles. If such be the accompaniments of oriental flower-beds, commend me, dear old England, to the humbler productions of thy gardens; a rose may there be plucked without a deadly cobra being found coiled beneath its leaves.

In an adjoining box, curled in a dark repulsive mass, lies another serpent. The keeper, to please some more than usually favoured visitors, stirs it with his rod, and a whirling sound, something like the rattling of small shot among paper, is caused by the vibration of his tail. You do not require further description. It is the well-known rattle-snake of America. To see it to advantage, you must meet it in its native woods; then you will understand aright the title of *horridus*, which naturalists have bestowed upon some species of it. The little Carolina rattle-snake is, we are told, the most dangerous kind. Some American farmers, according to a recent periodical, are in the habit of clearing their ground of this and other reptiles in a singular manner. A particular portion of the grass in their fields is allowed to remain uncut, and in this the snakes gradually congregate, finding its shelter agreeable. Woe to that sportsman who, attracted by the pursuit of game, should venture within "the snake's grass," as it is termed. His life would most probably pay the forfeit of his rashness. At a certain period of the year, when the inclosure is presumed to be full of serpents, the grass is set fire to on all sides, and the reptiles are burned alive.

Our space, however, warns us to be brief; and we must content ourselves with recommending the reader to pay a visit to the place itself. In one of the cabinets, we may add, will be seen lurking in a layer of sand, the horned asp, with which Cleopatra terminated her career of guilty splendour. In a box at the spectator's feet will be seen also some long snakes, of a particularly thin appearance, not unlike we may fancy that one which the Jesuit missionary picked up in a heathen temple, imagining it to be a coach-whip, from its resemblance to that object. In another part of the room, an English snake, coiling round a bush, shows the visitor that England's contribution to the reptile world is comparatively small and innocuous. Beautiful green lizards, others of a more repulsive form, the salamander, and many objects of a decidedly interesting character, must be left undescribed.

HOME! SWEET HOME! OR, MY LODGINGS IN LONDON.

PART II.

NUMBER eight, the next room to Pannel's, was the abode of a neat and dapper little old gentleman, who was in some sort a boarder as well as a lodger—taking most of his meals with the landlord and his wife, and invariably dining at the Sunday ordinary. He could not have been far from seventy years of age, and he had spent the last thirty years of his life in litigation, in the vain attempt to establish his claim to a fine estate in Gloucestershire.

Law expenses had eaten up his revenues and reduced him to the limits of a small annuity, which it was not in his power to make away with, or he would certainly have sent it on the same errand. Thirty years of delay and disappointment had not apparently diminished his hopes and expectations: he was still confident of success, but was yet in search of the right man to conduct the suit. My landlord introduced me to him as a person who would be glad of a job, and he employed me in his own room to copy documents to be put into the hands of counsel for their opinion. He would no longer trust the original documents out of his hands. It having cost him, he said, upon a former occasion, nearly two hundred pounds and a wearisome law process to recover them from a rogue whom he had been induced to consult, and who was in the pay of the other party. According to his own account, he had been victimized to an enormous amount by all the rascals in the legal profession. They had eaten up his private fortune, which at one period brought him in five hundred a year; and they had done nothing but retard his proceedings, and by retaining his papers, under some pretence or other, had prevented him from coming to a trial. All he had now to show for his lost patrimony was the opinion of twenty different counsel, some of them the very first in the profession, and all without a single exception confirming the legality of his title to the estate in question, but very few of them holding out hopes of eventually recovering it. In this latter particular he differed from them in toto, and was determined to try the issue so soon as he could meet with a competent lawyer, who would undertake the cause on its own merits, on the principle of "no cure, no pay." But though he had been driven to adopt this principle, it did not save him from expense: he could not rest unless something was being done in the business, and was continually anxious for new opinions from counsel which should accord with his own. He read every law report he could lay hands on, and knew the triumphs and failures of every barrister in the kingdom of any note, and ardently desired to enlist every rising man on his own side. He had made up his mind, he said, in case the thing went on ten years longer without coming to a head, to throw it into Chancery, before he died; and leave his only son, who was thriving in business in his native place, to fight it out under the protection of the Lord Chancellor. His lawsuit was a monomania with him; he could talk or think of nothing else; and while talking of that, which he could almost do for the twenty-four hours together, he was in his glory. If it made him poor, it made him happy; and I sometimes thought it might be a question whether the possession of the estate would have yielded him more real satisfaction than he enjoyed from the excitement of the hopeless pursuit in which he had been so long engaged. When I knew him, it was plain that being no longer in a condition to consult men of eminence in their profession, he had fallen into the hands of pettifoggers, who, if they did him and his cause no good, amused him with idle expectations at a cheaper rate than he would have got them for from the men of the long robe. In person he was small and well-shaped, particularly neat and prim in his dress, and a model of politeness and kind-

The window of his apartment opens upon the roof, upon which he has erected a variety of small platforms of lath and deal boards, and covered them with a number of cages, most of which bear a marvellous resemblance to traps. I am woken up every morning by the cooing and rooping of his numerous feathered family, which, notwithstanding that he kills as many as he can cram into his pockets—and that is not a few—two or three times a week, does not appear to decline in numbers. I have a lurking suspicion that he preys upon other peoples' pigeons besides taking care of his own—a practice which prevails so much in town, that pigeon-keepers should be on their guard against it.

Besides the populous floors above described, there are two or three nooks upon the staircase, tenanted by single men—one of whom is my friend the carpenter—and a middle-aged, brawny, fiery-tempered woman, who passes her life in a continued tempest of scouring, scrubbing, dusting, and water-carrying; being employed by the landlord to keep up something like an appearance of cleanliness in the house, and to wait upon the first-floor lodgers.

Such is a pretty accurate description of the first home I possessed in London. It was a sore change to me, from the quiet rural cottage in the outskirts of my native town, and for the first fortnight I resolved daily to abandon it the first opportunity. Habit, however, accomplishes more marvels than it has the credit of doing; and long before I had obtained employment I had grown reconciled to my quarters. Before the end of the second month, I got into good employment with a carver and gilder, through the interest of Mr. Pannel; and ere the third had elapsed, had repaid my old master the loan he had advanced me. The cold weather now set in, and I found my closet no longer tenable, and moved off at the beginning of November to snug wintery quarters in a quiet family. The house above described is no longer in being; and before closing this paper I may as well record the crowning events of its history.

It happened, that while the litigating old gentleman was waiting one day, in the office of a parliamentary agent, for an interview with the principal, he fell into conversation with a clerk who was copying a plan. The plan, which, with his insatiable curiosity for everything of the kind, he closely examined, was one of certain metropolitan improvements then in contemplation, in which a new street was marked out running clean through the site of our landlord's lodging-house. Of course, the latter was not long kept in ignorance of this; he took no steps immediately upon this information, but calling upon the member for his native town, in which he still retained a vote, contrived to extract from him a confirmation of the fact. He was, however, no sooner satisfied upon the subject than he set to work at once. Forth packed his immense family of lodgers at a week's notice; down came the enormous building, amidst a volcano of dust that stifled half the neighbourhood for a fortnight; and up rose in its place, within four months, a magnificent erection in a florid style of architecture, five stories in height, ornamented with bas-reliefs without and with cornices and gilding within. It was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood for a few short months—and then vanished like a bubble, as it was, before the

advance of the new improvements—the commissioners for which had to pay a swinging sum to the speculating proprietor; who, being his own builder and contractor, could, as he said with perfect truth, "pitch the penalty to his own tune." Commend us, however, to honest poverty rather than to a fortune acquired by such an exercise of skill.

THE LIFE OF A REMARKABLE MAN.

It was a pleasant summer's evening, not very many years ago, that a friend and myself, delighted to escape from the stifling in-door heat, sallied forth from our lodgings at Sidon in Syria, and sauntering leisurely through the dark and in many parts dilapidated old streets, issued out into the country, and passing from one cheerful scene to another, found ourselves at length seated upon a newly-raised tombstone in the pleasant-looking churchyard belonging to the Roman Catholic mission here established. The reader may start at my terming a churchyard "pleasant-looking;" but, to appreciate the phrase, he must travel through Turkey and Syria, and look at the graveyards, which, like so many gardens, adorn the suburbs of the various cities and towns. Here the choicest flowers are carefully tended, the most ornamental trees raised; the grass is trodden and nibbled by cattle, like some vast carpet dotted with snow-white tombstones or the gaudy crimson of the poppy; add to all this, the merry warbling of the birds, the cloudless sky, and the bright sunshine—and then confess that the dead have a pleasant-looking home in Turkey. In the east, the burial-place is the favourite resort of the living. Relations love to congregate there, to cull sweet flowers, and gather bouquets to strew over the stone or the mound of earth which covers what once was so dear to them. The merry games and loud shout and halloo of children may also often be heard; the whole scene presenting a striking contrast to our gloomy crowded London churchyards.

Such was the burial-ground where we were seated on the evening in question.

"I wonder whose tomb this can be!" I said, pointing to one immediately before me; although so absorbed was I in the scene around me, that I spoke more in a sort of soliloquy than as expecting any answer to my question.

"Whose tomb?" cried my friend, whose ear had caught my inquiry. "Whose tomb? Why you surely don't mean to say that you are so ignorant of the lions of Sidon as all that?"

I tacitly acknowledged my want of understanding on the point.

"Why," he continued, "that is the only monument raised to commemorate the name of a man who, in my opinion, had the same opportunity been presented to him, might have equalled a Napoleon or a Wellington. This is the last resting-place of the once great General Loustaneau."

On urging my companion to be more explicit, he at length agreed to give me a brief retrospect of the life of this man; and, such as it was, I now proceed to lay it before the reader.

Loustaneau (so commenced my friend) was born of humble parents at Aigous, in Basses-Pyrénées.

Of his early life little is known; but, like many great men, as a child he was in all probability no bright phenomenon. Be this as it may, he was evidently innately endowed with a love for adventure and travel. Whilst quite a youth, urged on by the poverty of his parents, he resolved to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and thinking that America held forth the greatest inducements, determined on proceeding there with as little delay as possible. With this intent, he packed up his little all, and proceeded to Bordeaux. Whilst here, he was fortunate enough to meet with M. de Saint Lubin, who was then on the eve of sailing for India, commissioned by Louis XVI to propose a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Mahrattas against the English. Young Loustaneau sailed with St. Lubin, and in 1778 found himself in the Mahratta territories. The Mahrattas were then at war with the English, and Loustaneau, wishing to join the former, got introduced to M. Norogue, a Portuguese by birth, and the general commanding their forces. This officer received the young Frenchman with civility, but Loustaneau's youthfulness deterred him from obtaining any command. He was nevertheless attached to the army, and accompanying it witnessed its many defeats, most of which he attributed to the want of generalship in Norogue. After various engagements between the English and the Mahrattas, in all of which the latter, though vastly superior in number, were routed with much loss, a favourable opportunity at last occurred for the tried soldier to evince his skill. The peshwar's had entrapped the English into an unfavourable position, which would admit of their being outflanked by the superior numbers of the Mahrattas. Notwithstanding all this, the English had entrenched themselves in a position whence their batteries committed great havoc, and the Mahrattas would inevitably have been routed as usual, had not Loustaneau's quick eye detected a height which commanded the English entrenchment. He at once suggested to Norogue the necessity of taking advantage of this fact; but the general, old in years and in military tactics, treated the suggestion with scorn. Loustaneau, indignant at this conduct, immediately repaired to head-quarters, and made known to the peshwar that, if he would give him command of some guns, he would forfeit his head were the issue unfavourable. Three thousand horse and ten guns were placed under his orders. The star of Loustaneau, to use Napoleon's favourite phrase, was in the ascendant—the English were worsted; and from that hour forward the young Frenchman made rapid strides towards fame and wealth. Loustaneau was summoned before the peshwar, received kingly gifts, was exalted in rank, and soon commanded a troop of 2000 horsemen. I imagine, said my narrator, here pausing for breath, that from that period Loustaneau studiously occupied himself in acquiring a knowledge of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Mahrattas; and how well, for his own selfish purposes, he turned this knowledge to account, will be seen in his subsequent career.

Loustaneau, with his two thousand troopers, took active part in all the subsequent battles; till, at the affair of Chassepachree, whilst pursuing the routed troops of the East India Company, a stray cannon-

ball hit Loustaneau's left hand, and carried away half the thumb and all the fingers. This accident was the making of Loustaneau. The stump was no sooner healed than he sent for a cunning silversmith, and had a cleverly constructed silver hand made. This having been fitted on, he appeared, for the first time after his long illness, on parade at the head of his troops. No sooner had Loustaneau presented himself, than a Mahratta priest, doubtless by a preconceived arrangement, prostrated himself before his horse's head, and cried out, with a loud voice, that the prophecy recorded in the temple of the god Siva was now fulfilled, because it was written thus: "*That the Mahrattas were to reach the zenith of their glory under a man who, coming from the far west, should have a silver hand and prove invincible.*"

This was sufficient for a superstitious people; and Loustaneau became amongst them a sort of demigod. Presents poured in like hail—diamonds, rubies, and endless precious stones; he lived, in all the splendour of royalty, in a palace only inferior to the peshwar's, and his stud consisted of 30 elephants and 150 horses, all elegantly caparisoned; his body-guard was 2000 men and four pieces of cannon; and the peshwar, the more to inspire the people with fearless courage, caused two colossal silver hands to be planted in front of Loustaneau's palace, that they might understand the virtue of the man that was commander-in-chief of the Mahratta armies. One might imagine, to use a Hebraic form of expression, that fortune could carry her favours no further; that she would here plant Loustaneau, and leave him to revel in his princely estate. Not so, however; another war broke out. Loustaneau was again successful; and, on his return to Agra, he was received amidst acclamations and rejoicings such as befit a king, whilst the ruling peshwar openly declared him, before an immense assembled concourse, to be "The Lion of the State and the Tiger in War."

In private life, Loustaneau is said to have been domesticated, kind, and lavishly generous. He married the daughter of a French Indian officer, by whom he had two sons and several daughters. He had served the Mahrattas eighteen years, when, at the suggestion of his wife, he resolved upon returning to France to have his children educated, and to enjoy the fruits of his toils and many perils. At the age, therefore, of 38 or 39, Loustaneau, who had quitted France barely twenty years old, as a young penniless adventurer, returned once more to his native country, a tried and valiant general, and master of a fortune of about 8,000,000 of francs, besides wealth in diamonds, precious stones, and jewellery.

And now, to continue a common but incorrect style of expression, fickle fortune, who had been so lavish of good gifts, turned her back upon Loustaneau, never more to return. From the day he quitted the Mahratta territories his reverses seem to have commenced. He only escaped shipwreck, and a disagreeable seven months' voyage round the Cape, to find, on his arrival in France, that such was the depreciation of the bonds and bills that he had transmitted to his agents, that his 8,000,000 of francs had dwindled down to only 2,000,000. This first blow made a terrible impression on his rather irritable temper; he still, however, was pos-

possessed of a considerable amount in diamonds, and turning these into cash, he purchased an estate at Tarbes, where he settled with his family of two sons and three daughters. Soon after this his favourite son died, and poor Loustaneau's grief on the occasion was such, that he laboured under insanity (from which he never perfectly recovered) for two years. When partially restored, to divert his mind from the painful theme, he occupied himself in constructing iron works on the frontiers of Spain, superintending in person his engineers. Three years elapsed, and he was about to reap the fruits of his labour and expenses, when war broke out, and, upon the first discomfiture of the French troops, the Spaniards utterly destroyed his buildings and annihilated his hopes. Loustaneau now supported himself almost entirely by the sale of a few costly jewels, which he disposed of off by one to meet the wants of his family; he became also subject to a fresh fit of insanity, till, in 1815, his only surviving son, who was a captain in the army and served at Waterloo, was dangerously wounded. This shock had the extraordinary effect of restoring Loustaneau's energies, and he determined upon making one bold effort to rescue his family from utter penury, by returning again to India, where he had left very considerable estates. His son, who had recovered from his wounds, begged hard to go in his stead, but this Loustaneau would not consent to; and in 1816, when verging upon his sixtieth year, the poor broken-up old general set out for Egypt, in the hopes of reaching Agra once more. His plans, however, were once more frustrated. Not finding any opportunity of proceeding by the Red Sea, poor Loustaneau crossed over to Syria, intending to join the caravan from Damascus to Bussorah. He had reached as far as St. Jean d'Acre, when he was seized with a dangerous fever. Delirium ensued; and, in one of his paroxysms of insanity, he reduced himself to utter penury by the destruction of all his bills of exchange and other very valuable papers. At that period there were no European agents at Acre, and Loustaneau, no longer *'The Lion of the State and Tiger in War'*, but a poor tottering crazy mendicant, was forced to toil, with a parcel of Arabs and Turks, as a daily labourer, to earn a miserable meal.

It was in this state that he was found by a worthy Syrian gentleman, a M. Catafago, many years British vice-consul at Jaffa, who relieved all his wants and took him under his especial care. Whenever poor Loustaneau talked of his past estate and greatness, Catafago and all his hearers set it down to his insanity. From a feeling of curiosity, however, inquiries were set on foot, and letters written, according to Loustaneau's directions, to parties in France; though none, save the old man, ever supposed they would be productive of an answer. This was in 1818; and, much to the astonishment of Catafago, the letters were answered by Captain Loustaneau coming in person to Syria, where he found his unfortunate father nearly bereft of his senses. The captain wisely determined to remain in so cheap a place as Syria, where his crippled finances could easily maintain himself and his poor half-witted parent. What became of the rest of the family no one in these parts knows.

Soon after Captain Loustaneau's arrival, Lady

Hester Stanhope heard of the extraordinary old general, and courteously invited both father and son to take up their abode at Djoune, her ladyship's isolated stronghold. This invitation was accepted, and Captain Loustaneau was duly installed as factotum in her ladyship's household.

Little now remains to be told. Captain Loustaneau died in 1825, and was buried in Lady Hester's garden, and General Loustaneau's insanity became more intense after his son's death. Amongst other strange hallucinations under which he laboured, he once imagined himself to be called to give battle to Buonaparte, who, he said, as anti-christ, was again upon earth. In 1831, he declared himself to be the future king of Jerusalem. This declaration brought him into an immediate collision with his eccentric—and may we not almost call her half-witted—patroness, who determined to have Loustaneau removed to a little house fitted up for him at Abra, a village on the road to Sidon; she never, however, withdrew her support till the day of her death, which happened in June, 1839.

Once more poor old Loustaneau was thrown upon the cold charity of the world—insane and bent down with cares and old age, for he was now in his eighty-first year. 'The French consul at Sidon' kindly took him under his charge; and the poor old man of sorrow, at intermittent lucid intervals, might be heard exclaiming, "I was *'The Lion of the State and the Tiger in War'*; but now, alas! I am a beggar." What a lesson of the mutability of earthly things! Happy are those who have got their affections fixed upon a heavenly kingdom.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE RESPECTING THE SENSATION OF LIGHT.—Mr. Jqpes, in a recent paper before the Royal Institution, remarks, that the sensation which we experience in consequence of an impression upon the eye is called light, and the external agent which commonly causes the impression is also designated by the same name. But the sensation and the external agent, which, by its impression on our optic nerve, excites in us the sensation, are totally different things. Some years ago a remarkable medico-legal case occurred in Germany, in which the sensation of light excited by a blow upon the eye was confounded with the agent light. In this case a worthy clergyman was assaulted one dark night by two men, one of whom struck him on the right eye with a stone. By the light which streamed from his eye in consequence of the blow, the clergyman alleged that he was able to see, and recognise the man who committed the outrage. The question whether this were possible having been raised, it was referred to the official district physician, who thought that there was some probability in the clergyman's allegation, though he did not fully admit it. Professor Müller, of Berlin, in commenting on this curious case, very justly observed that, if the physician had pressed upon his own eye in the dark, and tried to read by the light thereby emitted, he would probably have come to a more decided conclusion.

granary. A few more minutes brought the flood up to the floor, and by help of the piled-up corn they reached the air-door, as it was called, in the roof, and, climbing to the highest point, gathered themselves round the great chimney. It was fearful to see the waters rising, from that strange place of refuge. Far as their eyes could see, by the light of the broad full moon, the surrounding country—orchard, field, and farmstead—was one white and stormy sea. Higher and higher it rose, till the flood was up to the eaves, and the great old house rocked to its foundations as the waves smote the walls; yet on the spray-covered roof Maurice's heart gave thanks, though it was with trembling, for her prayer had been fearfully answered; but she knew that the Judge of all the earth did right.

"Adam," she said, as her husband came near her, "is not the Lord been gracious to us this night, that the weight of those woeful guilders is not upon your soul?"

"You say true, wife," said the convicted man; "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

For seven long years after, the subject was never mentioned by Adam or Maurice, except in their prayers; and many a prayer was offered up by hearts and tongues little used to the work, with that wild sea and clear moonlight around them. At last the day began to break, and the swell of the flood was over; settling into stillness, the waters lay over the low Delft lands, with here and there a spire, a chimney, or the topmost boughs of some tall tree seen above them. It was joy to the poor family when, by sunrise, a boat was seen approaching. It came from the higher country. Sybil's father was one of the crew, and at her request the good man took them home to his safe but humbler farmstead. There they remained, all now equally poor, till with a change of winds and the coming of summer, the great flood gradually subsided, and most of the lands were left dry. The industrious Hollanders repaired the dyke, and all who were spared went back to their old homes and holdings; but from Adam and Simon's land the waters were never thoroughly drained. The ruins of both houses had encumbered the spot, and the ground became a marsh. Old Simon was found bent over his strong chest, which contained nothing but water; and in searching for remnants of property, Philip and Adam made a strange discovery. In a hollow spot of a bye-way, leading to the Amsterdam road, lay Simon's best horse and lightest wagon: on one side of it was Perrette and on the other Hatto, as the flood overtook them; but the young man still clutched the bag of dollars, which had cost his father's life.

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thought came to her help: "I have trusted in myself foolishly; Lord, help my soul in this great jeopardy, and save my husband from the sin, by whatever means seem good to thine everlasting wisdom." The prayer was uttered without words, yet Mauricene went back to her daily duties with an inward persuasion that it was heard and would be answered.

The day was dim, with a wintry fog, which rolled down from the north-west. Old men said that the wind had blown longer from that direction than it had ever done since the great inundation which devastated the district two hundred years before, and there were unpleasant rumours regarding the dykes of the Delft canal. It communicated with the German Sea, and north-westerly winds were sure to bring an accumulation of waters, which at times threatened its flood-gates, though reckoned the strongest in Holland. Still the surrounding farmers trusted in its embankments. One of these, the Sleidar dyke, a steep mossy ridge, new centuries old, bounded Simon's fields. On that side it seemed firm as the hills of other lands, but poor eel-catchers, who plied their trade when the tides were low, said they had seen great chasms worn in its base by the winter floods. Nobody minded their report, however; it was a proverb in the neighbourhood, that the Sleidar dyke had stood two hundred years and would stand two hundred more.

The last remnant of Simon's harvest was gathered in. His granary was full, and his dollars safe in the chest; and, as the evening fell, all who had laboured in his fields or served his thrifty dame, weary but well pleased, and in their holiday trim, sat down to the harvest supper. The rustic feasts of old Holland were mighty doings. Dame Von Gruter's great kitchen was a masterpiece of scouring, from the tile floor to the hanging pewter; the tall candlestick, with its festive branches on, carried nine torches instead of the wonted three; and the long table was a perfect display of household magnificence. Like many of mammon's worshippers, the pair had a strong spice of ostentation in them. Before the dame stood the cheese she had prepared for the occasion, exactly her own weight; and at Simon's right hand, his grandfather's cup, a huge bowl of walnut wood, rimmed with silver, and filled to the brim with the best of corn brandy. There was rude merriment and abundant cheer; but Mauricene felt that the Lord of the harvest had small remembrance among them. Willingly would she have excused herself from the feast; but absence at such a time would have been cause of high displeasure. It was doubtless that reason which kept her husband in his place of honour near Simon, for the twilight was dry and cold, with a strong north wind, and the rising moon at the full. There were no festive thoughts in Adam's face, though he tried to look gay as the rest, and by fits succeeded; but his eye avoided Mauricene, and she saw him start as poor Hans, at the foot of the table, uttered a fervent "Amen" to Simon's hasty and formal grace. All were merry, but none more so than Hatto and Perrette, though the former seemed unusually active in replenishing tankard and flagon, and the latter moved about attending the dame and serving everybody with boundless good-nature. But

as jest and song, beer and brandy, began to circulate more freely, first Hatto and then Perrette slipped away, unperceived by any but Mauricene. Through the increasing revelry, her watchful eye also observed Adam steal from his place. She saw him open the outer door; she heard it softly close behind him. She knew that it wasn't a night's journey to Delft, but the woman felt no fear, for a voice seemed saying to her spirit, "Man purposes, but God disposes." It seemed, too, that strange sounds from without were blending with the revel. There was a hollow swell, like that of a far-off tempest, and at last crash on crash, as if great thunder mingled with it. Mauricene thought her ear deceived her, for none of the company appeared to perceive it. The fourth was by this time deafening. Simon had liberally dispensed the contents of his bowl, and drained the last drop himself.

"Bring us another bowl, dame," said the elevated boor; "we can afford it now. Neighbours," he added, in the condescension of vanity, "there will be more harvest work before this time next year, for I mean to buy another farm."

"Say, if God wills, good master!" said Hans.

Simon looked amazed at the rugged man who dared to admonish him; but before his wrath could find utterance, Adam Anslar rushed in with a face like a winding-sheet, shouting, "Flee for your lives! the Sleidar dyke is broken, and the waters will be on us! Come, wife!" It was the first word he spoke to Mauricene that day; and catching her up in his still powerful arms, Adam bore her out, followed by the revellers in wild confusion. The full moon was high in heaven, and the air was filled with the roar of coming waters. The North Sea, in its might, had broken the sluices of the canal—the worn dyke had given way with the pressure—and, like moving battlements, the great white waves poured over Simon's fields. Some fled to the parish church, some to the neighbouring windmill; but Adam cried, "Let us take to the granary: from it we can climb to the roof, if need be; the waters will scarcely rise higher than that, and the house will stand at least till morning."

As he spoke, himself and Mauricene, Philip, the dame, and Sybil flew up the stair; the granary happily had not been locked for the night, and Simon's foot was on the topmost step, when the old man darted down and back to his dwelling, exclaiming, "My dollars! my dollars! where is the key, and where's Hatto? He took it to mend the ring."

"My father!" cried Philip, as he rushed in after him, though the waves were by this time breaking on the farm-yard wall. The dame uttered a long wild shout for Hatto and Perrette, which all present thought was answered by some voice far away in the flooded country. Then came the crash of doors and windows, and the drowning cries of poor cattle and horses. Hans, firmly grasping Philip by his clothes and hair, was washed out through the open door by a flood that rose to the granary stair. As the men passed, Adam, clinging by the topmost rail, threw out his long right arm and caught the preacher's ragged coat. It did not give way; another wave brought them nearer, and both, with Adam's help, scrambled up the stair; but there was now little safety in the

granary. A few more minutes brought the flood up to the floor, and by help of the piled-up corn they reached the air-door, as it was called, in the roof, and, climbing to the highest point, gathered themselves round the great chimney. It was fearful to see the waters rising, from that strange place of refuge. Far as their eyes could see, by the light of the broad full moon, the surrounding country—orchard, field, and farmstead—was one white and stormy sea. Higher and higher it rose, till the flood was up to the eaves, and the great old house rocked to its foundations as the waves smote the walls; yet on the spray-covered roof Mauriceene's heart gave thanks, though it was with trembling, for her prayer had been fearfully answered; but she knew that the Judge of all the earth did right.

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By a safe and comfortable staircase we ascended to the top of the building, which consists, as we have said, of two castellated parallel walls, sixty feet high, between which is suspended by chains, the vast tube, which, we may remark *en passant*, is the exact size in length and breadth of one of the round towers at Clonmacnoise in King's county. Upon reaching the top, we were introduced by a small door into a stair-shaped gallery or stage; the telescope was pointed to the heavens about twenty feet from where we stood; beneath us was a depth of sixty feet, and no apparent way of bridging the chasm. At last one of the assistants, stationed a few steps below, turned a small windlass, and lo! we began to move gently through the air, till we arrived at the mountain-like side of the telescope, about four or five feet from its mouth. With no supports from beneath, it appeared as if we were poised in mid air: strong wooden beams, however, secured by iron slides, supported the gallery from the wall which we had just left. So imperceptible is the motion, that one night a gentleman, unconscious of having left the solid landing-place, opened the gallery door, and walked sixteen or twenty feet, with no other footing than a narrow unrailed beam, but almost miraculously he reached the other side in safety.

The six-foot concave mirror, or speculum, is made of tin, mixed with copper, and polished to an exceeding brightness. In looking into the mouth of the telescope by what is called the front view, we see the inverted image formed by reflection from this mirror in tremulous and dazzling radiance, but it is not there that ordinary observations are made; a second mirror of small size is placed at an angle of 45° , so as to reflect the image to the side of the instrument, where it is viewed through eye-pieces of different magnitudes. We took our places at this point by aid of the aforesaid "aerial machine."

The evening, though lovely to unastronomical eyes, was not altogether favourable for observations; however, we saw

"the galaxy, that milky way
Which lightly as a circling zephyr thou seest
Powdered with stars."*

It is impossible to describe the distinctness, and the nearness, and the individuality of the "starry powder;" in the middle of it was a double star—"twin suns," as they have been called—moving in their mysteriously united beauty and brightness, the only objects in the calm unmoved heavens that speak to the heart of affection and sympathy. Of course, the great object of ambition was to see the nebula—the resolution of which by the giant tube destroyed that plausible theory which, when carried to its greatest extent, made such dangerous aggressions against the Divine creative acts, originating all worlds from a slowly progressing vapour and fire-mist. The atmosphere would merely permit us to see the Umbellifer nebula, so called from a supposed resemblance in its form to that instrument; it is only a partially resolved one, even by the gigantic ray; the white vapour which still remains,

"Sown with stars, thick as a field,"

* Milton.

although invisible, yet reserves its harvest for some still greater triumph of light. We could not see the moon through the six-foot telescope, as she was not within the meridional range, which in this instrument is limited by the two walls; the disadvantage of which is counterbalanced by the speed and steadiness with which it can be lowered or elevated. We accordingly repaired to the three-foot telescope, which can be pointed to all quarters of the heavens, and to which the following high comparative praise has been given. "To look through Herschel's four-feet mirror, compared with Lord Rosse's three-feet mirror, is like a short sighted person looking at the stars without his spectacles." So says Dr. Nichol.

Having mounted a very precarious ladder with various feminine tremors, I gazed upon the lunar valleys, mountains, and caverns, so near and so distinct; that there seemed no obstacle to taking a quiet walk amidst their lights and shadows, their deep ravines, their volcanic cones and cavities. The silence and the immobility of that bright world was almost oppressive; one gazed and listened, expecting to see and hear life, but no life was there. Dr. Robinson of Armagh told me, that if there were large buildings like a church, or a mill, or railway works, they could be clearly discerned; but there has been no change or furrow since human eyes were permitted to draw nigh to its calm surface. Were there inhabitants, they must be independent of air and water, and must be scorched in light and heat one half of the year, and frozen in cold and darkness the other. May it not be that the moon is in somewhat of the same transition state as our earth after the reign of fossil life, and before the Creator had said, "Let there be light," and atmosphere, and human life?

"For such vast room in nature unpossessed
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, conveyed so far
Down to this habitable which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute."*

The whole scene, even in the intervals of active vision, was one suggestive of much solemn thought. Every now and then a meteor flashed excitedly amidst the calm stars and planets, and even as swift and short seemed the career of man in comparison with the ages of the past and future, chronicled before us in the heavens. "Hither shalt thou come and no further" seemed legibly written on the genius of man; while all that he yearns to know, and cannot know, is known, it may be, to the babe that has gone to glory but yesternight.

The telescope, in the day time even, is worth going to Ireland to see; every time I saw it, new feelings of wonder and admiration were excited, and I never tired of walking through the tube, and trying in vain to touch the roof. It was quite delightful, too, to see the crowds of happy and wondering faces that gather round this scientific marvel—the whole grounds being thrown open both to townspeople and strangers, every day after two o'clock; they are also permitted to examine the works, and to walk through the telescope. I never could divest myself of a sort of Jonah-like feeling in entering that huge black mouth, and

* Milton.

strongly did the whole structure resemble some mighty animal of a former creation, endowed with instinct beyond its centuries. The tube itself is fifty-seven feet long, and nearly twelve tons in weight, which is balanced by counter weights, so that a child can put it in motion. The large box which contains the speculum is eight feet in diameter. The speculum is six feet in diameter, weighs four tons, and its focal length—or the distance where the reflected rays meet—is fifty-three feet. There are three assistants who are always ready to move and direct the instrument, besides Lord Rosse's accomplished assistant observer. The following is a table of comparison with other reflecting telescopes:—

NAMES OF MASTERS.	DIAMETER OF SPECULUM.	AREA OF SURFACE.
Newton	1 inch.	1 square inches.
Hadley	2.37 "	5.6 "
Hadley	4.4 "	20 "
Hadley	5 "	25 "
Hawksbee	9 "	81 "
Ramage	15 "	225 "
—	21 "	441 "
Lord Rosse	2 feet.	576 "
—	3 "	1296 "
Herschel	4 "	2304 "
Lord Rosse	6 "	5184 "

The places where the different parts of the machinery were constructed, are also well worth repeated visits. All the people about the place speak of the telescope with the greatest affection and enthusiasm; a most intelligent and ready-witted Irish workman, who had himself assisted in the work, showed me the building where the tube had been constructed, and the gable wall of which had been knocked out to have it launched "just like a ship." Then there is the work-shop, and the different moulds and apparatus, where the specula were cast, ground, and polished, this being the most arduous part of the undertaking. How terribly the magnitude of Lord Rosse's heresy would have scared that wise old Martin Horky, one of Galileo's opponents, who declared "that he did not more surely know that he had a soul in his body, than that reflected rays were the entire cause of Galileo's errors."

One can easily imagine how the pleasure of seeing this great palace of light was enhanced by doing so under the auspices of its illustrious architect. Lord Rosse is a man in the prime of life, robust and ruddy, as if his midnight vigils and anxious labours had only been conducive to his health and vigour; he has a voice of winning sweetness, a brow and smile of peculiar cheerfulness and placidity; his whole aspect giving one as much the idea of the genius which devised the means, as of the perseverance which laboured to overcome the obstacles that even amongst his brother philosophers had been pronounced insurmountable.

MY ADVENTURE IN PERU.

On the coast of Peru, between the Cordillera of the Andes and the ocean, is a tract of country rarely visited by Europeans. The traveller accidentally thrown upon it might imagine himself suddenly transported from the soft Pacific, with its palm-clad isles and coral reefs, to the centre of the great

African desert, exchanging the scented air and steady trade-winds for the whirling sand-hill and the death-breathing sirocco.

Extending over a length of five hundred leagues, its breadth varying from eighty miles to merely a few paces—as the foot of the sierra advances to or recedes from the sea—is a belt of barren sand, its desolate surface only broken at wide intervals by the passage of some mountain stream, which, spreading fertility on its rainless banks, raises in the sand-ocean a narrow island, covered with the rich and varied vegetation of the tropics. At times, the snows, melting on the peaks of the vast mountains, hurry down the ravines in torrents, and the flood, filling the little watercourses, overflows their banks, and spreads even into the thirsty desert, giving new life to the scorched fruits and flowers that grace the little strip of green.

Between these streams there is no living creature. A curse seems to rest upon the land; for, as the lofty sierra draws into its bosom every moisture-laden cloud, no drop of rain falls on the parched coast. No solitary blade of grass decks the yellow surface; the hardy chinchilla seeks refuge in the rugged hills; and the stately condor, soaring aloft till he is but a dark spot upon the pure blue sky, never stoops to so inhospitable a resting-place.

Though destitute of life, the desert is not motionless. The fine sand, caught up by an eddying wind, is carried along in high columns, long lines of which are seen dancing over the plains, occasionally striking against each other and dispersing in immense clouds, which are again caught up and hurried on as before. Sometimes a number of small pillars are united, and these again absorb others, until the mass becomes too heavy for support, and revolving for a short time on its base, falls in a semicircular mound, against which other columns break themselves, until the mound rises to a hill, still retaining a curved shape. Hundreds of these *médanos* are scattered over the desert, some of them of considerable size; but the close vicinity of the Cordillera throws into the shade every other eminence, and reduces the sand-mountains to mere mole-hills on the plain. Close to the sea, the low roar of the surf, and the constant leaping of the waves, with the presence of numerous sea-fowl, break the death-like monotony of the scene.

My visit to this dismal spot was paid under circumstances which threw no charm around its horrors, but rather added to their strength. Fond as I ever have been of wild adventures and strange scenes, it would require much to tempt me to repeat the one which led me here. I had just left a ship in one of the Peruvian ports, and, having nothing better to do, joined two sailors in the purchase of a boat, with the necessary outfit for a sealing trip. Seals, we were told, were plentiful on the islands on the coast, and we were advised to make our first attempt on a small group which lay about thirty leagues to the southward of the port of Pisco. We reached our destination after a long and heavy pull against the south-east trade-wind, and found it to be a mere cluster of barren rocks, covered with a slight coating of guano, completely destitute of vegetation, and without a single drop of fresh water. Against the latter contingency we were well provided; the bottom of our large whale-boat being

stowed with several huge earthen jars which had once been filled with *Italia* or *Pisco*, the white brandy of Peru, but which now held a far more precious liquid—good spring water.

The rocks were alive with flocks of sea-birds; a few turtle occasionally contrived to crawl upon the lower edges; and on the level of the sea were numerous small caves, the rendezvous of our friends, the seals. We did not find the latter so plentiful as we had been led to expect; a circumstance which we attributed in some measure to the presence of a number of sea-lions, or hair-seals, a species much larger than the fur-seal, but destitute of the fur, which alone makes the latter valuable. The seal itself, and the mode of capturing it, have been so frequently described, that I shall not stay to weary the reader with a repetition. I may, however, remark that the colour of the seal is a beautiful silver gray, that being the tint of the long hair which forms its outward covering, and which is removed by the furrier, leaving exposed the soft brown fur with which every one is familiar. The animals are generally captured during the night, or rather, in the hour preceding sunrise, before they begin to leave their holes for the water. A single blow on the fore-part of the head instantly kills them; though, if the stroke be unskillfully given, the seal will often make a furious attack on the aggressor, gnashing his strong white teeth, and barking like a dog. A full-grown hair-seal is a dangerous adversary, and, though generally easily avoided, from his inability to make a short quick turn, he will when enraged spring forward on his flippers with considerable speed.

We quickly cleared the island on which we first landed, and, having secured about forty skins, prepared to pass over to another that lay at two or three miles distance. The spring tides were in, and with them a tremendous surf is always rolling on the coasts of the Pacific, which renders landing, even on a smooth beach, a very delicate manoeuvre, requiring great care to prevent the boat from filling or capsizing. Ours was, as I have said, a South-sea or American whale-boat, built stem and stern alike, both sharpened to a point, and steered by a long oar projecting over the stern—a mode of steering remarkably well suited to a heavy surf, as the powerful leverage of the oar gives the steersman a control over the boat which the common rudder does not possess.

The only landing-place on the island we wished to reach was a narrow strip of beach to seaward; from each side of which a small reef of detached rocks stretched round the island, and on this the heavy rollers were dashing themselves to pieces, and the white surf boiling and roaring over it most gloriously. We pulled for the patch of green water opposite the little beach, and waiting for an extra-sized roller, with one hearty stroke the boat glanced between the rocks. At this critical moment, the steering-strop, which connects the steering oar with the boat's stern-post, snapped; the boat instantly broached to, and came broadside on to the sea; the next wave curled over her for an instant, broke, and she was gone. The sea which filled her carried me on to the shore, but the reflux washed me out again beyond the line of surf, happily clear of the rocks. With a few strokes I was again within the channel, and a following wave

carried me high up on the beach, where, digging my fingers in the sands, I held on for a moment, and then ran up above the tide-mark. One of my companions was already ashore; the other, who was steering when the boat filled, was gone—most probably crushed on the rocks, and then washed round the point of the island. We looked in vain for him. The boat was knocked to pieces; two oars, a few fragments, a jar half filled with water, and some pieces of another, were all that reached the island: everything that we possessed, excepting the few skins we had taken, was irrecoverably gone. The skins were hidden on the first island, where we intended to call for them on our return.

After the first feelings of pleasure and expressions of thanksgiving for our safety were over, we began to consider what were our prospects for the future. They were not very satisfactory. The provisions had all disappeared, the island offered no substitute, and we were at least eight miles from the main land, and out of the usual track of vessels running down the coast. After a short consultation, we commenced a tour of our newly acquired territory, to ascertain if it would afford us any sort of shelter, as our little tent had gone to the fishes. Our search was unsuccessful; we picked up a few limpets, that served for supper, and at sunset lay down on the lee-side of the island, wrapped in our ponchos, which we had happily strapped round us with the belt that contained our sealing knives. On the second day, we found a turtle on the little beach, and made a prize of him, cutting the flesh in strips, which we laid in the sun to dry, as the Brazilians prepare jerked beef. We had thus a tolerably good supply of food, but our small allowance of water would not long hold out, and we suffered terribly from the intense heat, our only shelter from which was—wrapping the ponchos round our heads, and standing up to the neck in water. This we repeated several times during the day, and I have no doubt that the process aided to alleviate thirst, and thus assisted us to spin out the contents of the little jar. So long as daylight lasted, our eyes were constantly fixed upon the sea, and many a white sea-bird was mistaken for a distant sail. At night we dreaded that some vessel would pass unseen; and often sent across the ocean a long shrill cry, which we hoped might reach a passing ship hidden from us by the darkness.

At last, on the morning of the sixth day, we saw, creeping along the land, a small schooner, steering a course that would evidently bring her close to our island. We fastened a shirt to one of the boat's oars, which we fixed on the highest point of the rock; and with the assistance of the tinder-box that I always carried at my belt, and the expenditure of half my cotton shirt, we raised a fire from the small remnants of our boat.

The wind was very light, and the schooner seemed asleep on the water; I thought she would never near us; our fire was dying out, and we had nothing to replenish it; we were almost losing hope, when suddenly there rose to the vessel's peak a flag, which blowing out, showed us the Chilean ensign with its single star, and we knew that she had seen us. In two hours we were aboard. We found she was a Chilean schooner from one of the windward ports of Peru, bound to

the Sandwich Islands, where the captain proposed to take us; but, as we had no wish to visit them, he stood in close to the land and sent the boat ashore with us, supplying us with as much provisions and water as we chose to carry, in return for our seal-skins, which we recovered from the island.

This was my first visit to a Peruvian desert. The captain of the schooner had explained to us the nature of the country through which we should have to travel; but, as he also informed us that we were no great distance from one of the intersecting streams, on which were several haciendas, we determined to proceed. Fearful of being lost if we ventured into the interior, we kept for the most part close to the sea, following the indentations of the coast. No stranger ever dares to cross from stream to stream without a guide, and even these are frequently at fault, as the drifting sand invariably obliterates the tracks, and the only landmarks are the ever-changing *medanos*, and occasional half-buried heaps of bones, the remains of mules and asses that have perished in the desert. The inhabitants of the little villages on the rivers relate many dreadful narratives of the sufferings of travellers, who have lost their way and died for want of water.

In 1823, a vessel, having three hundred troops aboard, was wrecked about fourteen leagues south-west of Pisco. The crew and soldiers escaped the milder death by water; many of them to meet a far more terrible one—to perish by its want; their blistered lips and swollen tongues mocked by the scalding sand-ocean, which seemed, to their reeling eyes, to heave and set in waves of liquid metal. Though so near the town, upwards of a hundred men died in the attempt to reach it, and numbers dropped exhausted on the route. Immediately on the receipt of intelligence of the disaster, a troop of cavalry, with a supply of water, was despatched to the assistance of the survivors. Many of them were discovered lying around a clump of palms, which occur at very rare intervals near the sea, and beneath which a small quantity of water is generally found. Some of the miserable men had expired in the act of tearing up the ground with their hands, in the desperate search for the means of quenching their burning thirst; and few among them were able to raise to their blackened lips the precious water brought by their comrades. Such were the effects of only three days' sojourn in this desolate land, where the bones of those who perished in it still mark the scene of the terrible calamity.

Already weakened and reduced by our stay upon the little island, we were but ill fitted to contend against the hardships of a passage through the desert; and, though our stock of provisions and water was sufficient to insure us against present thirst and famine, yet these, though the chief, were not the only evils. Anxious to make as much way as possible during the cool night hours—for it was nearly sundown when we landed—we travelled on until long after the southern cross, the time-piece of the Indian, had passed its meridian and pointed to the west; but the frequent détours we were compelled to make round the curved beaches, added considerably to our journey. At length, worn out by fatigue, we lay down on a heap of seaweed and slept soundly until sunrise. Refreshed by our rest, and by a hearty breakfast of biscuit

and jerked beef, washed down by a draught of water and *Italia* (Peruvian white brandy) with which the Chilean captain had supplied us, we proposed to make a short stretch into the desert before the sun had attained his full power; for we expected to reach the river on the following day, and I was anxious to gain a better idea of this singular country than could be obtained by merely travelling along its coast.

With a recklessness upon which I now look back in astonishment, we left our bag of provisions and jar of water on the edge of the narrow line of seaweed which marked the presence of the high spring tides; supposing that we could easily return to them, and unwilling to burden ourselves with a heavy load whilst wading through the sand. After walking about a couple of miles inland we lost the low roar of the surf, and became more conscious of the strange realities of our position. As I stood apart from my companion, who had slightly preceded me, my first impression was of the utter loneliness, the intense solitude of the scene. I had wandered over the plains of Australia, and the pampas of Chili; the thick forests of Tasmania, the swamps of Ecuador, and the rugged passes of the Andes; but I had never before felt, in its full force, what it was to be alone. The restless sand was still; not a breath of air was there to stir it; not a cloud moved in the heavens; and the earth shone with a steady glare that did not even flicker in the motionless atmosphere. As I raised my foot the liquid sand flowed in and instantly erased the impression; the soil, like its sister ocean, refused to retain a token of man's presence.

It was a realisation of the artist's idea of the last man, in all his horror-stricken loneliness; but its solitude was more perfect; for he looks on the wreck of what has once been life, and sees around him the results of motion and the marks of change. But here, every portion of the landscape seemed to have retained the exact position in which it was created; and though, in fact, the most changeable of all scenery, yet its desolate aspect ever remained the same. The idea of death was not present: death would have implied change, and even the presence of the dead would have been companionship. The eye roamed eagerly over the scene, seeking some point to rest upon. A dark rock, a solitary tree, even the shadow of a drifting cloud, would have been relief. The stillness was frightful; its very perfection destroyed the feeling of repose which soothes the mind when gazing on a quiet landscape, and the most grating sound would have struck pleasantly on the straining ear. Every sense was painfully alert; but no distant landmark, no wandering perfume, no low tone or passing breeze responded to the call. A feeling of utter hopelessness oppressed me, and as I turned and caught the towering cordillera stretching away, peak above peak, the sudden barrier, while it broke the spell, appeared to shut me out from all communion with the world, and leave me still more helplessly alone.

But the sun was now high in the heavens, and the sand burned our feet as we turned to make our way back to the sea. And then, for the first time, did we remember that, all traces of our path being blotted out, we might possibly miss the spot on which we had carelessly left our stores. A simul-

tanous exclamation of terror burst from us; but, recollecting that we must eventually reach some part of the beach, we turned our backs on the mountains and the sun, and plodded resolutely onwards. The breeze was coming down just as it does at sea, making cat's-paws in the sand, and scattering before it little sprays of dust. It reached us hot and dry, and, as it increased in strength, clouds of fine sand swept over us, filling our eyes, and nostrils, and penetrating the blistered skin. Wrapping the ponchos round our heads, we pushed on, and shortly came in sight of the sea, and heard with rapture the sullen roll of the breaking surf.

Arrived on the hard beach, we were unable to decide on which hand lay our treasures; but seeing no marks of our passage, we concluded that we were beyond our last night's resting-place, and so turned back towards it. Though little more than two hours had elapsed since we parted with our water-jar, yet we were already suffering the most tormenting thirst; and, with tongues incapable of speech, and eyes half-blinded by the sand and sun, we prosecuted our search with all the earnestness of men whose lives depended on its success. In a few minutes my companion discovered the foot-prints, still legible on the wet beach, where we had turned off into the desert. Twenty yards further was our resting-place, and, here, as we had left it, covered with sea-weed, was the much prized water. The flask of brandy was tossed contemptuously aside, and the narrow neck of the *botiga* passed alternately from mouth to mouth, furnishing a draught which all the gold and silver buried in the frowning mountains could not have purchased.

After a short rest beneath the slight shadow afforded by a heap of mingled sand and weed, we started afresh, as the sun declined, and the breeze, hailing from seaward, blew with comparative coolness. As we passed the track which we had recognised in the morning, and which had led us to our lost water, I could not help recalling the favourite book of my boyhood—a book that has made more sailors than press-gang or bounty-money—and remembering among its black engravings one entitled “Cruise’s astonishment on discovering the foot-print in the sand.” But whilst poor Robinson’s discovery was to him but a source of dismay and terror, ours was a sign of gladness, a token of hope renewed. On the second day, we fell in with patches of thin sickly grass; by degrees other marks of vegetation appeared, and in the evening we reached the river, then, a small stream that rippled gently along its bed, but in the morning of the mountain snows increased to a rapid, foaming torrent, sweeping impetuously along its channel, overflowing its banks, and spreading fertility around it. Unlike other rivers, these decrease as they approach the sea, absorbed by the thirsty country through which they pass, and retained to supply the extensive systems of irrigation which are in constant operation on their banks. Travelling up the course of the river, we shortly afterwards arrived at a sugar plantation, where we were hospitably received by its owner, a Frenchman, and a long resident in the country. What a contrast between the scenery here and that through which we had just passed; from a land destitute of all vegetation to one covered with it in its most luxuriant form was but a single step.

From an arid desolate region, where the bleached bones of the dead were the only signs that life had ever been, to a fruitful land glowing with rich produce, brightened by a lively sparkling stream, and gladdened by man’s presence, was a change indeed. To us, so recently escaped from the most dreadful of all deaths, the scene had double charms; and though familiar with the rich products of the tropics, yet they met us here as new acquaintances, and we looked upon them with fresh pleasure. There were patches of tall sugar-cane; fields of noble plaitain and banana, decked with the rich purple of their pendent clusters, and their huge dark-green leaves shadowing the bulky melons that trail their slender stems beneath; the branching lime tree, its yellow fruit twinkling among the thick dark foliage; the orange and pomegranate; and the creeping vine, laden with heavy bunches of ripe downy berries. Here was the guava, a low bushy shrub, covered with tempting apples ready for conversion into rich, fine-flavoured jelly; there the sombre olive offered its green oily fruit. Yonder were a few scattered date trees near a field of stately maize, the corn-cobs waving their long silky plumes above fresh rows of juicy melons, guarded by a fence of prickly cactus with its gorgeous flowers fast ripening into fruit. The black alligator pear, its hard kernel bedded in a mass of greenish marrow of peculiar flavour, eaten with salt, and highly prized by native palates, was also there; with the hot crimson chili or capsicum, and the wrinkled tomato, growing beside the spreading calabash tree with its crop of washing tubs and sugar basins.

But see, on this low tree, amidst the narrow pointed leaves, hangs the pride and darling of Peru—the fragrant cherrimoya. A little larger than an apple, with a scaly rind, its colour dark green intermingled with spots and lines of a greyish brown or black, it has not a very prepossessing appearance. But open it; sprinkled with cinnamon-coloured seeds, is a white juicy pulp, whose delicious flavour almost warrants the extravagant encomiums of the Peruvians—in which even the grave Humboldt has joined—and you, as the luscious syrup trickles over your palate, are half guilty of high treason in ranking it above the plums, and pears, and apples, that flourish round your own old home in far-off England.

But here is a plant you have seen before—the humble but invaluable potato in its native country; and as though it liked its own soil best, it is large and of most excellent quality. Here, too, are gigantic members of the same family—the yam and the camote. The leguminæ are represented by beans, callavancas, and the perpetual feijole, a small bean which appears at every meal. Our favourite cereal, wheat, is absent; and its place is but ill supplied by the yellow Indian corn. On the sides of the mountains grow barley, rye, and above all the quinoa, which in some parts of Peru becomes the staff of life. It is the produce of a small shrubby plant, bearing thick clusters of little flowers, succeeding which are pods filled with small seeds. These seeds are cooked like rice, and with the boiled leaves form the chief sustenance of vast numbers of the Indians of South America. But we are loitering on the way, loath to leave so rich a garden.

After watching the process of converting the thick cane-juice into *chancaca*—for the sugar is not granulated, but cooled in large cakes about an inch in thickness, to which that name is given—we travelled up the river, in company with an Indian mule-driver and his troop of asses laden with produce for Yca, a large town a few leagues distant. When near the sierra, we struck off into the desert, our guide directing his course by the *midanos*, which long habit had enabled him to convert into land-marks, though from their frequent shiftings and changing shapes they are but sorry guide-posts. We reached Yca, however, in safety, and as a beaten road leads from hence to its seaport, Pisco, our journeyings in this desolate country were over, and we could once more mingle in

"The crowd, the hum, the shock of men."

REMARKABLE BOYS.

BLAISE PASCAL.

BLAISE PASCAL was born on the 19th of June, 1625. His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of considerable acquirement and mathematical talent, and Blaise being an only son, his education was conducted entirely under the superintendence of his father, who indeed was his only instructor. The boy from his earliest years displayed marks of extraordinary ability. His infantile questions upon the nature of things and their causes surprised all who heard them. Nor was he satisfied with common reasons, but if not thoroughly convinced of their justice, he searched earnestly for himself until he recognised the true. Having remarked that a glass, when struck by a knife or other instrument, gives out a sound which ceases on the application of the hand, the child directed his thoughts towards discovering the cause, and at eleven years of age he composed a treatise on sound, wonderful for its clear and logical reasoning.

M. Pascal, as we have before observed, was learned in the mathematics. He wished his son to be proficient in the languages, and knowing the absorbing nature of mathematical inquiry, he resolved, if possible, to keep Blaise ignorant of geometry until such period as he had mastered the Latin, Greek, and other languages. He therefore removed all books on the subject from the reach of the boy, and refrained in his presence from conversing on it with his friends. Even these precautions were useless. The child's curiosity was excited, and he often entreated his father to permit him to learn mathematics; but M. Pascal always refused, promising at the same time that he would teach him in due course, as a reward for his advancement in Greek and Latin.

One day, Blaise asked his father what was the meaning of geometry. He was answered, that it is the science which treats of the extent of bodies; their length, breadth, and depth, and the way to make figures in a precise, just manner, together with the method of finding out their relations one with another. Having given this explanation, M. Pascal forbade his son to mention the subject again.

Blaise, however, if he might not speak about geometry, could not help thinking and dreaming

about it. His hours of recreation were completely absorbed with these reflections, and he amused himself by drawing with a piece of charcoal all kinds of geometrical figures on the floor of his play-room. One day, while so occupied, his father chanced to open the door of his apartment without being seen, and to his surprise found his son on his hands and knees in the midst of his favourite employment. But much greater was the astonishment of M. Pascal when he discovered that the boy, by his own unaided efforts, and without knowing the name of one geometrical figure, had arrived as far as the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid, and demonstrated that the three angles of every triangle taken together are equal to two right angles.

Being asked what made him think of such a thing, he answered that he had previously demonstrated such and such a truth, which had led him on to further inquiry; and so he explained the course of his researches from perfect demonstrations back to his first principles, axioms, and definitions.

The happy father, struck by the grandeur and force of his son's genius, left him in silence, and hastened to the house of his intimate friend M. Le Paillens. This gentleman observing him greatly grieved, even to tears, begged to know the cause of his sorrow.

M. Pascal replied: "I do not weep for grief, but for joy. You know the pains I have taken to prevent my son obtaining any knowledge of geometry, lest his mind might be distracted from his other studies; yet see what he has done."

The whole history was then related, and how, as it were, the boy had of himself invented a system of mathematics. M. Le Paillens recommended that this ardent thirst for mathematical truth should no longer be repressed; and Euclid's "Elements of Geometry" were accordingly placed in the hands of Blaise Pascal for his recreative reading. He went through this book without requiring any explanations. At sixteen years of age he composed his "Treatise on Conic Sections," a work of such acuteness, that the celebrated Descartes would never believe that it was the unassisted production of a mere boy.

During this period he continued his studies in Latin and Greek, also in logic and other departments of philosophy, in all of which he made great progress. His application was so constant, and excessive that his health began to suffer, at the age of eighteen. About this time he constructed an arithmetical machine, by which, without any knowledge of arithmetic, all kinds of computations may be performed with ease.

Father Mersenne having proposed to the world a very difficult problem, which defied the efforts of the most famous men of the day to solve, Pascal, then on a bed of sickness, and not twenty years old, gave the right solution, having first offered a reward of four hundred francs to any one who could fully resolve it.

Torricelli, an Italian mathematician, performed some interesting experiments with reference to the air, which led Pascal to turn his attention towards the subject, and he confirmed the truth established by the Italian's researches. This occasioned the publication of his "Treatise on the Weight and Den-

city of the Air," which was shortly followed by another on the "Equilibrium of Fluids."

His sister, Madame Périer, informs us, that immediately after this, when he was but twenty-four years of age, the providence of God induced him to read some religious books. He became, by these means, thoroughly convinced that Christianity obliges us to live alone for God and his glory; and this truth appeared to him so evident, so necessary, and so useful, that he terminated, without regret, all his scientific researches, and resolved from that time forth to devote himself entirely to the service of religion. We need hardly observe, however, that even scientific studies might have been pursued by him in a religious spirit.

Pascal had a great desire to write a comprehensive and profound work on the Evidences of Christianity. It was, however, never completed; but, after his death, many fragments of it were found written on detached pieces of paper, and these are now published in a volume, under the title of Pascal's "Thoughts."

Besides these "Thoughts," Pascal has left another work, the "Provincial Letters," written against the Jesuits. This has been characterised as the most admirable prose work in the French language; and when the learned and eloquent Bossuet was asked, which among all the books in the world he would most like to have been the author of, he instantly replied, "The Provincial Letters."

Pascal had a profound reverence for the holy scriptures, it is even said that he knew them by heart. His charity towards the poor was unbounded; and when he was reproached one day for his profusion in alms-giving, as sure eventually to bring him to poverty, he simply replied: "I have frequently remarked, that however poor a man may be, when dying he seldom fails to leave something behind him."

For many years previous to his death, Pascal was a great sufferer, and throughout his resignation was most exemplary. Madame Périer, his beloved sister, and her family, came to reside in the house adjoining his during his last illness. At this time Pascal had living with him a poor man, his wife and little son, to whom he had given one of his apartments entirely out of charity. It happened that the little boy became ill of the small-pox; and Madame Périer coming in every day to visit her brother, it was feared that the disease might prove dangerous to her children. It was therefore proposed to remove the sick child; but this Pascal would by no means permit, affirming that there would be less risk for himself to quit the house. He was accordingly removed to his sister's, and a few days after, at the age of thirty-nine, this great and worthy man died, trusting for salvation in the Saviour.

The character of Blaise Pascal is one we love to contemplate. It presents to our view the spectacle of a combination of the most lofty intellectual endowments, profound thought, extensive scientific acquirements, and a clear and logical understanding, with true and self-denying devotion to the service of God. He was born in a church full of error and corruption, but, along with his brother Jeaniste, may be considered as having been in heart a protestant.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

I MUSED as the midnight hour drew nigh, and methought the Old Year stood before me. Weary and way-worn he seemed, and in his hand was an hour-glass, whence the last sands were fleeing. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead, memories both pleasant and mournful came over me. Fain would I have constrained his longer stay, and spake earnestly to him:—

"Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I give thee thanks. New have they been every morning, and fresh every moment. Thou hast indeed, from my heart's garden, uprooted some hopes that I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

Then he said, "Praise God, both for what I gave and what I took away. And lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes, are oftentimes changed into the fruits of righteousness."

But I answered, "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the revered. Clouds are strewn upon their faces; they reply to my call no more. To the homes that they made so fair they return not, and the places that once knew them know them no more for ever."

Still he said, "Give praise to God. Trouble not thyself about those that are with him. Rather make thine own salvation sure, that thou mayest go unto them, and be parted no more." Then, in a faint voice, he murmured: "My mission unto man is done. For me, the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I will enter in, and slumber with the years beyond the flood, till the last trumpet soundeth."

I gazed upon his wan brow, and to me it was beautiful. Fain would I have swept away the snows that gathered around his hoary temples; but he suffered me not, and stretched himself out to die. By his side I knelt, and said, "Oh departing Year! I behold a scroll folded beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me at the judgment?"

Low and solemn were his last tones. "Thou shalt know when the books are opened, and the dead, small and great, stand before God."

The midnight clock struck. And I covered my face, and mourned for his death who had once been to me as a friend. I remembered with pain how oft I had slighted his warnings and the opportunities he had given me of doing good, and had cast away the wealth of time, that priceless boon from the Eternal. Methought from the dying lips came a feeble sigh, "Farewell—farewell." Then a passion of weeping fell upon me. And when again I lifted up my head, lo! the New Year stood in the place of the departed.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer, while around me lay many bright tokens of friendship and of love. But I was afraid. For to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome, my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said, "Fear not. I come unto thee from the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

"New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou about to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?"

He replied, "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know. Only him who sitteth thereon. Give me thy hand, and question not. Enough for thee, that I accomplish his will. Make that will thine own, and thou shalt taste an angel's happiness even here below. I promise thee nothing. Be content to follow me. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged moment. The next may not be mine to give. Yet if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee the cup of joy, be thankful, and pitiful to those who mourn; and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lip, be not too eager to receive relief lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count them happy who endure. When morn breaketh in the east, gird thyself in the Holy Spirit's strength for thy duties, with a song of thanksgiving. For God is near to those who trust him and rejoice in his ways. And when night putteth on her coronet of stars, kneel and ask that the day's sins may, for Christ's sake, be forgiven thee, so that, when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou mayest bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

